

*Christian
Life
Readers*

Fourth Reader

*A Keepers of the Faith Reader
Bible Values
For Today's Children*

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What Makes *Christian Life Readers* Different?

There are lots of readers out there. Why did we create yet another set? And what sets these apart from all the rest? We wanted something that would not only build reading ability more effectively than most others, but would build lives as well. *Christian Life Readers* are not just readers—they are life-impacting. We could almost call them Christian life training manuals.

A reader, especially a Christian reader, should be more than just a collection of stories. At this formative stage of the student's life it is important to build a strong spiritual foundation as well as a reading foundation. *Christian Life Readers* do just that. The lessons in the *Christian Life Readers* are about the Christian life. They will provoke thought about the student's own life. They require spiritual thinking and evaluation. As the student's reading comprehension grows, his or her spiritual discernment will be commensurately exercised.

Yet, the primary goal of a reading course is to build effective reading skills. This is where *Christian Life Readers* excel. The ability to read is an extensive set of skills built one upon another in proper sequence until the whole becomes a single, complete, instinctive process. Recent findings by ACT, the college testing organization, indicated that most college entrants are currently deficient in the necessary reading comprehension skills to perform at college levels. One article stated: "In complex reading passages, organization may be elaborate, messages may be implicit, interactions among ideas or characters may be subtle and the vocabulary is demanding and intricate."

Christian Life Readers are specifically designed to build these skills. Once the student has become familiar with basic phonetic

constructs through a good phonics program like *Succeeding at Reading*, basic comprehension skills are addressed in the *First Reader*. Skills are then built line upon line and brick upon brick throughout the entire series. Many facets of comprehension are exercised in increasing degrees building up to the levels mentioned.

Christian Life Readers do not just introduce vocabulary. They build lifetime vocabulary skills. Vocabulary is the media of communication. Speaking, reading, writing, and the comprehension of such cannot exist without vocabulary. The life skills and habits for building one's vocabulary are an integral part of each lesson, even to the inclusion of several levels of mini-dictionaries to encourage and cement competent dictionary usage.

Early on, the student is introduced gradually to different types and usages of punctuation. Punctuation is as integral to the written word as voice inflection is to the spoken word. The student will learn, through reading with attention to punctuation, to fluently translate from one medium to the other. As comprehension skills increase, analysis becomes a part of the lesson exercises. Thus, as all these factors come into play, the full process of reading is realized.

Add to this the careful mix of studies in character and godliness, and you have a superior learning environment in which your child will learn to excel at consuming and digesting the written word. Awareness of the value of such traits at an early age, when the mind is in such a receptive state, will serve as a springboard into a positive, competent, rewarding life. Good character breeds success, and everything works better when it is rightly related to God. It is our intent that these readers should bring all these important benefits to the life of the student, and thus teach those things that are also dear to the teacher and parent.

The Purpose of the Fourth Reader

The purpose of the *Fourth Reader* is, again, to build upon the skills learned in the *Third Reader* to develop the student's reading comprehension, vocabulary skills, and reading ability in general.

In this reader, the exercises will expand upon comprehension skills requiring the student to answer questions involving a greater level of detail, or a greater collection of facts. Questions will often require an answer containing multiple details from the story. The answers may not be explicitly stated in the lesson. Thus, the student must not only *retain* what is read, but also *comprehend* it in order to answer. There will also be more questions requiring a deduction or evaluation. Answers will require different types of deductions or evaluations, again, based upon what is presented in the lesson.

There will, once again, be a step up to more difficult vocabulary words. The student will graduate to using a standard dictionary. However, vocabulary words will be listed with a sentence segment in which they are used to assist the student in more easily finding the correct definition in the dictionary. The student will be introduced to some instances of the same word used in different lessons with very different meanings.

We want to continue to develop the student's oral reading ability by increasing elocution through using more voice inflection, and through more exact handling of punctuation. Again, this lends to comprehension by giving a more intimate understanding of what is being expressed.

How To Use the Fourth Reader

Day 1

1. Have the student read the lesson. This may be done aloud or silently.
2. Review the vocabulary words with the student. Assist with the pronunciation of any words that may be irregular or difficult for the student. Many of the words will follow phonetic rules, and should not pose difficulty to the student.
3. Have the student look up the definitions of the vocabulary words using a dictionary. An alphabetical list of the vocabulary words is provided following the lesson. The list contains a portion of the passage that uses each word so that the student can readily find the word and see how it is used in the lesson.

The student should write each vocabulary word with the appropriate definition for the word as it is used in the lesson. This can be done on a sheet of paper or in a notebook. This reinforces the association between the word and its definition in the student's mind.

4. Review the definitions with the student. The instructor can easily check the student's vocabulary work by having the student read the definitions that he or she has written, and following along in list of vocabulary words at the end of the lesson in the reader. Each word in the list is accompanied by a short passage in which it is used in the lesson. This allows the instructor to check as to whether the student has applied the correct definition to the word.

Day 2

1. Have the student read the lesson aloud. The student should be able to pronounce all the words readily.

If a student struggles with reading aloud, more work is needed in a phonetic reading tool. The student should be practicing each day in *Succeeding at Reading* until the reading of “sounds” becomes a *completely instinctive, unconscious* part of the process called reading. It is recommended that a student reach a level at which he or she is able to read all the lessons in *Succeeding at Reading* at 100+ words per minute. This indicates that the student is beyond needing to consciously deal with phonics, and is free to concentrate on the more complex elements of reading, which comprise the reason for which we read.

2. Have the student answer the questions that follow the lesson. The questions may be answered orally or the answers may be written. Be sure that the student fully answers the question, as it may require multiple details from the lesson for a complete answer. In this reader, many of the answers may not be explicitly stated in the story as in previous readers, but they will be stated in similar language, which should make them obvious to the student. The student may look up the answers as needed. Remind the student that concentrating on what is read reduces the need for rereading and looking up the answers. However, some lookup will likely be needed for most lessons. This is fine, because reading in search of specific details is also something that requires some exercise if one is to become proficient in it.

The last several questions in each lesson will require the student to make a deduction or evaluation, or form an opinion. Some of these questions will require a deduction about the lesson based

upon the facts presented. Some will require a deduction about one's personal life or life in general based on the story. Some will require an evaluation of one's personal life and habits, and a possible need for change, based on knowledge learned from the lesson. From a technical standpoint, there is no explicitly correct answer to these questions. If the opinion of the student seems inappropriate, the instructor should ask how the student came to that particular conclusion. The response may be surprising, and the conclusion understandable, when it is clear how it was formed.

Day 3

1. Have the student read the lesson aloud.
2. Have the student retell the story from memory in his own words. At this point, the student has read the lesson several times, answered questions about many of the details involved, and probably specifically looked up many of those details. The student should be able to recount the story relatively accurately.

Day 4

1. Have the student read the lesson aloud. By this time the student should be quite familiar with the lesson, and we want the student to focus fully on elocution for this read. The student should handle punctuation according to the instructions in Appendix B at the back of this reader.
2. Have the student read the scripture associated with the lesson.
3. Have the student explain the meaning of the scripture.
4. Have the student explain how the scripture relates to the story.

Other Thoughts

Scriptures are ideal for penmanship practice. Writing them also helps in remembering them. They are also great devotional material as the story is related to the scripture, and both are related to one's personal life.

Weekly Schedule at a Glance	
Day 1	
✓	Have the student read the lesson.
✓	Review the pronunciation of the vocabulary words.
✓	Have the student look up the vocabulary words.
✓	Have the student write the definitions.
✓	Review the definitions.
Day 2	
✓	Have the student read the lesson aloud.
✓	Have the student answer the questions.
Day 3	
✓	Have the student read the lesson aloud.
✓	Have the student retell the story from memory.
Day 4	
✓	Have the student read the story aloud stressing elocution.
✓	Have the student read the scripture.
✓	Have the student explain the scripture.
✓	Have the student relate the scripture to the story.

Lesson I

I Prayed All Day for Help

It was a beautiful evening early in June. The air was deliciously cool. The trees and shrubs were covered with a pleasant green, and the roses were in their opening beauty. The frogs were croaking in the pond, and the birds were singing in the trees. The sun had just sunk beneath the horizon. The clouds which lingered around its pathway received its parting rays, and were decorated with the richest of its coloring.



Timmy walked about the lawn. His face was lit up with a smile, and his dark gray eyes were bright with happiness. His heart was one with all the nature around him, and he would frequently look up to his mother, who sat by the open window enjoying the delightful evening. Presently, Timmy came and stood by her side.

“How happy I am this evening,” he said to her. She put her arm around him, and drew him toward her.

“What makes you so happy?” she inquired.

“Because I have been trying to control my temper, I suppose—” was his answer.

“You have not been angry today, have you?”

“No, Mother.”

“Did you pray for help with it, Timmy?”

“Yes, Mother. I prayed all day for help.”

“How did you pray?”

“I said, ‘Forgive my sins, and please, God, give me a new heart.’ ”

“God heard your prayers. He has helped you to control your temper. God always hears prayer, and helps those who ask for His aid. I hope you will never forget to pray for what you need,” said his mother. Timmy smiled, and kissed her, and went out-of-doors again to enjoy the evening.

Timmy is generally a good boy, but he has a quick temper. When he was three or four years old, he would sometimes get very angry. I have even known him to throw things at children with whom he was playing, if they did something to offend him. He did so one day when his mother was away from home. She was much grieved when she heard it, and talked seriously with him. It made a deep impression on his mind. He speaks of it now with great solemnity, and asks his mother if she remembers it. He feels that he committed a great sin. He knows it is wrong to let his temper govern his reason, and he is struggling to be in control of his temper.

I knew his grandfather when I was a little girl, and I remember hearing him say that he was naturally quick-tempered; but, although I lived in the same house with him, and saw him in a great variety of circumstances, I never heard

him speak a hasty word. I hope that Timmy will gain such perfect control over himself, and that his friends will be able to say of him what I can say of his grandfather.

Timmy was once playing with some children, and found he was growing angry. He quickly left them, and sat down on the stairs alone. Pretty soon they followed him. He did not feel entirely good-natured, so he left them again, and went into the bedroom. He shut the door and prayed to his Father in heaven for strength to conquer himself. He remained there alone until he felt he had obtained the victory.

Timmy is not the only young boy who has a quick temper, and I tell this story about him for the sake of other dear children who sometimes get angry. I hope they, like Timmy, will learn to go to God for help, and then, like his, their faces will be radiant with gladness. Then they, too, can say, "How happy I am!"

"An angry man stirreth up strife, and a furious man aboundeth in transgression." —Proverbs 29:22

Questions

1. In what month of the year did the story take place?
2. How was Timmy's heart feeling as he walked that evening?
3. Why was Timmy so happy that evening?
4. How had Timmy prayed about his temper?
5. When Timmy was very young, what would he sometimes do when he became very angry?
6. What had Timmy's grandfather said about his own temper?

7. Do you think Timmy's grandfather may have been like Timmy when he was young? Why?
8. What did Timmy once do to control his temper when he was with other children?

What Do You Think?

9. Can you think of any other things someone might do to control his temper?
10. When we lose our tempers, does anything good ever happen from doing so? Explain your answer.

Vocabulary

aboundeth	a furious man <i>aboundeth</i> in transgression
circumstances	saw him in a great variety of <i>circumstances</i>
delightful	who sat...enjoying the <i>delightful</i> evening
frequently	he would <i>frequently</i> look up to his mother
furious	a <i>furious</i> man aboundeth in transgression
govern	it is wrong to let his temper <i>govern</i> his reason
grieved	she was much <i>grieved</i> when she heard it
horizon	the sun had just sunk beneath the <i>horizon</i>
impression	it made a deep <i>impression</i> on his mind
obtained	he felt he had <i>obtained</i> the victory
presently	<i>presently</i> , Timmy came and stood by her
radiant	their faces will be <i>radiant</i> with gladness
solemnity	he speaks of it now with great <i>solemnity</i>
transgression	a furious man aboundeth in <i>transgression</i>
variety	saw him in a great <i>variety</i> of circumstances

Lesson II

What Made Willie Happy?

Willie was looking at the slippers which his mother had made for him, and admiring the freshness of the colors. They were a birthday present to him, and had afforded him much pleasure.

“You were very happy the evening they were given to you,” said his mother.

“But no happier than I was last evening,” he replied.

I will tell you what made him so happy on the evening to which he alluded. On his birthday two little books had been added to his library, and another had been lent him by one of his companions. When he had read these books, he was very desirous to get still another.

He began to inquire how he could earn money enough to buy it, for he thought he should like to purchase it himself. He could think of nothing which could be done in the house by which he could replenish his purse. His mother told him that if he would control his temper for a week, she would get the book for him. If he did get out of patience, and immediately checked himself, he was to receive it.

Every evening Willie came to his mother, and told her how he had succeeded through the day. She observed him very carefully, and she knew that he really tried to conquer himself.



She encouraged him in his efforts, and Willie was very happy—happy because he was succeeding in correcting what was wrong, and happy in the anticipation of the reward promised him.

The last day of the week came, and passed away. Willie's father returned from the city. He brought with him a parcel done up in soft white paper, and tied with a small length

of red and white twine. His mother opened it, and there was the book for which she had sent. She wrote Willie's name in it, with the day of the month, and then wrote "A Reward of Merit." She thought those few words would remind him of the way in which he earned the book, and would encourage him to persevere in overcoming any bad or sinful habit.

All these things together made Willie quite as happy as on his birthday. It always makes people happy to attempt to subdue what is wrong in themselves. Such efforts are their own reward. The consciousness of the approval of our heavenly Father must always bring the truest pleasure.

"But thou, O man of God, flee these things; and follow after righteousness, godliness, faith, love, patience, meekness." —1 Timothy 6:11

Questions

1. What had Willie received for his birthday that had many colors?
2. What was Willie admiring about his birthday present?
3. What else did Willie receive for his birthday?
4. What did Willie decide after he had read the books that he had received for his birthday?
5. What agreement did Willie's mother make with him?
6. Why was Willie happy during the week?
7. What did Willie's mother write in his book?
8. What will always give us the truest pleasure?

What Do You Think?

9. Why do you think what Willie's mother wrote would help him to overcome bad habits?
10. What bad habits might you try to overcome in your life?

Vocabulary

afforded	and had <i>afforded</i> him much pleasure
alluded	on the evening to which he <i>alluded</i>
anticipation	and happy in the <i>anticipation</i> of the reward
approval	the <i>approval</i> of our heavenly Father
checked	if he did get out of patience, and immediately <i>checked</i> himself
consciousness	the <i>consciousness</i> of the approval
desirous	he was very <i>desirous</i> to get still another
efforts	she encouraged him in his <i>efforts</i>
library	two little books had been added to his <i>library</i>
meekness	follow after... <i>meekness</i>

merit and then wrote “A Reward of *Merit*”
parcel a *parcel* done up in soft white paper
persevere encourage him to *persevere* in overcoming
replenish by which he could *replenish* his purse
righteousness and follow after *righteousness*
subdue to attempt to *subdue* what is wrong
succeeded told her how he had *succeeded*
twine tied with a small length of red and white
twine

Lesson III

The First Paper-Maker

“Here is part of a wasp’s nest, which we have found,” said the children to their father. “It looked so much like coarse paper that we thought man did not make the first paper in the world.”

“Well, children, that was not a foolish thought,” said the father. “Always take notice of things, and think about what you see. You are right in supposing that wasps made paper long before man learned how they made it.

“A gentleman was trying for several years to find out how the wasp made paper, before he succeeded. At last one day, he noticed a female wasp on the sash of his window, gnawing the wood. She pulled off the wood fiber by fiber, about a tenth of an inch long, and not so large as a hair.

“She gathered these into a knot with her feet, and then flew to another part of the sash and stripped off more fibers, adding them to the bundle she already had. He caught her, and found that the color of the bundle was exactly like that of a wasp’s nest.

“He then scraped off some of the wood of the sash with his penknife, and made a small wad like the wasp’s. He thought this was the material out of which the wasp made paper, and he was right.



“The little insect wets the bundle of fibers with a sticky substance from her mouth, and makes a pulp, or paste, of it. While this substance is still soft, she walks backward and forward on it, and spreads it out with her feet and tongue. She does so until she has made it almost as thin as the thinnest paper.

“Hornets make paper for their nests in much the same manner as the wasps do, but it is coarser.”

“Well, then,” said the children, “we were right in thinking that wasps were the first paper-makers. Who would have

thought that so much could be learned from an old piece of a wasp's nest?"

"The wise learn something from almost everything," said the father. "Use your eyes, and think of what you see. I think men would have learned much sooner how to make paper, if they had watched the wasps at their work.

"Man goes on very slowly, sometimes, in learning to make something as perfect as it can be. All the while, some little animal or insect, with the knowledge God gave it, already makes it perfectly.

"Dumb animals cannot teach us everything. But in what they do know, their knowledge is perfect. I have no doubt that a great many useful things will be found out by watching them."

"Go to the ant, thou sluggard; consider her ways, and be wise:"
—Proverbs 6:6

Questions

1. What did the children find in the story?
2. Because what they found looked so much like paper, what did the children think?
3. What were the children correct in supposing?
4. Explain how the wasp makes paper.
5. From what do wise people learn?
6. Why is the knowledge of a little insect perfect?

What Do You Think?

7. What do you think it means when the story says, “Use your eyes, and think of what you see”?
8. What is something in which you are interested, and how might you be able to observe in nature?

Vocabulary

bundle	the color of the <i>bundle</i>
coarse	it looked so much like <i>coarse</i> paper
female	he noticed a <i>female</i> wasp
fiber	she pulled off the wood <i>fiber</i> by <i>fiber</i>
gnawing	a female wasp... <i>gnawing</i> the wood
hornets	<i>hornets</i> make paper for their nests
insect	the little <i>insect</i> wets the bundle of fibers
penknife	he then scraped off some of the wood...with his <i>penknife</i>
pulp	the little insect...makes a <i>pulp</i> , or paste, of it
sash	he noticed...on the <i>sash</i> of his window
stripped	she... <i>stripped</i> off more fibers
substance	the little insect wets the bundle of fibers with a sticky <i>substance</i>
tenth	about a <i>tenth</i> of an inch long
wad	he...made a small <i>wad</i> like the wasp’s
wasp	to find out how the <i>wasp</i> made paper

Lesson IV

Jessie's Importunity

“Mamma, what does importunity mean?” Jessie looked up from her Bible and waited for Mamma’s answer.

“Importunity is a person’s determination to make an urgent request or demand—and to make it continually until the thing is granted or the issue is resolved,” replied her mother.

The puzzled look on Jessie’s face lifted a little, and she read, “ ‘I say unto you, Though he will not rise and give him, because he is his friend, yet because of his importunity he will rise and give him as many as he needeth.’ Does that mean because he asks over and over?”

“Yes, dear, it means that if the man wanted the bread very much, he would ask earnestly, and continue his plea. Thus, his friend, in the end, would not resist the pleading.”

“I suppose it is like Papa, when I ask him for things,” said Jessie. “He can’t say ‘no’ when I want things very much. This morning when I went down to the office to ask him for some money for skates, he was writing, and when I spoke to him, he kept right on writing. I said ‘Papa!’ and he never looked up; then I said louder ‘Papa! Will you please give me some money to buy a new pair of skates?’ but he didn’t look up; and I said ‘Papa’ ever so many times. Finally I shook the table, just a little, and I could see a funny little smile that didn’t show



much; but I knew if I kept on, it would come out, and it did. Papa leaned back and laughed and said, ‘What a persistent little girl you are!’ and then he gave me the money to buy my skates. Was that the same as if he had said, ‘because of your importunity?’”

Mamma smiled upon her little daughter. “Yes, Jessie, I think you understand what importunity means as well as any little girl I know.”

Then Jessie turned back to her reading and read.

“‘Ask, and it shall be given you.’ Mamma, does that mean

that God will give us whatever we ask if we ask in earnest?"

"Read on a little," said Mamma.

And Jessie read until she came to the verse, " 'If ye then, being evil, know how to give good gifts unto your children: how much more shall your heavenly Father give the Holy Spirit to them that ask him?'

"But, Mamma, you have told me to ask for other things, and I have asked a great many times for something that I wanted very much, and God has given things to me when I have asked."

"Yes, dear, Jesus taught us to ask for our daily bread, and that means all our needs; and He does hear and answer us; but I think that He means to teach us that we may ask for the gift of the Holy Spirit to lead us. If we ask earnestly desiring this gift, we shall assuredly receive it, for we may know that it is according to His will. When we ask for other things, we do not certainly know that what we ask will be good for us. We ought always to say in our hearts, 'if it be Thy will.' Sometimes we might wonder why God does not hear us and give us the things for which we have been asking. Perhaps we have been asking for something which would harm us, and so God withheld the gift out of love."

"I see," said Jessie. "If I had telephoned to Papa to ask if I could go down to the pond to skate, and he had replied 'no,' I might have thought he was cruel, when all the time he might have known that the ice was too thin to be safe. But then, Papa would have said that was the reason."

"Yes, but God owes us no explanation as to why. Yet we might realize He always does things for our good, if we were

not sometimes so blind to His ways. But, where we cannot see, we may trust Him, and believe it is for some good reason.”

“Trust in the LORD with all thine heart; and lean not unto thine own understanding. In all thy ways acknowledge him, and he shall direct thy paths.” —Proverbs 3:5-6

Questions

1. What does importunity mean?
2. What had Jessie asked to receive of her father?
3. How was Jessie’s importunity similar to that in the Bible passage?
4. When we pray, for what did Jesus teach us to ask besides our daily bread?
5. How do we know we can ask earnestly desiring the gift of the Holy Spirit, and that God will give it to us?
6. When we pray and ask for things other than the Holy Spirit, what should we always say in our hearts?
7. Why should we be happy if God does not seem to answer a prayer?
8. What should we realize about God when it comes to things He does for us?
9. What should we do if we do not understand what God is doing in our life?

What Do You Think?

10. What do you do when God doesn’t answer your prayer?
11. Have you ever asked God to give you His gift of the Holy Spirit? Why?

Vocabulary

according	we may know that it is <i>according</i> to His will
assuredly	we shall <i>assuredly</i> receive it
continually	make it <i>continually</i> until the thing is granted
demand	to make an urgent request or <i>demand</i>
explanation	God owes us no <i>explanation</i> as to why
granted	make it continually until the thing is <i>granted</i>
importunity	because of his <i>importunity</i> he will rise
issue	or the <i>issue</i> is resolved
persistent	what a <i>persistent</i> little girl you are
plea	he would ask earnestly, and continue his <i>plea</i>
request	to make an urgent <i>request</i> or demand
resist	his friend...would not <i>resist</i> the pleading
resolved	or the issue is <i>resolved</i>
urgent	to make an <i>urgent</i> request or demand
withheld	so God <i>withheld</i> the gift out of love

Lesson V

Emma's Ambition

“Oh, Mamma!” Emma said, looking up with a flushed face as her mother came in. “There is just the loveliest story in here! It is about a little girl who was only ten years old. Her mother went away to see a sick sister, and was gone for a whole week. And this little girl made tea and toast, and baked potatoes, and washed the dishes, and did every single thing for her father. She kept house, you know, Mamma. Now, I’m almost ten years old, and I could keep house for Papa. I wish you would go to Aunt Nellie’s and stay a whole month, and let me keep house. I know how to make toast, Mamma, just splendidly! And I can make custard too. And you know Hattie said she would teach me how to make ginger cake someday. Won’t you please go, Mamma?”

“I don’t think I could be coaxed to do it,” said Mrs. Eastman. “The mother of that little girl in the book probably knew that she could trust her little daughter; but I should expect you to leave the bread while it was toasting, and fly to the gate if you heard a sound that interested you. And I should expect the potatoes to burn in the oven while you played in the sand near the door. I am afraid I couldn’t entrust you with such a venture.”

“Mamma!” said Emma, surprise and indignation in her

voice. “What *makes* you say that? You have never tried me at all. Why do you think I wouldn’t do as well as the girl in the book?”

“Haven’t I tried you, dear? Do you know it is just three quarters of an hour since I sent you to dust the sitting room, and put its contents in nice order for me? Now look at those books tumbled upside down on the floor, and those papers blowing about the room, and the duster on the chair, and your toys on the table. And all the while my little girl reads a story about another little girl who helped her mother.”

“Oh, well,” said Emma, her cheeks very red, “that is different. There is nothing but this old room to dust. If I had something really *grand* to do, like keeping house for Papa, you would see how hard I would work. I wouldn’t stop to play, or to read, or anything.”

“Emma, dear, perhaps you will be surprised to hear me say so, but the words of Jesus Christ show that you are mistaken.”



“Mamma!” said Emma, again, and her voice showed that she was very much surprised.

“They certainly do. Listen: ‘He that is faithful in that which is least is faithful also in much: and he that is unjust in the least is unjust also in much.’

“And once He said to a man, ‘Well done, good and faithful servant, thou hast been faithful over a few things; I will make thee ruler over many things.’ Can I say that to you this morning, Emma?”

“And the Lord said, Who then is that faithful and wise steward, whom his lord shall make ruler over his household, to give them their portion of meat in due season? Blessed is that servant, whom his lord when he cometh shall find so doing.” —Luke 12:42-43

Questions

1. What was Emma reading about?
2. What did Emma want her mother to do?
3. Why did Emma’s mother feel she could not trust Emma to keep house?
4. What were Emma’s feelings when her mother said that she could not be trusted to keep house?
5. How had Emma’s mother tried her?
6. What did Emma feel was the reason that she had treated her responsibility so poorly?
7. How was Emma mistaken according to Jesus?

What Do You Think?

8. Why do you think Emma wanted to be like the girl in the book?
9. If Emma had done a good job with the little things, do you think her mother would have trusted her more? Why?
10. Of what little things in your life can you work at doing a better job?

Vocabulary

contents	put its <i>contents</i> in nice order for me
custard	and I can make <i>custard</i> too
duster	and the <i>duster</i> on the chair
entrust	I couldn't <i>entrust</i> you with such a venture
flushed	looking up with a <i>flushed</i> face
fly	I should expect you to leave the bread while it was toasting, and <i>fly</i> to the gate
ginger	she would teach me how to make <i>ginger</i> cake
grand	if I had something really <i>grand</i> to do
indignation	surprise and <i>indignation</i> in her voice
loveliest	there is just the <i>loveliest</i> story in here
mistaken	the words of Jesus Christ show that you are <i>mistaken</i>
portion	give them their <i>portion</i> of meat in due season
splendidly	I know how to make toast, Mamma, just <i>splendidly</i>
tumbled	look at those books <i>tumbled</i> upside down
venture	I couldn't entrust you with such a <i>venture</i>

Lesson VI

Angry Words

A word that leaped hot from an irate tongue,
A bitter rejoinder that rankled and stung,
And brothers, divided, walking apart,
Hard thoughts growing harder in each hard heart.

The story's repeated each day that we live:
It's so easy to quarrel, so hard to forgive!
They met on the knoll, and half turned away;
Then Malcolm cried, "Donald, forgive me, I pray!

"The error was mine." "No, all mine," the reply.
"Your ire was just. The offender was I."
The story's repeated each day that we live:
It's so easy for true hearts to love and forgive!

"Then came Peter to him, and said, Lord, how oft shall my brother sin against me, and I forgive him? till seven times? Jesus saith unto him, I say not unto thee, Until seven times: but, Until seventy times seven." —Matthew 18:21-22



Questions

1. From where did the hot word come?
2. What did the bitter rejoinder do?
3. What happened to the brothers?
4. Why do you think the thoughts grew harder in each hard heart?
5. What is so easy for our sinful hearts to do?
6. What had to happen in order for the brothers to forgive?
7. What is easy for true hearts to do when anger arises?

What Do You Think?

8. What would you do if what happened in the poem happened between you and someone else?

Vocabulary

bitter	a <i>bitter</i> rejoinder that rankled and stung
irate	a word that leaped hot from an <i>irate</i> tongue
ire	“Your <i>ire</i> was just. The offender was I.”
knoll	they met on the <i>knoll</i> , and half turned away
offender	“Your <i>ire</i> was just. The <i>offender</i> was I.”
quarrel	it’s so easy to <i>quarrel</i> , so hard to forgive!
rankled	a bitter rejoinder that <i>rankled</i> and stung
rejoinder	a bitter <i>rejoinder</i> that rankled and stung
repeated	the story’s <i>repeated</i> each day that we live

Lesson VII

Do You Intend To Be a Gentleman?

(a question for boys)

As I sat at the table a few evenings ago, a gentleman called to visit. He was invited to take a seat with us. As he had already eaten, he declined. This person was a man of education, but as I turned to look at him, in the course of conversation, I observed a habit which so disgusted me, that it was only with effort that I could finish my tea.

The circumstance impressed on my mind the importance of forming correct habits in boyhood. The habits and character you form now will, in all probability, be the habits and character you will retain when you are a man. I suppose the individual to whom I have alluded was entirely unconscious of doing anything disgusting. If not, perhaps he did not consider it of much consequence. He may have grown up with the opinion that little things are of small importance. Now, this is not always so. If you drop a spark of fire into a pile of shavings, the whole will be immediately in flames. The spark will do as much harm as if the fire had been kindled by a large flame.

Our happiness depends as much on little things as it does on great things, and small trials are often as difficult to bear as large ones. People often lose their patience when a coat is torn, or a plate is broken, yet they might be quiet and calm if some



serious misfortune befalls them.

I hope, boys, you intend to be gentlemen. I do not mean just to dress in fancy clothes, but to be true gentlemen. You have perhaps heard the saying that “dress does not make the man, but after he is made, he looks better dressed up.” Well, neither do gentlemanly manners make the man, but they certainly improve him after he is made.

A farmer, or a carpenter, or a blacksmith is no less a gentleman than a judge, a merchant, or a minister. A carpenter may not dress as finely as a judge, but his work is no less important, and he may be just as much a gentleman. To be a gentleman is to be a man of appropriate manners. Should not any man wish to be so?

If you intend to be gentlemen, you must begin now. Always conduct yourself well under all circumstances. Some may belong to wealthier families or become more educated; but no young man of sound mind need fail to become a gentleman. A young man may act well, no matter what his level of wealth or education. And he will, thus, always command the respect of all true men.

Be a gentleman! Be polite to all. To do so, cultivate kind feelings toward all. A gentleman is not a rough man, yet he need not necessarily be a man of many advantages. He is a strong man who is able to control his strength. He may have great energy and power of character, but still he is a *gentleman*.

“But the fruit of the Spirit is love, joy, peace, longsuffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, temperance: against such there is no law.” —Galatians 5:22-23

Questions

1. What was the man invited to do when he came to visit?
2. What did the man’s bad habit do to the storyteller?
3. Using the example of the pile of shavings in the story, explain why the spark is just as important as a large flame.
4. On what kinds of things does our happiness depend?
5. Which are the most important: little things or big things? Why?
6. How does the story describe the behavior of a gentleman?
7. What things that apply to being a gentleman would apply to being a gentlewoman?

What Do You Think?

8. What can you do in your life to be more of a gentleman or gentlewoman?

Vocabulary

advantages	a man of many <i>advantages</i>
befalls	if some serious misfortune <i>befalls</i> them
character	the habits and <i>character</i> you form now will... be the habits and <i>character</i> you will retain
circumstance	the <i>circumstance</i> impressed on my mind the importance of forming correct habits
conduct	always <i>conduct</i> yourself well
consequence	he did not consider it of much <i>consequence</i>
conversation	in the course of <i>conversation</i>
declined	as he had already eaten, he <i>declined</i>
disgusted	I observed a habit which so <i>disgusted</i> me
effort	it was only with <i>effort</i> that I could finish my tea
gentleman	a <i>gentleman</i> called to visit
gentleness	the fruit of the Spirit is... <i>gentleness</i>
impressed	the circumstance <i>impressed</i> on my mind
individual	I suppose the <i>individual</i> to whom I have alluded
kindled	the fire had been <i>kindled</i> by a large flame
manners	neither do gentlemanly <i>manners</i> make the man
misfortune	calm if some serious <i>misfortune</i> befalls them
observed	I <i>observed</i> a habit which so disgusted me
probability	character you form now will, in all <i>probability</i>
retain	the habits and character you will <i>retain</i>
temperance	the fruit of the Spirit is... <i>temperance</i>

Lesson VIII

The Two Friends

Alexander and Conrad were friends. They lived near each other, and went to the same school. They fished and hunted together—in fact, they were almost constant companions.

“I like you, Alick,” Conrad would often say. “When we are men, we will live in the same town, and stick to each other like brothers.”

Alexander did not talk so much about his friendship as Conrad did, but he was always doing something for his friend. He shared the contents of his bag of marbles, divided his apples, shared his lunch, and gave of anything else he might have to his friend.

Thus the two boys lived, until Alexander left school and went off to learn a trade, and Conrad was sent away to college.

Alexander worked faithfully, learned his trade thoroughly, and in due time began his own business. Conrad won honors at college. He became an author, wrote a fine poem on friendship,



and through his witty writing gained companionship among the rich and famous.

One day he met the friend of his boyhood in a public park. Alexander ran up to him, greeting him with all the warmth of their early friendship. Conrad, looking coldly upon him, refused his outstretched hand, and said, haughtily, "You have mistaken me for someone else. I do not know you, sir!"

Alexander's heart was chilled at the way his old friend treated him, but he only said, "Excuse me, sir. I mistook you for the friend of my boyhood."

Years rolled on, and Alexander, through diligence and honesty, became a wealthy man. Then, quitting his business, he bought an estate in his native village, and lived a quiet, happy life.

The proud fame of Conrad did not last long. As he grew old, he could not write so charmingly as he once did, and his rich friends forsook him. He became a poor, friendless old man, and went back to his native town to die.

One day, he heard that it was in the power of his old friend to place him in an asylum for aged people. He went to him and begged him for the favor, with great earnestness.

"No, Conrad," said Alexander, seizing his hand, "I will not permit the friend of my boyhood to die in an asylum. You shall come to my house, and be the teacher of my grandchildren. You shall want nothing, so long as I live."

Conrad wept. This kindness melted his heart. Grasping the hand of his old friend, he said, "Forgive me, dear old Alick. I wrote a poem in praise of friendship, but I, myself, was not a true friend.



“Your friendship is genuine. You forgave my folly during those years when the rich and the great flattered me, and I refused to confess you as my friend. And now you take me, in my poverty, to your heart and home. You are a friend indeed!”

Alexander was a truly noble man. He had taken Conrad’s insult and returned him the utmost kindness. In his kindness, he had made Conrad more ashamed of his own poor treatment of Alexander than anything else might have.

“Therefore if thine enemy hunger, feed him; if he thirst, give him drink: for in so doing thou shalt heap coals of fire on his head.”
—Romans 12:20

Questions

1. What did Alexander and Conrad do and share together as friends when they were young?
2. Where did each boy go when he grew up?
3. What did each boy become or do as an adult?
4. What did Conrad do when Alexander saw him and ran up to him to shake his hand?
5. Why do you think Conrad treated Alexander so badly?
6. What did Alexander do later in life?
7. What became of Conrad later in life?
8. What did Alexander do when Conrad asked him to put him in an asylum?

What Do You Think?

9. What did Alexander’s kindness do to Conrad?
10. Think about Alexander for a minute. Do you know anyone in your life who may sometimes be unkind to you? How can you be like Alexander and treat him or her with kindness?

Vocabulary

asylum	to place him in an <i>asylum</i> for aged people
author	he became an <i>author</i>
business	in due time began his own <i>business</i>
charmingly	he could not write so <i>charmingly</i> as he once did
coals	thou shalt heap <i>coals</i> of fire on his head
college	Conrad was sent away to <i>college</i>
companions	they were almost constant <i>companions</i>
constant	they were almost <i>constant</i> companions
estate	he bought an <i>estate</i> in his native village
flattered	when the rich and the great <i>flattered</i> me
folly	you forgave my <i>folly</i> during those years
forsook	his rich friends <i>forsook</i> him
genuine	your friendship is <i>genuine</i>
haughtily	Conrad...said, <i>haughtily</i> , "You have mistaken
native	he bought an estate in his <i>native</i> village
trade	Alexander...went off to learn a <i>trade</i>
utmost	returned him the <i>utmost</i> kindness
witty	through his <i>witty</i> writing gained companionship

Lesson IX

The Grape Clusters

Very beautiful were the grapes as they hung on the graceful vine, and very tempting to the hand that was near enough to pluck them.

Two little boys came on an errand to the lady who lived in the house which the grapevine shaded. The cool, shady yard seemed a welcome relief from the city's heat and dust. They entered the pleasant parlor, screened from the rays of the sun by its green curtain of leaves. The hot pavement and the glaring walls of the city seemed far distant from the charm of this country estate. All city sights were shut out, and peace and quiet seemed to reign.

The lady was sitting at her desk, writing, when the boys entered. She spoke to them kindly. They were receiving her kind care, although they did not live with her. They handed her a note which she read. It required an answer. She gave them leave to play in the yard while she should write it.

They were very happy, for they enjoyed the cool and peace of the yard. They looked at the many different blossoms which grew in the flower bed along the fence. Then they began to look wistfully at the rich bunches of grapes, which were easily within their reach. The lady would happily have granted them some, but she had not told them that they might gather any,



and they had not asked. Thus, they knew that they ought not to do so. But the tempter was near, and they listened to his temptings.

Looking toward the house to see if they were observed, they quietly went up to the vine, and each gathered a large, juicy bunch of grapes. They ate them secretly that they might avoid being seen; but, although they knew it not, there was an

eye in the house that saw them. Of course, there was another eye from which their act could not be hid—the eye of the all-seeing God.

When the note was written, the boys were recalled to the parlor. The lady pleasantly handed them the answer she had written. I think they must have felt somewhat ashamed that they had abused a trust they enjoyed, and had been guilty of stealing from their kind friend.

After they left, the lady was informed of what they had done. When she visited the “orphan home,” where they lived, she mentioned the incident to their teacher, although she did not speak about it to them.

The teacher took this chance to talk with her students about being honest and trustworthy. She asked them what they should think of children who, when sent on errands and permitted to go into the yard to enjoy themselves, should stealthily take the fruit which grew there. They, of course, condemned such conduct. She then instructed them about honesty and its importance.

After school, the two boys who had taken the grapes went to her and told her what they had done. She talked with them kindly. They seemed truly sorry. She asked them if they would like to go to the lady and acknowledge their sin. They said they should, and immediately they put on their hats and clean shirts. Then they went to make what reparation they could for the sin they had committed.

Again they stood in that shaded parlor. They were warmly welcomed as before. They confessed, freely and fully, what they had done on their previous visit, and asked forgiveness, which was readily granted. Just as they were leaving, they

turned and inquired, “Can you ever trust us again?” The lady assured them that she could, and they went away happy and strengthened in their good purposes.

From that time there has been a marked change in the boys. Their characters have much improved, and they have been quite trustworthy. One of the boys has, I think, found a Christian home, and the other is waiting for one.

“Recompense to no man evil for evil. Provide things honest in the sight of all men.” —Romans 12:17

Questions

1. Describe the clusters of grapes in the story.
2. What were these boys receiving from this lady?
3. Why did the boys come to the lady’s house?
4. Why did the lady instruct the boys to wait in the garden?
5. What did the boys do while they were waiting in the yard?
6. How did the lady find out that the boys had eaten some of her grapes?
7. What did the lady do when she found out what the boys had done?
8. What happened after the teacher spoke to the boys about taking what belongs to others without asking?
9. Why did the boys go back to see the lady?

What Do You Think?

10. How do you think the boys felt after they took the grapes without asking, and thought they would get away with it?

11. Do you think it helped the boys' character by getting caught? Why?
12. Do you ever have the temptation to steal? What should we always do when we sin?

Vocabulary

avoid	that they might <i>avoid</i> being seen
charm	far distant from the <i>charm</i> of this country estate
curtain	the rays of the sun by its green <i>curtain</i> of leaves
errand	boys came on an <i>errand</i> to the lady
graceful	they hung on the <i>graceful</i> vine
incident	she mentioned the <i>incident</i> to their teacher
leave	she gave them <i>leave</i> to play in the yard
mentioned	she <i>mentioned</i> the incident to their teacher
permitted	<i>permitted</i> to go into the yard to enjoy themselves
previous	they had done on their <i>previous</i> visit
readily	asked forgiveness, which was <i>readily</i> granted
recalled	the boys were <i>recalled</i> to the parlor
recompense	<i>recompense</i> to no man evil for evil
reparation	they went to make what <i>reparation</i> they could
stealthily	should <i>stealthily</i> take the fruit which grew there
trustworthy	talk with her students about being honest and <i>trustworthy</i>
wistfully	they began to look <i>wistfully</i> at the rich bunches of grapes

Lesson X

Gertie as a Teacher

“*You* taught a class in Sunday school!”

“I did truly, girls,” said Gertie, smoothing out her dress with a complacent look. “Every single Sunday that I was there.”

“How many scholars did you have?”

“Why, I had one. He was Chinese. They only give one scholar to a teacher, when there are teachers enough to go around. You see, the native men want to talk, ask questions, and have things explained, and one is as much as you can attend to.”

“I should like to know what questions *you* could answer,” said Edna Lewis, tossing back her curls. “Why, Gertie Allen, you were only ten years old when you went to California!”

“I know that, but I was asked ever so many questions that I could answer. My scholar was really nice.”

“What did you teach him?”

“Oh, he was learning his letters. I had a bright-colored picture-book, and I pointed to the letter and said it, and then he would try to say it after me. Sometimes he would pronounce it so funnily that I would have to laugh. He used to ‘moc-a-slat’ too.”

“Moc-a-slat! What is that? Is it a Chinese word?”

“No,” said Gertie, laughing. “It’s a ‘Mexican’ word,” she

joked, “but I was ever so long in understanding what he meant.”

“What did he mean?”

“Why, he meant ‘mark-a-slate,’ but he said all as one word. He was learning to write. I would make a letter on his slate, and then he would try it. Sometimes he would fill his slate full of that one letter, made real nice too.”

“I should think that was strange teaching for Sunday school.” This is what the girl with the tossing curls, who had never been to California and never been a Sabbath school teacher, said.

“Why, it is the only way you *can* teach! They don’t know a thing, and they want to learn how to read, so as to get into the Bible class. They learn ever so fast. Of course, you can talk to them a little. My scholar asked questions about Chicago. He knew I lived in Chicago, and he had some of the funniest ideas. He asked me if the folks all went to church every day, and if they talked about Jesus all the time. And he said he should think they would love Jesus so, that they would be homesick to go see Him. Uncle Allen said that was what he meant, though



he used some strange words to explain his meaning.”

The girls were thoughtful about this. It struck them as a novel thing to be homesick to see Jesus.

“He said a good many things that were hard to answer,” Gertie continued. “Once he asked me how many times a day I made ‘talkee’ to my Jesus?”

Then the girls all laughed, but some of them grew sober in a very few minutes.

“I shouldn’t like to answer that question,” said Dell Woods.

What the other girls thought they didn’t say. But Gertie, with grave face and thoughtful eyes, reminisced about some of the searching questions that her Chinese scholar had asked her. She wished in her heart that she could have instructed him more knowledgeably about Jesus as her personal Friend.

“And he said unto them, Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature.” —Mark 16:15

Questions

1. Where did Gertie teach Sunday school?
2. Why did Gertie have only one scholar in her class?
3. What did Gertie teach her scholar in Sunday school?
4. What does “Moc-a-slat” mean?
5. Why did the scholars want to learn to read?
6. Why would someone feel homesick to see Jesus?
7. What did Gertie’s scholar mean when he asked how many times Gertie made “talkee” with Jesus?

What Do You Think?

8. How many times do you make “talkee” with Jesus each day? Do you love and walk with Jesus so that you miss Him?
9. What can you do to be able to teach others about Jesus?

Vocabulary

attend	one is as much as you can <i>attend</i> to
California	ten years old when you went to <i>California</i>
Chicago	he knew I lived in <i>Chicago</i>
complacent	smoothing out her dress with a <i>complacent</i> look
grave	with <i>grave</i> face and thoughtful eyes
homesick	they would be <i>homesick</i> to go see Him
instructed	she could have <i>instructed</i> him
knowledgeably	instructed him more <i>knowledgeably</i> about Jesus
Mexican	it’s a ‘ <i>Mexican</i> ’ word
novel	it struck them as a <i>novel</i> thing
personal	about Jesus as her <i>personal</i> Friend
pronounce	sometimes he would <i>pronounce</i> it so funnily
reminisced	but Gertie... <i>reminisced</i> about some of the searching questions
Sabbath	never been a <i>Sabbath</i> school teacher
scholars	how many <i>scholars</i> did you have

Lesson XI

Laurie's Blank Check

"I don't know what that means!" declared Laurie, and she read it again. " 'I Am—hath sent me unto you.' That doesn't tell me anything. You don't understand it, I suppose. Do *you*, Snowdrop?"

"N-o-o," said Snowdrop, drawling out the word in astonishment at being appealed to by her wise older sister. Snowdrop was only five, and sister was almost eight. Snowdrop thought *she* ought to know almost everything. "I'm going to ask Mamma," said Laurie, and she skipped away. After a little talk as to what the name meant at that time, Mamma said, "*I* think it is a beautiful name; it is a check, don't you see? It is what they call a blank check, and I can fill it in with whatever I need."

"I don't understand," said Laurie.

"Why, suppose I am in trouble. I am afraid of something that may happen to me, or to you; and I think of that check: 'I AM— .' 'Oh, yes,' I say, 'I will fill it out.' And I write, 'I AM THY SHIELD.' What is the use of my being afraid any more?"

"Suppose I have some work to do that is very hard. I'm afraid that I may not be capable of it. I feel as though I am in need of help to accomplish it, and I remember my blank



check. ‘Oh,’ I say, ‘I’ll fill it out.’ And I write, ‘I AM THY STRENGTH.’ Don’t you see I have no need to be afraid, after that?”

“It *is* nice,” said Laurie, thoughtfully. And she ran back to explain to Snowdrop. Mamma thought about it after she was gone. She wanted Laurie to remember the blank check. Mamma talked with Papa about it that evening. The next morning, just as Laurie was starting to town on an errand, Mamma handed her a paper. “Here, Laurie,” said she, “is a blank check; you may fill it out just as you think best.” Wondering much, Laurie took it, and she and Snowdrop put their heads together and tried to read the neatly printed letters. This was what it said:

July 2, 18—

Dear Papa—Please give our little Laurie _____

Signed, Mamma.

You never saw two girls more eager over the possibilities of that blank check. Such a time as they had filling it out. They made a list of the things most desired from the store, and then picked out from it the *one* thing that they desired most. They changed their minds twenty times. At last the blank was filled. "Please give our little Laurie two pounds of your best candy."

Away went Laurie, skimming over the ground like a bird, and presented herself breathless at her father's counter. Papa took the paper which her eager hand held up. He read the neat letters, and he read the crooked letters added by Laurie. He smiled, and then turned to the clerk at his side. "Robert, put up two pounds of our best candy for this little girl." You should have heard the shouts of triumph which she and Snowdrop gave over that package, when it reached home.

"Mamma," said Laurie, that evening, "why did you never give me a blank check before? Will you give me ever so many of them?"

"No, indeed," said Mamma, laughing. "I am not rich, you know. I cannot afford it; nor can Papa. However, our Father in heaven is very rich. He can give you all you will ever need."

Laurie was thoughtful for a few minutes, and then she had another question. "Papa, would you have given me *anything* that I had put on that paper?"

"No, daughter, not if you had chosen something that would hurt you. That is a good illustration of another spiritual truth. You may sometimes ask God for what it would hurt you to have, and then He kindly refuses it."

"Mamma," said Laurie, after another silence, "are you ever

perfectly sure that you will get what you fill your check out with? How do you know but you will ask what will not be good for you?”

Mamma’s eyes were shining as she answered: “He has given me a long, long list in the Bible, dear, and I am sure of getting whatever is in the list. The other things I must trust to His judgment.”

“And God said unto Moses, I AM THAT I AM: and he said, Thus shalt thou say unto the children of Israel, I AM hath sent me unto you.” —Exodus 3:14

Questions

1. What phrase in her Bible verse was Laurie trying to figure out?
2. Who is the “I Am”?
3. How was this verse like a blank check?
4. Give an example that Laurie’s mamma gave her to illustrate what a blank check was.
5. Why did Laurie’s mamma give her a blank check?
6. What did Laurie put on her blank check?
7. What would Laurie’s father have done if she had chosen something that was bad for her?
8. Why do you think Laurie’s father would have refused to fill Laurie’s request if she had wanted something that was not good for her?

What Do You Think?

9. Does God ever run out of blank checks?
10. How can we be assured God will fill all of our requests?

11. What are some things in your life you can use your blank checks on which God has given you?

Vocabulary

accomplish	I am in need of help to <i>accomplish</i> it
afford	I cannot <i>afford</i> it
appealed	in astonishment at being <i>appealed</i> to
astonishment	drawling out the word in <i>astonishment</i>
capable	I'm afraid that I may not be <i>capable</i> of it
check	it is a <i>check</i> , don't you see?
drawling	said Snowdrop, <i>drawling</i> out the word
illustration	a good <i>illustration</i> of another spiritual truth
judgment	the other things I must trust to His <i>judgment</i>
possibilities	eager over the <i>possibilities</i> of that blank check
presented	<i>presented</i> herself breathless at her father's counter
refuses	he kindly <i>refuses</i> it
shield	and I write, 'I AM THY <i>SHIELD</i> .'
skimming	away went Laurie, <i>skimming</i> over the ground
triumph	you should have heard the shouts of <i>triumph</i>

Lesson XII
The Thunderstorm

Do you hear the rolling thunder?
And the pouring raindrops splash?
As the clouds are rent asunder,
Do you see the lightning's flash?

Fear not, dear, the rolling thunder,
For it is the voice of God.
His are all the works of wonder;
Earth herself quakes at His nod.

Rocks are cleft and mountains shattered,
By the will of the Most High,
And the worlds of stars are scattered
Through the dark vault of the sky.

Fear not, dear, the lightning flashing,
Though it rive the sturdy oak;
It is God who sends it crashing,
Or averts the deadly stroke.



Yes! the thunder and the lightning
Come as blessings to the world.
See, the sky is swiftly brightening,
As the clouds are onward hurled.

All is fresher, purer, clearer,
When the storm has passed away.
So God's chastenings make Him dearer
Unto those who love and pray.

“Lo, these are parts of his ways: but how little a portion is heard of him? but the thunder of his power who can understand?” —Job 26:14

Questions

1. What is this poem describing?
2. What happens to the clouds?
3. Why should we not fear the thunder?
4. What comes as blessings to the world?
5. To what does the poem liken thunder and lightning?
6. What happens when the thunderstorm passes away?
7. What happens to us after we are chastened?

What Do You Think?

8. How do you feel when you are being chastened by your parents?
9. Explain why being chastened by your parents is a good thing.

Vocabulary

asunder	as the clouds are rent <i>asunder</i>
averts	or <i>averts</i> the deadly stroke
chastenings	so God's <i>chastenings</i> make Him dearer
cleft	rocks are <i>cleft</i> and mountains shattered
hurled	as the clouds are onward <i>hurled</i>
nod	earth herself quakes at His <i>nod</i>
onward	as the clouds are <i>onward</i> hurled
portion	how little a <i>portion</i> is heard of him
power	the thunder of his <i>power</i> who can understand
quakes	earth herself <i>quakes</i> at His nod
rent	as the clouds are <i>rent</i> asunder
rive	though it <i>rive</i> the sturdy oak
scattered	and the worlds of stars are <i>scattered</i>

shattered rocks are cleft and mountains *shattered*
stroke or averts the deadly *stroke*
sturdy though it rive the *sturdy* oak
swiftly see, the sky is *swiftly* brightening
vault through the dark *vault* of the sky

Lesson XIII

It Almost Makes Me Cry

“It almost makes me cry to think of the heathen,” said Jimmy Smith, as he was standing by his mother’s work-table, with his elbow leaning upon it, and his head resting upon his hand. “I don’t wonder missionaries go to them.” His face was thoughtful and sad, and the tears stood in his eyes.

He had just been looking at two hideous idols, which had been brought from Africa, and his mother had been telling him that the heathen thought they were gods, and prayed to them.

Jimmy’s little brother Tommy wondered that any people could think these stone images were God. His large, blue eyes looked larger and rounder than ever, they were so filled with amazement at what he heard. He could only say, “Oh, Mother! Oh, Mother!” in tones which indicated surprise, pity, and horror.

Mrs. Smith told her children that the heathen had not been taught, as we have, that God is a Spirit. She said that they had never learned the following commandment: “Thou shalt not make unto thee any graven image, or any likeness of any thing that is in heaven above, or that is in the earth beneath, or that is in the water under the earth: thou shalt not bow down thyself to them, nor serve them: for I the Lord thy God am a jealous God, visiting the iniquity of the fathers upon the children unto the



third and fourth generation of them that hate me; and shewing mercy unto thousands of them that love me, and keep my commandments.”

“I don’t wonder that the missionaries go to them,” was the sentiment on Jimmy’s mind as he thought of the ignorance and degradation of the heathen. He, himself, loved to hear about God the Father and our blessed Saviour, and he knew that God required a pure and spiritual worship. He knew God was the Creator

of the world, and that His power and glory could not well be conceived by man. He had often heard of the heathen, and had read about their idols. But to see and handle a stone head, which had actually been an object of religious worship, made it seem much more real to him than ever before, that there are many people who have never learned to worship the true God.

Jimmy has always had a great reverence for his heavenly Father. Several years ago, he was reading a description of one of the idols of the Hindus. The picture was disgustingly repulsive. He went to Mrs. Smith with his book, saying, “Mother, I don’t

like to call g-o-d God here; I want to call it d-o-g, for I don't think it is right to call such a thing by that great name."

Perhaps Jimmy will someday be a missionary, and preach the glad tidings of salvation to those who are now sitting in darkness, and in the shadow of death. But if he is not a missionary himself, I trust he will never forget to do what he can for those who are. Far from their homes and their friends, they are fulfilling Jesus Christ's last command: "Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature."

All Christians cannot be missionaries, but they can all do something to spread a knowledge of Jesus throughout the world. They can contribute of their property to this noble purpose. Our heavenly Father accepts the smallest gift, offered in love. Surely we, who live in comfortable homes, and are surrounded by so much that is pleasant, should never forget those who, in foreign lands, are preaching the "unsearchable riches of Christ."

If our Saviour were now upon the earth, I suppose, dear children, you think it would be a great pleasure to minister to His wants. How nice it would be to provide Him with food or clothing, or any thing He might need. It is delightful to know that what we do for those who love Him, He accepts as done to Himself. In His Holy Word He says, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me."

"Go ye therefore, and teach all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost:" —Matthew 28:19

Questions

1. How did looking at the idols from Africa make Jimmy feel?
2. What did little Tommy feel about Mrs. Smith's presentation about the idols?
3. What did Mrs. Smith say that the heathen had not been taught?
4. What did Jimmy love to hear about?
5. What had Jimmy always had?
6. What do missionaries do with their lives?
7. If God does not call us to be missionaries, what can we do to help them?

What Do You Think?

8. List some ways in which you might help support a missionary.

Vocabulary

Africa	which had been brought from <i>Africa</i>
amazement	filled with <i>amazement</i> at what he heard
brethren	unto one of the least of these my <i>brethren</i>
conceived	His power and glory could not well be <i>conceived</i> by man
contribute	they can <i>contribute</i> of their property
degradation	he thought of the... <i>degradation</i> of the heathen
description	he was reading a <i>description</i> of one of the idols
graven	thou shalt not make unto thee any <i>graven</i> image
heathen	it almost makes me cry to think of the <i>heathen</i>
hideous	he had just been looking at two <i>hideous</i> idols

horror	tones which indicated surprise, pity, and <i>horror</i>
ignorance	he thought of the <i>ignorance</i> and degradation of the heathen
indicated	tones which <i>indicated</i> surprise, pity, and horror
jealous	for I the Lord thy God am a <i>jealous</i> God
object	had actually been an <i>object</i> of religious worship
pity	tones which indicated surprise, <i>pity</i> , and horror
repulsive	the picture was disgustingly <i>repulsive</i>
reverence	had a great <i>reverence</i> for his heavenly Father
sentiment	the <i>sentiment</i> on Jimmy's mind
tidings	preach the glad <i>tidings</i> of salvation
unsearchable	who...are preaching the " <i>unsearchable</i> riches of Christ."

Lesson XIV

Lovest Thou Me?

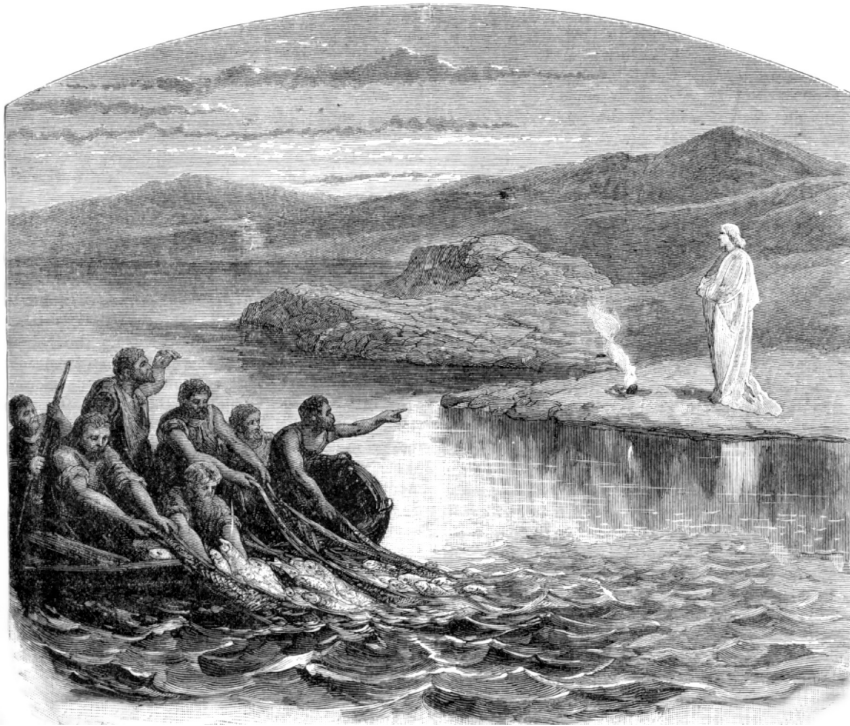
Jesus, after his resurrection from the dead, appeared at various times to His disciples. Once, when Peter, John, and a few others were fishing in the Sea of Tiberias, He stood on the shore, and inquired of them, "Have ye any meat?"

They answered, "No." Then He directed them to cast their net on the right side of the ship, and they should find fish. They did so, and caught one hundred and fifty-three fish! The disciples then knew it was Jesus Who had spoken to them. After they had secured the fish by drawing the net to the shore, Jesus invited them to dine with Him.

The disciples had observed, as soon as they came to shore, a fire of coals, and "fish laid thereon, and bread." This was that which our Lord had prepared for them. And He, Himself, served them the simple repast.

After they had dined, our Saviour said to Peter three times, "Simon, son of Jonas, lovest thou me?" The first and the second time Peter answered, "Yea, Lord; thou knowest that I love thee." Peter was grieved because Jesus said unto him the third time, "Lovest thou me?" and he replied, "Thou knowest all things; thou knowest that I love thee."

How did Peter know that he loved Jesus? It was not because he always did right. It was only a short time before



that he had denied his Lord, and had more than once said that he did not know Him! Yet, notwithstanding this, when he was now asked, “Lovest thou me?” he could unhesitatingly answer, “Thou knowest that I love thee.”

What if you should be asked, “Do you love your parents?”

You would immediately answer, “Yes.” You know you love them. How do you know it? It might not be as easy for you to answer this question as the first, but at the same time you are conscious that you do love your parents. You feel that they are your best friends. They provide for all your wants. They

furnish you with food and clothes and a means of education. They take care of you when you are well, and when you are ill. You feel grateful to them for what they do for you, and you enjoy being with them, and talking with them. You like to please them, and it makes you sad when you have grieved them. Children who love their parents very dearly sometimes do what their parents do not approve, but they are always sorry for it, as Peter was when he went out and wept bitterly.

What if you should be asked, “Do you love your heavenly Father?”

Could you as readily answer, “Yes”? Do you like to hear about Him and His wonderful works? Is the story of Jesus’ love for lost men one that interests you? Is it pleasant to you to think of living forever with the Lord Jesus when you leave this world?

If you love your Father in heaven, you do not love to do what is wrong. If you are overcome by temptation, and sin against Him, you are sorry, as you are when you sin against your earthly parents.

Children, and adults also, sometimes seem to think that faith is a thing to be kept by itself, separate and distinct from our daily duties. They seem to think that it consists of praying, going to church, hearing sermons, and wearing a sober face. It is true that the Christian often feels sober, but there is no one who may be so cheerful as he, for there is none that can be so truly happy. True piety extends to all the acts of our lives. It should influence them all. It does not forbid our doing any thing that it is right for us to do. A Christian child enjoys play quite as well as any other child.

Suppose Jesus should ask you today, as He did Peter, “Lovest thou me?”

Could you answer, “Yes, Lord, thou knowest that I love thee”? It is just as easy for you to know whether you love Him as it is for you to know whether you love your father and mother. I trust there are many children who do love the Saviour, and who wish to live well and to do good.

“We love him, because he first loved us.” —1 John 4:19

Questions

1. What were Peter and a few of the disciples doing when Jesus asked them if they had any meat?
2. What happened when Jesus told them to cast their nets on the other side of the boat?
3. How many times did Jesus ask Peter if he loved Him?
4. What do your parents do for you?
5. How do you feel about doing wrong if you love your Father in heaven?
6. How far does true piety extend?

What Do You Think?

7. How would you answer if Jesus asked you, “Lovest thou Me?”
8. Why should we always want to do right?
9. Why do you think children who love their parents disobey sometimes?

Vocabulary

bitterly	when he went out and wept <i>bitterly</i>
conscious	you are <i>conscious</i> that you do love your parents
consists	they seem to think that it <i>consists</i> of praying
distinct	separate and <i>distinct</i> from our daily duties
extends	true piety <i>extends</i> to all the acts of our lives
furnish	they <i>furnish</i> you with food and clothes
influence	it should <i>influence</i> them all
inquired	He... <i>inquired</i> of them, "Have ye any meat?"
means	food and clothes and a <i>means</i> of education
notwithstanding	yet, <i>notwithstanding</i> this, when he was now
overcome	if you are <i>overcome</i> by temptation
piety	true <i>piety</i> extends to all the acts of our lives
repast	He, Himself, served them the simple <i>repast</i>
resurrection	Jesus, after his <i>resurrection</i> from the dead
secured	they had <i>secured</i> the fish by drawing the net
thereon	and "fish laid <i>thereon</i> , and bread."
unhesitatingly	he could <i>unhesitatingly</i> answer
various	Jesus...appeared at <i>various</i> times

Lesson XV

The Unpleasant Neighbor

Sammy's father, Mr. Digsby, has a very disagreeable neighbor. In one way or another he is a constant source of annoyance. Sometimes his pigs will creep through the fence, and root up the smooth green lawn. He does not keep his fence in repair, and his hungry cows, in search of food, will break into Mr. Digsby's garden. They make sad havoc among the cabbages and other vegetables. The neighbor's bay horse is often permitted to run loose where he can eat a hearty lunch among Mr. Digsby's corn. All these aggressions, and many more, Mr. Digsby has borne with the greatest patience.

Mr. Digsby has often been advised to resort to the law as a means of defense, yet he has been reluctant to do so. The children have sometimes felt very indignant when they have been obliged to chase the pigs or the cows out of the yard or field, but their parents have endeavored to teach them Christian forbearance.

At one time Sammy had been thinking about Mr. Morrison—for by that name I shall call the unpleasant neighbor—and he said very seriously to his mother:

“Mother, can Mr. Morrison go to heaven if he dies?”

She hesitated a moment, wondering how to answer him, for she had taught him that it is wicked to lie and to swear; and

that if a person loves God, he will not be in the habit of committing such sins. She told him that unless Mr. Morrison repented and turned to God, he could not go to heaven.

At another time Sammy and his mother were talking about God's love for the beings He has made. She told him that God loves everyone.

“Does He love Mr. Morrison?” he inquired.

“Yes, God loves Mr. Morrison. He is grieved and offended by his wickedness, but He loves him. You know I love you when you have done wrong, although I am sorry that you have been naughty. I do not cease to love you. The Bible tells us that while we were sinners, God so loved us as to send His Son to die for us. He loves all, and wishes all to repent and believe in Jesus, and be happy. He has provided a way for all who repent and believe to be saved. It is only because people love sin more than they love holiness that they are lost.”

Nothing can give us a higher idea of God's love than the thought that He loves everyone—even His enemies. “God is love.” What a blessed, glorious thought! How it encourages us to trust Him at all times.

God does not willingly afflict, nor grieve, nor punish



anyone. All that He does, He does from the truest love.

The knowledge that God loves us should lead us to love Him. We are naturally disposed to love those who love us, and always do, unless there is something repulsive about them. There can be nothing repulsive about God, for He is love, and we who love Him, love Him because He first loved us.

One night, after little Sammy had repeated the Lord's Prayer and his usual evening petitions, he raised his head, and said to his mother:

“Shall I pray for Mr. Morrison now?”

“Yes, dear, if you wish to,” she answered.

He bowed his head again, and uttered a simple prayer for the man who was the occasion of so much trouble and perplexity to his father's family. He prayed that God would forgive his sins for Jesus' sake, and make him a good man. It was very pleasant to hear Sammy pray thus, and to witness his kind and forgiving spirit.

Mr. and Mrs. Digsby have often regretted that the children should have their early memories saddened by such a neighbor, but perhaps their heavenly Father wishes to teach them a lesson of forbearance and love for those who injure them, which they could not so well learn in any other way.

Our Saviour, when dying on the cross, taught us practically the duty of forgiveness. He prayed even for those who put Him to death. “Father, forgive them; for they know not what they do.” Do you not suppose He was pleased to hear Sammy ask his Father in heaven to forgive Mr. Morrison and make him a good man?

“Or despisest thou the riches of his goodness and forbearance and longsuffering; not knowing that the goodness of God leadeth thee to repentance?” —Romans 2:4

Questions

1. What kind of neighbor was Mr. Morrison to Mr. Digsby?
2. What aggressions did Mr. Digsby and his family have to endure from their neighbor?
3. How did it make the children feel when they had to chase Mr. Morrison’s animals back to his yard?
4. What did Sammy’s mother say that Mr. Morrison would have to do if he wanted to go to heaven?
5. What did God do because He loved us?
6. Who are the people that God loves?
7. Whom do we naturally love?
8. Whom should we love? Why?

What Do You Think?

9. Do you love God? Why?
10. Think of someone in your life who may sometimes be unkind to you. How can you love him or her?

Vocabulary

afflict	God does not willingly <i>afflict</i> , nor grieve
aggressions	All these <i>aggressions</i> , and many more
annoyance	he is a constant source of <i>annoyance</i>
borne	All these aggressions...Mr. Digsby has <i>borne</i>
despisest	Or <i>despisest</i> thou the riches of his goodness
disagreeable	has a very <i>disagreeable</i> neighbor

disposed	we are naturally <i>disposed</i> to love those
duty	our Saviour...taught us practically the <i>duty</i> of forgiveness
encourages	how it <i>encourages</i> us to trust Him at all times
endeavored	their parents have <i>endeavored</i> to teach them
forbearance	endeavored to teach them Christian <i>forbearance</i>
havoc	they make sad <i>havoc</i> among the cabbages
hearty	where he can eat a <i>hearty</i> lunch
indignant	the children have sometimes felt very <i>indignant</i>
law	resort to the <i>law</i> as a means of defense
occasion	the man who was the <i>occasion</i> of so much trouble
perplexity	the occasion of so much trouble and <i>perplexity</i>
reluctant	yet he has been <i>reluctant</i> to do so
repent	a way for all who <i>repent</i> and believe to be saved
repulsive	there is something <i>repulsive</i> about them
resort	advised to <i>resort</i> to the law

Lesson XVI

Mamma's Ittie Darling Baby

Oh, but it was hot. It was a September day, and the sun was shining down as if August had just begun. Bertha, in the lane, half a mile from her mother's house, had scratched her arm and torn her dress. She was just as warm as she thought it possible for a girl to be, yet she picked, picked, and picked away. She had an object. Tomorrow was to be the wonderful excursion up the river to spend the day on a lovely island. It would cost twenty-five cents to go, and unless Bertha picked and sold berries enough to amount to twenty-five cents, there would be no excursion for her. However willing her mother might be, twenty-five cent pieces were by no means as thick as blackberries, but could be earned only by means of hard work. The basket on Bertha's arm was nearly half full. She calculated that it would have to be *quite* full in order to make sure of the twenty-five cents. So she continued to work diligently.

"Hark! what was that?" Bertha stopped. With a handful of berries half way to her pail, as Bertha listened, she heard a loud, loud, wailing cry from a baby voice. Down went the basket under the bushes, and the picker started in the direction of the cry. Sure enough! There was a little blue-eyed, golden-haired, white-dressed, kid-slippered baby, looking ready to die with weariness and grief.

“Who are you?” asked Bertha, in a wondering, yet gentle voice.

“Mamma’s ittie darling baby,” sobbed the blue-eyed wonder.

“I should think you were. Where *is* Mamma?”

“Baby, don’t know; baby wants Mamma.” Then began another most pitiful wail.

“Oh, dear me,” said Bertha. “I almost know you must belong to the people at the hotel.” That was a summer boardinghouse, fully two miles away—a long walk in the broiling sun. It was easy enough to calculate that by the time Bertha got there with her little charge, and tramped back again, there would be no more time for picking berries that night. She must go home and get tea for Mother, who was out ironing all day. After tea, there was Carrie to put to bed, and Ned to look after. No wonder she drew such a heavy sigh, for she had had very few excursions in her lifetime.

“Baby might wait until I finish filling my basket,” she said, doubtfully. “Then I might take her home and still earn the twenty-five cents.”

But her next thought was of the distracted mother who was



probably hurrying through the world searching for her baby. With one more look at the tear-stained face of the poor, tired baby, she said, “No, that simply won’t do.”

“Here goes!” she said bravely. “Excursion or no excursion, ‘Mamma’s ittie darling baby’ must get home right away. Now, Baby don’t you cry, and away you should go on horseback. I know that you must belong to the new boarders down there.”

Stooping down, she lifted the tired darling in her arms, fastened the old sun umbrella in such a way as to shade the baby’s head, and started. Wasn’t it hot? And weren’t those *long* miles that stretched between her and the hotel? Oh, but what a shout of welcome greeted her, as her tired feet turned in at the carriage drive. A mother, bare-headed, and with drawn face and frightened eyes, held out her arms, and “ittie darling baby” hopped into them.

Perhaps you think Bertha’s basket, almost half full of berries, was lost. Not a bit of it. A fine coachman, in livery, got down from the elegant carriage and went to get it, while Bertha herself sat back among the soft cushions, and watched him. Perhaps you think she did not go on the excursion? Ah! but she did, and the twenty-five-cent payment that paid her passage was taken out of a small shining five-dollar gold piece that “Mamma’s ittie darling baby,” herself, put into Bertha’s hand. The little girl who had bravely given up her pleasure to help the frightened baby had a twenty-fold reward.

“And whosoever shall give to drink unto one of these little ones a cup of cold water only in the name of a disciple, verily I say unto you, he shall in no wise lose his reward.” —Matthew 10:42

Questions

1. Describe what time of year the story took place, and what the weather was like.
2. What was Bertha doing, and why was she doing it?
3. What was the baby doing near the blackberry patch?
4. From where had the baby come, and how far away was she from there?
5. What choice did Bertha have to make?
6. Why was it a hard decision for Bertha to make?
7. Who went to get Bertha's berries for her?
8. How was Bertha rewarded for doing right?

What Do You Think?

9. Do you think it would have been right for Bertha to make the baby wait until she finished picking her berries? Explain why.

Vocabulary

boarders	you must belong to the new <i>boarders</i>
broiling	a long walk in the <i>broiling</i> sun
calculated	she <i>calculated</i> that it would have to be quite full
carriage	her tired feet turned in at the <i>carriage</i> drive
charge	Bertha got there with her little <i>charge</i>
coachman	A fine <i>coachman</i> ...got down from the elegant carriage
distracted	but her next thought was of the <i>distracted</i> mother
drawn	a mother, bare-headed, and with <i>drawn</i> face
elegant	got down from the <i>elegant</i> carriage
excursion	tomorrow was to be the wonderful <i>excursion</i>

fastened she...*fastened* the old sun umbrella
hark "*Hark!* what was that?" Bertha stopped
hotel miles that stretched between her and the *hotel*
livery a fine coachman, in *livery*
stretched miles that *stretched* between her and the hotel
tramped Bertha...*tramped* back again
wailing she heard a loud, loud, *wailing* cry
weariness looking ready to die with *weariness* and grief

Lesson XVII

The Boy Who Kept His Purpose

“I would not be so mean,” said George Ward to a boy who stood by, while George put the candy he had just bought in his pocket.

“You have no right to call me mean,” replied Reuben Porter, “because I don’t spend my money for candy.”

“You never spend it for anything,” continued George, tauntingly.

It was true. Reuben did not spend his money. Do you suppose it was because he loved it more than other boys do?

Reuben turned slowly away, meditating upon what had occurred.

“I will not care for what George thinks,” he said to himself at length. “I have four dollars now, and when I have sold my cabbages, I shall have another dollar. *I shall soon have enough,*” he said as he walked on. His heart bounded joyfully, his step recovered its spring, and his pace quickened, as the pleasant thought removed the sting which the accusation of meanness had inflicted on his sensitive spirit.

Reuben hastened cheerfully home, or to the place he called home. He had no father or mother there, but at least he had kind and loving friends in their stead. His father had died two years before, leaving a wife and four children without property



to sustain them. Reuben was the eldest, and as he was old enough to assist in the labors of a farm, it was thought best that he should leave his mother. Mr. Johnson, a neighbor, took him into his family, where he soon became a great favorite.

There was one thing about the child, however, which good Mrs. Johnson regarded as a great fault. It was what she called “a spirit of hoarding.” She said she never gave him an orange,

or an apple, that he did not carry to his room, instead of eating it. I am sure that his sisters at home, or dear little brother Benny, could tell what became of all that fruit!

Mrs. Johnson had noticed a box in his drawer, too, which was quite heavy with money. She did not believe he had bought so much as a fish hook since he had been in their family. She supposed he would grow up to be a miser if he continued on this way. Mr. Johnson smiled at his wife's earnestness, and remarked that, with such an example of generosity as Reuben had constantly before him, he could not believe the child was in much danger from the fault she feared.

"It must be remembered," he said, "that Reuben has his own way to make in life. He must early learn to save, or he will always be poor. There are his mother and sisters, too, who need his aid."

In various ways Reuben added to his store. When the snow came, he made nice broad paths about the house, which so attracted the notice of a neighbor, that she asked if he might be allowed to make paths for her. He rose early that he might have time for this extra work, and was well paid for his efforts. The box grew heavier from week to week. *Reuben had almost enough.*

One day there was a barrel of flour left at Mrs. Porter's. She thought there must be a mistake about it, but the man said he was directed at the store to take it to that house. Mrs. Porter went immediately to learn about it, and what was her surprise on finding her son had been the purchaser! How could he pay for a whole barrel of flour? "The money," said the merchant, "was brought in a box. It was in small bits, which took me

some time to count, but there was enough.”

The mother called, with a full heart, at Mrs. Johnson’s, and related what had occurred. Reuben wondered why his mother should cry so. He thought she would be happy. He was sure he was happy. He had been thinking two years of that barrel of flour, and now he felt more like laughing than crying.

Those tears, noble boy, are not tears of sorrow, but of the deepest, fullest joy. You are more than repaid for your self-denial. You have persevered in your determination. You have resisted every temptation to stray from your course which you marked out as right. You have borne meekly the charge of meanness, and now you receive your reward. You are happy, and so is your mother, and so are your kind friends, Mr. and Mrs. Johnson.

That night, Mr. Johnson remarked to his wife, as they sat together before the cheerful fire, that he had some idea of keeping the little *miser* and educating him. “A boy who could form such a purpose, and keep it, will, in all probability, make a useful man.” Later years proved the correctness of this conclusion. Reuben is now a man of intelligence and holds an important job. He is well-respected in his town; but among his most pleasant memories, I am sure, is that of the barrel of flour he bought for his beloved mother.

“He becometh poor that dealeth with a slack hand: but the hand of the diligent maketh rich.” —Proverbs 10:4

Questions

1. Why was George upset with Reuben and why did he call him mean?
2. What was Reuben's goal?
3. What did Reuben do when he was hurt by George's criticism, and how did it help him?
4. Why didn't Reuben live with his father and mother?
5. What did Mrs. Johnson consider a "great fault" of Reuben, and why did she think that he had it?
6. Why did Mr. Johnson feel the habits Reuben had were acceptable?
7. What did Mrs. Porter think about the barrel of flour being left at her doorstep?
8. How did Mr. Johnson reward Reuben?

What Do You Think?

9. Reuben set and achieved a long term goal he had. What are some goals you have in your life, and how close are you to achieving them? If you do not have goals, make a list of some worthy things you would like to achieve.

Vocabulary

accusation	the pleasant thought removed the sting which the <i>accusation</i> of meanness had inflicted
aid	who need his <i>aid</i>
bounded	his heart <i>bounded</i> joyfully
broad	the snow came, he made nice <i>broad</i> paths
charge	have borne meekly the <i>charge</i> of meanness
conclusion	years proved the correctness of this <i>conclusion</i>

determination	you have persevered in your <i>determination</i>
hoarding	what she called “a spirit of <i>hoarding</i> ”
inflicted	meanness had <i>inflicted</i> on his sensitive spirit
intelligence	Reuben is now a man of <i>intelligence</i>
meditating	Reuben turned slowly away, <i>meditating</i> upon what had occurred
miser	she supposed he would grow up to be a <i>miser</i>
occurred	meditating upon what had <i>occurred</i>
pace	his <i>pace</i> quickened
persevered	you have <i>persevered</i> in your determination
property	four children without <i>property</i> to sustain them
recovered	his step <i>recovered</i> its spring
regarded	Mrs. Johnson <i>regarded</i> as a great fault
sensitive	meanness had inflicted on his <i>sensitive</i> spirit
sustain	four children without property to <i>sustain</i> them
tauntingly	“You never spend it for anything,” continued George, <i>tauntingly</i>

Lesson XVIII

Build Firm!

Build firm! build firm, on the Rock, young man,
And not on the shifting sand;
Begin the work in your early life,
While ready and strong of hand.
Build firm!

You will reap the fruit in after years,
Says an old man turning gray;
And if you have put the matter off,
And begin the work today,
Build firm!

Begin low down at the very base,
And dig with an iron will.
There are plenty of obstacles to surmount
If your purpose you would fulfill.
Build firm!

That your “house of life” be fair to see
To the world as it goes along,
You must lay the foundations deep and plumb,
And your masonry must be strong.
Build firm!



Good habits are stones of high degree
That thunderbolts fail to rend;
And honesty makes a cornerstone
On which you may well depend.
Build firm!

And after that you may ornament
And fresco at your will;
You may fill your house with works of art;
'Tis your rock-bound castle still.
Build firm!

Then loving words and kindly deeds
Will blossom like roses rare
About the beautiful dwelling house
You have built with so much care.
Build firm!

“Therefore whosoever heareth these sayings of mine, and doeth them, I will liken him unto a wise man, which built his house upon a rock: and the rain descended, and the floods came, and the winds blew, and beat upon that house; and it fell not: for it was founded upon a rock.” —Matthew 7:24-25

Questions

1. On what should a young man build?
2. When should we begin our work of building?
3. What kind of house are we building?
4. What makes a good cornerstone, and what other stones should be used in our foundation?
5. After the foundation is laid, what may we do to our house?
6. What will blossom in a house built with care?

What Do You Think?

7. What is a house of life?
8. What does it mean to build firm on the Rock?
9. Which part of the building should you be working on now in your life?
10. What do you think will happen in your life if you do not build firmly now?

Vocabulary

base	begin low down at the very <i>base</i>
castle	'tis your rock-bound <i>castle</i> still
cornerstone	and honesty makes a <i>cornerstone</i>
degree	good habits are stones of high <i>degree</i>
descended	and the rain <i>descended</i> , and the floods came
foundations	you must lay the <i>foundations</i> deep and plumb
founded	it fell not: for it was <i>founded</i> upon a rock
fresco	and <i>fresco</i> at your will
fulfill	if your purpose you would <i>fulfill</i>
masonry	and your <i>masonry</i> must be strong
matter	and if you have put the <i>matter</i> off
obstacles	there are plenty of <i>obstacles</i> to surmount
ornament	and after that you may <i>ornament</i>
plumb	you must lay the foundations deep and <i>plumb</i>
rend	that thunderbolts fail to <i>rend</i>
shifting	and not on the <i>shifting</i> sand
surmount	there are plenty of obstacles to <i>surmount</i>
thunderbolts	that <i>thunderbolts</i> fail to rend

Lesson XIX

Esther's Trial

Esther watched her mamma as she carefully lifted the glass dish and then the silver dish to their places on the sideboard.

“May I have some, Mamma?” she said, eagerly, the minute they were safely landed.

Mamma shook her head. “Why, no, child,” she said. “You have had your share of fruit today—or, let me see—why, I didn’t give you your apple and orange, did I? I was thinking you had those today. Well, you may have one of each kind. Get a chair and help yourself.”

Now if Mamma had waited until Esther answered her questions—instead of answering them herself as quickly as she asked them, and then shutting the door and going away—I feel quite sure that Esther would have said:

“Why, yes, it was this very morning that I had both an apple and an orange.”

As it was, she stood still and merely looked at those dishes of fruit.

“How funny,” she said, “that Mamma should forget so. Now, I never forget what I give my dolly Angelica, and she hasn’t any mouth that is good for anything, either. I always have to eat her fruit for her. How splendid those grapes do look. I wish Mamma had said two of each kind. Of course, I



am going to have them. Didn't Mamma say I could?"

This last sentence she said in a rather indignant tone. Though whom she could have been addressing, I am sure I don't know, for there was not a soul in the room but herself. Yet it could plainly be seen that Esther was having a talk with someone.

"I didn't tell her I didn't have an orange this morning. I wouldn't tell a lie, I guess. She said so her own self. It was a mean old sour orange too; I'd rather have grapes any day."

By this time one fat little brown hand was reaching out toward the grapes. Then she drew it back again.

"I don't see how I am to blame for Mamma's not knowing that I had fruit this morning."

This she said in a pitiful tone, as though she was very much slandered. Who was accusing her, do you suppose?

"An apple and an orange aren't much to have in a day anyhow. I know lots of girls who eat more than that; besides the orange *was* sour. Grapes are good for a sore throat. I heard Dr. Nelson say so."

What that had to do with it, I am sure I don't know, since her throat was not sore. At last Esther began to draw great long sighs.

"Oh, dear me!" she said. "Oh, dear me! Why need Mamma have to think out loud? Why didn't she keep all the thoughts inside about my having an apple and an orange, and just say, 'Yes, Esther, my dear, you may have one of each kind'? Then everything would have been nice, and there would be nothing to decide. It is dreadful to have to decide things. I'd rather have her say, 'No, you can't have a single one.' Then I should

just be sure that was the end of it. Oh, what is the use of saying things over and over? I know I had an apple and an orange as well as you do. Didn't I say so? And I know Mamma forgot it too. Isn't that what I am talking about?"

And Esther stamped her foot and began to look very red-cheeked indeed. There was definitely a conflict raging inside her that kept her debating so with herself.

"What I say is," began Esther again, "that Mamma said I could have some of this, and she didn't ask me if I had eaten any fruit today, and I didn't tell her I hadn't, and I don't see why I can't have some. Such a fuss about one grape! That is all I want."

Up went the slippered feet on tiptoe, out went the brown hand again, and again it drew back. Someone seemed to speak loud enough for Esther to hear. This was what she heard:

"You know your mamma thinks you haven't had any fruit today. You know she does—you know she does—you know she does." Esther shook herself.

"I didn't say I hadn't," she said. "How can I help what Mamma thinks?"

The voice inside her spoke once again:

"God can see folks' thoughts. You saw your mamma's, for she said them to you. But God can look right into your heart, and see your thoughts without you speaking at all. You haven't said that it was wrong to take the fruit, but haven't you thought it in your heart? God can see thoughts. God can see thoughts."

This thought repeated itself over and over. The voice seemed to buzz inside her as she stood there on tiptoe, her

brown arm reaching out, the tips of her fingers touching a great violet-colored grape.

Esther drew away her hand and said in a loud voice:

“I won’t take one! So there! I know I ought to mind thoughts as well as words, especially when I can hear them. I heard Mamma’s plain enough, and I’m sure I hear mine.”

There was something that happened then that Esther didn’t see, and knows nothing about; there was an angel in the room, looking right at her. He was so happy just then that he laughed for joy, and he told ever so many other angels all about Esther’s trial. They all agreed that she would be a stronger little girl after this than ever before, and that she should have some work to do with which she could now be trusted. She could not have been trusted if she had not reliably heeded those thoughts that buzzed about her.

“His lord said unto him, Well done, thou good and faithful servant: thou hast been faithful over a few things, I will make thee ruler over many things: enter thou into the joy of thy lord.” —Matthew 25:21

Questions

1. What was Esther desiring?
2. What did Esther’s mother forget?
3. Why was Esther struggling over whether to eat some grapes or not?
4. What was Esther’s conscience telling her she should do?
5. What did Esther feel like doing, instead of doing right?
6. What decision did Esther make?

What Do You Think?

7. Do you think it would have been wrong for Esther to eat the grapes? Explain your answer.
8. Do you think Esther would have been lying if she ate the grapes, and let her mother believe that she did not have an apple and orange? Why?

Vocabulary

accusing	who was <i>accusing</i> her, do you suppose?
addressing	though whom she could have been <i>addressing</i>
conflict	there was definitely a <i>conflict</i> raging inside her
debating	that kept her <i>debating</i> so with herself
definitely	there was <i>definitely</i> a conflict raging inside her
dreadful	it is <i>dreadful</i> to have to decide things
heeded	she had not reliably <i>heeded</i> those thoughts
indignant	she said in a rather <i>indignant</i> tone.
merely	she stood still and <i>merely</i> looked at those dishes
plainly	yet it could <i>plainly</i> be seen
raging	there was definitely a conflict <i>raging</i> inside her
reliably	she had not <i>reliably</i> heeded those thoughts
sideboard	the silver dish to their places on the <i>sideboard</i>
slandered	as though she was very much <i>slandered</i>
violet	her fingers touching a great <i>violet</i> -colored grape

Lesson XX

Nellie's Way and Susan's Way

They went to the field together, Nellie and her little sister May. The world was all full of flowers, and their breath was just as sweet! Nellie made up her mind that just as soon as she got rid of the pail of lunch that she was toting to the workers in the field, she would find a shady place. Then she would make a wreath for her new brown straw hat of the lovely flowers and vines that she gleaned along the way.

Here she was at work on it. Let me tell you what happened. Little May was very much pleased with the plan. The fact was, she thought that Nellie's plans were all very nice, so she set to work at once to help. She tumbled around in the grass, and pretty soon she brought a sweet clover, and a dandelion gone to seed, and a wisp of ripe grain, and a lovely burdock leaf, and wanted Miss Nellie to weave them all into the wreath for her hat.

This was what Nellie said:

“Why! You dear little goosie! Those are not flowers! They are nothing at all but weeds! I can't put them into my wreath. It is going to be lovely! I want to have it prettier than any of the girls'.”

She was so engrossed with her flowers that she did not see the pucker in May's lips. Even if she had, I am not sure but



she would have called her a foolish little thing for crying about that, and so made the tears stream right down her red cheeks. However, just then Susan happened that way.

Now Susan was the girl who cooked breakfasts, dinners,

and suppers for the men who were employed on the farm. I don't think she could have made a wreath if she had tried. Some errand had sent her out in search of Farmer Hill, and as she came up to the children she seemed to know all about things without being told.

She spoke just in time, and this was what she said:

“Oh! Oh! What pretty flowers little May has found! Let me smell them. Why, dear me! Was ever anything so sweet! I'll tell you what I guess she is going to do with them.”

“What?” asked baby May, her little heart all mended, and hoping with all her might that Susan would “guess” something very nice for her to do.

“Why, I think they are to be put in the white pitcher and set on the table right beside Father's plate, so he can smell them all the time he eats his supper. Isn't that it?”

“Yes,” said May; and her face was bright with smiles.

“Susan,” Nellie said as they were walking home, May trotting on ahead with her flowers, “you told May her flowers were really pretty, and they are just weeds. Is that the honest truth?”

“I think it is,” Susan said, nodding her head. “I'd like to know where you could find a prettier flower than a sweet clover!”

“They don't put them into the church bouquets,” said Nellie, thinking of the place where she was used to seeing the prettiest flower arrangements.

“No, and no more do they onions; and yet you know you like onions boiled for dinner. Things are good in their places, and you see if your father doesn't think the white pitcher is just

the place for those flowers of May's. Besides," she said, after being still a minute, "little May's heart was almost broken; and I mended it with a word or two. That's worth taking into account."

"A word fitly spoken is like apples of gold in pictures of silver."
—Proverbs 25:11

Questions

1. Why did Nellie and her little sister May go to the field?
2. What did Nellie plan to do after she delivered the flowers?
3. How did Nellie respond to May's efforts to help her?
4. How did Nellie make May feel?
5. What did Susan do, and why did she happen upon Nellie and May?
6. What did Susan say she would do with May's flowers?
7. How did Susan make May feel?
8. Why did Nellie think Susan might not be telling the truth about the weeds being pretty?

What Do You Think?

9. When two people look at something, one may think it is pretty, and another may think it is not. Can you think of a few things that you think are pretty, but others do not?
10. What can you learn from this story about how to treat other people when you disagree with them?

Vocabulary

arrangements	to seeing the prettiest flower <i>arrangements</i>
bouquets	put them into the church <i>bouquets</i>
clover	she brought a sweet <i>clover</i>
employed	for the men who were <i>employed</i> on the farm
engrossed	she was so <i>engrossed</i> with her flowers
fitly	a word <i>fitly</i> spoken is like apples of gold
grain	she brought...a wisp of ripe <i>grain</i>
pucker	she did not see the <i>pucker</i> in May's lips
ripe	a wisp of <i>ripe</i> grain
stream	made the tears <i>stream</i> right down her red cheeks
toting	pail of lunch that she was <i>toting</i> to the workers
vines	flowers and <i>vines</i> that she gleaned along the way
weave	Miss Nellie to <i>weave</i> them all into the wreath
wisp	a <i>wisp</i> of ripe grain
wreath	she would make a <i>wreath</i> for her

Lesson XXI

I'm Not Afraid

Aunt Addie, Flora, and Fred were out among the flowers. If you could have heard the “ohs!” and “ahs!” and “how beautifuls!” you would have thought they were having a splendid time.

Aunt Addie, in her three-wheeled carriage, laughed as merrily, and looked as bright and happy, as the others, though she hadn't walked a step in so many years that to Fred and Flora it seemed just as though she had no feet.

There was one drawback to their pleasure. It is very hard to find a pleasure in which there are no drawbacks, because if there are none to be found, we can make them up just as easily!

Fred was hard at that work. He kept giving Flora little squeals of fright half the time, because he would reach up and reach down, and get into what she thought was danger. To be sure, most of the time there was no danger about it, and she was somewhat silly to squeal; but then, a good deal of the time there was nothing for Fred to reach after, nothing in the world but the fun of making Flora “screech.”

Fred was a smart boy too, and generally could find more entertaining things than that to do. Pretty soon Aunt Addie made an unlucky speech.



“This bouquet wants only something scarlet to make it perfect,” she said, perusing the flowers she had twisted together.

Fred was on hand. “I know where there are some splendid red bunches. I’ll get you some in a jiffy. They grow right on the top of that bank over there.”

And now Flora gave a shriek five times as loud as usual:

“Fred! Oh, Fred! You mustn’t climb up there! What would Mother say? You know people think it isn’t safe!”

“Pshaw!” said Fred, “I ain’t afraid!” and he began to clamber down from his perch and make ready for a tramp.

Flora turned to her auntie for help.

“Auntie Addie, must he go up there? I know Mamma wouldn’t like it!”

Now Fred was thirteen years old, and Aunt Addie knew well enough that he would have a very small opinion of an aunt that gave him orders about what and what not to do. She twisted the bit of grass around her flowers, and was still a minute, while Fred, as he put on his jacket, began to look determined. At last Auntie said:

“You remind me of myself, Fred. If I hadn’t said what you did just now, I should very likely have been climbing up that hill with you now, instead of sitting here, being waited on.”

The idea of Aunt Addie climbing anywhere seemed very strange.

“Said what?” Fred asked, curiously.

“Why, just now you said, ‘I’m not afraid!’ Those were the very words I said that day. I was on my way to the woods, too, going across lots. We came to a great stone fence, hard to climb, for many of the stones were loose. Everyone decided to go around, instead of trying to climb it; all but me. ‘I’m not afraid!’ I said. ‘See how easily I can climb over!’ and up I got, and I got over it too. The next time I knew anything I was lying on the other side of the fence, sure enough, but a great stone was on me, and I couldn’t take a step. That was seventeen years ago, and I have never taken a step since.”

This was a new story to Fred and Flora. Flora said pitifully:

“Oh, dear me!”

But Fred was silent. In a minute, he said:

“Come, Aunt Addie, shall I wheel you home now?”

He wheeled her very cautiously, taking care to turn out for all the stones; and none of them said a single word about the red flowers.

“The way of a fool is right in his own eyes: but he that hearkeneth unto counsel is wise.” —Proverbs 12:15

Questions

1. What were Aunt Addie and the children doing?
2. Why was Aunt Addie in a three-wheeled cart?
3. What was Fred hard at work doing?
4. What did Aunt Addie’s bouquet lack to make it perfect?
5. What was Fred’s response to Aunt Addie’s speech?
6. Why did Flora not want Fred to climb the bank?
7. How did Aunt Addie convince Fred not to climb the bank?

What Do You Think?

8. Fred was very proud, and Aunt Addie said Fred was like herself. What were the consequences of Aunt Addie’s pride?
9. How do you think Aunt Addie’s story changed Fred’s attitude?

Vocabulary

cautiously	he wheeled her very <i>cautiously</i>
clamber	he began to <i>clamber</i> down from his perch
counsel	he that hearkeneth unto <i>counsel</i> is wise
curiously	“Said what?” Fred asked, <i>curiously</i>
drawback	there was one <i>drawback</i> to their pleasure
entertaining	generally could find more <i>entertaining</i> things
generally	<i>generally</i> could find more entertaining things
hearkeneth	he that <i>hearkeneth</i> unto counsel is wise
jiffy	I’ll get you some in a <i>jiffy</i>
perusing	<i>perusing</i> the flowers she had twisted together
pshaw	“ <i>Pshaw!</i> ” said Fred, “I ain’t afraid!”
scarlet	something <i>scarlet</i> to make it perfect
screech	the fun of making Flora “ <i>screech</i> ”
shriek	Flora gave a <i>shriek</i> five times as loud as usual
somewhat	she was <i>somewhat</i> silly to squeal

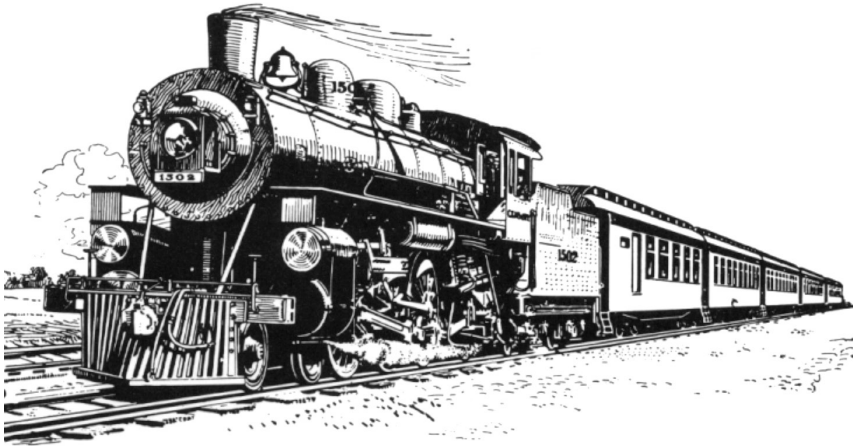
Lesson XXII

Do You Like Your Seat?

On the day after one Fourth of July, I was obliged to go into the city on the train. The cars were crowded with people who were returning after spending a holiday in the country. They must have enjoyed that day of release from city labor, and dust, and narrow streets bounded by high brick houses. How beautiful to them the green fields, the shady trees, and the soft-flowing river must be! How happily they must have gazed on the greenery of the hills and valleys!

God made the country, and all His works are perfect. I pity those who are pent up in a large prison-like city with nothing but a dwarf maple tree before their windows, which is the only thing there that resembles the country; and who have to look up, up, and up before they can get a glimpse of the blue sky, and the fleecy clouds which sail majestically along, ever varying from one form of beauty to another. It is ever so nice to be able to enjoy nature on an occasional visit to the country, and those who live in the country should never forget to enjoy being always surrounded by God's creation.

The cars, on the morning of the fifth, were crowded as I have said, and it was difficult to find unoccupied seats. A gentleman and his wife entered a car. Near the door there were two rows of two seats each with only one person in each row. The first



was occupied by a boy of about fifteen. The gentleman politely asked him if he would sit with another gentleman, so that he and the lady who was with him might not be separated. The first impulse of the boy was a civil one, and he started to rise. However, his second thought was ungentlemanly, ungenerous, and selfish. "I like my seat very well," he muttered, and sank back into his seat. He leaned against the window and looked out. Perhaps even then he began to feel ashamed of such rudeness.

The gentleman behind him immediately arose, and offered his seat. It was accepted with a bow, and a "thank you, sir." The lady was immediately behind the boy, and, as she seated herself, she said to him in a low, kind voice, "One is always happier to be a gentleman." He made no reply, nor did he move his face from the window, but his very ears blushed. He was evidently ashamed. During the whole ride he kept nearly the same position, being unwilling to meet the eyes of his fellow-

passengers, for he must have sensed that they did not approve of his ill-manners. Before the cars were entirely within the depot, he jumped from the train and escaped their sight.

I hope the boy will never be rude in this way again, for he was made quite unhappy by it. A gentlemanly boy must always be happier than one who is rough and selfish. The boy in the car did not enjoy his ride, although, as he said, he liked his seat very well. His impoliteness made it unpleasant, and the memory of it will never give him any happiness. I hope none of you who read about him will be guilty of such an error.

Always try to be accommodating to those about you. If you are asked to do a favor, do it as if it gave you pleasure. You will never have occasion to regret it. Be civil to those in your presence. Their love and respect is of value to you. Few people sink so low as not to appreciate true politeness. Above all others, be polite to your parents, and to your brothers and sisters. Never use harsh words.

Perhaps this boy had never read Peter's instruction to the early Christians in his epistle to them. He evidently did not know that the apostle considered politeness of sufficient importance to call it to the attention of those to whom he wrote. "Be courteous" is his direction to them, and I cannot give you better advice on the same subject.

"Finally, be ye all of one mind, having compassion one of another; love as brethren, be pitiful, be courteous:" —1 Peter 3:8

Questions

1. On what day did the story take place?
2. Where was the author of the story going, and how was he getting there?
3. Why did the author pity the people who lived in the city?
4. Why did the gentleman ask the boy to move to a different seat?
5. Why do you think the boy was embarrassed?
6. What made the boy's journey on the train miserable?
7. Why is it best to try to accommodate those around us?

What Do You Think?

8. How can you accommodate those in your family?
9. How can you be more polite when interacting with others?

Vocabulary

arose	the gentleman behind him immediately <i>arose</i>
blushed	but his very ears <i>blushed</i>
compassion	having <i>compassion</i> one of another
courteous	“Be <i>courteous</i> ” is his direction to them
depot	before the cars were entirely within the <i>depot</i>
entirely	before the cars were <i>entirely</i> within the depot
evidently	he was <i>evidently</i> ashamed
greenery	they must have gazed on the <i>greenery</i> of the hills
immediately	the gentleman behind him <i>immediately</i> arose
impulset	the first <i>impulse</i> of the boy was a civil one
occasion	you will never have <i>occasion</i> to regret it
occupied	the first was <i>occupied</i> by a boy of about fifteen

passengers to meet the eyes of his fellow-*passengers*
polite be *polite* to your parents, and to your brothers
position he kept nearly the same *position*
presence be civil to those in your *presence*
rude I hope the boy will never be *rude* in this way
sufficient considered politeness of *sufficient* importance

Lesson XXIII

The Lost Child

It was a Sabbath morning in November—clear, bright, and frosty. Mr. Clay’s family members were preparing for church. They heard Rover bark violently, and knew a stranger must be near.

Rover was a faithful watch dog, but his habit of barking at visitors could be offensive, so he was usually restrained by means of a chain in the daytime. On Sundays, as no company was expected, he was permitted to go at large.

When Mr. Clay heard Rover, he immediately threw open the window and spoke to him. Mr. Clay saw a gentleman who was evidently much alarmed. None of the family knew him. The stranger soon made known the occasion of his call by inquiring:

“Have you seen anything of a stray child?”

“No, we have not; whose child is lost?”

“Mr. McPherson’s.”

“How old is the child?”

“About six years old. His mother sent him from home yesterday at about two o’clock, and she has heard nothing from him since. He had a small tin pail with him to get some yeast.”

It is never good news to hear that a child is lost, and all the

family sympathized with the anxious parents. “How badly you would feel if I were lost!” said Joey, and he looked sober and grieved, as he thought of the little boy about his own age. He had evidently wandered from home, and no one knew where he had gone. There was some fear that he had fallen into the river, as he had been seen on the dock.

At ten o’clock the Clay family started for church. On the way, they met people who were searching for the child. The searchers immediately asked them, as the gentleman had done at the house, “Have you seen anything of a stray child?”

Notice was given in all the churches that a boy was lost, and many a mother’s heart beat more quickly as she thought of her own dear little ones, and imagined one of them sleeping, perhaps, through that cold November night on the ground. They dared not think (fearful thought!) about them being buried deep in the chill water of the river. Church services were unusually short that Sabbath in order to allow people to sooner participate in the search.

After church, you could hear one and another inquiring anxiously, “Has the child been found?” But no favorable answer was received. In the afternoon, however, many hearts were gladdened by learning that the boy was safe. He had gone to the village, and gotten his pennyworth of yeast, and then, instead of returning immediately, he stopped to play with some boys. He had gone with them to a part of the village with which he was not acquainted, and when he wished to go home, he did not know what direction to take. He chose a road leading him from, rather than to, home. Thus, he wandered at least five miles. Just before dark an old gentleman and his grandson were

walking on the road, and they observed the little boy crying.

“What do you suppose he is crying about?” said the child to his grandfather.

“I don’t know. Perhaps he has been sent to the grocery, and does not like to go.”

They watched him and found he did not stop, but passed on with his tin pail, crying grievously. They waited for him to come up to them, and asked him:

“What are you crying about?”

“I want to go home!”

“Where is your home?”

The boy could not tell.

“What is your name?”

“William Hudson.” He did not give his surname as he should have done, for his full name was William Hudson McPherson.

The old gentleman kindly took William by the hand, and led him to the man’s own home. William’s tears were soon dried, and he became quite contented. It was too late to attempt to find his parents that night, as he could not tell where they



lived, and the name of Hudson was not familiar to the good people who had given him shelter.

When Sabbath morning came, William was questioned again and again, until, at length, some clue was obtained of his father's place of residence. The horse was harnessed, and William, with sore and blistered feet, was placed in the wagon. About noon he safely reached home, and was clasped once more to his mother's heart. The father had not returned from his search, and he afterwards said that it had seemed to him as if he never could go home without his child, on account of the terrible and almost frantic distress of the mother. As he approached his house, borne down with grief, he saw a wagon at the door. His heart leaped with joy, for he thought the lost one was found. He opened the door hopefully, and there, indeed, was William gathered once more with his brothers and sisters around the great cooking stove. Tears of joy flowed down the grateful mother's cheeks.

All this great grief which William's father and mother endured, all the anxiety felt throughout the town, and all the sufferings of the boy himself—all were due to the fact that William stopped to play, when he should have gone directly home!

Children often think they are quite as capable of judging for themselves as their parents are for them. Sooner or later this opinion will lead them into trouble. William thought it was safe to stop and see the boys play marbles, but he found, to his sorrow, that it would have been far better to have resisted temptation and denied himself the short pleasure he enjoyed.

Every parent's heart is grieved when a child like William

strays from home. We do not wonder that his mother should be fearfully anxious in regard to his fate. But, oh! how much more bitter the tears a loving mother sheds when her dear ones stray from the path of virtue, and become disobedient and wicked! I hope none of the children who read about William will stray from the right path, but will ever choose that which is pure and lovely and of good report. That path, through the grace of God in Christ Jesus, will safely lead them home to heaven.

“Ponder the path of thy feet, and let all thy ways be established.”
—Proverbs 4:26

Questions

1. Who was Rover and what did he do that Sunday morning?
2. Why did the stranger come to the Clays' house?
3. After church, what did many of the people do?
4. Why were some parents fearful when they thought of their own children being lost?
5. What did William do on the way home from getting his yeast?
6. Why was William crying and sobbing as he walked along the road?
7. Why did William have to spend the night with the grandfather who found him?

What Do You Think?

8. What lessons do you think William learned from his experience?

9. Thinking of William and his leaving the path, how could you leave the path of virtue?

Vocabulary

alarmed	who was evidently much <i>alarmed</i>
anxious	the family sympathized with the <i>anxious</i> parents
capable	they are quite as <i>capable</i> of judging
chill	being buried deep in the <i>chill</i> water of the river
company	on Sundays, as no <i>company</i> was expected
distress	terrible and almost frantic <i>distress</i> of the mother
dock	he had been seen on the <i>dock</i>
established	let all thy ways be <i>established</i>
favorable	but no <i>favorable</i> answer was received
frantic	account of the terrible and almost <i>frantic</i> distress
grievously	passed on with his tin pail, crying <i>grievously</i>
grocery	perhaps he has been sent to the <i>grocery</i>
offensive	his habit of barking at visitors could be <i>offensive</i>
participate	allow people to sooner <i>participate</i> in the search
pennyworth	and gotten his <i>pennyworth</i> of yeast
ponder	<i>ponder</i> the path of thy feet
restrained	he was usually <i>restrained</i> by means of a chain
surname	he did not give his <i>surname</i> as he should have
sympathized	the family <i>sympathized</i> with the anxious parents
virtue	when her dear ones stray from the path of <i>virtue</i>
yeast	a small tin pail with him to get some <i>yeast</i>

Lesson XXIV
A Boy Who Told a Lie

His mother surveyed him; her face was sad,
All seemed wanting to make her glad;
She sat with a mournful tear in her eye,
For her dear little boy had told a lie.

He was a docile, affectionate child;
His ways were winning, his demeanor was mild;
There was devotion and joy in his soft blue eye,
But the dear little boy had told a lie.

He whimpered alone by the window within,
For he felt that his soul was stained with sin;
And his mother could hear him sob and cry,
Because he had told her that wicked lie.

Then he came and stood by his mother's side,
And asked for a kiss, which she denied;
While he promised, with many a penitent sigh,
That he never would tell another lie.

He knelt to Him Who does atone,
And put his soft hands in his mother's own;
And she kissed his cheek as he looked on high
And prayed to be pardoned for telling that lie.

“My little children, let us not love in word, neither in tongue; but in deed and in truth.” —1 John 3:18



Questions

1. What was the mother doing and why was she so sad?
2. Describe what type of boy the mother's son was.
3. What was the boy doing as his mother sat with a tear in her eye?
4. What did the boy promise his mother?
5. What did the boy need to do for telling a lie?

What Do You Think?

6. Why do you think the mother denied the boy a kiss?
7. From which two persons should we ask forgiveness when we lie?

Vocabulary

affectionate	he was a docile, <i>affectionate</i> child
atone	he knelt to Him Who does <i>atone</i>
demeanor	his <i>demeanor</i> was mild
devotion	there was <i>devotion</i> and joy in his soft blue eye
docile	he was a <i>docile</i> , affectionate child
mournful	she sat with a <i>mournful</i> tear in her eye
pardoned	and prayed to be <i>pardoned</i> for telling that lie
penitent	while he promised, with many a <i>penitent</i> sigh
surveyed	his mother <i>surveyed</i> him, her face was sad
tongue	let us not love in word, neither in <i>tongue</i>
wanting	all seemed <i>wanting</i> to make her glad
whimpered	he <i>whimpered</i> alone by the window within

Lesson XXV
What the Birds Said
Part 1

She was a pretty girl. Her face was a little too sad as you see it now, but this was New Year's morning, and her birthday. "Those are strange reasons for being sad," you may think. But sometimes they are good ones.

A great many things can happen in a year. This girl, Fanny Eames, had a father and mother and a home on the previous New Year's Day. Now her mother was buried in the Atlantic Ocean, and her father in Greenwood Cemetery. Fanny's homestead had been broken up, and she lived in the country with Aunt Margaret.

Just one live thing came from the dear home with her, and that was the birdy standing on her finger. I can't begin to tell how much Fanny loved him. They had long talks together, and on this particular morning, feeling especially abandoned, she put her lips softly to his beak and whispered:

"My darling little Dickie bird! It is just a year ago this morning that Papa put you in my room to surprise me, and now you are all I have left; do you hear, Dickie? Papa is gone, and Mamma is gone, and there is nobody to love me, only you." At that thought, the tears instantly began spattering down on Dickie's wings. Those tears belied her utter loneliness and



heartbreak, but there was no one to see them or share her anguish—or so she thought.

“Chirp,” he said. “Chirp, chirp,” in a soft, tender little voice, as if it might have meant, “Don’t cry, I love you.”

Fanny was a girl who generally looked grave and sad, but seldom cried. So now she brushed away the tears, and said, still speaking to Dickie:

“It is a bad way to begin the year, crying, but it is very lonesome to think of, Dickie, how you and I are all alone, with nobody to love us or care much about us. Aunt Margaret can’t love us much, of course, for she doesn’t even remember much about Mamma, her own sister. She isn’t a bit like her anyway. Besides, she doesn’t have much time for loving. She has to make so many comforters. I hope they will make somebody comfortable, I’m sure, though I don’t think they help to make me any less miserable. Oh, dear! It would be so nice to have a friend. One who could say more than ‘chirp, chirp’—and do more than sing. I am so very, very lonesome, and years are so long. I don’t know what to do.”

Hark! Had Dickie learned to speak? He stood quite still

and looked at her. Was it a voice, or was it the echo of an old lesson taught her by her mother in the happy days long ago? It sounded very plain and clear.

“Are not two sparrows sold for a farthing? and one of them shall not fall on the ground without your Father. But the very hairs of your head are all numbered. Fear ye not therefore, ye are of more value than many sparrows.”

“Our Father!” —Fanny softly whispered the words. It was strange that she should have forgotten, and called herself alone, when she had a Father Who gave such loving care as that. He even watched the common little sparrows. Then, of course, He took care of her Dickie, who was so much better than a sparrow. Then, of course, He took care of her, who, with her thinking, feeling, never-dying soul, was of more value than many, many sparrows.

“But the very hairs of your head are all numbered!” How wonderful! She took hold of one of the long silky curls, and tried to count the hairs even in one curl. How constant and patient must be the care that knew even so little a thing as that!

How glad and happy the Mother and Father who had gone to heaven must have felt as they looked down upon their darling this New Year’s morning—to think that they taught her those Bible verses that gathered comfort to her now! Such scriptures could not help but do so, for she knew and loved that Father in heaven.

She put Dickie gently back into his cage, and then she knelt down, and thanked her Father for His constant watching love and care, and for giving her such a blessed Friend as Jesus, and

for letting her dear bird, Dickie, remind her of it this morning.

And she asked for help to begin the New Year well, not in sadness for the past New Year's Day, but in looking forward to the glad New Year's morning that should never end. Then she went about her room singing softly:

*“If He hears the raven's cry,
If His ever watchful eye
Marks the sparrows when they fall,
Surely He will hear my call.”*

“Chirp, chirp,” said Dickie, contentedly, in his cage; and that was all he knew about it.

“But one in a certain place testified, saying, What is man, that thou art mindful of him? or the son of man, that thou visitest him?” — Hebrews 2:6

Questions

1. When did the story take place?
2. What had happened to Fanny Eames during the past year?
3. Why did Fanny love her bird named Dickie so much?
4. Fanny was full of pity for herself. What was she thinking about?
5. What memory came to her mind as she was thinking?
6. What did Fanny do after she remembered what her father and mother had taught her?

What Do You Think?

7. As you think about the story and what Fanny did, what can you do if you are feeling sad?
8. Do you really ever have a reason for self-pity? Explain your answer.

Vocabulary

abandoned	this particular morning, feeling especially <i>abandoned</i>
anguish	there was no one to see them or share her <i>anguish</i>
Atlantic	her mother was buried in the <i>Atlantic</i> Ocean
belied	those tears <i>belied</i> her utter loneliness
comforters	she has to make so many <i>comforters</i>
common	He even watched the <i>common</i> little sparrows
generally	Fanny was a girl who <i>generally</i> looked grave
homestead	Fanny's <i>homestead</i> had been broken up
instantly	the tears <i>instantly</i> began spattering down
mindful	what is man, that thou art <i>mindful</i> of him?
seldom	looked grave and sad, but <i>seldom</i> cried
spattering	the tears instantly began <i>spattering</i> down
testified	but one in a certain place <i>testified</i> , saying
utter	those tears belied her <i>utter</i> loneliness
value	was of more <i>value</i> than many, many sparrows

Lesson XXVI
What the Birds Said
Part 2

On that same New Year's morning Clara and Trudie Brownlow popped their heads out of the window and watched a pudgy little bird eat its breakfast. As they looked they talked—they were always talking.

“I wonder if this is a Bible sparrow?” said Trudie, with her head on one side.

“A Bible sparrow! Trudie Brownlow, what do you mean? There isn't anything in the Bible about sparrows.”

“Yes, there is too. That's one thing that I know more about than you do, even if you are four years and three months and two weeks and five days older.” You see, she knew very well the difference in their ages. The truth is, Clara kept her posted.

“Well, come now,” Clara said, “what is there in the Bible about sparrows? I should just like to know that.”

“I don't quite remember; it is all mixed up in my mind, but I know it's there. If you think I don't know, you go ask Mother.”

In popped the two heads. Downstairs clicked two pairs of shoes, and two breathless girls spoke at once to the woman who was stuffing a big turkey.



“Mother, isn’t there a verse in the Bible about sparrows?”

“Mother, is there a word about sparrows in the Bible?”

“Why, yes, of course; here, thread this needle, Trudie, so I can sew up this turkey’s mouth. He’s had enough.”

“Where is it?” asked crestfallen Clara. She was older, and always thought she knew more than Trudie. She was also a girl who was particularly fond of being right; and Trudie’s

triumphant “I told you so” was aggravating.

“Oh, my, child! I don’t remember. Ask your uncle, or look in the concordance. Sarah, you must get those cranberries on right away or they won’t get cold enough. Come, scurry, children, there’s business to be done here today.”

Away scampered the girls, eager to get their uncle or a concordance. One would do as well as the other. He was in the study, and I may as well tell you he was the new minister. But he looked in the concordance himself, before he answered their questions as to where the reference was found. At this they were somewhat astonished. They stood in awe of this uncle, and were very little acquainted with him. They thought that, being a minister, he ought to know where Bible verses were without looking.

“Luke 12:6,” he said presently, and the two girls raced after their Bibles. There they read:

“Are not five sparrows sold for two farthings, and not one of them is forgotten before God? But even the very hairs of your head are all numbered.”

“My!” said Trudie, feeling her thick yellow curls. “Only think, Clara, what a thing to do.”

Clara said not a single word, and she shut the Bible suddenly and went away. I cannot begin to tell you how strangely she felt. There had come to her such a sense of that great and wonderful eye of God, looking down at her all the time, watching every word and step. She went away by herself into the sitting room, and took down from the shelf two little white boxes filled with pink cotton. Under the pink cotton in each box was a little gold pen.

Now let me tell you about them. Remember that it was

New Year's morning, and among other gifts that had come to these two girls were these two pens, given by a father who was very proud, indeed, of the writing which his two girls could already do. Now, anybody who has tried gold pens knows that there is a wonderful difference in the way they behave. Clara had tried both of these, of course; she always tried things.

She had made a discovery— The one in the box marked “Clara” made a little scratchy sound that she disliked, and the one in the box marked “Trudie” slipped along over the paper as if it were glass. The pens were as like as two peas from the same pod, and it was the easiest and most natural thing in the world to conclude that she, being the oldest, ought to have the best, and to slip hers into Trudie's pink cotton, and Trudie's into hers. Now, she stood looking at them, and going over the arguments.

“I'm the oldest, and of course, I ought to have the best pen. I write three times to Trudie's once; and she doesn't know a good pen from a bad one, anyway. She'll be perfectly delighted with that. They are just exactly alike, anyhow, and Papa just happened to write Trudie's name there instead of mine. Of course, he didn't know there was any difference. If he had, he would have been sure to say that I ought to have the best one.” So she shut the boxes once more, and went to the window. “There's that fat sparrow eating yet,” she said. “He means to keep New Year's, anyhow. ‘And not one of them is forgotten before God.’”

She said the words aloud, and reverently. How wonderful it was. Then the next sentence—about the hair—she remembered that too; and if He saw such little, little things, wasn't it likely He thought about all the things we did? What did God think

of those two gold pens, done up in pink cotton? That was the important question.

Papa didn't know there was any difference; but she did, and God did. Two people to know it, when she had imagined only one. It certainly made a difference.

It was very still in that little sitting room for a while. Clara seemed to be doing nothing but looking out of the window at that sparrow; but presently she went over to the white boxes, and with quick, decided fingers picked out the two pens and exchanged their beds and rooms in a twinkling.

"There!" she said, decidedly. "Scratch, if you want to; it's honest, anyhow; and the other thing wasn't, or else I wouldn't have cared so much about having Him know it."

And the fat sparrow picked at his crumbs of bread, and knew nothing about all this. But the Father of both, looking down from His throne, saw and heard and knew about it all.

“. . . for the LORD seeth not as man seeth; for man looketh on the outward appearance, but the LORD looketh on the heart.” —1 Samuel 16:7

Questions

1. What did Trudie call the sparrow they were watching?
2. Of what was Clara always reminding Trudie?
3. Why do you think Clara did not believe Trudie?
4. What did the girls' mother tell them about the sparrows in the Bible?
5. Why did Clara suddenly feel strange after she read the verse about the sparrows?
6. Why did Clara want to switch the pens that she and Trudie

had received?

7. Why did Clara want to believe that she should have the better pen?
8. Why did Clara decide she would not switch the pen, and that she would be happy with the pen she had received?

What Do You Think?

9. Do you know God is watching everything you do? How does this affect how you act?

Vocabulary

acquainted	and were very little <i>acquainted</i> with him
aggravating	triumphant “I told you so” was <i>aggravating</i>
arguments	and going over the <i>arguments</i>
conclude	most natural thing in the world to <i>conclude</i>
concordance	ask your uncle, or look in the <i>concordance</i>
crestfallen	“Where is it?” asked <i>crestfallen</i> Clara
discovery	she had made a <i>discovery</i>
disliked	made a little scratchy sound that she <i>disliked</i>
exchanged	<i>exchanged</i> their beds and rooms in a twinkling
fond	a girl who was particularly <i>fond</i> of being right
imagined	she had <i>imagined</i> only one
minister	I may as well tell you he was the new <i>minister</i>
natural	the easiest and most <i>natural</i> thing in the world
posted	the truth is, Clara kept her <i>posted</i>
pudgy	watched a <i>pudgy</i> little bird eat its breakfast
throne	the Father of both, looking down from His <i>throne</i>
twinkling	exchanged their beds and rooms in a <i>twinkling</i>

Lesson XXVII

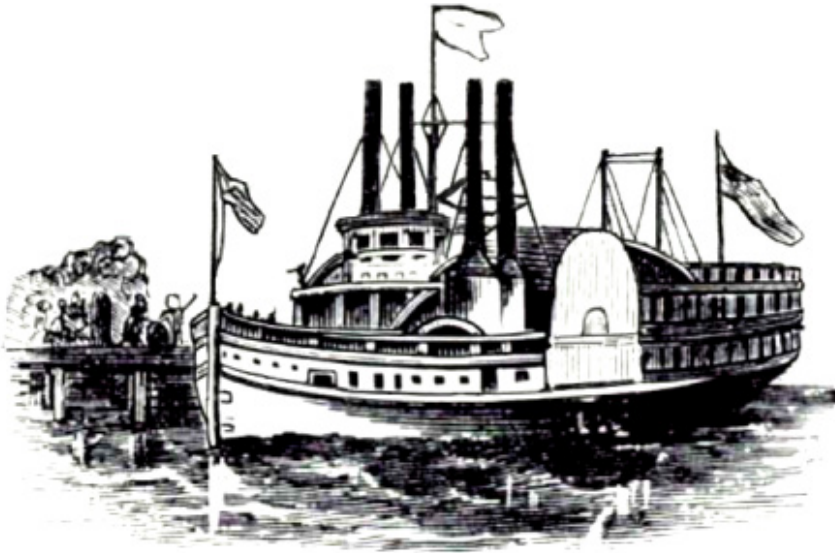
Bessie Hartwell

Children who think of themselves as obedient children are often not so prompt in their obedience as they should be. Instead of doing directly as they are bidden, they stop to ask “Why?” and seem to wish some other reason to comply with a command than a word from their parent. It is sometimes deemed necessary by a parent to tell a child why he should do, or should not do, something. But children should be careful to remember that they must obey, whether they are given a reason or not.

Bessie Hartwell was about eleven years old. She was generally a good child, but, like all others whom I have known, she had some faults. Although she always *intended* to obey, she did not always obey instantly. I will tell you of a sad accident which befell her in consequence of this tardiness, and you will see that it would have been much better for her if she had learned to be prompt.

She was traveling with an aunt on a steamboat. She was very happy, for she was going to visit her grandfather and grandmother. She knew she should enjoy herself on the fine farm, scampering about over the fields, raking the newly mown hay, and riding on the top of the load.

Bessie always liked to go to the country. Her home was



in the city, where she had only a small yard in which to play. It was surrounded by a high, close fence, so that she could see only that one tiny patch of grass. It was not much larger than her grandmother's spacious kitchen.

It was in the gray twilight of the morning that the steamboat arrived at the wharf. When they docked, Bessie was awakened, and was soon ready with her traveling bag on her arm to leave the boat. Her aunt took her by the hand to lead her across the gangway. They had but just stepped upon it when she started forward to reach her uncle. He was just ahead of her with an infant in his arms. Her aunt called to her to stop. She paid no attention but passed right on. A car, laden with baggage, was suddenly pulled in front of the gangway. It frightened her. She stepped quickly aside, and fell into the water.

Oh! The agony of that moment! Her uncle and aunt could

not aid her. He asked the people near him to take the infant from his arms that he might try to save Bessie, but they would not do it. They held him back lest he should die in the water because he could not swim. Thus, of course, he could not be of the assistance which was needed. He and her aunt were both obliged to stand and look on in anguish while strangers attempted to save her.

Bessie fell in such a way that she did not sink under the water. Her clothes spread out, and buoyed her up like a life preserver. A man climbed down a rope to get Bessie, but the rope was not long enough for him to reach her. He could only touch her with his foot. She took hold of it, and he slowly raised her until he grasped her bonnet and then secured her. In this way they were both pulled up, and Bessie again stood by the side of her aunt. How freely everyone breathed once Bessie was safe on solid ground!

Bessie seemed scarcely aware of the danger in which she had been. She was only upset about the fact that she was soaking wet from head to toe, and she had lost her traveling bag containing some of her most precious belongings. She told her aunt that she tried to save it, but she could not hold it any longer than she did. All in all, she was safe, but a miserable mess.

It was wonderful that Bessie was not drowned. If she had not been supported by her clothes, she would have sunk beneath the water, and when she arose she would very probably have come up under the boat. That would have likely made it impossible to save her.

If Bessie had been in the habit of obeying as soon as she was

spoken to, she would not have met with this fearful accident. Her uncle and aunt also would have been spared the mental suffering they endured. I should think she never again would forget to obey at the first word.

I hope, dear children, you will profit as much by Bessie's accident as I trust she will. I hope that you will aim not only to be obedient, but promptly obedient. Of course, it is not likely that you will suffer the same mishap that she did, even if you allow yourself to form the same faulty habit that she did. However, such a habit may not only lead you into even greater physical danger, but it may also endanger your eternal soul, which would be a far more serious loss.

“Children, obey your parents in all things: for this is well pleasing unto the Lord.” —Colossians 3:20

Questions

1. Describe what kind of child Bessie was.
2. With whom was Bessie traveling?
3. To where was Bessie traveling, and why did she enjoy going there?
4. What happened when Bessie started across the gangway?
5. Why did Bessie fall into the water?
6. What saved Bessie and kept her from drowning?

What Do You Think?

7. What do you think Bessie was thinking when her aunt told her to stop?
8. What do you think would have happened if Bessie had

obeyed immediately?

9. Why should we always obey immediately?

Vocabulary

agony	the <i>agony</i> of that moment
assistance	could not be of the <i>assistance</i> which was needed
aware	Bessie seemed scarcely <i>aware</i> of the danger
buoyed	her clothes spread out, and <i>buoyed</i> her up
comply	seem to wish some other reason to <i>comply</i>
consequence	which befell her in <i>consequence</i> of this tardiness
deemed	it is sometimes <i>deemed</i> necessary by a parent
docked	when they <i>docked</i> , Bessie was awakened
endured	spared the mental suffering they <i>endured</i>
gangway	by the hand to lead her across the <i>gangway</i>
infant	ahead of her with an <i>infant</i> in his arms
intended	although she always <i>intended</i> to obey
laden	a car, <i>laden</i> with baggage
mishap	you will suffer the same <i>mishap</i> that she did
scampering	enjoy herself on the fine farm, <i>scampering</i> about
scarcely	Bessie seemed <i>scarcely</i> aware of the danger
steamboat	she was traveling with an aunt on a <i>steamboat</i>
supported	if she had not been <i>supported</i> by her clothes
tardiness	in consequence of this <i>tardiness</i>
twilight	it was in the gray <i>twilight</i> of the morning
wharf	morning that the steamboat arrived at the <i>wharf</i>

Lesson XXVIII

Marjory

Marjory was her name—not “Mar,” nor “Margie,” nor “Jo,” nor “Jory,” as some girls nowadays would say.

She was a little Puritan maid who lived long ago, and the fathers and mothers of those times did not approve of nicknames, so the sweet musical name always came out in full.

Marjory’s father and mother had, with others, come in the brave ship *Mayflower* from Old England and made themselves another home which they named New England. The little town that began to grow up they called Salem because Salem means “peace,” and here in this pretty, quiet, peaceful place lived the little maid Marjory.

One lovely Sabbath morning Marjory sat in her little chair under the shade of a great elm tree, not far from the cottage door. It was after breakfast, and she had brought her Testament out with her to learn her verses. It was an enchanting spot where she sat. The air was sweet from the white clover blossoms. Bees were humming, and birds singing, and a soft cheerful rustle went through the treetops. The bright sunshine was everywhere except in some cool spots under the shade of the big trees.

Marjory leaned her head back and looked up through the green leaves into the blue sky and thought how pretty everything

was.

“Oh, I wish I could go to church,” she said. “It is such a pleasant morning.”

She usually did go to church every Sunday with her father and mother, but today Mother was sick, and Father had said, “I’m sorry, little daughter, you can’t go to church today. I must stay at home with Mother, and you know you can’t go all alone.”

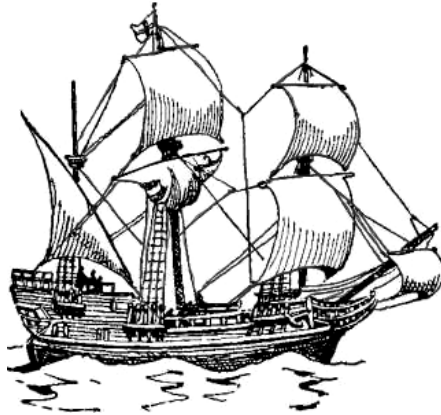
“Oh, let me go alone; I’m big enough,” Marjory coaxed, but Father said no, the walk was long, and she was only a bit of a girl as yet.

While she sat thinking and wishing, she heard a sound that made her want to go to church more than ever. But it was not a sweet-toned church-bell, for in those days a man went about the streets, blowing a horn to call the people together. Now, the sound echoed from hill to hill, and Marjory jumped up and said aloud, “I do wish I could go.”

She glanced into the little sitting room. Mother was lying on the lounge by the window, and Father was reading to her. Neither of them was noticing Marjory. A sudden thought came to her.



Why should she not go to church by herself? She tiptoed softly through the kitchen and up the stairs to the little room where she slept. She opened the drawer where her Sunday clothes lay. There were her pretty blue cambric dress and white pinafore, and the new slippers with satin



bows that her grandmother had sent her from England. She *must* go to church to wear those slippers, for Lora Standish had no slippers, and what would she say when she saw those beauties?

“Mother won’t care if I do,” she said to herself, as she slipped off her everyday dress and slipped into the Sunday one. She had hard work to get it buttoned. She never had fastened her clothes all alone before; but, after a great deal of twisting and turning, it was done. And now the stockings and slippers and pinafore were donned, and it was time to set the becoming Sunday hat on the pretty yellow hair, and Marjory was ready. She was going to church.

Can anybody tell why she went down the stairs as softly as if she had been a mouse? Then, taking a peep into the sitting room to make sure that Father and Mother did not see her, she dashed through the kitchen and went like a big butterfly across the fields, never stopping once to pick a daisy or tulip.

And why did she say over and over to herself, “She won’t

care, she won't care; it's right for folks to go to church—it is"? But she could not quiet the little voice that kept whispering in her ear, "Naughty girl! Naughty girl!"

She was glad when the long, hot walk was over, and she saw the church just before her.

It was not like any church that you ever saw; there were no stained glass windows or carpeted floors, and the oaken seats had such high backs that the people in one seat could only see the tops of the heads of the people who sat before them. They had no choir. When it came time to sing, a man got up and repeated the first line of the hymn and started the tune, and all the people joined in and sang it; then he repeated the next line, and they sang that, and so on to the end.

The men carried their guns to church—it will be too long a story to tell why. Then there was a tithing man—the man who took up the collection. He also carried a long pole and kept the people in order. If boys and girls laughed or whispered, he gave them a smart rap with the end of his stick. If people fell asleep, he reached out his long pole and gave them a poke.

When Marjory arrived at the church door, she was almost afraid to go in; the people were all in their places, and the minister was preaching. She peeped in two or three times first; then she stepped softly in, and while she walked up the aisle, all the people looked straight at her and wondered why she was all alone and what made her come to church when it was half over. She was so tired out, and so warm, that no sooner had she seated herself in the big pew and leaned her head back to rest, than the minister's voice began to sound very far off, and Marjory was sound asleep.

She did not sleep long, for something touched her shoulder. She started up and rubbed her eyes, wondering where she was, and there stood that tithing man scowling down at her! Poor Marjory! She cried and cried, and the more she cried, the harder it was to stop, until finally she sobbed aloud, and then that dreadful man came and took her by the arm and led her out. And then, whom did she see coming up the path but her own dear father. He looked very grave and troubled, but he opened his arms and his little girl ran into them. She put the rest of her tears on his shoulder. On the long walk home, she told her father all about it. He did not talk much then, but after dinner, when Marjory was rested, he gave her a little verse to learn.

“Behold, to obey is better than sacrifice.” Then he explained to her how the heavenly Father was better pleased to have little children obey their parents than even go to church to worship Him, if they could not do both.

“Maybe,” said Marjory, as she put her slippers back into the drawer that night, “maybe I wouldn’t have gone at all if it hadn’t been for these new slippers.” Then she put her wise little head on one side and thought a minute and said to herself, “They shan’t go to meeting next Sunday; they shall stay right in that corner to punish them—and me.”

They did stay there, and Marjory wore her old boots to church of her own accord; but she never forgot that other Sunday and the tithing man, though she lived to tell the story to her grandchildren.

"And Samuel said, Hath the LORD as great delight in burnt offerings and sacrifices, as in obeying the voice of the LORD? Behold, to obey is better than sacrifice, and to hearken than the fat of rams." —1 Samuel 15:22

Questions

1. How had Marjory's father and mother come to live in America, and why did they come?
2. Describe the morning when the story took place.
3. Why couldn't Marjory go to church that Sabbath morning?
4. What reason did Marjory's father give her as to why she could not go to church alone?
5. What was one reason Marjory really wanted to go to church that day?
6. What was Marjory's conscience telling her as she sneaked off to church?
7. What is more pleasing to God than sacrifice?

What Do You Think?

8. Why was Marjory's act of going to church wrong?
9. Why do you think it is more important to obey your parents even if you think it might be right to do something else?

Vocabulary

accord	wore her old boots to church of her own <i>accord</i>
aisle	while she walked up the <i>aisle</i>
cambric	there were her pretty blue <i>cambric</i> dress
collection	the man who took up the <i>collection</i>
enchanted	it was an <i>enchanted</i> spot where she sat

England that her grandmother had sent her from *England*
fastened she never had *fastened* her clothes all alone
lounge Mother was lying on the *lounge* by the window
oaken the *oaken* seats had such high backs
pinafore her pretty blue cambric dress and white *pinafore*
Puritan she was a little *Puritan* maid who lived long ago
rap he gave them a smart *rap* with the end of his stick
rustle a soft cheerful *rustle* went through the treetops
satin the new slippers with *satin* bows
scowling there stood that tithing man *scowling* down at her
slippers the new *slippers* with satin bows
smart he gave them a *smart* rap with the end of his stick
tithing then there was a *tithing* man

Lesson XXIX

Sarah's Source of Comfort

“There’s one thing for which I am just truly glad,” she said to the cat, as she lifted her by her fore paws, and rocked back and forth in the library. “Nobody wants you, my dear old cat. They are giving away their things, and selling them, and making money with them for the missionaries; but nobody will buy a cat. Flora has sold every one of her chickens—I don’t see how she could do it. Trudie Burns won’t eat a single egg, because she wants to sell them for the missionary money. Her brother Tom sells all his strawberries, and Fanny raises little cucumbers and sells them. It seems to me as if there wasn’t anything to keep and have a good time with—only my dear cat. I don’t know how I’m going to make missionary money. I must find some way; but I’m just as glad as I can be that there is nothing that can possibly be done with you other than to play with you.”

Alas for little Sarah! The very next day she went with Mamma to call on Mrs. Bates. She sat in the front parlor, in an elegant chair that was high and slippery, and waited for Mrs. Bates to come. Who should come puffing into the back parlor, where a man was waiting to see him, but old Mr. Bates himself. What do you think were the first words he said but these tremendous ones:



“I declare I would give five dollars for a good mouser! Such times as we have with mice around these premises! That’s the way with an old place. Old family residences are humbugs!”

Five dollars for a good mouser! Mrs. Bates came soon, and she and Mamma talked and talked about a number of subjects which at another time would have pleased little Sarah. Just then her heart was too full of that one sentence to attend to anything else. Five dollars for a good mouser! And there was no hope of Mr. Bates giving that five dollars, or any other, to the missionary cause on his own account. It was not a week since she had heard the ladies repeating what he said about the Foreign Mission work being a great mistake—a failure—a sheer waste of money. He vowed that none of his should be frittered away in that manner. There was not in all the town a better mouser than Tabby, and little Sarah knew it. And five

whole dollars! It made her heart beat fast, and the tears come in her eyes. It took her two days to decide the matter. During that time she had so little appetite, and moped around so sadly, that her mother feared she was coming down with the measles.

One morning little Sarah knew, by the way her heart beat while she was dressing, that she had decided what to do. Tabby was to be put in the willow basket, and taken to Mr. Bates' by her own sad little self. She hurried now because she wanted no chance to change her mind. Swiftly her little feet flew over the ground, and she was at Mr. Bates' house just as that gentleman was going through the hall on his way to breakfast. He opened the door for her himself.

"If you please, sir," said little Sarah, holding up the basket, and speaking very fast, "I have brought Tabby. She is a good mouser, and I know the missionaries ought to have the five dollars; but I love her very much. Would you please hurry and give it to me, so I won't hear her mew again?"

"What! what! what!" sputtered Mr. Bates. "What have we here? Who are you, little one? And what am I to give you?"

"The five dollars, if you please. You said you would, you know, for a good mouser; and Tabby is the best one that ever was—my mamma says so. And the missionaries, you know, need the money—the heathen people do. I mustn't be selfish, and keep Tabby. Will you please be very good to her?" And a great hot tear from little Sarah's blue eyes splashed on Mr. Bates' hand.

"Bless my body!" he said, and stood dazed for a moment; then he threw back his great head, and laughed so loud that little Sarah was amazed; then he took out his pocketbook. "So

I promised five dollars for a mouser, did I? Who told you?"

"Nobody did, sir; I heard you say it the other day, when you talked with a man."

"Just so; my tongue always was getting me into scrapes. Well, here goes! Mr. Bates is a man who always keeps his word. Here's your five dollars, and if it doesn't do the heathen good, it ought to, for your sake."

Now, all this happened only last week. So, of course, I can't tell you how Tabby behaved, nor what the effect of her society was on Mr. Bates, nor what the children of the Mission Band said when little Sarah brought her five dollars.

"I have shewed you all things, how that so labouring ye ought to support the weak, and to remember the words of the Lord Jesus, how he said, It is more blessed to give than to receive." —Acts 20:35

Questions

1. What were the children doing to try to help the missionaries?
2. What were some of the children doing to try to earn money?
3. In the beginning, what was Sarah doing to raise money for the missionaries?
4. What was Sarah happy about?
5. For what did Sarah hear Mr. Bates say he would give five dollars?
6. What was Sarah's struggle?
7. What decision did Sarah make?
8. What was "Sarah's comfort"?

What Do You Think?

9. Do you think Mr. Bates really wanted to pay five dollars for a good mouser? Explain your answer.
10. Would you be willing to give up something very important to you to help someone else if God asked you? Explain why or why not.

Vocabulary

alas	<i>alas</i> for little Sarah
dazed	he said, and stood <i>dazed</i> for a moment
elegant	in an <i>elegant</i> chair that was high and slippery
fore	she lifted her by her <i>fore</i> paws
frittered	none of his should be <i>frittered</i> away
humbugs	old family residences are <i>humbugs</i>
library	and rocked back and forth in the <i>library</i>
measles	feared she was coming down with the <i>measles</i>
moped	had so little appetite, and <i>moped</i> around so sadly
mouser	I would give five dollars for a good <i>mouser</i>
pocketbook	then he took out his <i>pocketbook</i>
premises	we have with mice around these <i>premises</i>
residences	old family <i>residences</i> are humbugs
scrapes	my tongue always was getting me into <i>scrapes</i>
sheer	a <i>sheer</i> waste of money
society	the effect of her <i>society</i> was on Mr. Bates
tremendous	the first words he said but these <i>tremendous</i> ones
willow	Tabby was to be put in the <i>willow</i> basket

Lesson XXX

God Cares for the Young

Isaac was ransomed while he lay
Upon the altar bound;
Moses, an infant, cast away,
Pharaoh's daughter found.

Joseph, by his false brethren sold,
God raised above them all;
To Hannah's child the Lord foretold
How Eli's house must fall.

David the bear and lion slew,
And o'er Gath's champion trod;
Josiah from his childhood knew
His father David's God.

To good Naomi gentle Ruth
Clave with a daughter's soul;
A little maid revealed the truth
Whence Naaman was made whole.

Children are thus Jehovah's care,
Thus youth may seek His face;
If His own Son He did not spare,
Will He not give *all* grace?

“But Jesus said, Suffer little children, and forbid them not, to come unto me: for of such is the kingdom of heaven.” —Matthew 19:14



Questions

1. Explain how God cared for Isaac and Moses.
2. What did God do for Joseph?
3. What did David do?
4. What was important about Josiah?
5. What will God give to children who seek His face?

What Do You Think?

6. Why do you think that God used all the young people mentioned in the poem in a special way?
7. Do you believe God can use children for great things today? Why?
8. Think of your life and how God used children in the poem. How can God use you for tasks both large and small?
9. How are you trying to follow God so that He can use you?

Vocabulary

altar	upon the <i>altar</i> bound
bound	upon the altar <i>bound</i> ;
cast	Moses, an infant, <i>cast</i> away
champion	and o'er Gath's <i>champion</i> trod
clave	<i>clave</i> with a daughter's soul
foretold	to Hannah's child the Lord <i>foretold</i>
Pharaoh	<i>pharaoh</i> 's daughter found
ransomed	Isaac was <i>ransomed</i> while he lay
revealed	a little maid <i>revealed</i> the truth
slew	David the bear and lion <i>slew</i>
thus	children are <i>thus</i> Jehovah's care
whence	<i>whence</i> Naaman was made whole

Lesson XXXI

Lora's Bouquet

She was all ready for the exhibition. She was dressed in white and had a sash of broad blue ribbon, and her hair was curled and tied back with a blue ribbon, and she looked very nice.

But the girls thought that the bouquet she carried in her hand was funny. Grandpa had made it for her, and it was he who had found a piece for her, and who had heard her recite it ever so many times. They used to go out to the arbor to practice it. Now let's talk about her bouquet.

There were some lovely great lilies, pure white, glowing scarlet, and yellow. There was a full blown rose, and a spray of lilies of the valley. There was a branch of the grape vine, fresh and green, with the moist roots clinging to it, and another one whose leaves were wilted. There was a bunch of beautiful fresh grasses, a bunch of withered flowers, and some faded grasses that had dried in the sun for a week. And right in the center of this strange mixture, she had an ear of corn in its yellow husk. It was left over from the spring planting.

"What in the world do you have such a funny bouquet for?" said the girls.

But she did not tell them. Pretty soon her turn came to recite, and she went up on the platform. I am sure you want



to hear her piece, and I will copy it.

This was the first sentence:

“ ‘For, lo, the winter is past, the rain is over and gone; the flowers appear on the earth; . . . the fig tree putteth forth her green figs, and the vines with the tender grape give a good smell. . . . The vine shall give her fruit, and the ground shall give her increase, and the heavens shall give her dew.’ ”

She had laid her bouquet on the table beside her, but when she repeated the last verse, she held up the fresh grape vine. With the other hand she took a withered branch, whose leaves were dead, and she recited:

“ ‘As the branch cannot bear fruit of itself, except it abide in the vine; no more can ye, except ye abide in me.’ Jesus said: ‘I am the vine, ye are the branches: He that abideth in me, and I in him, the same bringeth forth much fruit. . . . Herein is my Father glorified, that ye bear much fruit.’ ”

Next she took the branch that had roots clinging to it, and

held it up as she said:

“ ‘It was planted in a good soil by great waters, that it might bring forth branches, and that it might bear fruit, that it might be a goodly vine. . . . The root of the righteous shall not be moved.’ ”

There were some tiny bunches of green grapes, just starting on the branch, and she took hold of one of these as she said:

“ ‘Yea, they have taken root: they grow, yea, they bring forth fruit. . . . The root of the righteous yieldeth fruit.’ ”

As she laid them down, she said:

“ ‘The fruit of the righteous is a tree of life.’ ”

Next she took in one hand the beautiful rose, and in the other, some waxen lilies of the valley. The real ones were all gone, but these were so perfect you could almost smell them. As she held them up for all to see, she said in a low sweet voice:

“ ‘I am the rose of Sharon, and the lily of the valleys.’ ”

Then she took her bunch of glowing lilies, and said:

“ ‘Why take ye thought for raiment? Consider the lilies of the field, how they grow; they toil not, neither do they spin: and yet I say unto you, That Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these.’ ”

As she turned to pick out the grasses, she said:

“ ‘And God said, Let the earth bring forth grass.’ ”

Then she held it up and said:

“ ‘And the tender grass sheweth itself. Thus saith the LORD that made thee, . . . I will pour my spirit upon thy seed, and my blessing upon thine offspring: and they shall spring up as among the grass, as willows by the water courses.’ ”

Then she laid it down, and took up the faded grass, and said:

“ ‘For the sun is no sooner risen with a burning heat, but it withereth the grass, and the flower thereof falleth, and the grace of the fashion of it perisheth. . . . All flesh is grass, and all the goodliness thereof is as the flower of the field.’ ”

In the other hand, she had her little bunch of withered grass and faded flowers, and as she held them out, she said:

“ ‘The grass withereth, the flower fadeth.’ ”

As she laid them down, she added:

“ ‘But the word of our God shall stand forever.’ ”

Next came the ear of corn. Holding it up, she recited:

“ ‘Thou crownest the year with thy goodness. . . . The valleys also are covered over with corn. . . . The earth bringeth forth fruit of herself; first the blade, then the ear, after that the full corn in the ear. Thou shalt come to thy grave in a full age, like as a shock of corn cometh in his season. . . . Except a corn of wheat fall into the ground and die, it abideth alone: but if it die, it bringeth forth much fruit. . . . thou sowest not that body that shall be, but bare grain . . . ’ ”

And she held up the shrunken kernels of corn:

“ ‘But God giveth it a body as it hath pleased him.’ ”

Just here she drew away the spread that covered the stand, and lo! under it, there stood a little box in which some lovely blades of corn were growing. Grandpa, with his own hand, had transplanted them from the garden, and had sent the box, to teach the precious Bible lesson.

As Lora’s little finger pointed to the resurrection of the bare kernels, she said:

“ ‘But now is Christ risen from the dead, and become the firstfruits of them that slept. . . . even so them also which sleep in Jesus, will God bring with him.’ ”

I am sure you will not be surprised to hear that Lora took the first prize, though every word of her recitation was from the Bible.

“To every thing there is a season, and a time to every purpose under the heaven:” —Ecclesiastes 3:1

Questions

1. Describe how Lora looked the morning of the recital.
2. Who helped Lora with her recital?
3. Describe Lora’s bouquet.
4. Why did Lora have such a strange bouquet?
5. Who was the vine in Lora’s recitation?
6. What will happen to those who abide in Jesus?
7. From where was all of Lora’s recitation taken?

What Do You Think?

8. In Lora’s recital, she used many objects and words from the Bible, and she used her bouquet to represent and paint pictures about different things having to do with God and our lives. There are many pictures of God in nature. List a few that you can recognize.

Vocabulary

arrayed	Solomon in all his glory was not <i>arrayed</i> like one
bare	pointed to the resurrection of the <i>bare</i> kernels
blade	earth bringeth forth fruit of herself; first the <i>blade</i> ,
	then the ear, after that the full corn in the ear
clinging	she took the branch that had roots <i>clinging</i> to it
corn	except a <i>corn</i> of wheat fall into the ground
dew	the heavens shall give her <i>dew</i>
exhibition	she was all ready for the <i>exhibition</i>
faded	some <i>faded</i> grasses that had dried in the sun
firstfruits	become the <i>firstfruits</i> of them that slept
increase	the ground shall give her <i>increase</i>
mixture	and right in the center of this strange <i>mixture</i>
offspring	and my blessing upon thine <i>offspring</i>
piece	it was he who had found a <i>piece</i> for her
sash	dressed in white and had a <i>sash</i> of broad blue
shock	like as a <i>shock</i> of corn cometh in his season
spin	they toil not, neither do they <i>spin</i>
tender	and the <i>tender</i> grass sheweth itself
transplanted	Grandpa...had <i>transplanted</i> them from the garden
waxen	in the other, some <i>waxen</i> lilies of the valley
wilted	another one whose leaves were <i>wilted</i>
yieldeth	the root of the righteous <i>yieldeth</i> fruit

Lesson XXXII

The Decision

Mrs. Bates was absorbed by her thoughts as she stirred her coffee and tasted it. Then she said, "I don't know what to do. I don't want Harry and Alice to go to the celebration, and I don't know how to help it."

"Tell them to stay at home," said Father Bates, taking great bites of strawberry shortcake, and looking as though he thought that was a very easy question to settle.

"Yes, I know," the little mother said, still looking troubled. "There is the disappointment, you see, and the feeling that it is foolish not to let them go. Children never can see any danger. If you were only going to be at home, of course they could go, but as it is—" Mrs. Bates sighed a little.

"Well, I can't afford to lose the job," her husband said. "Poor folks have to work, even if it is Independence Day. I don't like to have the children go alone, either. I guess you will have to tell them, and let them bear the disappointment as best they can."

And Father Bates finished his breakfast and went off, feeling sorry for his wife, who would have to tell the children the disappointing news.

Mrs. Bates cleared the table softly and in grave silence—softly, because baby Bobby was still asleep, and it was never

safe to wash dishes or do much else when he was awake, and gravely, because she was full of troubled thoughts.

She could not bear to think of disappointing her good boy and girl. They had finished their breakfast some time ago, and were in the yard firing torpedoes, and laughing at little Tot's attempts to do the same. Tot was only two and a half. Their play was interrupted. Mrs. Bates came to the door and called. She had made up her mind.

"I have something to tell you," she said. "You know Father has that job that must be done by the seventh, and he finds that it can't be done by then unless he works today. You know I have my sewing for Mrs. Eames, and how particular she is, and you know all about Tot and Bobby. Now I want you to tell me how much sewing you think I am going to do, with Father at the shop, and Tot and Bobby to take care of, and dinner to get, supposing you are off at the celebration?" Harry whistled and Alice said nothing.

"You see I need you," Mrs. Bates went on, quietly, though she wanted to cry at the sight of their good, freckled, disappointed faces. "But I tell you what it is: you have as good as been promised that you may go to the celebration. You see, your father thought he could manage to go, so now I am not going to take away the permission. You have leave to go, and have as nice a time as you can; only, I thought I ought to tell you just how it stands, because we all work together, you know. I don't think I can possibly get the sewing done. But then, I will do the best I can."

Harry was oldest; he spoke first.

"You need one of us, that is certain. Couldn't I take care



of the children and let Alice go?”

Mrs. Bates shook her head. “It takes two to take care of one of them, you know, instead of one taking care of two. Besides, Alice could never go alone.”

Now it was Alice's turn.

"No, Mother, but Harry could. I am almost sure I could manage them both for one day. Harry was to help fire the cannon, you know."

"I shall not let you try," Harry said, bravely. "We must just stay at home and make the best of it."

"There is one thing," Mrs. Bates said. "I want my children to have as much happiness as they can. I thank you ever so much for your decision, but if you think it will make you sad and gloomy, then perhaps you had better go."

"No," Harry said, stoutly, "we will be as noisy as two bears. Come on, Alice, let's begin."

Neither of those children knew how hard all this was for Mother, and I am not certain that she understood perfectly how hard it was for them.

But they had a merry, happy, frolicsome day. Susy and Lily Perkins came to play with them in the afternoon. There were two more babies to take care of, to be sure; but Mrs. Perkins wanted to go to see the foot races, and Harry said he would just as soon take care of four as two.

Now he was in for it. He was training Tot to walk on one foot from him to Alice, and Mrs. Bates, who had taken a minute from her sewing to see how they were getting on, was sitting on the fence watching Bobby and laughing at them. Just then Mrs. Everet's nurse girl came tearing down the hill, holding the screaming twins by the hands, and screaming herself nearly as loud as they:

"Oh, Mrs. Bates, Mrs. Bates, let us in! Oh! There's been such an awful time! That there cannon went and burst just as it

was to go off, and some of the boys were blown up! Our Fred got his arm torn off, or his head, I don't know which. Oh, I'm so scared I can't take another step!"

There was business to be done then. The poor silly girl no sooner finished her wild story than she fainted, and in two minutes more came the men bringing home Fred Everet.

The house on the hill was closed. The parents had gone no one knew where. But Mrs. Bates' house was open, and a fire was burning in the kitchen stove. Mrs. Bates forgot her sewing, and flew around like the wise, faithful woman she was.

No one had thought of finding a doctor, so Harry sped on that errand, and Alice took care of Tot and Bobby and the two Perkins children and the two Everet babies, and did not lose her wits, though the nurse girl moaned and sobbed continually as soon as the faint was over.

In the quiet of the evening, when the Bates family sat down to their Fourth of July dinner which had been sadly delayed, Harry said, gravely:

"Mother, I was to fire that cannon. They promised me the place that Fred Everet had."

"I know it," his mother said, with a shiver.

"Mother," he said again, later in the evening when he came to bid her good night, "I suppose God knew all about today?"

"All about it, my boy, and He must have known, too, that I had unselfish, thoughtful children. And He watches over those that are His."

“For he shall give his angels charge over thee, to keep thee in all thy ways.” —Psalm 91:11

Questions

1. On what day did the story take place?
2. Why was Mrs. Bates troubled that morning?
3. Why did Mr. Bates need to go to work that morning?
4. What did Mrs. Bates tell Harry and Alice about going to the celebration?
5. What did Harry and Alice decide to do?
6. What was Harry supposed to get to do at the celebration?
7. What happened at the celebration?

What Do You Think?

8. Was Harry happy that he had decided not to be selfish and had chosen instead to stay home with his mother to watch the younger children? How could you tell?
9. Do you think that a boy like Harry might have been happy that he had stayed home to help his mother anyway? Explain why.

Vocabulary

absorbed	Mrs. Bates was <i>absorbed</i> by her thoughts
burst	cannon went and <i>burst</i> just as it was to go off
celebration	want Harry and Alice to go to the <i>celebration</i>
fainted	she <i>fainted</i>
firing	and were in the yard <i>firing</i> torpedoes
frolicsome	but they had a merry, happy, <i>frolicsome</i> day
gloomy	if you think it will make you sad and <i>gloomy</i>

independence even if it is *Independence* Day
interrupted their play was *interrupted*
manage I could *manage* them both for one day
nurse though the *nurse* girl moaned and sobbed
particular how *particular* she is
settle that was a very easy question to *settle*
stoutly “No,” Harry said, *stoutly*
torpedoes were in the yard firing *torpedoes*

Lesson XXXIII

What She Thought He Meant

They were away downtown, Jessie and her father. They had been taking a long walk. This was Papa's vacation, and all the family were enjoying it with him. Just at the edge of the long bridge, Mr. Stevens paused, looked around him a moment, then said, "Wait here, Jessie, until I come back. I will not be gone long."

Well, Jessie waited for what seemed to her a long time. I suppose it was nearly five minutes. Then she began to fidget. What could Papa mean by leaving her there so long? He said he would not be gone long, and he was staying a dreadfully long time! She stood first on one foot, and then on another, and watched the crowds of people go by, and said almost every second, "I *do* wish Papa would come."

At last, Jessie began arguing with herself, which she was very fond of doing. "Papa said stay here until he came back, but suppose he should be gone all day? What if he should meet a man with a telegram, or something, and should have to go uptown with him? He wouldn't expect me to stand here on this bridge all day! I suppose he meant I should stay here until he came back *if* he came right away. Papa knows I would have sense enough to go home. I believe I'll just go. Mamma will wonder what keeps us so. I might tell a policeman so that if Papa

should come back, he would know what had become of me.”

No sooner was this all planned than it began to look very attractive to her. Hence, she stepped up to a policeman, told her story, and signaled the car in exactly eight minutes from the time her father left her. It was almost five minutes afterwards when he came, not on foot, but seated in a carriage, and looked about him, right and left, for little Miss Jessie.



“Looking for your little girl, sir?” asked the policeman, who knew him by sight. “She took the Seventh Street car. I was to tell you that she thought you meant she was to wait if you came back soon; but you were so long in coming that she thought she would go home.”

“All right,” said Mr. Stevens, with a strange smile on his face. He gave the driver an order, and the carriage rolled away. In the meantime, Miss Jessie was swiftly carried home. She

pulled the strap at just the right moment to signal the car to stop, descended from the car like a dignified young woman, and rushed into the house. She was in hot haste to say to her mother, "Mamma, I came home all alone in the cars."

"Where's Mamma?" shouted Miss Jessie.

"Mamma!" said dumbfounded Hannah. "Why, she went downtown in the nine o'clock cars, and was to meet you and your pa on Fourth Street, and go somewhere. I don't know where, only she said they wouldn't be home very early. Why, Miss Jessie, where's your pa? I heard him tell her he would bring you around to Mrs. Dunlap's about the time she would be done fitting your ma."

Now wasn't this a dreadful state of things! Father and Mother had planned a day of pleasure, and she had run away and could not run back to them!

I don't propose to tell you what a forlorn day poor Jessie had. Toward the middle of the afternoon, she took her book and went out under the trees, and threw herself down on the bank of the stream. To be sure, she remembered that Mamma had said that it was too late in the season to sit out of doors. But, once again, she argued about it after this fashion: "I suppose Mamma meant those cold days we had last week. Today, now, it is almost as warm as summer, and of course, it can't hurt me." So there she sat and read a little, and even slept a little, and finally sneezed a little. Then she went in and cried a little, and the dreary day was nearly done. You are not surprised, are you, dear reader, to see her in this plight about nine o'clock that same evening?—her feet in a tub of hot water, her eyes quite red, and her voice sounding something like a hoarse little

frog's. She had been hearing all about the day. She insisted on being tantalized with every little particular—how they went in a carriage to the Zoological Gardens, and the Museum, and rode through the Park, and oh, I know not what else.

“But, Mamma, why didn't you drive home for me, after the policeman told you? I wanted to go to those places.”

“I know it, dear, and we wanted to do so, but Papa said he wanted to have a daughter who would understand that he meant *just exactly* what he said, and he hoped this long lonely day would help to teach you that lesson.”

Then Jessie sneezed again, and said mournfully, “I suppose every single sneeze ought to help teach me the same thing.” Some people do too little thinking, and some people do too much.

“Children, obey your parents in the Lord: for this is right.” — Ephesians 6:1

Questions

1. What was Jessie's father doing at the time the story took place?
2. Why didn't Jessie wait at the bridge as she had been instructed?
3. How did Jessie get home from the bridge?
4. What kind of day did Jessie's father have planned for her?
5. Where did Jessie go to read and what happened?
6. What lesson did Jessie learn?
7. Whose fault was it that Jessie had to spend the day at home? Why?

What Do You Think?

8. Can you think of any times in your life when you did not obey just exactly? What happened because you decided to do what you wanted?
9. What lesson can we learn from Jessie and how will you apply it to your life?

Vocabulary

attractive	it began to look very <i>attractive</i> to her
become	he would know what had <i>become</i> of me
dreary	the <i>dreary</i> day was nearly done
dumbfounded	“Mamma!” said <i>dumbfounded</i> Hannah
fidget	then she began to <i>fidget</i>
fitting	the time she would be done <i>fitting</i> your ma
forlorn	tell you what a <i>forlorn</i> day poor Jessie had
hoarse	sounding something like a <i>hoarse</i> little frog’s
mournfully	then Jessie sneezed again, and said <i>mournfully</i>
particular	being tantalized with every little <i>particular</i>
plight	to see her in this <i>plight</i> about nine o’clock
signaled	she... <i>signaled</i> the car in exactly eight minutes
tantalized	on being <i>tantalized</i> with every little particular
telegram	what if he should meet a man with a <i>telegram</i>
uptown	he...should have to go <i>uptown</i> with him

Lesson XXXIV

Doing Good

The sun shone beautifully, and made a million diamonds glitter along the snowy road.

“It is a prime day,” David Pierson said, and he looked out of the window in great satisfaction. It was to be a gala day for him. He was completely dressed and waiting for the rest of the sleepy family to be ready, and for the tardy breakfast bell to ring. How people could be sleepy on such a morning as this, David did not understand.

It was his birthday, and he was twelve years old. Splendid things were going to be done in honor of the day. There was to be a sleigh ride in the handsome, new, two-seated, brightly painted sleigh, drawn by two handsome horses, whose bells jingled just a *little* better than any others in town, according to David. He was to be taken to the glass works, and the superintendent, who was also the superintendent of his Sabbath school, had promised to show him through the different shops. He was to see the glass liquefied in the fiery furnace, and taken out, and blown, and swung, and rolled into any number of shapes. You should have heard David talk! He thought he understood all about it, and he was pretty well posted, for like a sensible boy he had been reading up on the subject ever since this plan was formed some four weeks before.



It was five miles to the glass factory in the cold air of a winter afternoon, and, of course, five miles back in the colder evening air. It stood to reason that boys who had been there and back, and spent several hours wandering about a glass factory asking questions, would be comfortably hungry by the time home was reached. All this had been thought of and planned for. Such a dinner as this was to await their coming! There would be turkey, and chicken pie, and

mince pie, to say nothing of the good commonplace things like potatoes, and squash, and turnips, which everybody forgets to mention, but would be very sorry to miss.

Mrs. Pierson forgot nothing. She understood a boy's appetite as well as though she had been a boy. Better, indeed, for she was a boy's mother, and she promised him that everything should be ready within ten minutes after she heard the jingle of the returning sleigh bells. Everything was planned, and even the sun seemed to smile its approval.

What, then, made David Pierson sit down on the side of

his bed with one boot off and the other on, and look sober and thoughtful for five minutes? He had an important question to settle.

You must understand that, having no brothers or sisters of his own to help enjoy his good time, he had to borrow some, and there were always plenty who stood ready to be borrowed. Four other boys, neighbors and friends, were invited to enjoy the delights of the day with him.

Father was to take them to the glass works, and Uncle Dick was to entertain them in the library all the evening after a fashion that he understood, and nobody else did. So, there was a delightful secret waiting at the end of this day to give zest to its joys.

A bit of a cloud had risen on all this sunshine. David's most particular friend, Dwight Holmes, had sent word that morning that his wretched, inconsiderate cold, instead of being better, was worse, and his mother, with the trying peculiarity belonging to mothers, was afraid to have him take the sleigh ride, although he meant to be on hand for the dinner and the fun afterwards.

A thought had just occurred to David in connection with this, which made him grave. However, he did not think about it more than three minutes. Do boys ever think longer at a time than that, I wonder?

Then he rolled down the stairs three steps at a time, and went to consult his right-hand man and woman.

“Mamma”—she was the first one, of course—“could you eat another boy, do you suppose, this afternoon?”

“Could I *eat* another boy!” in pretended dismay.

“Oh, well, Mamma,” laughing a little. “You know what I mean. Just suppose there was another boy coming, could you manage him, for dinner?”

“Well,” said Mrs. Pierson, looking properly grave and considerate, “it is a serious question. In fact, I may say I think it is a very *tough* one. Still, I might see what I could do.”

David looked his “Thank you,” as he went out of the door, and went in search of his father. He knew his mother would manage it.

“Papa, might not Dwight’s seat be filled in the sleigh?”

“I was thinking of that. If Mamma can manage another turkey bone, and its belongings, it is a pity to waste any room in the sleigh. Whom have you in mind?”

“I was thinking of Rich Holden, sir.”

David’s voice was grave and rather hesitating. Mr. Pierson turned quite away from his dresser, let the ends of his tie drop, and looked at David in silence for a minute. “Why of him?” he asked at last.

“Well, sir, it is my opinion that he pretty nearly hates me.” David spoke more quickly this time, and seemed quite decided in his own mind as to what he wanted to do. Mr. Pierson looked at him a minute longer, then turned back to his mirror with a little laugh as he said, “And is that a good reason for asking him to your frolic?”

“Why, yes sir, I guess so. I’m sure it will be doing good to him, and that is what the verse said last night, you know: ‘Do good to them that hate you.’ ”

“Oh,” said Mr. Pierson. “Yes, I know. What proof has Rich given that he hated you?”

“Why, the other day in the history class, he tried to floor me. He kept whispering the wrong date, just to mix me up, you know, and then he did floor me, quite. He tripped me up with a string so that I sprawled on the floor, right before Professor Perkins, and all the fellows laughed. He doesn’t treat the other boys so, but he is always tormenting me.”

“Very well,” said Mr. Pierson, after another thoughtful silence. “I don’t see but what he meets the conditions as well as any. If you think he will not spoil the pleasure of the others, and Mamma is willing, go ahead.”

Mamma did not say whether she was willing or not, when he went back, but she kissed him.

In less than a half hour from that time, there was an astonished boy in town. He stood twisting a bit of paper in his hand, and his face was very red. This was what was on the paper: “I say, Rich, will you go sleigh riding with us this afternoon to the glass works, and come to dinner afterwards, and spend the evening and have no end of fun? It is my birthday, you know. Dwight is sick and can’t go, so there is room for you in the sleigh, and I’d like first-rate to have you.” There was not a word about the tripping up, nor the dozen other tricks that he had played on the boy who was always getting above him, and who, he believed, *felt* above him all the time.

You don’t believe he had the face to go? Then you are just mistaken. He did go, and had a good time too. Everybody treated him as though they were glad he was there, and I may as well own that he never had much of that kind of treatment before.

I could tell you a great deal about that afternoon and its

delights, if it were not for the way stories have of growing too long, and taking up more room than can be spared for them.

But I really must tell you what David said to his father a few days afterwards as he came in from school. “Papa, there isn’t anybody to practice on now. I would just as soon do good to Rich as not. He is really good to me now. This morning he saved me from making a mistake in my school work. I took another look at it and realized it was wrong. Rich wouldn’t have done that for fifty dollars, two weeks ago.”

“But I say unto you, Love your enemies, bless them that curse you, do good to them that hate you, and pray for them which despitefully use you, and persecute you;” —Matthew 5:44

Questions

1. Describe the morning on which the story took place.
2. What was planned for David’s birthday?
3. What happened that morning which caused there to be an extra seat on the sleigh?
4. Why did David decide to invite Rich Holden to go with him?
5. What happened as a result of David inviting Rich to his party?

What Do You Think?

6. Do you think Rich Holden was a mean boy because he hated David, or do you think that maybe no one had ever been nice to him? Explain your answer.
7. If children your age were never nice to you, how do you

- think that would make you feel?
8. What can you do to someone whom you think may not have any friends?

Vocabulary

commonplace	the good <i>commonplace</i> things like potatoes
connection	a thought had just occurred to David in <i>connection</i> with this
curse	bless them that <i>curse</i> you
despitefully	pray for them which <i>despitefully</i> use you
entertain	Uncle Dick was to <i>entertain</i> them in the library
factory	it was five miles to the glass <i>factory</i>
fashion	Uncle Dick was to entertain...after a <i>fashion</i> that he understood
floor	in the history class, he tried to <i>floor</i> me
gala	it was to be a <i>gala</i> day for him
inconsiderate	his wretched, <i>inconsiderate</i> cold...was worse
peculiarity	with the trying <i>peculiarity</i> belonging to mothers
persecute	which despitefully use you, and <i>persecute</i> you
prime	it is a <i>prime</i> day
satisfaction	he looked out of the window in great <i>satisfaction</i>
sensible	like a <i>sensible</i> boy he had been reading up
shops	show him through the different <i>shops</i>
spared	taking up more room than can be <i>spared</i> for them
superintendent	was also the <i>superintendent</i> of his Sabbath school
wandering	several hours <i>wandering</i> about a glass factory
wretched	his <i>wretched</i> , inconsiderate cold
zest	at the end of this day to give <i>zest</i> to its joys

Lesson XXXV

Charlie and Rob

Part 1

“Don’t you hate splitting wood?” asked Charlie, as he sat himself down on a log to hinder his friend Rob for awhile.

“No, I rather like it. When I get hold of a tough old fellow that doesn’t want to split, I say: ‘See here, now, you think you’re the strongest, and are going to beat me. To pay you for being so foolish, I’ll split you up into kindling wood.’”

“Pshaw!” said Charley, laughing. “And it’s only a stick of wood!”

“Yes, but you see I pretend it’s a lesson, or a tough job of any kind, and it’s nice to conquer it.”

“I don’t want to conquer such things; I don’t care what becomes of them. I wish I was a man, and a rich one at that.”

“Well, if you live long enough you’ll be a man, without wishing for it, and as for the rich part, why, I mean to be that myself.”

“You do? How do you expect to get your money? By sawing wood?”

“Maybe—some of it; that’s as good a way as any, so long as it lasts. I don’t care, you know, so long as it’s honest and useful.”

“I’d like to sleep over the next ten years and wake up a



young man with a splendid education and plenty of money, and then I'd have good times," Charlie mused.

"Humph! I ain't sleepy; a night at a time is long enough for me. What I mean to do is to work over the next ten years, and then I mean to have a pretty good education and some money, and a fair start toward getting some more. You see, those are things that you've got to work out—you can't sleep them out."

"I hate work," said Charlie. "I hate sawing and splitting, and all those things. I'd like to do some big work, like being clerk in a bank, or something of that sort."

"Wood has to be sawed and split before it can be burned," said Rob, splitting away and making the chips fly. "If you want your chance at burning the wood, you better get a good pile split up beforehand. I don't know but I'll be clerk in a bank, or something of that kind myself. I'm keeping Father's accounts for him—I square the books every evening."

How Charlie laughed at that! "I should think that was a

long way from a bank clerk,” he said when he could speak. “I suppose your father sells two tables, and six chairs, some days, doesn’t he?” provoked Charlie.

“Sometimes more than that, and sometimes not so much,” Rob said in perfect good humor. “I didn’t say I was a bank clerk now. I said I was working toward it. I wonder now if I am not nearer to it, by keeping a little bit of a book, than I would be if I didn’t keep any?”

“Not a whit—such things happen,” said Charlie, as he brushed off the chips, and started to go.

As a matter of curiosity, I want to show you these two chaps when they became men.

Charlie and Rob Part 2

The next picture is Charlie. It is more than ten years since that wood was split, yet here sits Charlie at the trunk of an old tree, and looks about him. Remember the place his father used to own? The neighbor, who used to live across the way, owns it now.

Charlie has outgrown that name. Even though he is still a fairly young man, he looks sort of old and careworn. People who are not very particular as to their language are beginning to call him “old Barnes” when they speak of him. He isn’t a drunkard, nor a gambler, nor anything else that is bad, but he’s not anything much that is good. He has to work to earn bread and butter for himself and for his family; but he doesn’t do any



more work than he can possibly help. For you see, he is no more fond of work now than he was years and years ago. He still thinks that “things happen.”

Listen to hear what he says as he sits looking at the old spot which used to be his home. “I declare, I wish I had money enough to buy back the old place! It is real mean that it should have gone out of our family after belonging to us for so many years! The house isn’t much, to be sure, but if I had plenty of

money I could build a mansion there. That sure would make folks stare. But, pshaw! There's no use in talking. I'm not likely to have money enough to buy a new hat, let alone a house and lot. The luck that some folks have is wonderful!

“There is Rob Warren. We were boys together, and look where he is now! His father was poor, and mine was rich. Anyone who had a chance to see us both would have thought that I had the best chance. But the fact is, I never had any chance. I never was made to be a drudge like some. If I had had a chance at something that I liked, I could have accomplished something. I wish I had twenty thousand dollars; I could show some people how to use it. Well, well, so it goes—some have their good times, and some their bad ones. I wish I hadn't any hay to get in this afternoon. There is always work—work for other people. If a man only had a chance to work a little for himself, it might make a difference.

“I wish I could begin my life over again. Well, I don't know as I really do either. I don't want to do all the things over again that I've had to do, I'm sure. On the whole, I believe I wish my life were done with—I've had enough of it.”

Did you hear him? Well, did you count the number of times that he said “I wish”? That is really one of the secrets of his life. He has always wanted to burn his wood before it was cut and split. If he had spent one third of his time in actually working for the things that he has pined for, I'm pretty sure he might have had a good many of them. Poor old Mr. Barnes! I almost said, “poor old Barnes!”

Charlie and Rob Part 3

And this is Rob!—the gentleman standing before the desk delivering his address. Nobody knows him by the name “Rob.” He is “Judge Warren.” He is the favorite speaker in the city where he lives, as well as in a great many other cities. He has “worked at it,” as he was fond of saying when he was a boy. That “it” meant anything that his hands or his brain found to do. How he did work! Whether it



was woodsplitting, or weeding, or studying, the same eager boy went through the hard spots in life with a determination that nothing should beat him. At present, he has reached very near to the top of his profession if there is any top. Ask your fathers, my boys, if they really think the top is ever reached? Can't people keep going on, and on, as high as they want to? Possibly; if they really have been going up, they surely have a chance to keep rising, without much to hinder them.

Once, when Rob was a younger man than he is now,

somebody said to him: “What if you should die, before you reach the place you are climbing for?”

A pleasant smile shone over his face and he said, “Why, then, I shall have reached my Father’s house, and He will see to the rest.”

In the picture you will notice him standing in a great hall where he is addressing the young people of the city schools. I shall let you hear one portion:

“Young ladies and gentleman,” (some of them are boys and girls no older than you, but he calls them “young ladies and gentleman” because he knows it is of boys and girls that true ladies and gentlemen are made) “If there is any one verse out of that wonderful Book, the Bible, that I have tried to take for my motto, ever since I gave my heart to the Lord Jesus Christ— which was when I was a very little boy—it is this: ‘Not slothful in business; fervent in spirit; serving the Lord;’ —Romans 12:11. I commend it to you as the very best motto to work by, and the one that, followed closely, will be sure to lead you to true success.”

Boys, you are going to be men some day. Don’t be afraid to set goals and work hard. And above all, remember always Whom you serve. It is the dear Lord Jesus Christ, if He is, in fact, your Lord and Saviour.

“Seest thou a man diligent in his business? he shall stand before kings; he shall not stand before mean men.” —Proverbs 22:29

Questions

1. Why did Charlie hate to split wood?
2. How did Rob view splitting wood?
3. What was Charlie's view of the future and his goals?
4. What was Rob's plan to become successful in life?
5. What happened in Charlie's life during the next ten years?
Why?
6. What happened in Rob's life as he grew older?

What Do You Think?

7. Why did all the good things seem to happen to Rob?
8. Do you like to work? Why or why not?
9. What are your goals and how do plan to achieve them?

Vocabulary

beforehand	you better get a good pile split up <i>beforehand</i>
careworn	he looks sort of old and <i>careworn</i>
commend	I <i>commend</i> it to you as the very best motto
curiosity	As a matter of <i>curiosity</i>
drudge	I never was made to be a <i>drudge</i> like some
drunkard	He isn't a <i>drunkard</i> , nor a gambler
fervent	<i>fervent</i> in spirit; serving the Lord
gambler	nor a <i>gambler</i> , nor anything else that is bad
hinder	he sat himself down on a log to <i>hinder</i> his friend
kindling	I'll split you up into <i>kindling</i> wood
lot	buy a new hat, let alone a house and <i>lot</i>
mansion	plenty of money I could build a <i>mansion</i> there
mean	he shall not stand before <i>mean</i> men
motto	I have tried to take for my <i>motto</i>

pined
profession
square
whit

working for the things that he has *pined* for
the top of his *profession* if there is any top
square the books every evening
not a *whit*—such things happen

Lesson XXXVI
A Walk in the Spring

I'm very glad the spring is come: the sun shines out so bright,
The little birds upon the trees are warbling for delight;
Fields are green in which the little lambs do sport and play,
And I can skip and run about as merrily as they.

I like to see the daisy and the buttercup once more,
The primrose, and the cowslip too, and every pretty flower:
I like to see the butterfly extend her painted wing,
And all things seem, just like myself, so pleased to see the spring.

The fishes in the little brook are vaulting up so high;
The lark is singing sweetly as she mounts into the sky;
The rooks are building up their nests upon the massive tree,
And everything's as busy and as blissful as can be.

There's not a cloud upon the sky, there's nothing dark or sad;
I jump, and scarce know what to do, I feel so very glad.
God must be very good indeed, Who made each pretty thing;
We ought to love Him very much for bringing back the spring.

“Nevertheless he left not himself without witness, in that he did good, and gave us rain from heaven, and fruitful seasons, filling our hearts with food and gladness.” —Acts 14:17



Questions

1. Why should we love God according to the poem?

What Do You Think?

2. Describe in your own words the picture of spring you get from reading the poem.
3. How does this poem make you feel? Why?
4. What things in spring make you happy?
5. What is your favorite season and why?

Vocabulary

blissful	everything's as busy and as <i>blissful</i> as can be
buttercup	I like to see the daisy and the <i>buttercup</i>
cowslip	the primrose, and the <i>cowslip</i> too
daisy	I like to see the <i>daisy</i> and the buttercup
extend	to see the butterfly <i>extend</i> her painted wing
lark	the <i>lark</i> is singing sweetly as she mounts
massive	their nests upon the <i>massive</i> tree
mounts	lark is singing sweetly as she <i>mounts</i> into the sky
nevertheless	<i>nevertheless</i> he left not himself without witness
primrose	the <i>primrose</i> , and the cowslip too
rooks	the <i>rooks</i> are building up their nests
scarce	I jump, and <i>scarce</i> know what to do
sport	in which the little lambs do <i>sport</i> and play
vaulting	fishes in the little brook are <i>vaulting</i> up so high
warbling	birds upon the trees are <i>warbling</i> for delight

Appendix A

Roman Numeral Chart

1.	=	I	30.	=	XXX
2.	=	II	31.	=	XXXI
3.	=	III	32.	=	XXXII
4.	=	IV	33.	=	XXXIII
5.	=	V	34.	=	XXXIV
6.	=	VI	35.	=	XXXV
7.	=	VII	36.	=	XXXVI
8.	=	VIII			
9.	=	IX			
10.	=	X			
11.	=	XI			
12.	=	XII			
13.	=	XIII			
14.	=	XIV			
15.	=	XV			
16.	=	XVI			
17.	=	XVII			
18.	=	XVIII			
19.	=	IX			
20.	=	XX			
21.	=	XXI			
22.	=	XXII			
23.	=	XXIII			
24.	=	XXIV			
25.	=	XXV			
26.	=	XXVI			
27.	=	XXVII			
28.	=	XXVIII			
29.	=	XXIX			

Appendix B

Timing and Usage of Punctuation

colon [:]

A **colon** requires a pause of about a full breath and a slight depression of the voice tone. A colon indicates the completion of a complete thought, though not the end of the sentence. A colon also indicates a pause before a list as in—Please read the following:

comma [,]

A **comma** requires a pause of about a half breath and a slight elevation in voice tone. A comma indicates the completion of a segment of a complete thought or sentence, with more to come before the whole is completed.

ellipsis [. . .]

An **ellipsis** requires a pause of about a full breath and a slight elevation of the voice tone. An ellipsis indicates that there is more to the thought or sentence that is not expressed or given.

exclamation point [!]

An **exclamation point** requires a pause of about a full breath and an elevation in voice tone as at the end of an exclamation or a cry, which the exclamation point is used to denote.

long dash [—]

A **long dash** requires a pause of about a half breath and a slight elevation of the voice tone. A long dash separates a new thought relating to the main thought of a sentence.

parentheses [()]

Parentheses require that the voice be slightly more depressed for words within the parentheses than for the rest of the sentence. Parentheses indicate an explanatory thought that is added to the sentence. They are used because the meaning of the sentence would be no less understandable without the thought contained in the parentheses.

period [.]

A **period** requires a pause of about a full breath and a slight depression of the voice tone. A period completes a complete or thought or sentence.

question mark [?]

A **question mark** requires a pause of about a full breath and an elevation of the voice tone as at the end of a question, *except* if the question is introduced by *who*, *which*, *what*, *how*, *why*, *when*, *where*, and *wherefore*, if the emphasis is placed on one of these adverbs when the question is asked.

quotation marks [“”]

Quotation marks require no special pausing other than that required by other punctuation marks used in conjunction with them. They indicate a specific quote or a character speaking in the text.

quotation marks [‘’]

Quotation marks (single) follow the same rules as double quotation marks. Single quotation marks are used for a quote within a quote.

semicolon [;]

A **semicolon** requires a pause of about a half breath and a slight elevation in voice tone when it is followed by a conjunction (*and, but, or, nor, yet . . . etc*) .

A **semicolon** requires a pause of about a half breath and a slight depression in voice tone when it is not followed by a conjunction.

A **semicolon** separates two complete thoughts in a sentence.