Christian Life Readers

Fifth 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 Fifth Reader

The purpose of the *Fifth Reader* is to primarily expand upon the same skills learned in the *Fourth Reader* to develop the student's reading comprehension, vocabulary skills, and reading ability in general.

In the *Fifth Reader*, comprehension will again involve questions requiring deductions based on the details in the story. The student will also be asked to describe some of the pictures that the lesson authors have "painted," and to describe what "lessons" some of the authors have attempted to communicate. The student will not only collect and process data, but determine what the author is trying to communicate, and the tools that the author is using to do so. There will be less detail questions, and more evaluative questions.

Once again, this reader will be a rich vocabulary experience. The student will continue to employ the standard dictionary. The vocabulary words will, once again, 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 continue to practice elocution with more complex ideas, sentence structure, punctuation and vocabulary.

How To Use the Fifth 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.

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. There will be more deductive reasoning and evaluation involved than with the *Fourth Reader*. 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, and with relatively complete detail.

3. Have the student explain what he or she thought was the "moral" of the story, or the main concept that the author wanted to leave with the reader.

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 child explain the meaning of the scripture.

4. Have the child 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.
✓	Have the student explain the moral of the story.
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

The Morning Walk

"I cannot tell how it is that you are able to judge people by their appearance," said Robert Mander to his father, with whom he was walking along the street. "You can always tell me something about everyone that we meet."

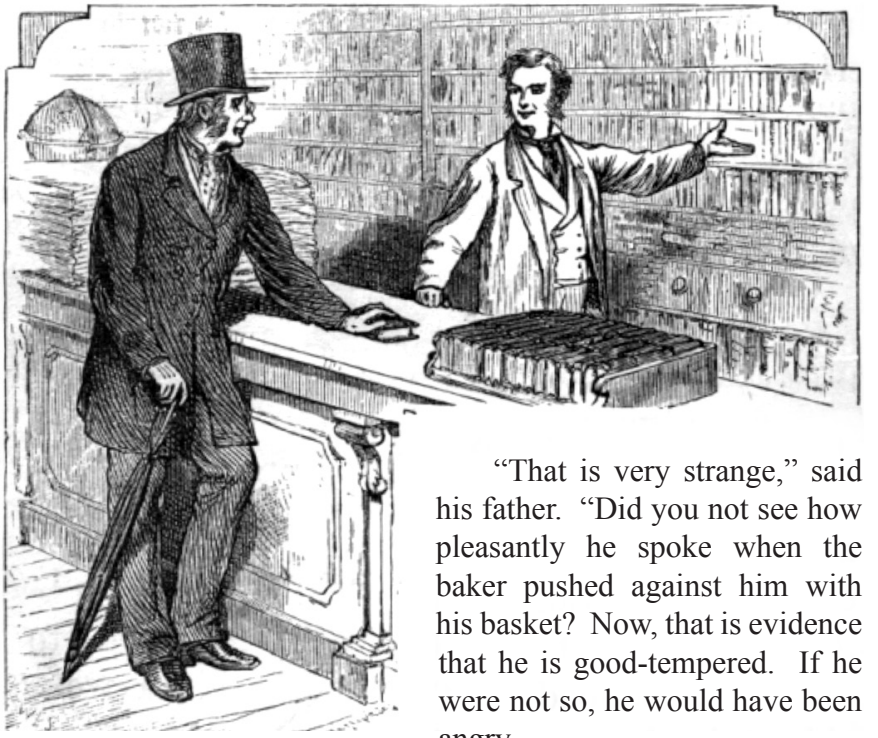
"I suppose," replied Mr. Mander, "it is because I have learned to look upon people with the eyes of my mind as well as with my natural eyes. A habit of observation and reflection enables us to see and to know many things of which we should otherwise be ignorant. Now, what do you know about the man who is walking a little way before us?"

Robert looked and saw a small, spare man in black walking a few yards in advance of them and said, "Nothing at all, except that he is dressed in black."

"Nothing at all!" exclaimed his father. "Why, I never saw him before, and I know a great deal about him. His threadbare clothes tell me that he is probably poor; his clean, brushed coat and well polished shoes convince me of his care and neatness; and the piece of crape around his hat assures me that he has lost a relative by death. You see, then, that I have good reasons for believing that he is poor, yet neat and careful, and that he has been in affliction."

"I should not have learned so much in a week," said Robert.

They followed the poor man for a short time when Mr. Mander asked his son whether he had found out anything else about him. "No, sir, I have not," replied Robert.



"That is very strange," said his father. "Did you not see how pleasantly he spoke when the baker pushed against him with his basket? Now, that is evidence that he is good-tempered. If he were not so, he would have been angry.

"Then, did you not see how carefully he picked up the little child that had fallen on the sidewalk? There can be no doubt of his kindness. And when he stopped at the bookstall, I glanced over his shoulder and saw that he was looking into a religious book. So I have no doubt of his being a good-humored, kind-hearted, and, I hope, a serious man."

Mr. Mander and his son still followed the stranger. After a time, Robert was again asked whether he had made any discoveries. As before, he replied that he had not.

"Surely, Robert," said Mr. Mander, "you are not making the best use of your eyes, for I have seen in the poor man several additional good qualities. In passing by the almshouse, he dropped a piece of

money into the lap of a blind woman who was knitting at the door: he must be charitable. He gave way to the butcher who had just gone by with a loaded tray: he must be humble and considerate. He bowed to the gentleman on horseback in a manner that convinces me that he has been well brought up. Therefore, I have little doubt of his being charitable and well bred, and I believe that he is neither proud nor selfish.

"Thus, you see from our morning's experience the importance of cultivating habits of accurate observation."

"My son, give me thine heart, and let thine eyes observe my ways." — Proverbs 23:26

Questions

1. What was Robert's father trying to teach him this morning?
2. How did Robert's father look upon people?
3. What did Robert observe about the man walking in front of his father and himself when asked?
4. Why did Robert's father believe that the man they were following was poor, but that he took pride in his appearance?
5. What did the gentleman do to convince Robert's father that he was good-tempered and kind?

What Do You Think?

6. Why do you think it is important to develop the power of observation?
7. If someone was following you every morning, what would he or she see? If you knew, would you change the way you act?
8. Visualize your morning and what you did today, and pretend you are someone following yourself and try to imagine in your mind what you look like. Write down a few of your thoughts.

Vocabulary

accurate	cultivating habits of *accurate* observation
advance	walking a few yards in *advance* of them
affliction	and that he has been in *affliction*
almshouse	in passing by the *almshouse*
assures	the piece of crape around his hat *assures* me
bookstall	when he stopped at the *bookstall*
bred	of his being charitable and well *bred*
charitable	little doubt of his being *charitable*
considerate	he must be humble and *considerate*
convince	well polished shoes *convince* me
crape	the piece of *crape* around his hat
cultivating	the importance of *cultivating* habits
ignorant	we should otherwise be *ignorant*
observation	*observation* and reflection enables us to see
reflection	observation and *reflection* enables us to see
relative	he has lost a *relative* by death
spare	saw a small, *spare* man
threadbare	his *threadbare* clothes
visualize	*visualize* your morning

Lesson II

The Singer

No bracelets nor necklaces had she; no white silk dress had she ever seen, and a common white muslin, even, she had never worn. She was barefooted, and though the morning was warm, she had wrapped an old shawl around herself to hide the holes in her dress. A neat little girl was Mandy, or at least she would have been, if she had known how. After a hard rain, she always washed her feet in the fast running gutter puddles just because she liked to see them look clean; but she had no needle and thread at home, nor patches. Her work among the barrels, picking for rags, was not the cleanest in the world. Yet on this afternoon, like most afternoons, Mandy regaled her audience with a far sweeter concert than the most finely talented and dressed singers in the concert hall down the street. Her audience today consisted of an organ-grinder who stopped to rest a bit, and an old woman who was going by with a baby, and a little boy with a load

of chips. The words she sang were:

"There is a fountain filled with blood,
Drawn from Immanuel's veins."

And the chorus was repeated many times in Mandy's sweet voice. "I've been redeemed, I've been redeemed, I've been redeemed!" I don't know how many times over she sang this, but what different words from what her audience had heard before!

"Where did you get that?" asked the organ-grinder.

"What?" said Mandy, startled, and turning quickly.

"*That!* that you're singing."

"Oh, I got it at Sunday school." And she rolled out the wonderful news, "I've been redeemed, I've been redeemed; been washed in the blood of the Lamb."

"I don't suppose you understand what you're singing about?" asked the organ-grinder.

"Don't I, though!" said Mandy, with an emphatic little nod of her head. "I know all about it, and it's all true. I belong to Him; He is going to make me clean inside, and dress me in white someday, to stay with Him forever and ever. 'I've been redeemed, I've been redeemed—been washed in the blood of the Lamb.' "

As he trudged on down the street, as far as the organ-grinder could hear, there came back to him the faint sound of the chorus, "I've been redeemed." Nobody threw bouquets to Mandy; nobody said she had a sweet voice. But the organ-grinder kept saying the words over and over to himself. They were not new words to him. Years ago, his old mother used to sing those first ones, "There is a fountain." He had never heard the chorus before; but he knew it fitted. He knew all about it because his mother had taught him so long ago when he was a little boy. A minister had said to him once, "My boy, you must be sure to find the fountain and get washed." He

never had. He was almost an old man, and it was years since he had thought about it; but Mandy's song brought it all back.

Was that the end of it? Oh, no. The organ-grinder kept thinking, and *thinking,* until, by-and-by, he resolved to do so. He sought the fountain, and found it. And now, since he knew the tune, he could sing, "I've been redeemed." Many times he says the words over and over. Is *that* the end? Oh, no. It will never end. When Mandy and the organ-grinder stand up yonder, and she hears all about the song that she sung as she picked over rags, it will not, even then, be the end.

"And I heard a voice from heaven saying unto me, Write, Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord from henceforth: Yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labours; and their works do follow them." — Revelation 14:13

Questions

1. How does the story paint the picture of Mandy being poor?
2. What else does the author tell us about Mandy that shows us what kind of life Mandy had?
3. Why did Mandy have an audience for her singing?
4. Since Mandy was poor and her job was not a likable one, what was the source of Mandy's joy?

What Do You Think?

5. Do you think the story would have turned out the same if Mandy had simply told everyone that she loved Jesus, but had not sung and shown the happiness and contentment she had with her life as it was? Explain why.
6. Think about the saying "Actions speak louder than words." Now think about your life and give an example or two of how your actions are speaking.

Vocabulary

audience	Mandy regaled her *audience*
barrels	Her work among the *barrels*
chorus	the *chorus* was repeated many times
concert	regaled her audience with a far sweeter *concert*
emphatic	with an *emphatic* little nod of her head
gutter	washed her feet in the fast running *gutter* puddles
henceforth	which die in the Lord from *henceforth*
Immanuel	Drawn from *Immanuel*'s veins
organ-grinder	her audience today consisted of an *organ-grinder*
regaled	Mandy *regaled* her audience
shawl	she had wrapped an old *shawl* around herself
talented	the most finely *talented* and dressed singers
trudged	as he *trudged* on down the street
veins	Drawn from Immanuel's *veins*
yonder	stand up *yonder*

Lesson III

Look at the Birds!

October, with its golden and crimson hues, its "gentle wind," and its "fair sunny noon," has passed away. November has come. The sun shines brightly, and the sky is almost clear of clouds; but the chill wind blows roughly. The leaves are rudely torn from the trees where they have gladdened us through the spring and the summer by their refreshing shade, and their sweet music, as they rustled in the gentle breeze. They lie now, most of them, beneath the trees, wrinkled and faded, or scattered here and there, far from the others, wherever the cold gust has blown them.

The birds have been taught by their unfailing instinct that summer has departed, and winter is near. They no more warble their rich melodies, or flit in and out of the honeysuckles, or *peep with knowing look under the eaves*, or into the arbor. Creatures are taking their farewell of the pleasant summer haunts, where they have built their nests and reared their young.

This morning, soon after sunrise, Peter was standing on the lawn enjoying the beauties of nature, and thinking, I suppose, of the changes of the seasons, when all at once I heard him shout, "Look at the birds! Look at the birds!" We threw open the window, and there were thousands and thousands of them almost over our heads. Their wings made a noise like the rushing of a steam engine as it cleaves the air in its speed. The birds were calling to each other with a short, quick sound. It seemed as if they were giving and receiving orders. We watched them until they disappeared over the treetops.

"There are more! There are more!" shouted Charlotte. We again looked toward the rising sun, and up over the eastern hills came another immense flock, calling to each other as the first, and they, too, disappeared behind the western hills.

"There is another flock!" and so indeed there was. Up from the meadows and over the hills they came, swaying up and down in their flight, and so near that we could see each bird distinctly. Almost simultaneously they alighted on Clover Hill to rest for a moment.

Soon, another company followed in the same direction, and when they were over Clover Hill, up flew the others, and away they all went beyond our sight. Flock after flock appeared, each taking the same general direction, and some of them so large that they stretched from the hills, which bounded our view on one side, and as far as our eye could see on the other. They looked, as Peter said, like bees swarming, only they were much larger. Occasionally, a few stragglers could be seen, hurrying on to join their party, which was in advance of them. Perhaps they had delayed to take a last farewell of their pleasant summer homes. I hope they will be more prompt in future, for it is a bad habit to be late, and often occasions much vexation and inconvenience.

I never before saw so many birds together, although I have

frequently been startled by the peculiar sound made by large numbers flying in company, and have looked at them with wonder and admiration.

The migration of birds is one of the most remarkable phenomena in natural history. "Yea, the stork in the heaven knoweth her appointed times; and the turtle and the crane and the swallow observe the time of their coming," and so do all birds of passage. Their Creator has endowed them with a wonderful instinct, which, in some way unknown to us, teaches them to guard against the severity of the season by seeking a warmer climate, and when "winter is past," and "the flowers appear on the earth," and "the vines with the tender grape give a good smell," then "the time of the singing of birds is come," and their voice is heard in our land. Some of them return, not only to the same country, but to the same place, where they have previously built their nests, and, year after year, raise their broods in the same friendly tree.

It is said that, to enable birds to fly with ease, and continue long on the wing, they must fly against the wind. I observed, this morning, that there was a brisk wind from the west, while the birds were flying a little south of west. Perhaps they had been waiting several days for a favorable wind, and that may have been the reason for the great number of flocks we saw.

"Behold the fowls of the air:" said our Saviour, in His sermon on the mount; "for they sow not, neither do they reap, nor gather into barns; yet your heavenly Father feedeth them. Are ye not much better than they?" At another time, when He was talking with His disciples about the persecutions they should endure for His sake, He said to them, "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."

Not one of that immense number of birds, which we saw flying

to a warmer country, can perish without God's knowledge. He sees every one of them. During the summer, He has fed them on the meadows near the seashore, and now that winter is approaching, He has taught them to seek other places, where their appropriate food can be found.

Whenever God's children are tempted to yield to self-pity, and to fear that they shall suffer from want, let them remember that they are of more value than many sparrows, and that if they trust their heavenly Father, their bread shall be given them, and their water shall be sure. He Who feeds the birds will feed them. May He—

"Fill our souls with trust unshaken
In that Being Who has taken
Care for every living thing,
In Summer, Winter, Fall and Spring."

"Behold the fowls of the air: for they sow not, neither do they reap, nor gather into barns; yet your heavenly Father feedeth them. Are ye not much better than they?" —Matthew 6:26

Questions—What Do You Think?

1. Read the first paragraph of the story and try to visualize in your mind the scene that the author is painting with words. Describe what you are picturing in your mind.
2. Read the second paragraph and describe what you see in your mind from the author's words.
3. After reading the first two paragraphs, describe how the author has made you feel.
4. When you begin to read the third paragraph about the birds rushing and making noise and Peter shouting, does it send a sudden rush of excitement through you? Explain your answer.
5. How does it make you feel about yourself when you think about how God has designed the birds and how He cares for them?

Vocabulary

admiration	have looked at them with wonder and *admiration*
alighted	almost simultaneously they *alighted*
approaching	now that winter is *approachin*g
appropriate	where their *appropriate* food can be found
arbor	or into the *arbor*
brisk	there was a *brisk* wind from the west
departed	that summer has *departed*
eaves	peep with knowing look under the *eaves*
endowed	their Creator has *endowed* them
farewell	taking their *farewell* flit
haunts	of the pleasant summer *haunts*
inconvenience	occasions much vexation and *inconvenience*
migration	the *migration* of birds
passage	and so do all birds of *passage*
phenomena	the most remarkable *phenomena* in natural history
refreshing	by their *refreshing* shade
remarkable	the most *remarkable* phenomena in natural history
simultaneously	almost *simultaneously* they alighted
stragglers	a few *stragglers* could be seen
swarming	like bees *swarming*

Lesson IV

I Will Conquer Myself

Many years ago in one of the oldest towns of New England there lived a young girl, whom I shall call Helen Earle. Her father had been engaged in the East Indian trade, and had gained great wealth. Her mother was a sweet, gentle woman, who most tenderly loved her children, and endeavored to correct their faults and to develop good traits in them. In Helen's home there was every comfort and every luxury that heart could desire, but she was not always happy. She had one fault, which often made herself and her friends very unhappy. It was the indulgence of a violent temper. She would allow herself to become very angry, and her usually beautiful face was then disfigured by her temper. Her mother was greatly grieved by these outbreaks of ill temper, and did all in her power to restrain them. She talked with her daughter earnestly in regard to the sin of such a temper. Helen would weep bitter tears, and express much regret for the past, but she could not quite overcome the temptation. The task seemed too difficult, and she shrunk from the attempt.

Mrs. Earle shed many tears in secret over this sad failing in her beloved child, and most fervently pleaded for help from Him Who had given her the care of this immortal spirit to educate for eternity. She knew that God alone could change Helen's heart, and give her power to overcome this sin.

One day, when Helen was very angry at something which had occurred, her mother led her upstairs to her own room and left her alone. For a time she cried violently; then she grew calm and quiet, and her mother could hear her walking back and forth across the

room talking to herself. She listened. How her heart rejoiced when she heard her repeating, again and again, "I will conquer myself! I will conquer myself! Please, God, give me the strength to do so!"

And Helen did conquer herself with God's grace. She had come to the determination, not that she would *try* to conquer, but that she *would* conquer. And—by the gracious help of the heavenly Father Who always gives to those who ask—she nobly succeeded. From that hour she was able to overcome the temptation and was not

overcome by it. She grew up to womanhood and was remarkable for the evenness and gentleness of her temper. None, who had not known her in childhood, would have suspected that she was not always thus mild and lovely.

Helen did for herself what no earthly friend could do for her. Through God's grace and her own determination she controlled her impulses, and this triumph was of far more value to her than all the wealth of her father. It made her a blessing to her friends, strengthened all her good purposes, and enabled her to perform the duties of life without the friction, which a bad temper always occasions. It gave her that true self-respect which elevates the character, and which none can feel who are not conscious of the power through God to rule their own spirits.

No child is blamed for having a quick temper, but he is blamed if he allows himself to be overpowered by it. If he really determines, as Helen did, to conquer himself, and asks God for help, he will succeed. The old proverb, "Where there is a will, there is a way," will never fail in such a case as this. "God helps those who help themselves," and He is ever ready to assist us in subduing what is wrong in our own spirits.

The Bible contains many passages which condemn anger: "He that is soon angry dealeth foolishly." "Be not hasty in thy spirit to be angry: for anger resteth in the bosom of fools." "Make no friendship with an angry man; and with a furious man thou shalt not go." "He that is slow to wrath is of great understanding: but he that is hasty of spirit exalteth folly." "Let every man be swift to hear, slow to speak, slow to wrath: for the wrath of man worketh not the righteousness of God."

All habits grow stronger by indulgence. If you allow yourself to become angry today, you will more easily become so tomorrow. If you control your temper today, it will be less difficult to control it tomorrow. Helen's victory was obtained by decision. To form the

determination to conquer herself required more effort of will and more strength of character than any subsequent struggle with her besetting sin could possibly require.

If you have any fault which you wish to correct, you must fully make up your mind to succeed. You must resolve that you will conquer, and you must ask God for help. If you should occasionally be overcome, do not give up, but with renewed courage try again.

"On yourself and God relying,
Try, keep trying."

"Wherefore, my beloved brethren, let every man be swift to hear, slow to speak, slow to wrath: for the wrath of man worketh not the righteousness of God." —James 1:19-20

Questions

1. From the description of Helen's temper in the story, what do you picture if you would see Helen losing her temper?
2. Describe how Helen felt when she lost her temper and how it affected her and her mother.
3. What would Helen's mother have done for Helen if she could have?
4. What did Helen have to do to control her temper, which she had avoided in the past?

What Do You Think?

5. Do you have difficulty controlling something in your life? What must you do to change it?

Vocabulary

beloved	sad failing in her *beloved* child
besetting	any subsequent struggle with her *besetting* sin
develop	correct their faults, and *develop* good traits
disfigured	her usually beautiful face was then *disfigured*
elevates	that true self-respect which *elevates* the character
endeavored	and *endeavored* to correct their faults
engaged	had been *engaged* in the East Indian trade
evenness	remarkable for the *evenness* and gentleness of her temper
exalt(eth)	he that is hasty of spirit *exalteth* folly
failing	this sad *failing* in her beloved child
friction	to perform the duties of life without the *friction*
immortal	of this *immortal* spirit to educate for eternity
indulgence	all habits grow stronger by *indulgence*
luxury	there was every comfort and every *luxury*
outbreaks	these *outbreaks* of ill temper
renewed	but with *renewed* courage try again
shrunk	she *shrunk* from the attempt
subduing	in *subduing* what is wrong in our own spirits
subsequent	any *subsequent* struggle with her besetting sin
wherefore	*wherefore*, my beloved brethren
wrath	for the *wrath* of man

Lesson V

Agnes, The Young Patrician

Agnes was born in Rome during the reign of Diocletian, about the year A.D. 294. Her parents were of noble birth, and Agnes lived in a beautiful home with mosaic floors, marble pillars, porticoes, and cooling fountains. There were slaves who waited about in attendance, ready at a sign of the hand to bring fruits or drink, to pull down a shade to keep the sun out, or to raise one to let it in.

There were slaves for every purpose. Those beautiful marble pillars and walls were polished by the slaves who had charge of them, until they shone like glass, and everywhere in the home of a high-born Roman were all that luxury and ease could desire.

But under all the stateliness, luxury, and seeming ease of these wealthy Romans lurked evil and danger. Agnes, young as she was, knew that no life was safe from the power and cruelty of the Emperor. Envy and malice could easily find a way to bring ruin and death to the highest. Was there nothing secure—was there no one in whom one could trust?

Even when Agnes was quite a child these thoughts laid hold of her. And one day, when she heard the story of Jesus, the Son of God, the Saviour, Who had come to die for our sins, Who had risen again and ascended to heaven, how joyfully her heart received Him!

Here was Someone more powerful than the mightiest Caesar—One Who had given His life to save *her*, Who had shed His blood that *she* might be washed from sin, and made meet for the inheritance of the saints in light. He was preparing a home for *her* in His Father's

house above the strife and evil of this world, where she would dwell forever with Him.

Happy Agnes! Happy the day when her young heart found its refuge in the loving Saviour. No matter what awaited her in the gilded, glittering world in which her lot was cast for the present, her future with Him, in the courts of heaven, was assured.

She trode the marble halls of her earthly home now with a lighter step; her eyes shone bright and clear with the inner joy, and, had she dared, she would have broken into one of the sweet hymns she was learning amongst the Christians. But in those days to say, "JESUS DIED FOR ME: I AM HIS," would mean torture and death for the boy or girl who said it. So, for a time, our young Agnes said nothing except to those who were like-minded.

The Christians had a curious way of finding each other out. You would see one person drawing (as we draw sometimes idly with the point of a stick) the outline of a fish. That sign meant: "JESUS, SON OF GOD, SAVIOUR." The letters of the word "fish" in the Greek language are the initial letters of that sentence, so when a fish was drawn by one person before another, if that person looking on was a Christian, he or she would understand, and draw a fish too. Thus, without a word, they knew each other for believers in the Lord Jesus Christ. After that, the newly discovered Christian would be taken to the meetings in the Catacombs, the only place where they could gather safely and undisturbed.

The Catacombs form a maze of underground passages just outside old Rome, and at night the Christians would steal away in twos and threes to one of the entrances and make their way, lighted by torches, to the appointed place of meeting. There in the torchlight, they would pray, and listen to the reading of such part of God's Word as they had in those days, and sing hymns, without fear of being heard. If you ever go to Rome, be sure to see the Catacombs, for they are still there. You will see the names of Christians in the burying places, many of them martyrs.

The years went by, for the most part filled with cruelty toward the Christians; but this persecution revived their strength, and purity, and simplicity, which had failed much during a long period of peace many years before.

The Emperor Diocletian was incensed against them by Galerius, his son-in-law and co-emperor, and he issued edict after edict to

compel the Christians to deny and dishonor their Lord. Through the streets of Nicomedia and Rome, and all great cities, public proclamation was made that *all*—men, women, and children—were to go to the temples of the gods and sacrifice. Some Christians, through fear of the persecution which would follow, did as they were bid, but Agnes, young as she was, boldly refused.

As time went on, Galerius, with two of the three Emperors, became more vigilant and vindictive, and Agnes was taken and tortured. Strengthened by Christ Himself, she stood firm, and at last was ordered to be beheaded.

The executioner came toward her, a naked sword in his hand, and she smiled at him. The poor tortured child felt that she could smile, for she knew of the joy and glory which lay beyond death. Heaven was a real place to her, and she would be face to face with her Saviour.

So she said, "I am now glad and rejoice that thou art come! I will willingly receive into my bosom the length of this sword. I shall surmount and escape all the darkness of this world. Receive, O Christ, my soul that seeks Thee!" Then she knelt down, and with one swift stroke it was all over. Those standing by could see only the poor severed body. She, the real Agnes, was radiantly happy in the presence of her Lord—seeing Him and speaking to Him. Happy ever after! Thus she triumphed by grace.

"*As it is written, For thy sake we are killed all the day long; we are accounted as sheep for the slaughter."* —Romans 8:36

Questions

1. What caused Agnes to feel uneasy and fearful?
2. Explain how Agnes overcame her fear and the evil which ruled the Roman people.
3. Think about the story and explain what Agnes was required to give up in order to follow Jesus.

What Do You Think?

4. After reading the first few paragraphs about the home of Agnes, what do you envision that your daily life would be like if you were her?
5. What must you do in your life to belong to Jesus as Agnes did?

Vocabulary

A.D.	about the year *A.D.* 294
accounted	we are *accounted* as sheep
ascended	Who had risen again and *ascended* to heaven
catacombs	The *Catacombs* form a maze of underground passages
compel	to *compel* the Christians to deny
courts	in the *courts* of heaven
edict	he issued *edict* after *edict* to compel
gilded	in the *gilded*, glittering world
glittering	in the gilded, *glittering* world
incensed	Diocletian was *incensed* against them
inheritance	for the *inheritance* of the saints in light
initial	are the *initial* letters of that sentence
malice	envy and *malice* could easily find a way
marble	she trode the *marble* halls
mosaic	with *mosaic* floors, marble pillars, porticoes
patrician	Agnes, the young *patrician*
porticoes	with mosaic floors, marble pillars, *porticoes*
proclamation	public *proclamation* was made that
severed	the poor *severed* body
stateliness	under all the *stateliness*, luxury, and seeming ease
surmount	I shall *surmount* and escape
trode	She *trode* the marble halls
vigilant	became more *vigilant*
vindictive	became more vigilant and *vindictive*

Lesson VI

There's Work Enough To Do

The blackbird early leaves its nest
To meet the smiling morn,
And gather fragments for the nest
From upland, wood, and lawn.
The busy bee will wing its way
'Mid scenes of varied hue,
And every flower would seem to say,
"There's work enough to do."

The cowslip and the spreading vine,
The daisy in the grass,
The snow-drop and the eglantine
Preach sermons as we pass.
The ant within its cavern deep
Would bid us labor too;
And writes upon his tiny heap—
"There's work enough to do."

Who, then, can sleep when all around
Is active, fresh, and free?
Shall man—Creation's lord—be found
Less busy than the bee?
Our courts and alleys are the field,
If men would search them through,

That best the fruits of labor yield,
And work enough to do.

To have a heart for those who weep;
The sottish drunkard win;
To rescue all the children, deep
In ignorance and sin;
To help the poor, the hungry feed,
To give him coat and shoe;
To see that all can write and read—
Is work enough to do.

The time is short, the world is wide,
And much has to be done;
The wondrous earth and all its pride
Will vanish with the sun;
The moments fly on lightning's wings
And life's uncertain too;
We've none to waste on foolish things,
There's work enough to do.
From "Rural New Yorker," 1860

"I must work the works of him that sent me, while it is day: the night cometh, when no man can work." —John 9:4

Questions

1. What does the poem mean when it says we are Creation's lord?
2. From the pictures of nature painted by the poem, what do you think the author of the poem is trying to admonish us to do, and how is he doing so?
3. The poem says that nature preaches sermons to us, and the ant writes that we have work enough to do. Do you think this literally happens, or is the poem trying to give us a picture from nature? Explain your answer.
4. After reading the poem, describe how the person who wrote the poem would feel about wasting time with foolish activities.

What Do You Think?

5. Do you have any foolish activities which you enjoy doing? In light of this poem, do you think you should continue doing them?

Vocabulary

active	is *active*, fresh, and free
alleys	our courts and *alleys* are the field
cavern	the ant within its *cavern* deep
eglantine	the snow-drop and the *eglantine*
fragments	and gather *fragments* for the nest
lawn	from upland, wood, and *lawn*
lord	shall man—Creation's *lord*—be found
morn	to meet the smiling *morn*
scenes	'mid *scenes* of varied hue
sermons	preach *sermons* as we pass
snow-drop	the *snow-drop* and the eglantine
sottish	the *sottish* drunkard win
uncertain	and life's *uncertain* too
upland	from *upland*, wood, and lawn
vanish	will *vanish* with the sun
varied	'mid scenes of *varied* hue
win	the *sottish* drunkard win
wood	from upland, *wood*, and lawn

Lesson VII

Praying for Rain

It was the first of July and there had been no rain for several weeks. Every one feared there would be a drought. The farmer looked anxiously upon his fields of corn, whose deep green leaves had not yet begun to turn yellow, and upon the potatoes, whose blossoms were still not withered. They could not remain thus, beautiful and thriving, if the refreshing rain was withheld. The ground was so dry that, in hoeing the garden, no moisture could be observed.

Mrs. Johnson talked with her children about the need of rain, and the propriety of praying to our heavenly Father to water the earth, that it might "bring forth and bud," and "give seed to the sower, and bread to the eater." She told them how Elijah prayed for rain after there had been none in the land of Canaan for three years and six months, and how God heard his prayer, "and the heaven gave rain, and the earth brought forth her fruit."

This great drought was a judgment upon the people of Israel for their sin in departing from God, and worshipping idols. There had been, in consequence of this want of rain, a "sore famine." We read in the book of Kings of one poor woman, who had only a handful of meal in a barrel, and a little oil in a cruse. When Elijah met her, and asked her for water, and a morsel of bread, she told him this was all she had, and that she was gathering two sticks, that she might bake it for herself and her son, that they might eat and die! She knew not where to find any more food for herself or her child, and expected to "pine away, stricken through for want of the fruits of the field," and

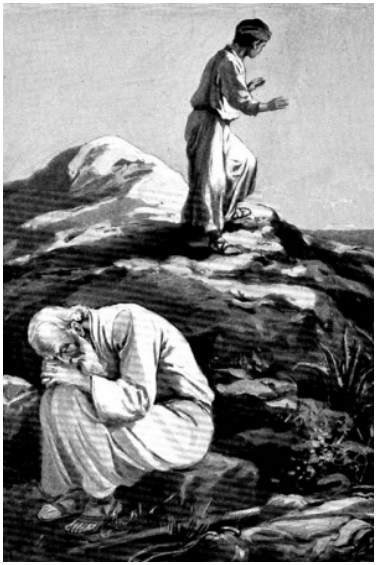
to die with hunger.

Elijah bid her not to fear, but to go and do what she had said. He asked her to make him a little cake first, and bring it to him, and afterwards make one for herself and son. "For thus saith the LORD God of Israel, the barrel of meal shall not waste, neither shall the cruse of oil fail, until the day that the LORD sendeth rain upon the earth."

It would not have been strange if this widow of Zarephath had been unwilling to divide her handful of meal with Elijah, or if she had doubted the promise which was made to her; but she did not. She baked the little cake for the stranger, and afterwards one for herself and her boy, and there was plenty of meal and oil left for another repast. "She, and he, and her house, did eat many days." The barrel of meal wasted not, neither did the cruse of oil fail, until the Lord sent rain upon the earth, and her wants could be supplied in the usual way. She did not lose the reward promised to those who give a cup of cold water to the friends of God.

God does not willingly afflict the creatures He has made. He is a gracious God, merciful, and of great kindness, and has compassion

even on the beasts of the field. When Jonah complained that God spared Nineveh—because after having sent Jonah to prophesy to them that in forty days it should be overthrown, its inhabitants humbled themselves before God and turned from their evil way— God said to Jonah, "Should I not spare Nineveh, that great city, wherein are more than sixscore thousand persons that cannot discern between their right hand and their left; and also much cattle?"



In this long drought in the land of Canaan, the cattle must have suffered greatly, and many of them probably perished. Indeed, we read that Ahab, the king of Israel, and Obadiah, the governor of his house, searched the land for the fountains and brooks to find grass to save the horses and mules alive, that they might not be all lost.

God is a father, and, like a tender, loving father, He removes His chastisements so soon as they have produced the effect designed. He was "grieved for the misery of Israel." He told Elijah he would send rain. The prophet went to Ahab, who, when he saw him, asked, "Art thou he that troubleth Israel?" Elijah answered that it was Ahab, and his father's house, who troubled Israel, because they had forsaken the commandments of the Lord, and worshipped Baalim.

Elijah went up to the top of Mount Carmel, and earnestly prayed for rain. God had promised that He would send it, and Elijah no doubt pleaded this promise as he interceded with Him. Elijah directed his servant to go where he could look toward the sea. He went and looked, and said, "There is nothing." Elijah was not discouraged.

He knew God would remember His promise, and Elijah sent him seven times more. The seventh time the servant returned and said, "Behold, there ariseth a little cloud out of the sea, like a man's hand." It grew rapidly larger and larger, until the sky was black with clouds and wind, and there was a great rain.

James, in his Epistle, says, "The effectual fervent prayer of a righteous man availeth much," and he mentions this instance of prevailing prayer in Elijah, as an encouragement to all Christians to ask for needed blessings. "Elias was a man subject to like passions as we are," he tells us, and if he prevailed with God, so may others. God is the "same yesterday, today, and forever." He does not change. He is always a hearer of prayer.

Mrs. Johnson also told her children that God hears the cry of all who are in distress. She referred to one of the psalms of David, where he describes a storm at sea, and the great terror of the sailors. "Then they cried unto the LORD in their trouble, and he delivered them out of their distresses."

God does not forget any creature He has made. He provides the springs and the streams to give drink to the beasts of the field, and to the birds which sing among the branches. He causes the grass to grow for the cattle, and herb for the service of man. He feeds the fowls, and clothes the flowers with beauty. He has taught us to ask for our daily bread, and as this must depend upon fruitful seasons, it is proper that we should ask for rain, whenever it is needed.

The children were quite interested in what their mother had told them. They knew that she earnestly desired rain, and that she often asked God to send it, before vegetation perished for want of it. They watched the sky with great anxiety, and when it became cloudy, and continued so from day to day, they thought surely a storm was near. After several days, there was a slight shower, but not enough to refresh the plants. Missy was greatly disappointed. "I thought," she said to her mother, "it was going to rain in answer to your prayer."

"I thanked God for that little rain," said Johnny, as he talked about it. Mrs. Johnson told him that he was right, but they ought to pray for more, as it was so much needed.

The next Sunday Mrs. Johnson was not well, and could not attend church. When her children returned, she asked Missy if they prayed for rain. "No, Mother!" she answered; "but I did."

The sky continued cloudy for some time, and then the rain gently fell for a day and a night, and all nature was refreshed and cheered.

Soon afterwards I left Mrs. Johnson's family. When I had been absent about a fortnight, I received a letter from Missy. She told me about the flowers and many other things in which I was interested. She wrote that it had "rained on Sunday and all day Monday. I cannot help thinking," she continued, "how good God is to send us rain when we most need it, and what cause we have for thanksgiving."

I hope Mrs. Johnson's children will never forget that God is the giver of every good gift, and that He likes to have people ask Him for what they need. Children should think of God as their best friend, and should go to Him in prayer, feeling as sure that He can and does hear them as they are that their mother does. In a season of drought they should ask Him for rain, and when He sends it to make vegetation grow, they should thank Him for that evidence of His loving-kindness.

"But without faith it is impossible to please him: for he that cometh to God must believe that he is, and that he is a rewarder of them that diligently seek him." —Hebrews 11:6

Questions

1. After reading the beginning of the story, what sort of picture do you see in your mind as to the location or setting of this story?
2. What do you think Mrs. Johnson was trying to teach her children by telling them the Bible story about Elijah?

3. When there had been a slight shower, what was the right attitude to have toward God— Missy's attitude or Johnny's? Why?
4. How does the rain give us a picture of God's goodness?

What Do You Think?

5. What are some things for which you pray and ask God?

Vocabulary

avail(eth)	fervent prayer of a righteous man *availeth* much
brooks	searched the land for the fountains and *brooks*
chastisements	He removes His *chastisements*
cruse	neither did the *cruse* of oil fail
designed	they have produced the effect *designed*
discern	that cannot *discern* between their right hand
drought	in a season of *drought*
effectual	the *effectual* fervent prayer
famine	this want of rain, a sore *famine*
fortnight	absent about a *fortnight*
fowls	He feeds the *fowls*
governor	the *governor* of his house
gracious	a *gracious* God, merciful
overthrown	it should be *overthrown*
passions	subject to like *passions*
prevailing	this instance of *prevailing* prayer
prophesy	sent Jonah to *prophesy* to them
propriety	the *propriety* of praying
repast	plenty of meal and oil left for another *repast*
stricken	*stricken* through for want of the fruits of the field
thriving	they could not remain thus, beautiful and *thriving*
vegetation	to make *vegetation* grow
waste	the barrel of meal shall not *waste*
withered	whose blossoms were still not *withered*

Lesson VIII

Sam Silver's Thanksgiving

It was the day before Thanksgiving, and the whole household at Sunny Hill was in a state of the happiest confusion imaginable. There was a roaring fire in the old-fashioned brick oven, and the kitchen table was a perfect chaos of sugar, raisins, eggs, flour, and spices. Mamma, with her snowy apron, flittered hither and thither with busy flour-covered hands, worked with such a flurry that in a little while the whole house was fragrant with steaming pumpkin pies, and the odor of rich brown doughnuts.

Without, it was very cold and dismal. The trees seemed to be shivering and stretching out their arms, like so many poor old beggars whose clothes had gone to tatters and were falling off; and the heavy, gray clouds seemed to droop low as if to tell them to be patient, for they were bringing the trees a suit of ermine which would make them look like princes.

A cold wind rushed around the corners of the house, trying to find some way to get in, but the little children at the window laughed at the vain attempts, and talked merrily in the pauses of the gale.

"I wonder if they'll all come," cried Susy Gray, gleefully. "What fun we'll have!"

"It's a great thing to have so many cousins and aunts and uncles," said Fred. "And what a capital dinner they'll have—roast turkey, chicken pie—"

"Ah," said the golden-haired Dolly, with a half regret dawning in her wide-open eyes, "do you know, I think the old black hen

misses her chickens, and has been calling all day for Speckle and Graybeard. I wonder how she would feel if she could see them now, without a single feather on their backs, and their poor, cold legs tied tight together."

"Oh, Dolly; don't be a goose; she'll never know the difference.

Let's talk about tomorrow. There'll be Mary and Fanny, Tyler, and Charley and Carrie Burton, and better than all, Sam Silver. He's just the funniest and best-natured of all the cousins, though I'm sure I don't see how he *can* be when he lives with that terribly cross old grandfather, who scolds him every day within an inch of his life."

"That's coming pretty close," said Charley.

"Poor Sam," sighed Dolly—"no father nor mother to love him."

"Well," cried Fred, "he shall have a good time tomorrow. He shall be king, and choose all the games, and he shall have the brownest doughnuts, and the biggest piece of chicken pie."

"And the turkey wishbone," added Dolly, who considered that a mark of distinction.

"He may possibly come today," said Charley; and shading his eyes, he peered anxiously down the gray line of the road.

But *we* can see what Charley couldn't: and six miles away stands little Sam Silver, in great coat and mittens, talking eagerly with his grandfather.

"You see, sir, if I go now, I shall get there just at dark; but if I wait until tomorrow morning, I'll be too late to go to church with all the cousins."

"All folly," said Grandfather Silver, as a twinge of rheumatism made him feel more impatient than ever. "You must first finish your usual day's work before you go."

"I'll do twice as much when I come back," pleaded Sam.

"It must be done today," said the old grandfather, firmly; and Sam, patiently pulling off his mittens, went into the backyard.

The short autumn afternoon had far advanced when at last he had permission to go.

"Six miles before dark," said Sam to himself. "I shall have to take the express train." And he looked down with cheerful confidence at the stout pair of feet clattering nimbly over the frozen ground.

"Perhaps I had better take the shortcut through the woods, for I won't have time to go around by the road." In a few minutes his bright scarlet scarf was seen bobbing in and out between the dark pine trees, and his cheery whistle pleasantly awoke the little birds napping in their warm shelter from the cold November rain.

But presently, as the early evening began to close in, and he was still in the midst of the dark woods, his merry whistle ceased, and he said, half aloud, "It would be a poor joke if I should happen to lose my way. Grandfather might have let me start before. How cross he was today. Now, tomorrow is Thanksgiving, and I really don't see that I've a great deal to be thankful about. If I were only Charley or Fred Gray, I'd feel a little more like it. What pleasant lives they do lead, to be sure. They have a mother and father ready to do anything for them, dear little sisters to love them, and scarcely anything to do but just study their lessons. Now, when *I* go home, Grandfather will have something cross to say the minute I put my head in the door, and will call out, 'To work, to work, you lazy dog; you've had a long play spell.' Then, when I *have* worked hard all day, there's no kind mother to say, as Aunt Gray does to *her* boys, 'Come here, Sam, my dear son; you look cold and tired. Come sit by the fire and rest your head on my lap.' Grandfather will just call out—'To bed, to bed if you're tired; and mind you're up with the birds.' No, No," said Sam, growing more and more discontented as his thoughts ran on, "I *don't* think I've much to be thankful for, and I believe I won't go to church tomorrow morning."

He walked a few minutes in silence, then, looking uneasily around, continued onward. "How gloomy it has grown. Shouldn't wonder if I *had* lost my way, after all. I can't see the least sign of the path. There, *that* looks a little more like an opening," and Sam sprang anxiously forward. A few hasty steps through the thick undergrowth, and his footing suddenly gave way. The little gray mittens flew up in the air, and clutched desperately at an overhanging

tree, but it was too late. In the uncertain light he had come suddenly upon the edge of a deep ravine, and now he rolled helplessly over and over, clutching vainly at every bush and twig, and only stopping when he lay bruised and breathless at the bottom. Tears sprang to his eyes, but he brushed them off, and looked quickly around to see if there had been any spectators of his mishap. But no; there were only the tall old pine trees looking over the edge of the ravine, and nodding their heads in a sort of solemn wonder, as much as to say, "Why, Sam Silver, how in the world came you down there?"

But Sam found that he could neither stand nor walk without the greatest difficulty. He had sprained one foot very badly, and after toiling on for some time, trying to find a good place to climb up again, he was forced to sit down and think what in the world he should do next. Gloom gathered fast in the deep ravine, and he soon perceived that he would have to spend the night where he was. Striving manfully against some strange thoughts that *would* set his heart beating unpleasantly fast, poor Sam gathered a large pile of withered leaves under an overhanging rock, and laid himself carefully down. It was not a very pleasant bed for such a bundle of bruises; and Sam could not help remembering the soft feathers and nice warm blankets at home, for, after all, Grandfather Silver *was* kind in a rough way, and wished Sam to have every comfort.

"That *was* a nice bed, sure enough," sighed Sam.

"Nothing in the world to be thankful for," a voice seemed to whisper close to his ear.

Sam started and blushed crimson; then, not liking to pursue such a train of thoughts, he tucked his head under his scarf, and tried to go to sleep. But again and again he would start up, trembling, as the wind rustled the dry leaves, until they sounded like the stealthy tread of some wild animal. He would listen for a long time with a sick heart and staring eyes, until, gradually conquering his fears, he would sink into a troubled sleep. At last he thought he heard

someone calling him. "Sam, Sam, Sam!"

"All right," cried he, cheerily, "here I am." But, alas! it was only a couple of crows bidding each other good morning, for the day had begun to dawn.

Sam sat up, though the tears came in his eyes as he tried to bend his stiff limbs. He made an effort to walk, but it was worse than the night before. He could not bear his weight on one foot without almost screaming with pain. He tried to crawl along, but the ground was so uneven, and his foot so stiff, that he began to feel very faint, and laid down in despair.

Just then a vision of nice hot cakes and coffee came temptingly before him. "What a nice breakfast we used to have every morning," murmured Sam.

"Nothing in the world to be thankful for," said the voice, and Sam blushed again. He began to be afraid that he had been very ungrateful. Grandfather really was very kind, though he did scold a little now and then. He gave Sam his nice warm clothes sent him to school, and was proud when he did well. And if he only knew that Sam was sick and sore down in that lonely ravine, how quickly he would send someone to get him out! But *now* who would ever find him? He might die before anybody missed him.

"I have been *very* wicked," sighed Sam; and, with the gray mittens pressed over his eyes, he sat and thought remorsefully, while the hours rolled on, and the snow began to fall.

Suddenly he heard the sound of the sweet church bells, and knew it was time for the morning service. He thought of the happy, bright cousins, sitting in a row in the family pew, and the sweet voice of his favorite "Golden Hair" singing "We Praise Thee, O God!" And *he* might have been sitting by their side. Then again he thought he heard a voice sounding in his ears, "Nothing in the world to be thankful for." And with tears streaming down his cheeks, Sam again confessed, "I have been very wicked and ungrateful. Oh, forgive me,

dear Father in heaven, and do not leave me to die in these woods."

Then everything became confused. He thought he was falling again down, *down, down*, and he knew no more until he opened his eyes and found himself lying in bed, in a pleasant warm room, with Aunt Gray bending tenderly over him.

"He's alive!" cried Dolly, eagerly peeping around Mamma's dress. Then the tender-hearted little cousins outside the door burst out with a smothered "Hurrah!"

"Let them in," pleaded Sam; and they stole in on tiptoe, kissed his pale lips, and stood lovingly around the bed, telling him, with eager, subdued voices, how they wondered why he didn't come—

how they sent for him, and how John never would have found him if it hadn't been for Carlo, the great dog; and a great deal more, which we haven't time to repeat.

"You have had rather a sad Thanksgiving, dear child," said Aunt Gray, bending over to kiss him.

"Oh, no," cried Sam, quickly. "I've a *great deal* to be thankful for."

"Come, children," called Uncle Gray at the door. "It is an hour past your sleep time."

"Let's sing a Thanksgiving hymn before we go," urged Dolly.

And as the children joined in full chorus, loud and sweet above them all rose the clear voice of grateful Sam Silver—

"Praise God, from Whom all blessing flow."

"*Giving thanks always for all things unto God and the Father in the name of our Lord Jesus Christ;"* —Ephesians 5:20

Questions

1. Describe what conditions you imagine outside the house on the day the story took place.
2. In the beginning of the story, after hearing the children discuss Sam's grandfather, what did you think about the grandfather?
3. How did Sam view his grandfather as he walked to his cousin's house?
4. Think about the details we know about Sam's life from the story before he falls. What clue do we have that would tell us that he does not look at his grandfather correctly?
5. Why did the small voice whispering in Sam's ear embarrass him?
6. After reading the entire story and learning much more about Sam's grandfather, what do we find out about him?

What Do You Think?

7. This story teaches us that we can always be unthankful for something, however we should always strive to be thankful for everything. What are you not happy or thankful for in your life? How can you look at those things differently so that you can be thankful for those things?

Vocabulary

capital	and what a *capital* dinner they'll have
chaos	table was a perfect *chaos* of sugar, raisins, eggs
confusion	was in a state of the happiest *confusion*
cross	Grandfather will have something *cross* to say
dawning	with a half regret *dawning* in her wide-open eyes
despair	and laid down in *despair*
distinction	who considered that a mark of *distinction*
ermine	the trees a suit of *ermine*
express	to take the *express* train
flittered	*flittered* hither and thither
gale	talked merrily in the pauses of the *gale*
gradually	*gradually* conquering his fears
manfully	striving *manfully* against some strange thoughts
ravine	down in that lonely *ravine*
remorsefully	he sat and thought *remorsefully*
rheumatism	as a twinge of *rheumatism* made him feel
scolds	who *scolds* him every day
smothered	door burst out with a *smothered* "Hurrah!"
spectators	had been any *spectators* of his mishap
spell	you've had a long play *spell*
tatters	whose clothes had gone to *tatters*
thither	flittered hither and *thither*
twinge	as a *twinge* of rheumatism

Lesson IX

Fannie's Opportunity

The "willing workers" were very busy. Tongues as well as fingers flew. Marvelous seams were sewn and marvelous stories told. The girls were fitting up a box to go to Albuquerque, and no storm kept them indoors. How swiftly whole pieces of cloth assumed the proportions of well-fitting garments! "What did Miss Smith mean about our giving our work to home missions and our money to foreign?" asked sweet Fannie Hays.

"Mean? Why, just that, I suppose! We are going to send this box of clothing to the Indian school, and we have pledged our collections for six months to the school at Tokyo—I guess that's the one." It was Lena Howard who made this explanation, which was Greek to poor little Fannie.

"I know, but I don't know what she meant by home and foreign," said puzzled Fannie.

"Why, Fannie Hays! You don't know what home missions and foreign missions are!" exclaimed May Brooks. She said this not ill-naturedly, but with just a touch of contempt for such ignorance.

"You forget," said Miss Smith, who had just turned toward the group, "that little Fannie has only lately become one of us."

"I never heard much about missions until I joined this missions band, and I want to find things out now," said Fannie.

"May, suppose you explain to Fannie what she does not understand about our work," said Miss Smith.

"Why, I suppose home missions are among people like ourselves,

except that they have never heard the Gospel. I suppose foreign missions are among other people: those who live far away and are of a different culture."

Miss Smith said, smiling, "How is it then about our Indians, my dear little friend?"

"I never thought about it before, but I should think they would belong to the foreign missions."

"Miss Smith, won't you tell us all about it?" asked Flora Brown.

"Well, missions are divided into two branches: home and foreign; by home missions we mean work in our own country among those who have not heard about the Lord Jesus and also the poor people who are destitute, whether black or white, yellow or copper-

colored. Work among the Alaskan Indians, the Chinese people of San Francisco, the Freedmen of the South, the destitute of our great cities, and the miners of the Western States is all classified under home missions. Meanwhile, preaching the Gospel to the Chinese or Japanese in their countries, or to the natives in Indian jungles, or along the swamps and rivers of Africa, or in the pestilential climate of Central America, or in the adobe huts of Mexico is foreign work."

"But, Miss Smith," began Lena, "the other day I read something which puzzled me. In one of the missionary magazines there was something about mission work in several Eastern states. I remember New York and Pennsylvania were mentioned. I am sure the Gospel has been preached in those states for hundreds of years!"

"Yet there is missionary ground even in the great Empire State," Miss Smith replied. "There are places where the majority of the people are too indifferent to Christianity to be willing to help support the Gospel, and for the sake of the few who do prize it, and in the hope of leading others to receive it, Christians elsewhere help to sustain churches in these places. In these old and long settled states it is not because the people have never heard the Gospel that we support missionaries among them, but because they do not care for its privileges and offers."

"We need a missionary in this town!" said Flora, with considerable emphasis. "There are lots of people who never go to church!"

"That is true," replied Miss Smith, with a touch of weariness in her voice, as if it were a sad fact which no one could help.

Fannie heard the remark and the reply and thought much about it. She reflected that she could not be a foreign missionary; neither could she, as Miss Smith intended to do, go into the Indian Territory to teach the Indians, but could she not reach somebody? Might she not be the home missionary which Flora said was needed in their own village?

Each day on her way to school she passed a pretty house with

lovely grounds, and many times it had happened that Mrs. Grey, the mistress of the home and grounds, had been outside among the walks; and somehow the young girl and the sad-faced woman had come to know each other. The Greys were newcomers in the neighborhood, but Fannie had noticed that they never went to church. Doctor Grey was generally starting upon his round of calls as Fannie went to Sunday school. Mrs. Grey often smiled upon her young acquaintance as she sat in her robe near the window, and, indeed, she was often sitting there in the same costume when Fannie returned from church. Thinking this over, Fannie said to herself, what if I should ask her to go to church? The thought stayed with her, and finally an opportunity came which Fannie afterwards declared "seemed made on purpose."

As she came in sight of the house that Sabbath morning, the doctor was just driving off, and Mrs. Grey stood at the gate dressed for the street. She smiled as Fannie came up and said, "I was going to ride with the doctor this morning, but just as we were starting a boy came to tell him to go at once to set a broken leg over at the Mills, so my ride is spoiled."

"I am sorry you are disappointed!" said Fannie. "I wonder if you wouldn't like to go with me to our church?"

Mrs. Grey looked down upon the eager face smilingly and said, "But what would I do there?"

"Why, there's a visitor's seat; or you could go in a class if you liked."

"I suppose I might as well," said Mrs. Grey reflectively. "The doctor will go on his rounds after he sets the broken limb, and will be gone all day. Maybe it will break the loneliness—I am very lonely sometimes, little Fannie!"

Fannie looked up with sympathy in her face.

"I had a dear little girl once, but she went away and I have been very lonely ever since. I have not been in a Sunday school since I

was your age," said Mrs. Grey as they reached the door. "I am afraid I shall not know how to conduct myself properly."

This seemed quite impossible to her young and admiring friend. How it was, Mrs. Grey could never tell, but the enthusiastic superintendent took her by storm and carried her away to a class of ladies who had for a teacher a gentleman more enthusiastic, if possible, than the superintendent himself! And so interested was this newcomer that she unhesitatingly allowed her name to be enrolled as a member of the class.

"I can't think what the doctor will say!" she said as she followed Fannie into the church, adding, "I may as well stay now that I am here."

A year later Mrs. Grey said to her pastor, who had just received herself and her husband into church membership, "And it all came of Fannie Hays asking me to go to church with her that morning; and that was not a mere happening, as I have found out since. She had been praying for an opportunity, and was on the lookout for the answer to her prayer."

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

Questions

1. What were the "willing workers" doing, and why were they doing it?
2. How do you think the other girls' comments made Fannie feel, and why did they make them?
3. Explain the difference between home missions and foreign missions.
4. What sequence of events led to Fannie asking Mrs. Grey to church?

What Do You Think?

5. Toward the end of the story we see that Fannie affected Mr. and Mrs. Grey's life in a large way. Do you think Fannie expected for the story to end the way it did when she asked Mrs. Grey to church? Explain your answer.
6. In what ways might you have a mission work in your life?

Vocabulary

adobe	in the *adobe* huts of Mexico
assumed	cloth *assumed* the proportions of
band	I joined this missions *band*
classified	the Western States is all *classified*
climate	the pestilential *climate* of Central America
contempt	a touch of *contempt* for such ignorance
costume	sitting there in the same *costume*
destitute	the *destitute* of our great cities
enrolled	name to be *enrolled* as a member of the class
enthusiastic	more *enthusiastic*, if possible
foreign	adobe huts of Mexico is *foreign* work
indifferent	people are too *indifferent* to Christianity lately
lookout	was on the *lookout* for the answer
majority	the *majority* of the people
marvelous	*marvelous* stories told
Mexico	adobe huts of *Mexico* is foreign work
mistress	the *mistress* of the home
pestilential	the *pestilential* climate of Central America
pledged	we have *pledged* our collections
privileges	they do not care for its *privileges* and offers
prize	few who do *prize* it
proportions	the *proportions* of well-fitting garments
unhesitatingly	she *unhesitatingly* allowed her name to be enrolled

Lesson X

Grandmother Bronson

"It is just wonderful to hear her read in the Bible," said Estelle, talking about her grandmother, as she was fond of doing. "It doesn't matter how seemingly dull the chapter is that you pick out; she is sure to have some sweet new thought about it. I wish I loved to read it as well as she does, and knew half as much about it. I don't believe you could pick out a place from which she wouldn't give you a new thought."

"I do," asserted Stuart Harper, who was leaning against the door pulling yellow roses to pieces and scattering the petals on the piazza. Stuart was one of those boys who was always picking things to pieces. "My small brother was stumbling through a lot of hard names in his Bible reading this morning, just because they belonged to the next chapter in his course. I said to Mother that I didn't believe there was any good to be gotten out of a list of names, if they *were* in the Bible; I don't believe even your grandmother could make anything of them."

"Let's try her," exclaimed Estelle. "She is in her room with her knitting; she is always ready to read to us. Let us all go in and ask her to read that chapter. Can you find the place, Stuart?"

The idea was no sooner broached, than the whole troop of grandchildren, with Tiny at their heels, and Stuart Harper and Francis Holmes following more quietly, started for Grandmother's room. She received them cordially, in no way surprised, for she was used to many visits from the young people. Neither did she consider

it a burden to be asked to read; this was a favorite afternoon pastime, and Grandmother saw no reason why it should not be as pleasant a thing on Tuesday as on the Sabbath.

"Stuart wants you to read from the first chapter of Numbers, beginning at the fifth verse," explained Estelle. "He wants to ask you some questions about it."

So Grandmother read: " 'And these are the names of the men that shall stand with you: of the tribe of Rueben; Elizur the son of Shedeur. Of Simeon; Shelumiel the son of Zurishaddai. Of Judah; Nahshon the son of Amminadad. Of Issachar; Nethaneel the son of Zuar. Of Zebulun; Eliab the son of Helon.'

"I never read over these names," said Grandmother, looking up over her spectacles, "but I think of your father. When he was a little boy he liked to read them, and to imagine how he should feel if he should read there, 'Tommy, the son of Jeremiah.' That was your grandfather's name, you know; and your father said he knew he should hold up his head proudly at the thought of being the son of such a good man as Jeremiah.

" 'But Mother,' says he, 'what if Father couldn't hold up his head when my name was called because he was ashamed of me?' " And Grandmother laughed a little, and at the same moment daubed a tear from her faded eye, and then resumed her reading.

" 'Of the children of Joseph: of Ephraim; Elishama the son of Ammihud: of Mannasseh; Gamaliel the son of Pedahzur.' "

Then she paused again. "Did you ever think, children, what a beautiful thing it is that the Lord knows us all so well that He can call all our names? I love to think of Him as speaking of my children and grandchildren, and setting them their tasks to do for Him."

It was a solemn thought, as well as a sweet one, and a concept that ought to have roused some serious thoughts among them. The grandchildren were quiet, but Stuart could not resist the temptation to clap his hands. This made Grandmother look up inquisitively, and then the whole story came out.

"But I still think," said Stuart, "that it would take a woman like Grandmother to find the crumb in such verses as those."

"Read on, my boy," said Grandmother. "Read on to the last verse: 'And the children of Israel did according to all that the LORD commanded.' Are you children doing so?"

"A good name is rather to be chosen than great riches, and loving favour rather than silver and gold." —Proverbs 22:1

Questions

1. Describe how you think Estelle felt about her grandmother.
2. Explain how Stuart felt about the passage in Numbers before Grandmother read it.
3. What thoughts did Grandmother have on the passage from Numbers?
4. What challenge did Grandmother give the children?

What Do You Think?

5. How are you striving to meet Grandmother's challenge?

Vocabulary

according	*according* to all that the LORD commanded
asserted	"I do," *asserted* Stuart Harper
broached	the idea was no sooner *broached*
burden	neither did she consider it a *burden*
concept	a *concep*t that ought to have roused some serious thoughts
cordially	she received them *cordially*
course	belonged to the next chapter in his *course*
crumb	to find the *crumb* in such verses
daubed	*daubed* a tear from her faded eye
favo(u)r	and loving *favour*
inquisitively	Grandmother look up *inquisitively*
ought	that *ought* to have roused some serious thoughts
pastime	a favorite afternoon *pastime*
piazza	scattering the petals on the *piazza*
roused	to have *roused* some serious thoughts
seemingly	it doesn't matter how *seemingly* dull
spectacles	looking up over her *spectacles*
troop	the whole *troop* of grandchildren

Lesson XI

Minnie's Influence

They came out of the chapel and walked down the street together; they were always together, those two. People used to say:

"What an influence Minnie seems to have over that impulsive little Julia! I am glad Julia has such a conscientious girl for a friend."

They had been to the early prayer meeting. It was a precious little meeting. Just the young people of the church attended. There were no long speeches or long prayers; there was a good deal of singing, and there were many earnest loving hearts.

Julia Hollister was not a Christian, but her friend Minnie was. On this particular evening Julia found herself wishing with a more resolute spirit than usual that she, too, could say as she had often heard Minnie say, "I love Jesus." As she went slowly down the chapel yard she was thinking just these thoughts:

"It is strange that Minnie doesn't say something to me oftener about being a Christian. She wants me to read the same books that she does, and go to the same places, and study the same lessons, and love the same people. I should think she would want me to be a Christian too, and she hardly ever says a word about that. I wish I were one, anyway; the people all seemed to be in earnest tonight. How they prayed for Jennie Brooks when she asked them! I wish somebody would ask them to pray that way for me, and tonight I almost wanted to do it for myself. I wish I had; if Minnie had asked me to, I believe I would. She doesn't ask them to pray for her friends.

I wonder if she doesn't want her father to be a Christian? I mean to go down to the other meeting tonight. Dr. Sherman said he wanted us all to go, if we could; maybe something will happen to help me. Maybe Minnie will ask me to be a Christian. If she does, I will ask her to get them to pray for me as they did for Jennie Brooks."

At this point in her thought, Minnie clicked the chapel gate, and clipped along by the side of her.

"Hasn't Mr. Lesbrook a funny squeak to his voice?" she said. "I always feel like laughing when he gets up."

Julia said not a word. Mr. Lesbrook was the one who had framed the prayer which so touched her heart. Minnie went on:

"I don't see how Jennie Brooks can stand up there before so many people and speak, do you?"

"I don't know," Julia said slowly. "If she really wants something very much, I should think it couldn't be very hard to say so."

"It would for me," Minnie said, positively. "I couldn't do it, I am sure; besides, I don't like to hear it. My Aunt Kate says the church is no place for a girl's voice."

"She recites poetry in the church at the lyceums," Julia said.

"Oh, well, that is different; it isn't in meeting. Why, Julia, aren't you going down to the other meeting?" For Julia had suddenly stopped at her own gate.

"Not tonight," she said.

But Minnie spoke coaxingly. "Oh, Julia, do come; I thought you would. I want you to go ever so much. Go with me, please? That's a good girl."

Julia laid her hand on the gate, and turned a pair of bright saucy eyes to her friend. "No," she said gaily, "I can't go tonight. I have heard enough of Mr. Lesbrook's squeaking voice. He will be sure to take part; he always does, you know. You will have to do the second meeting for you and me too. Good night."

"Couldn't you get Julia Hollister to come with you?" Celia Milton asked, as she joined Minnie at the church door.

"No," said Minnie, and she sighed as she spoke, for she felt rather dispirited. "I coaxed her, but she wouldn't come. She seemed to feel more flippant and unconcerned than ever. She said she didn't want to hear Mr. Lesbrook again tonight. What a pity that man wouldn't keep still! So many dislike to hear him."

"I know it," Celia said. "I don't see why they need him; he never says but a few words."

"And then another thing that influenced her," interrupted Minnie, "—at least I think it did—was that Jennie Brooks spoke; I suppose she doesn't like to hear her; so many people feel so, you know. If they knew they were doing harm, I suppose they would think they might rather keep still. Don't you think so?"

Then they went into the church, Minnie saying as the door closed on them:

"I am so sorry that Julia wouldn't come tonight. I thought I could get her to."

About this time Julia Hollister stepped into her father's door; and as she did so she murmured:

"The idea of her noticing a squeak in Mr. Lesbrook's voice after he had made such a prayer! I am not a Christian, but I couldn't do that. I guess I am about as good as the rest of them after all. I shan't ask them to pray for me very soon, I am afraid. If it isn't proper for Jennie Brooks, it wouldn't be for me. And I certainly don't want to shock the dear good Christian people."

The next day at school some of the girls said to each other with a disappointed sigh:

"Julia Hollister doesn't seem to think anything about these things. It will be no use for us to say anything to her. If Minnie cannot influence her, nobody can; and of course, she has tried."

"A wholesome tongue is a tree of life: but perverseness therein is a breach in the spirit." —Proverbs 15:4

Questions

1. After reading the first three paragraphs of the story, what was your impression of Julia and Minnie?
2. Do you think Julia was earnestly thinking about what had happened at the prayer meeting, and was interested in what it meant to be a Christian? Explain your answer.
3. Describe how you think Minnie felt and thought about the prayer meeting she attended compared to the other people in attendance.
4. The people who attended the prayer meeting prayed and spoke sincerely from their heart. How would you describe Minnie's heart?
5. What caused Julia to suddenly change her mind about going to the meeting, and why did she become disinterested in becoming a Christian?

What Do You Think?

6. There is a saying that actions speak louder than words. It is important to always look at our actions and check to see whether they match our words or not. Can you think of anything which you do where your actions do not match your words?

Vocabulary

breach	a *breach* in the spirit
chapel	Minnie clicked the *chapel* gate
clipped	*clipped* along by the side of her
coaxingly	Minnie spoke *coaxingly*
conscientious	Julia has such a *conscientious* girl for a friend
dispirited	for she felt rather *dispirited*
flippant	to feel more *flippant* and unconcerned
framed	was the one who had *framed* the prayer
gaily	"No," she said *gaily*
impulsive	over that *impulsive* little Julia
lyceums	recites poetry in the church at the *lyceums*
perverseness	but *perverseness* therein is a breach
positively	Minnie said, *positively*
resolute	wishing with a more *resolute* spirit
saucy	turned a pair of bright *saucy* eyes
still	that man wouldn't keep *still*
therein	but perverseness *therein* is a breach
wholesome	a *wholesome* tongue is a tree of life

Lesson XII

The Two Shores

They built their castles on the beach;
They planned, and worked, and chatted, each;
They dug their moats along the shore;
They strove, the while, for more and more
Of shop, and store, and house, and land,
With no foundation but the sand.
Far out, the tide upon the sea
Was drawing landward steadily.

And only moments told the hour
When coming ocean's whelming power
Should bury castle, tower, and wall,
House, store, and shop, and bridges all!
Sweep out all trace of toil and care
By all those lads and misses fair;
So that the morrow's visitor,
Should see no trace of what was there.

But shall we think, who stand today,
Where all their works were washed away,
That naught remains—no fruit whatever,
Of toil so fair, and thoughts so clever?
Were not their fingers gaining skill?
Were not the brain, the heart, the will,

Yea, all the powers that God had given
Perhaps preparing thus for heaven?

It may be so; but we who stand
With feet yet resting on the sand,
Beside the ocean spreading wide,
The eternal ocean—hither side;
Shall we, too, build on such foundation,
Be satisfied with such creation?
That when eternity rolls in
Naught shall remain of what has been?

G. A. Rossenberg

"And every one that heareth these sayings of mine, and doeth them not, shall be likened unto a foolish man, which built his house upon the sand:"
—Matthew 7:26

Questions

1. Describe in a few sentences the image the author was describing on the beach.
2. Now picture in your mind the sea several miles out, remembering that what you see out there is large enough to destroy the village that the children have worked so hard to build. Describe what you see.
3. As the waves crashed onto the shore and engulfed the entire beach, what happened to the little village?
4. Looking at the last stanza of the poem and understanding the author's picture that the ocean represents eternity and the sand represents the time of our lives, describe the contrast between the ocean and the sand.

What Do You Think?

5. What is some work you are doing in your life for the ocean of eternity rather than for the sandy shore today?

Vocabulary

chatted	they planned, and worked, and *chatted*
clever	and thoughts so *clever*
drawing	was *drawing* landward steadily
gaining	were not their fingers *gaining* skill
landward	was drawing *landward*
misses	by all those lads and *misses* fair
moats	they dug their *moats* along the shore
morrow's	so that the *morrow's* visitor
naught	*naught* shall remain
tide	far out, the *tide* upon the sea
trace	sweep out all *trace* of toil and care
whelming	when coming ocean's *whelming* power

Lesson XIII

Brave Jamie Douglas
The Covenanter

Before I tell you the story of Jamie Douglas, I must remind you a little about the noble Scottish Covenanters. The Solemn League and Covenant was a declaration or vow made by Scottish people, during the reign of Charles I, to guard the Church from idolatry, and to uphold the Bible as its only standard of belief. Those who meant to stand by this declaration were called Covenanters.

They, and their ministers, suffered cruel persecution, torture, and death at the hands of the king's men. They had to hold their meetings, or conventicles, as they were called, in secret places, and, as the Covenanting ministers had all been turned from their churches, they had to find refuge where they could—in caves, in secret rooms, on the moorland, and in the deep woods. Every Covenanter was always ready to help, and feed, and shelter the homeless fugitive ministers; but it was a dangerous thing to do, and they were often killed for doing it. Nevertheless, they helped each other in all ways, and the boys and girls bore a brave part in the terrible happenings during the forty-five year period—1643-1688—when William, Prince of Orange, came to the throne.

Life was very solemn, very sad to these children. Mothers, fathers, brothers, and sisters were often ruthlessly separated and scattered, or put to death. From day to day they never knew what terrible things might happen.

Now you will understand the story of Jamie Douglas and others

of the children of the Covenant about whom I want to tell you. I expect some of you know how very delightful it is to run and jump about on the moor and to see rabbits and other wild things scurrying here and there. You delight to see butterflies hovering over the bushes, and to hear bees humming about the heather with the sunshine all round, and the fleecy clouds sailing across the blue sky. You might see a bird mounting upwards, and singing its song of praise, and perhaps a hundred other things would contribute to your pleasure as you tramp or skip and jump along.

Well, many years ago, a small lad named Jamie Douglas was walking over a rocky, broken, heather-covered, rough Scottish moor. He was not free and easy in his walk; he did not whistle or sing, and his progress was a careful one for two reasons. One was that underneath his plaid he was carrying a parcel of food, and the other reason was that he wanted to reach his destination without being seen. So, very stealthily he went—past great bushes, now in the shadow of a great rock, now on an open space, and into cover again.

Some little distance away on the hillside overhung by sturdy ash and oak there was a cave, and in that cave was an old Scottish minister named Tam Roy. He was waiting for the arrival of Jamie Douglas with the parcel of food from Jamie's mother.

Tam Roy was hiding from Claverhouse, that cruel man who was hunting for the brave Covenanters all over the moor, and putting them to death.

So you understand why Jamie was trying so carefully to keep as much out of sight as possible. He *must* give Pastor Tam Roy the food, and he must *not* betray the old man's hiding place. Well, he knew that soldiers were possibly near, but he hoped for the best, and he did his best.

On he went; it was only a short distance now—the great rock with small trees in its crevices was a place to wait and look around.

No one was in sight, but as he reached the end of this rock and rounded the corner, there—waiting for him—were *soldiers*, some of Claverhouse's men.

Rough hands seized the little lad, and his plaid was nearly pulled off, displaying the parcel he carried. "Ha! lad! You are bearing this food to the old rebel, Tam Roy—are you not?" exclaimed one of his captors.

Jamie went very white, but he said nothing. The man could feel the boy's body trembling, and he laughed. "Come you before our leader," he said, pushing Jamie along in the direction of a cruel-looking man who was seated on a large rock.

The leader looked into Jamie's white, brave face and asked: "Where is the old man hiding, boy?"

"I will not tell you," was the answer.

"Not if I let you go free?"

Jamie's eyes flashed, and his reply was given in one word,

"No!"

The man leapt up, infuriated, and gripped the boy's shoulder. "You dare defy me," he roared. "See here what your end shall be if you refuse to tell me where that old man is."

He dragged the boy forward to the edge of a ravine close by. It was dark, and deep, and rugged with broken rocks. The trees clinging here and there to its steep sides seemed small and far away in those gloomy depths.

"Down there you'll go." As he spoke, the man seized Jamie and held him over the gulf for a moment, then roughly set him down again.

"That's where you'll go," said he.

"It's awful deep," the boy said, shuddering. Then he looked round on the men. "Would ye throw me down—have ye no bairns at home?" he pleaded.

"Come, come," said the angry leader, fearful perhaps lest his intention be frustrated, "tell me, or I fling you down the chasm."

"I canna tell—I canna tell," sobbed Jamie. Then he looked up at the sky. The Lord Jesus, he remembered, had stood up to receive Stephen. He would receive Jamie too.

"Throw me down. I'll not show ye what ye want," he said.

Furious at the boy's steadfastness, the man seized the light form, and lifting him high, cast him far over the edge. But before his frail body reached the bottom of that deep chasm, it is more than probable that his brave spirit had winged its flight heavenwards.

Pastor Tam Roy waited in his secret cave in vain for Jamie's coming, and the mother went often to her cottage door to see if Jamie was returning. But when the quiet stars shone in the sky, and still he did not appear, she knew that her next meeting with Jamie would be in the Home above, that glorious place where evil will never come, but perfect safety, perfect peace, and perfect love will be ours forever.

"And there, among the saved at last,
For ever blest and glad,
The mother dear, and old Tam Roy,
Shall meet their bonnie lad."

"And God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes; and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain: for the former things are passed away." —Revelations 21:4

Questions

1. Who were the Scottish Covenanters, and what did they believe?
2. Describe the contrast between Jamie's walk on the moor and a normal child in another time.
3. Do you think Jamie volunteered to take the meal to Tam Roy? Explain why.
4. Describe how you felt when Jamie was caught and the soldiers threatened him.
5. If Jamie was terrified inside, how do you think he was able not to tell the soldiers where Tam Roy was?

What Do You Think?

6. Many times fiction stories have happy endings, but many times true stories do not. What did you think about the ending of this story?

Vocabulary

bairns	have ye no *bairns* at home
betray	he must not *betray* the old man's hiding place
chasm	the bottom of that deep *chasm*
crevices	small trees in its *crevices*
declaration	to stand by this *declaration*

defy	you dare *defy* me
destination	he wanted to reach his *destination*
fleecy	the *fleecy* clouds sailing across the blue sky
fling	I *fling* you down the chasm
former	for the *former* things are passed away
frail	before his *frail* body
fugitive	shelter the homeless *fugitive* ministers
heather	*heather*-covered, rough Scottish moor
hovering	to see butterflies *hovering* over the bushes
infuriated	he man leapt up, *infuriated*
moor	heather-covered, rough Scottish *moor*
plaid	and his *plaid* was nearly pulled off
refuge	they had to find *refuge* where they could
reign	during the *reign* of Charles I
ruthlessly	were often *ruthlessly* separated
Scottish	heather-covered, rough *Scottish* moor
shuddering	the boy said, *shuddering*
steadfastness	furious at the boy's *steadfastness*
vow	was a declaration or *vow* made by Scottish people

Lesson XIV

A Little White Casket

She was just as cross as anybody that you can imagine. Not the little girl by the sofa with the dollies. Oh, no, that was Cora; she was very quiet and pleasant; a little bit disappointed, but bearing it bravely. It was Emma, the older sister, who was hopelessly cross. She scolded the kitten and turned it out of the room; and when Cora begged to keep the kitten, Emma said, "No, indeed; did she suppose she was going to have that horrid little kitten under her heels all the afternoon?" Then she sat down in the large rocker to nurse her wrath. With whom was Emma angry? Well, truth to tell, she would not have quite liked to own that she had just had a heavy disappointment. There was a splendid meeting downtown this very afternoon; it was a missionary meeting, and a real Chinaman in costume was going to be there, and a little Japanese girl, and she, Emma, was to have read the report of their Missionary Band, and was one of the singers; so was Cora, for that matter, and here they both had to stay at home.

"Such perfect nonsense," said Emma to herself, rocking back and forth angrily. "Just a little sprinkle of rain that wouldn't hurt a kitten! Mamma is *so* afraid for Cora; I know it isn't going to rain any more. Just because she has just gotten over the measles, she must be cooped up at home, and I have to stay with her. Other children who have had the measles caper about, and don't mind rain nor anything; I think it is just too bad. Mamma might have stayed herself."

She didn't mean that last; she knew her mamma was the presiding

officer and *must* be there. If it were a possible thing, and it really wasn't, Emma really wouldn't have had her mamma stay in Emma's place for *anything*; but she thought it was such a relief to think cross things. As she gloomed over it, and thought how all the rest of the Band girls would be there, and how much they would miss her voice in the singing, and how Alice Parker would be likely to read the report that she, Emma, had written so carefully, she kept growing more cross every minute. Thus, when Cora, tired of her dolls, and lonely without the kitten, and trying to be brave without Mamma, and bear her own great big disappointment as well as she could, came and leaned against her sister's chair, and proposed that they practice their duet, so as to play it beautifully for Mamma, she was pushed away, and not very gently.

"No, indeed; she never wanted to hear that silly little duet again; it was too babyish for a girl like her anyway; she wasn't *going* to play it, ever. For her part, she wished she could play anything, or go anywhere, or do anything like other girls, without being always tied to a little baby." Then she flounced out of the room, shut the door behind her, and sat down on the lowest steps of the side piazza,

where Cora could not come because of the dampness. Here she meant to have a good time going over all her grievances. She was right in the midst of them, her face as gloomy as night, when the solemn "toll, toll, toll" of a bell made her look up and down the street, and wonder if there was a funeral coming. Yes, there was the hearse, drawn by white horses, and with white plumes all around it; there was some little child inside the white casket, and then a long line of carriages followed, slowly, slowly, oh, so solemnly.

"Who is dead?" This question was asked of Carrie Phillips as she stopped at the gate to wait for the procession to pass.

"Oh, Emma Barstow! Didn't you go, after all? I didn't either; I missed the train. But then I don't mind because brother Aleck came home unexpectedly. Why, that little bit of a Marshall girl is dead; don't you remember her? They live away up Selwyn Avenue."

"What, that little curly-haired girl?"

"Yes, the one that looks like your Cora. I went to see her after she died, and she did look just exactly like her."

"I didn't know she was sick," said Emma with a little shiver. "What was the matter with her?"

"Why, she had the measles, you know. She got all well; then she took cold, and it went to her lungs, or something, and she didn't live but a few hours. Oh, Emma, it is really too bad."

"I must go right in to Cora," said Emma, rising suddenly, her face as white as the dress she wore. She trembled so that she could hardly get across the piazza. That little thing who looked "exactly like" their Cora was being carried by in a white casket, on her way to Laurel Hill. It might have been their Cora. Her heart stood still while she thought of it, and of all the hard thoughts she had had about staying with her darling sister.

What a sister Emma was for the rest of that day! The first thing she did when she came in was to seize upon Cora and hug and kiss her until the little thing was almost smothered. Then she was ready

for anything. The duet? Why, she was willing to play it through twenty times; she would dress and undress all the dolls; she called in the kitten and let it climb on her shoulder and paw at her hair; and every few minutes she would kiss Cora, and called her "Emma's darling pet."

"Emma was just as good and sweet as two angels," explained Cora, earnestly, when the mother came home; and not a word said the forgiving little girl about the first half hour of misery when the cat was scolded, and everything went wrong.

"I am very glad," said the mother, with a relieved sigh. "Emma was disappointed, and I was afraid she would not be able to rally. She is a dear girl."

And Emma, with quivering lip, and face that was still pale, felt she could hardly wait until Cora was asleep, for a chance to confess to her mother about that first miserable half hour, and how the slow tolling bell and the little white casket recalled her to her senses.

"Look not every man on his own things, but every man also on the things of others." —Philippians 2:4

Questions

1. As you read the first two paragraphs of the story, try to picture being in the room with Cora and Emma. Describe what you see happening in the room.
2. Emma was focusing on herself and how she was feeling because she had to miss the meeting. How did her selfish thoughts affect her?
3. Describe how Emma felt after hearing about the cause of death of the little girl in the funeral.
4. Emma began to focus on her sister Cora. Describe how this affected her actions.

What Do You Think?

5. In this story we can see that Emma's thoughts and focus affected her actions. Describe a situation in which you may have focused on what you were not happy about, and how you could have changed that as Emma did.

Vocabulary

avenue	they live away up Selwyn *Avenue*
caper	who have had the measles *caper* about
casket	some little child inside the white *casket*
cooped	she must be *cooped* up at home
dampness	Cora could not come because of the *dampness*
duet	proposed that they practice their *duet*
flounced	she *flounced* out of the room
funeral	and wonder if there was a *funeral* coming
gloomed	as she *gloomed* over it
grievances	going over all her *grievances*
hearse	there was the *hearse*
lungs	it went to her *lungs*
measles	who have had the *measles* caper about
misery	about the first half hour of *misery*
nurse	to *nurse* her wrath
officer	the presiding *officer*
plumes	with white *plumes* all around it
presiding	the *presiding* officer
procession	to wait for the *procession* to pass
quivering	with *quivering* lip
rally	afraid she would not be able to *rally*
relieved	with a *relieved* sigh
sofa	by the *sofa*
tolling	and how the slow *tolling* bell

Lesson XV

Broken

"Aren't they just *lovely!"* As she said this, Estelle Brownson held the quaint, dark-blue cream pitcher aloft, to show how transparent it was.

"Oh, they are perfect for *anything!"* declared Frances Holmes, her dear friend and companion, as she caressingly ran her fingers around the rim of a dark blue plate, as she spoke. "I don't believe another girl in our set can bring such a charming array of old things as you can. How came your grandmother to let you take them?"

"I'm sure I don't know; I didn't expect her to; she thinks so much of them. Grandpa bought them, you know, when they first commenced housekeeping sixty years ago. Just think, Frances, of having been a housekeeper for sixty years! I didn't expect to be allowed to touch these dishes, but I was telling Mamma about the plans for the old folks' supper, and how we were going to have all the nice old-fashioned things we could get for the table. I was complaining that our things were so distressingly *new* when Grandma said, 'I suppose you would like the blue china tea set to dress out your table with.' I gave a little scream of delight, and said I guess I would, better than anything else in the world; and when she said I might take it, I gave her such a hugging as to almost take her breath away. I wouldn't have one of the pieces broken for *anything.* I'm really afraid it would break Grandma's heart. I've been nervous all the morning while I was wiping them and getting them ready. I shut Tiny up in the nursery for fear she would break something."

But somebody had let Tiny out of the nursery; she came skipping over the ground just at this moment, her heart full of some scheme of importance. "Oh, Stella!" she said, as she came within hearing, "Mamma says I may go to the supper, and that she will dress me up in my white pantalets, and a long sleeved, high-necked white apron, just as little girls used to dress ever so many years ago. Won't I look too funny?" And the happy little girl whirled on one foot, and

came up with a thud against her sister just as she was turning to set the cream pitcher down. Down it went, not on the table, but on the hard floor, and of course it fractured, into—I don't know into how many pieces. Poor little Tiny! How suddenly the happy light went from her eyes, and her face grew pale. But Estelle did not see it; all she saw was the cream pitcher in hopeless ruins. "You naughty, careless, wicked girl!" she exclaimed, her voice hoarse with anger. "You hit my arm on purpose; I know you did! You are a perfect little nuisance! always in the way; the idea of your bumping up against me in that manner! You ought to be whipped, and I'll tell Mother so; see if I don't. Come into the house this minute!" And she seized the arm of her frightened little sister, and dragged her up the steps, and through the hall in frantic haste.

It was hours after that, in the cool of the afternoon, that Estelle knocked softly at the door of Grandmother's room, then slipped in and sat down in a sorrowful little heap at her feet. "Oh, Grandma!" she said, "have they told you? I'm so *awfully* sorry! I could cry for a week if that would only mend it."

"So am I, child," said Grandma, knitting away quietly on her red and white stocking. "I would cry too, if that would do any good; but tears will not mend them. There were so many of them broken, that it seems to make it worse."

Then Estelle lifted her sorrowful face. "Oh, Grandma!" she said, "there was only one broken; that was bad enough. Did you think there were more?"

Grandma gravely shook her white old head. "You are mistaken," she said. "There was more than one, child; I was in the sitting room at the time and heard the crash. Let me see, 'Bear ye one another's burden.' That was broken, I'm sure; poor little Tiny had to bear her own heavy burden. Then, 'Be ye kind one to another, tenderhearted, forgiving one another;' I'm afraid that was dreadfully broken. Oh, there were a good many of them broken. I felt them rattling about

my ears all the morning."

Not another word said Estelle. For ten whole minutes she buried her head in Grandmother's apron; then Grandmother said softly, "Take them to *Him*, child, and try again."

"And be ye kind one to another, tenderhearted, forgiving one another, even as God for Christ's sake hath forgiven you." —Ephesians 4:32

Questions

1. Describe Estelle's feelings for the dishes her grandmother was allowing her to use and how she felt about her grandmother.
2. Explain why Estelle was so nervous about handling the dishes.
3. What caused Estelle to become so angry with Tiny when the dish broke?
4. Describe how you think Estelle felt when she had to tell her grandmother that the dish was broken.
5. What was more important to the grandmother than her dishes? Why?

What Do You Think?

6. Estelle's anger did nothing but work evil. Do you sometimes get angry? Explain whether good or bad things happened when you were angry. Did you break some of God's commandments?

Vocabulary

array	such a charming *array*
caressingly	as she *caressingly* ran her fingers around
commenced	when they first *commenced* housekeeping
distressingly	our things were so *distressingly* new
fractured	it *fractured*, into—I don't know…many pieces
frantic	through the hall in *frantic* haste
gravely	Grandma *gravely* shook her white old head

hoarse	her voice *hoarse* with anger
housekeeping	when they first commenced *housekeeping*
nuisance	you are a perfect little *nuisance*
pantalets	in my white *pantalets*
quaint	the *quaint*, dark-blue cream pitcher
scheme	her heart full of some *scheme* of importance
set	the blue china tea *set*
thud	came up with a *thud*
transparent	to show how *transparent*
whipped	ought to be *whipped*
whirled	the happy little girl *whirled* on one foot

Lesson XVI

Dreaming Susy

Some little friends, when they read the words "Dreaming Susy," will be sure to imagine, all in a minute, a pretty little girl—blue eyes, dimples, and rosy cheeks—who has been playing all day, and, very tired, has at last fallen asleep out in the hay field, or under the apple tree.

But no, you are not quite right, for the little girl that I am going to tell you about used to dream with her eyes *wide open*. All day long, from sunrise to sunset, little Susy dreamed and dreamed, until you hardly knew whether to say she was ever *awake* or not.

Perhaps you will understand me better if I give an account of one of the days of Susy's life.

In the morning would come a loud call— "Susy! Susy! It is time to get up!" and Susy, rubbing her eyes, would answer, "Yes, Mother," and sit up in bed. Then she would think— "What a trouble it is to put on my stockings and shoes and comb my hair. How nice it would be"—and here Susy would begin to dream—"if I had a little servant to come in and wait on me. She would wash me with sweet-smelling soap, and curl my hair, and dress me in a blue silk dress, and put a little thin handkerchief in my hand, and then, if I felt lazy, I would say, 'Jane, you may bring my breakfast upstairs this morning—a little broiled chicken and some toast—and—let me see—yes, some preserves and cake, and —'

"Susy, Susy!" her mother's voice would break in, "breakfast is all ready," and Susy, with a great start, would find she had been

dreaming half an hour, and the end of it all would be that she would either miss her breakfast altogether, or come down very ill-natured, with her hair hastily twisted in a little knot, and make a meal of cold cakes and potatoes, in such very different plight from what she had imagined in that pleasant dream, that tears of vexation were continually coming in her eyes.

Then after breakfast her brother would say, "Susy, do you know your arithmetic lesson? It's all fractions, and I've been up studying for more than an hour."

"Oh, Joe, please let me take the book," cried Susy. "I don't know one word." She then sat down in the doorway and opened at the place. Oh, dear, how could she *ever* understand it? What a lot of

figures—4/7 of 5/6 of 3½! How could she ever bring them into line, and find out just what they were worth? Susy scowled and fretted, and then, as she stared up into the big tree before the door, a vacant look came in her eyes, and in a minute she was off dreaming.

"How nice it would be," thought Susy, "if I lived in a palace, and had ladies-in-waiting. Ones who would help me with arithmetic so I didn't need to weary myself with such figures! And as a princess I could ride around the countryside handing out alms to the poor. Oh! They would be so happy to see me coming and would love me so!"

"Susy, Susy,"—cried Joe, "you're way off in the clouds. You're not studying at all."

"I will in a minute," cried Susy, emphatically, and then she went on: "And as a princess I would throw many wonderful parties. Many would be invited, including my arithmetic teacher who would declare that I was her best student ever and belonged at the head of the class! I would earn 'Best Scholar' ribbons in arithmetic with the aid of my ladies-in-waiting and—"

Ding-dong, ding-dong! "Why, that can't be the school bell," cried Susy, jumping up hastily. "It is, though," said Joe. "And your wits have been on a goose chase for almost three-quarters of an hour. I took your arithmetic away ten minutes ago, and you never knew it at all."

Susy rose with flushed cheeks and tearful eyes, and held out her hand for the book. All the way to school she studied, with the help of her good-natured brother, but all in vain. The time was too short; and at the close of her recitation, instead of hearing any praises, she caught a very sad look upon the teacher's face, and heard the children's distasteful laughter as she was sent to take her place at the foot of the class.

But all these embarassments seemed to have very little effect upon Susy. That very night, as she sat with a little piece of sewing her mother had given her, the needle fell from her fingers, and her

eyes again were fixed upon vacancy.

"What are you after now, Susy?" cried Joe.

"Well, I was thinking that if I had three pairs of hands, while one pair did the hemming, another could sew on these strings, and another could stitch down that seam, and we'd have it all done in no time at all."

"Well, I never!" exclaimed Joe. "Seems to me I'd learn to use one pair of hands before I was fretting for more. Now I believe I'll dream a little too. Suppose people came into the world with the ends of their arms all smooth, without any hands at all; and suppose every time they were very good, or accomplished any great thing, a finger would grow out. I guess they'd be pretty thankful if they ever got *ten* of them. I wonder how many you'd have by this time! I know you'd dream you had two or three hundred; but I shouldn't be a bit surprised if you hadn't the first joint of one finger."

Susy colored and bit her lips, but had not a word to say.

But more serious consequences than these resulted from Susy's habit of dreaming. She was very fond of taking long walks, and as she lived only a mile from the seashore, she would often on a Saturday walk there with her work; and, sitting on the rocks, dream away hours at a time.

Now it happened one day that Susy had an examination composition to write, and taking her pencil and paper with her, she went down to the rocks, so, as she said, "that no one should interrupt her." She played for a while with the sand and shells, and then, settling herself comfortably, she spread her paper upon her lap, and began to—*dream*.

"How nice it would be," began Susy in usual fashion, "if some great big hand would take hold of my pencil, and, without my having to think at all, would just guide it along over the paper, writing the funniest and nicest things in the world; then how neatly I would copy it off, and have it all off my mind. And when examination

came, I should read it very slowly and distinctly, and when I finished, Deacon Mason would pat me on the head, and say, 'I didn't know Miss Susan had so much talent. I shouldn't wonder if she'd write a *book* someday.' And then, if I was a famous author," ran on Susy—"what *should* I wear? I wish Father was rich; or how nice it would be if I could wake in the morning and find by my bed a lovely pink silk, and a wreath of white roses such as ladies at the Grand Hotel wore this summer. How sweet I should look! I wouldn't be a bit proud, either."

Thus ran on Susy's dreamy thoughts, and she entirely forgot how late it was growing, until suddenly the sea, which had been slowly creeping nearer and nearer, sent a little dash of spray up in her face. Susy started and looked quickly around. Oh! How careless she had been! She had been dreaming, dreaming, until the cold, cruel sea had come crawling all around the little rock where she was sitting, and there seemed no way of escape. Poor Susy! She was wide awake now, and she remembered that at high tide her rock was perfectly covered. What should she do? She called wildly, and looked out over the rough, gray water, and back on the dreary, gray shore. There was no one in sight, and dropping down again, poor Susy dreamed no more of silk dresses and rose wreaths, but sobbed until she could cry no more.

But the sea came creeping up, surely, *surely,* and suddenly she felt its cold touch through the toes of her stout leather boots, and with a little, sharp cry, she drew them up, with her knees close under her chin. Oh! How dreadful to wake up from such a lovely dream to such a terrible reality! The water crept nearer. She could not draw her feet up any further, and it rose over her little, round ankles. Susy covered her face with her hands, and thought of home. She knew just how pleasant the old kitchen was looking. She shouldn't wonder if Mother had made gingerbread, and was cooking apples for tea, and the cat was washing herself by the fire. But oh, when they

all sat down to tea, and laughed and told stories, she would be lying upon the cold, gray sand, like that poor lady who was shipwrecked a year ago—lying all cold and still, with seaweed in her hair.

"Yes, I must die," thought Susy, "and I haven't been good at all. I've wasted all my time dreaming. Perhaps I should kneel and pray and ask God to forgive me." But the water came higher still, and poor sobbing Susy concluded she would rather die *standing up.* Oh, how cold it was, and how she trembled! She couldn't stand much longer, and—what then?

"Father! Mother! Joe!" screamed Susy frantically, covering her eyes as she felt herself swaying dizzily forward.

"I declare if that isn't our Susy," cried Joe's astonished voice, and his boat swept rapidly around the corner of a rock.

"My little daughter!" cried Father; and Susy knew no more until she found herself wrapped in a great coat, held safe in her father's arms.

"Well, what were you about *this* time?" cried Joe, with pretended roughness, as he wound up his fishing line. "I suppose you were *dreaming* you were a mermaid, and were going to sail off in an oyster shell."

You would have thought that this adventure would cure Susy of dreaming, and that she would set diligently to work, knowing that the best kind of helpers to do sums and write compositions are Patience and Industry, and that they were always ready to come if any girl or boy really wants them.

But Susy had indulged in this sad habit so long, that the very next Sunday, as she sat in church, thinking of her narrow escape, she said to herself—

"God was very good to me, and I ought to be a Christian. I really ought to ask Him to help me and come into my heart and live for Him, but . . . How *nice it would be* if I were just really good like an angel, and wherever I went everyone would love me, and say,

'What a sweet expression Miss Susan has!' and at last, when I died, I should go straight to heaven." So she never heard what the preacher said—"I love them that *love* me, and those that *seek* me early shall find me." "My son, give me thine heart, and let thine eyes observe my ways." She only *dreamed* that *some* time she would be very good; and as, on the way home, she spoke very sharply to Joe for daring to interrupt her thoughts, I am quite sure that she did not ask the Lord Jesus into her heart.

Little children, are any of you dreaming like Susy?

"For in the multitude of dreams and many words there are also divers vanities: but fear thou God." —Ecclesiastes 5:7

Questions

1. Define the word "dreaming" the way it is described in the story.
2. Do you think Susy was lazy? Explain why or why not.
3. Do you think the things Susy dreamed about could actually happen in real life? Explain your answer.
4. Why do you think Susy did not change even when she suffered from many embarrassments?
5. When the story tells of Susy's encounter with the sea, the story has a sentence which says "How dreadful to wake up from such a lovely dream to such a terrible reality!" Thinking of this as a picture and the ocean representing reality, how does reality affect Susy?

What Do You Think?

6. As you think about Susy and her experiences with daydreaming, do you think that just thinking about being a good boy or girl will help you to be good? What more do you need to do?
7. Are you "dreaming" about being a Christian, or are you really being one? How can you tell?

Vocabulary

alms	handing out *alms* to the poor
composition	had an examination *composition*
distasteful	heard the children's *distasteful* laughter
divers[e]	there are also *divers* vanities
examination	had an *examination* composition
expression	what a sweet *expression* Miss Susan has
fretted	Susy scowled and *fretted*
gingerbread	Mother had made *gingerbread*
hastily	jumping up *hastily*
hemming	while one pair did the *hemming*
joint	if you hadn't the first *joint* of one finger
ladies-in-waiting	with the aid of my *ladies-in-waiting*
mermaid	you were dreaming you were a *mermaid*
oyster	were going to sail off in an *oyster* shell
palace	if I lived in a *palac*e
plight	in such very different *plight*
preserves	some *preserves* and cake
reality	from such a lovely dream to such a terrible *reality*
settling	*settling* herself comfortably
stout	the toes of her *stout* leather boots
vacant	a *vacant* look came in her eyes
vanities	there are also divers *vanities*
vexation	that tears of *vexation*
wits	your *wits* have been on a goose chase

Lesson XVII

Buying the Truth

"What are you doing, Bob?" cried a cheery voice one pleasant Saturday afternoon; and down the neat gravel walk tripped a sunny-faced little girl of about six years of age. Brother Bob lay under the great elm tree at the foot of the garden with a small book open before him, and a very puzzled look on his usually happy face.

"Don't trouble me, Katie," said he, rather shortly. "I've such a long lesson to learn for tomorrow."

"Oh, Bob," said she, coaxingly, "let's learn it together."

"Why, you little simpleton!" cried Bob, laughing with such a funny face that Katie, although somewhat grieved, was obliged to laugh too. For when Bob had a merry thought, it was not content to stretch his rather large mouth, but ran all over his face, twinkled in his eyes, jerked up the corner of his eyebrows, and finally played hide and seek in two or three curious little holes which Mamma called dimples.

"Now, Bob," said she, rather reproachfully, when he was through laughing "all over," "now, Bob, what did I do?"

"Why, pet," said Bob, "you haven't known how to read for very long, and don't know how to spell all the hard words; you wouldn't be any help at all."

"But, perhaps," persisted Katie, "if you'd read the lesson, I could *explain* some of it, for Mother and I have such long talks together while you are away at school."

Bob laughed again, and said, "Just to think of you explaining

anything to *me,* when I am four years older, and a *boy* besides!"

Katie turned away with eyes like violets after a shower.

"Well, well, come back, little sister," cried Bob, half sorry that he had grieved her. "Come back; I should like to ask your opinion on something."

Katie paused, with a doubtful face.

"What does this mean?" said he—"Buy the truth, and sell it not"?

"Why," said Katie, twisting her small fingers nervously, "what do *you* think, Brother Bob?"

"I *don't* think," said Bob; "that's just the trouble. I suppose I know what *truth* is, but I didn't know anybody kept it to sell, and I don't know how much I'd pay for it. If I could find it, I'd buy a great deal, and wouldn't sell it very soon, either; for Mr. West told me last Sunday that a boy couldn't have too much of it." Then Bob laughed, forgetting his own perplexity in watching his little sister's anxious face.

"Bob," said Katie at length, "I believe you are half making fun of me. Nobody keeps truth to sell just as Mrs. Mills does oranges and candy; but I think it is something God keeps, and when we ask Him for it, we don't pay for it with money, but, but—"

"But—but—" repeated teasing Bob.

"*But,*" continued Katie, laughing away her momentary vexation, "we will go and ask Mother."

Mrs. Lane was just starting for a walk to visit some poor neighbors, who lived more than a mile away, and when she heard the eager questions of her children, she permitted them to accompany her across the fields, that they might talk the whole matter over together.

"Katie is right," said Mamma, after listening to the little girl's statement of the case. "We must go to God for the truth."

"Do you mean," asked Bob, "that we must ask God to help us to *speak* the truth?"

"Yes, that is part of it; but there is a wider meaning," said his mother. "When we ask God for truth—when we pray, 'Lead us in Thy truth'—we pray that God would make us followers of Him, would make us pure and holy like Himself, for He is perfect truth."

"Then, Mother, if He *gives* us all this when we ask Him, how can we pay Him?"

"My dear Bob, you could never pay Him for all He has done for you. The greatest angel in heaven could not *pay* God; but He offers the greatest blessings 'without money and without price.' "

"How can we *buy* truth, then?" said Bob, with a dissatisfied air.

"Ah," said his mother, "I see your trouble now. The meaning of that little verse is only that we must be willing to give up everything for the truth—be willing to give up all earthly happiness, if God is only our Friend. This would be no *pay*, after all; but we should be willing to make any sacrifice to show our *gratitude* to God."

"What must we give him?" asked Katie, earnestly. "What could *I* give Him?"

"A great deal," said her mother. "You can say, 'Here, Father, take my *hands*. They are small now, but they are ready for any work Thou hast for them to do. I give thee my *feet*. They shall never grow tired in Thy service. I give Thee my *tongue*. Oh! Let it never say anything to displease Thee. Open Thou my lips, and my mouth shall show forth Thy praise. And, above all, I give Thee my heart.

Fill it with Thyself, fill it with Thy truth.' "

"Why, Mother, you will give me most all away," cried Katie.

"That's a great deal to give," said Bob.

"No, very little," replied Mrs. Lane. "Hundreds of people have given up friends, money, their native land, and even their lives. They thought nothing too precious to be given for the truth."

"Tell us about those people," said Bob.

"But a short time ago," continued his mother, "in some countries, Christians were so cruelly persecuted, that they were not sure of their lives from one day to another. They could not stay in their pleasant homes as we do, but were forced to wander among the mountains, and live in dreary caves. Many perished from hunger and cold; but that was better than dying by the hands of their cruel enemies. Sometimes, on the Sabbath day, they would meet very secretly in the depth of some forest, and try to have a little service together. But often, while they were in the midst of singing and praying, an alarm would be given that the soldiers were coming, and the little band would hastily break up and run to hide themselves. And often the attack was so sudden that many of the weak, frightened people could not run fast enough; and the rough soldiers would come thundering along on their strong horses, and after catching the poor hunted creatures, would carry them back into the city."

"What happened to them then?" said Bob, with reddening cheeks.

"Oh, they were taken before a cruel company of men, and asked if they would give up their religion; that is, if they would sell the truth. Then, if they nobly and bravely refused, they were taken into a room of torture, and made to suffer most terrible agony."

"What was done to them?" asked Bob, shuddering.

"Sometimes their thumbs were put into a screw that pinched them tighter and tighter, until they were completely crushed. Sometimes their bare feet were roasted upon a fire; and a great many other

savage things were done, which I will not tell you now," said Mrs. Lane, as she saw Katie quietly crying to herself.

"Well, didn't any of them ever give up?" asked Bob.

"Yes," said his mother, "sometimes the agony was too great, especially for the young and tender ones. But they were very few in number, compared with those who were 'faithful unto death.' Some children, not a great deal older than you, boldly confessed that they had 'bought the truth,' and no torture could make them sell it. One little word could have saved them from being burned alive, but they would not say it. So their bodies were surrounded with wood, the cruel flames rose around, and the little martyrs were wrapped in fire."

"Oh, Mother! didn't they cry out then?" exclaimed little Katie, vividly remembering the pain of a recently-burned finger.

"Why, I have heard," replied her mother, "that many of them were so happy that they did not seem to feel the pain of the body, but sang the most triumphant songs, as if the wreaths of fire were only crowns of glory. They sang, 'Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil: for thou art with me.' And though it was a fearful path, they knew it led to heaven. It was only a little while to suffer, and their enemies could not hurt their souls. Oh, what a glorious moment it must have been when the soul at last struggled from the poor blackened body, and, soaring above all the taunts and torments of its persecutors, exchanged the sufferings of earth for the sweet peace of heaven! One moment withering in the cruel fire, the next, reposing in the green pastures, and beside the still waters of God's love. Ah, how happy they must have been when they stood before the great God, saying, 'I have kept the truth!' "

They had now reached the home of poor sick Mrs. Brown, and Bob and Katie waited at the door until their mother came out again. When they were once more on the way home, Bob said, "Mother, *I*

mean to buy the truth."

"I am very glad," she replied; "and are you willing to give up everything to God?"

"People are not burned now, are they?"

"No, but still it is not an easy thing to keep the truth. There are so many little temptations every day and every hour, that you will need as much firmness and courage as to bear one great trial. You must struggle constantly."

"Well, I think I can do it," said Bob, with a great deal of self-confidence. "If I had been one of those children, I should never have given up, I know."

His mother looked a little sad, and said, "I would rather see my little son more humble. I remember when his fingers were accidently pinched in the door, there was a great outcry. If he could not bear pain more patiently than that, I'm afraid he would make a rather poor martyr."

Bob blushed, and said less pretentiously, "I'm afraid I couldn't be a martyr, after all. If my thumb was pinched much harder, I'm afraid I should say anything just to get it out."

"I hope my son will never be put to any such trial; but if he is, he must ask God to give him strength to speak the truth. There is nothing so mean and despicable as to tell a lie. It is so cowardly to sell the truth for a little transient ease and self-indulgence. Whatever may be the present relief, misery is sure to follow."

Bob looked uneasy, and said, half trying to change the subject, "You ought to hear Jim Price talk, Mother. He tells stories all the time; and some of the other boys are so bad, you never know when to believe them."

"Then *my* son should be noble and brave enough to set them a better example; and he can always ask help of God, Who is the great, eternal Truth. Your friends may deceive you; they may seem to love you one day, and be very unkind to you the next; but God

is always the same, yesterday, today, and forever, without even the *shadow* of turning. Think of what it must be to have such a Friend, to be always sure of finding Him the *same*—the one *true* God."

Bob felt much softened as he reached home in the quiet summer twilight; and taking Katie aside, he proposed that they should both go to God that night, and, giving themselves to Him, should ask Him for His truth.

"But what if I should sell it?" said timid Katie.

"Oh, we must ask God to help us, as Mother said; and then, Katie, *I'll* keep an eye on you," said Bob, with that dangerous self-confidence creeping back into his heart.

"Well," said humble little Katie, "then I'll try."

God will help both of these children when they ask Him; but I think Bob, particularly, will have great need to constantly "watch and pray."

"Buy the truth, and sell it not; also wisdom, and instruction, and understanding." —Proverbs 23:23

Questions

1. Describe the picture of Bob that you see in your mind. Describe what Bob looks like, especially his face.
2. What does it mean to buy the Truth?
3. According to the story, how much is the Truth worth to those who suffered for it?
4. Describe what some people gave to buy the Truth.
5. From Bob's first point of view when his mother described how he should give all of himself to Christ, how did he feel about it?
6. Bob was given a new viewpoint by his mother as the result of her describing what previous generations of Christians went through to not give up the Truth. How did he feel from his new point of view?

What Do You Think?

7. What can we learn and apply to our own lives from Bob's two different viewpoints?

Vocabulary

despicable	there is nothing so mean and *despicable*
dissatisfied	said Bob, with a *dissatisfied* air
forced	but were *forced* to wander
momentary	laughing away her *momentary* vexation
outcry	there was a great *outcry*
perplexity	forgetting his own *perplexity*
pretentiously	said less *pretentiously*
proposed	he *proposed* that they should both go
reposing	*reposing* in the green pastures
reproachfully	said she, rather *reproachfully*
savage	many other *savage* things were done
self-confidence	with a great deal of *self-confidence*
shadow	without even the *shadow* of turning
simpleton	why, you little *simpleton*
subject	to change the *subject*
taunts	soaring above all the *taunts* and torments
timid	said *timid* Katie
torments	soaring above all the taunts and *torments*
transient	for a little *transient* ease and self-indulgence
vividly	*vividly* remembering the pain

Lesson XVIII

Sowing

Be careful what you sow, my boy,
For seed that's sown will grow,
And what you scatter, day by day,
Brings payback—joy or woe.
For sowing and growing,
Then reaping and mowing,
Are the surest things that's known,
And sighing and crying,
Lamentation undying,
Will never change seed that's sown.

Be watchful of your words, my boy,
Be careful of your acts;
For words can cut, and deeds bring blood,
And wounds are stubborn facts.
Whether sleeping or weeping,
Or long vigil keeping,
The seed that is sown still will grow;
The rose brings new roses;
The thorn tree discloses
Its thorns as an index of woe.

Discern your comrades true, my boy,
Nor walk and mate with vice;

"The boy is father to the man"—
Then fly when sins entice!
The seed one is sowing
Through time will be growing,
And each one must garner his own;
In joy or sorrow,
Today or tomorrow,
You'll reap what your right hand has sown!

Mary M. Andersen

"Even as I have seen, they that plow iniquity, and sow wickedness, reap the same." —Job 4:8

"Sow to yourselves in righteousness, reap in mercy; break up your fallow ground: for it is time to seek the LORD, till he come and rain righteousness upon you." —Hosea 10:12

Questions—What Do You Think?

1. Think about reaping and sowing and how we will always be sowing something. What we do will always have consequences. Describe how that makes you feel.
2. Consider your life now, and think about when you will be twenty years older. If you do not want to be sowing sorrow, what should you be doing every day?
3. Do you think if we sow bad actions, we will escape the bad consequences of our actions? Explain why.

Vocabulary

comrades	discern your *comrades* true
discern	*discern* your comrades true
discloses	the thorn tree *discloses*
entice	then fly when sins *entice*
fallow	break up your *fallow* ground
fly	then *fly* when sins entice
garner	each one must *garner* his own
index	its thorns as an *index* of woe
iniquity	they that plow *iniquity*
lamentation	*lamentation* undying
mate	nor walk and *mate* with vice
payback	brings *payback*
vice	nor walk and mate with *vice*
vigil	or long *vigil* keeping
woe	its thorns as an index of *woe*

Lesson XIX

Courage and Cowardice

A merry group of boys played in the sun by the quay wall one Saturday afternoon, filling the air with merry shouts and laughter that seemed to make even an old man like me young again as I heard. I took my seat on a grey stone bench by the waterside, and sat watching, now the happy boys, and now the deep tide that flowed fast to sea below my feet. Here in sunshine, there in shadow, the constant water flowed—here slipping smoothly by the seawall, there fretting against the prow of barge or ship it ran; and as I watched it, I thought of my own past life, with its lights and glooms, joys and frets, slipping on fast to the eternity beyond; and, looking out beyond the harbor's mouth, I could see the great ocean lie in sunlight, and prayed that my eternity might be bright as that.

Perhaps I looked a quaint old body as I sat musing, and this may have provoked the boys to play me a trick. One of them passing me knocked my hat off with a stick. It would have gone into the water, as no doubt he had intended, had not one of the other boys caught it. The others laughed, and the mischief-doer muttered something about "an accident," while my young friend handed it to me politely.

"What a lad he is!" I could hear my disturber say as he ran off; but the lad did not look disturbed by the backhanded compliment.

I was roused again presently from my musings by a shout from the boys.

"It's over!" And looking round, I saw my friend, standing hatless.

"Brice threw your cap over on purpose."

"Fight him, Wilson."

"Yes, give it him, Wilson. We'll see fair play," said the boys eagerly. Brice squared, and stood ready in due fighting position.

"I will not fight," said my friend Wilson. "I am sorry you threw the cap over, Brice, for it was all but new, and I don't see the fun in mischief of that sort. No—I am not going to fight you."

"Come on, if you dare," said Brice, with an irritating look and gesture; and all the boys gathered round Wilson, and urged him to "go on," and "give it to him."

"I don't like fighting, and I will not fight," said the boy.

A moment before the boys had been ready to make a hero of Wilson; but now their mood changed, so fickle a thing is popular applause, and two or three cried, "Coward!" "He daren't!"

"I am no coward; and I dare do anything that is right," he said, while his crimsoning face showed how he felt the taunt.

"Coward! Never mind him, Brice: he's nothing but a milksop. He'll come here in a new cap tomorrow, and let you kick it round the quay for an appetite, if you're inclined," said one.

"It is not cowardly to be afraid to do wrong. I won't fight for the sake of a cap." And Wilson, as he spoke, perhaps thought of something his minister might have said. "We have a great Example to follow, you know," he added, "and it's our duty to follow it. No—

I am not going to name that Great Name for you to laugh at, Brice. I must do what I think right; and if you all call me coward, I cannot help it."

A chorus of laughter greeted Wilson's speech, in which Brice's voice was loudest.

"Go home; we don't want a coward's company."

"Go home, coward!" And Wilson turned away.

He had not gone twenty yards when he turned, as did I, at the sound of a heavy splash.

"He's in!"

"He'll drown!—he can't swim!"

"Brice is drowning!" cried the boys at the edge. Some ran for help, while others began to throw their coats off, as if to jump after, but when they looked at the deep water running ten feet below, fast as a mill stream, they lost courage, and none would venture. There was any amount of noise and shouting; and one threw a rope over that fell far short of the drifting boy.

"I'll try," said a voice near me; and Wilson threw his jacket on the ground, ran a stone's throw along the sea wall, and plunged in gallantly, head foremost.

"He'll save him!"

"He won't—he's not much of a swimmer."

"They'll both go!"

Wilson had outrun the tide before he sprang over, and the next instant he had stopped Brice, catching him by his hair.

"Run, and throw him the rope!" I said, and was obeyed; but the rope fell short and they drifted on.

"The coal barge! Strike out for it, Wilson," shouted many voices.

"He sees it! He's doing it!"

"Let him go, Wilson! Save yourself!"

But Wilson was not the boy to let go. He had now caught Brice's

jacket, and was striking out with all his remaining strength for the barge. Would he reach it? Would the boat put off from the ship reach him in time? Slowly and painfully he swam partly across the tide. I shut my eyes—I could not watch him. I held my breath to hear the word of life or death.

"They're safe!" I heard at last, and looking up I saw Wilson holding on with one hand to the stern of the coal barge, and keeping up Brice's head with the other. The next moment the boat reached them.

"Boys!" I said, when Wilson had walked quietly home—for he went quickly, more to shun our praise, I am sure, than to change his dripping clothes—"Boys! try and don't mistake a hero for a coward next time. Believe an old man when he tells you the truth, *that he who fears his Maker fears no man—no danger—not death itself!"*

"And fear not them which kill the body, but are not able to kill the soul: but rather fear him which is able to destroy both soul and body in hell." —Matthew 10:28

Questions

1. Describe what the old man was thinking about as he looked out across the water.
2. Why do you think the boys knocked the old man's hat off? Do you think it was nice of them to do that? Why?
3. What do you think Wilson was thinking that caused him to pick up the old man's hat and give it back to him?

What Do You Think?

4. Explain why it might have been easier for Wilson to fight Brice and give in to peer pressure than it would have been to do right as he did.
5. Why do you think Wilson jumped in to save Brice? What

indication earlier in the story gave us a clue that Wilson would be the boy to try to rescue Brice?

6. When you are pressured to do something the crowd is doing and it is wrong, what is your reaction? Are you a Wilson, a Brice or one who stands by and goes along with the crowd?

Vocabulary

applause	so fickle a thing is popular *applause*
backhanded	disturbed by the *backhanded* compliment
barge	to the stern of the coal *barge*
compliment	disturbed by the backhanded *compliment*
fickle	so *fickle* a thing is popular applause
foremost	plunged in gallantly, head *foremost*
gallantly	plunged in *gallantly*, head foremost
gesture	with an irritating look and *gesture*
harbor's	looking out beyond the *harbor's* mouth
inclined	if you're *inclined*
irritating	with an *irritating* look and gesture
musing	as I sat *musing*
plunged	*plunged* in gallantly, head foremost
provoked	and this may have *provoked* the boys
prow	there fretting against the *prow* of barge
quay	you kick it round the *quay*
shun	more to *shun* our praise
stern	to the *stern* of the coal barge

Lesson XX

Mary Jones and Her Bible

Mary Jones was born in the year 1784, in a beautiful little Welsh village called Llanfihangel-y-Pennant, overshadowed by mountains, wild and lonely, and in sight of the broad waters of Cardigan Bay. Her father was a weaver by trade, working the hand loom in his own home, and making periodic visits to the nearest towns to sell the cloth he had woven. Her mother was a simple but noble country woman, and Mary was blest that both her parents loved and served the Lord Jesus. From the earliest years she had been told the sweet old stories of the Gospels, and the stirring incidents of the Old Testament, until her imaginative mind peopled the countryside in which she dwelt with the figures of sacred history.

But in Mary's home there was no Bible! A little meetinghouse on the hillside was the place where her father and mother worshipped, and there the precious Word of God was read and expounded to attentive ears and hearts. But Mary could not go there. She was still too young, and no one dreamt of the hunger in the child's heart for God's Holy Book. "Mother," Mary asked one day when she was about eight years old, "Father is sick, and cannot go to the meeting. May I go and carry the lantern for you?" Receiving permission, she joyfully lighted the old-fashioned lantern, and set out to guide her mother along the rough way to the meetinghouse. Night after night she continued to do this, even on the moonlit ones, so anxious was she to attend where the Word of God was read. Her mother quoted Psalm 119:105 one evening as they proceeded on their way: "Thy

Word is a lamp unto my feet and a light unto my path."

"Yes, Mother, I know that text. How I wish I knew ever so many more like that."

"How glad your father and I would be to teach you, dear, but it is years since we learned any."

"Why have we not a Bible of our own?" queried Mary eagerly. "Because they are scarce and dear," replied her mother sadly. "Your father is a good tradesman, Mary, but still we can only get sufficient money for the necessities of life, and much as we would like it, we cannot buy a Bible."

Time passed on. Mary was busy with her home duties—feeding the hens, gathering the eggs, taking care of the bees, sweeping, scrubbing, and dusting. Wholly uneducated, for she had never attended school—yet she was intelligent and thoughtful beyond her years.

One day her father, returning as usual from marketing his cloth, brought the good news that a school was to be opened in a neighboring village, and asked Mary if she would like to attend. "Oh, Father, may I?" she cried. "I'll learn to read, and then I shall someday read the Bible!"

"You forget we have no Bible," said her mother.

As soon as the school opened, Mary was enrolled, and walked daily the two miles back and forth without a grumble. The teacher

noticed her studious ways, and encouraged her in every possible way. So rapid was her progress that in two years' time she was able to read really well. Then a Sunday school was formed, and there Mary's desire for the Word of God was deepened and strengthened.

Approaching a lady of her acquaintance one day, she asked humbly, "Please, ma'am, may I speak to you a moment?"

"Surely, my child. What do you wish to say?" the lady answered kindly.

"Two years ago, please, ma'am, you were so kind as to promise that when I learned to read, I should come to your home and read your Bible."

"I did. I remember quite well," answered the lady. "Well, child, do you know how to read?"

"Yes, ma'am," said Mary, "and now I have joined the Sunday school, and I have lessons to prepare. If I may come to you once a week, I shall never thank you enough."

"No need for thanks, little woman. May the Lord make His Word a great blessing to you. Come, and welcome."

Into the family of this kind and good woman Mary was received with all care and kindness, and when admitted to the parlor, where the Bible lay on a table in the center of the room, covered reverently with a clean white cloth, her delight knew no bounds. Presently the child raised the napkin, and opening the Book at random read, "Search the scriptures; for in them ye think ye have eternal life: and they are they which testify of me." "I will! I will," she cried, feeling as if a voice had spoken to her. "Oh, if only I had a Bible of my own."

When Mary had finished her Sunday school lesson and was returning home, the great resolution was formed. "I must have a Bible of my own," she cried. "I must have one, *if I save for it for ten years!*" But saving was of necessity slow. Mary had no way of getting money but by earning it, and she was only a child of ten years. Still, where there is a will there is a way, and Mary began to

do lots of little odd turns for her neighbors. Sometimes she tended a baby when its mother was busy at the washtub, or gathered sticks and brushwood for fuel. A kind friend also gave her a couple of hens for her very own, and by selling the eggs she was able to add to her little store. One day she found a purse heavy with money, and meeting the farmer who had lost it and was anxiously looking for it, she received a bright silver sixpence as reward. Running home, she dropped it into the box beside its meaner companions, and there it lay for many a long year. But at last the joyful day came when Mary cried, "Oh, Father! Oh, Mother! Only think! Mrs. Evans has paid me for my work more than I expected, and now I find I have enough to buy a Bible."

Her father stopped his loom, and held out both hands. "Is it really so, Mary? After six years' saving? May the Lord be thanked Who has given you the patience to work and wait to get the thing you wanted. Bless you, my little maid!"

"Tell me, dear Father, where am I to buy the Bible? There are none in Abergynolwyn."

"I cannot tell you, Mary, but you would do well to ask the preacher." Mary accordingly went the next day to inquire, and found that she could not get a copy of the Welsh Bible nearer than Bala, twenty-five miles away.

Yet the long distance, the unknown road, the far famed but to her strange minister, although frightening her, did not for a moment turn her from her purpose. Even her parents consented, believing that the Lord was leading their child and would protect her. So borrowing a wallet from a neighbor in which to carry her treasure, she set off at daylight on a spring morning in 1800. Her one pair of shoes, too precious to be worn on a twenty-five-mile journey, she placed in the wallet, and walked barefoot. She set out at a good pace; not too quick, for that would have tired her ere half her journey was ended, but steadily and lightly, her head erect, her clear eyes shining, and

a healthy flush on her rounded cheek. About midday she rested, ate some food, washed her face and hands and feet in a clear, rippling stream, and then proceeded on her way. The shades of night were falling ere she reached Bala, and following the instructions of the local preacher, she went to the house of Mr. Edwards.

At an early hour Mr. Edwards called her, and with a beating heart she accompanied him to Mr. Charles. After a few words of explanation, Mary was invited into the study. "Now my child," said Mr. Charles, "don't be afraid. Tell me all about yourself, where you live, what your name is, and what you want."

Thus encouraged, Mary told all about herself and her parents, of the long years of saving for the purchase of a Bible, and how she had come to Bala, when the sum was complete. As she told him all the story, and he realized some of her bravery and patience through all these years of waiting, his usually bright face clouded over, and turning to David Edwards, he said, "I am indeed grieved that this dear girl should have come all the way from Llanfihangel to buy a Bible, and that I should be unable to supply her with one. The Welsh Bibles I received from London last year were all sold out months ago, except a few copies which I have kept for friends whom I must not disappoint."

Mary had been looking into Mr. Charles' face with her great dark eyes full of hope, but as she understood what he had said to David Edwards, she dropped into the nearest chair, covered her face with her hands, and sobbed as few young people ever sob. It was all over, she thought, all in vain—the years of praying, and saving, and waiting; the long walk, the weariness and pain, all were of no use. Mr. Charles was greatly touched at the sight of her grief, and with his own voice unsteady, he laid his hand on her head, and said, "My dear child, I see you must have a Bible, difficult as it is for me to spare you one. It is impossible, quite impossible, for me to refuse you."

Mary looked up with such a rainbow face of smiles and tears, such a look of joy and gratitude, that tears rushed to the eyes of both Mr. Charles and David Edwards. Mr. Charles now turned to a bookcase; took from it a Bible, and handing it to Mary, said, "I am truly glad to be able to give it to you. Read it, study it, treasure up its sacred words, and act upon its teaching."

Mary, overcome with joy and thankfulness, began to sob once more, but now with sweet and happy tears. Mr. Charles turned to his old friend, and said, "Is it not a sight to touch the hardest heart, a girl so young, so poor, to walk from Llanfihagel to Bala, fifty miles here and back, to buy a Bible? From this day I can never rest until I can find out some means of supplying the pressing need of my country that cries out for the Bible."

In the winter of 1802 Mr. Charles visited London, full of this one great thought and purpose, although not as yet seeing how it was to be accomplished. Consulting with friends of the committee of the Religious Tract Society, he was introduced at the next meeting, and made an earnest appeal, telling the touching story of the little Welsh girl. In the hearts of the hearers the greatest sympathy was aroused, and after two years—in 1804—the British and Foreign Bible Society was established. At its first meeting £700 was subscribed, and the first resolution of the committee was to bring out an edition of the Welsh Bible for the use of Sunday schools, and the first consignment of these reached Bala in 1806. So in this short period, the great work was accomplished, the direct result of the efforts of a brave and clever girl to obtain a copy of the Word of God.

Mary's Bible, now in the possession of the British and Foreign Society, contains in her own handwriting this statement: "I bought this in the sixteenth year of my age. Mary Jones, the true owner of this Bible." She lies buried in the little churchyard at Bryncrug, and a stone is raised to her memory by those who loved to recall her beautiful life, and the important, if humble, part she had taken in

the founding of the great institution, the British and Foreign Bible Society.

"Again, the kingdom of heaven is like unto a merchant man, seeking goodly pearls: Who, when he had found one pearl of great price, went and sold all that he had, and bought it." —Matthew 13:45-46

Questions

1. In Mary's early life, what did her parents do, and what desire did that awaken in her?
2. What question loomed in Mary's mind as she became older and wanted to learn more about Jesus and His Word?
3. What do you think Mary's thoughts were when her mother told her that they could not afford a Bible?
4. What was Mary's response when she heard there would be a school opening where she might attend?
5. What do you think Mary's thoughts were when her Mother said, "You forget, dear, we have no Bible"?
6. Why do you think Mary worked so hard to learn to read, and how did a woman's promise in the story possibly affect her decision to be studious?
7. Since the woman made the promise, and it was almost two years before Mary was able to take advantage of it, do you think the woman was still obligated to fulfill her promise?
8. One week after Mary's Sunday school lesson was finished, what goal did she set for herself?

What Do You Think?

9. What two character traits did Mary possess which helped her to achieve her goal?
10. What goals are you setting in your life?

Vocabulary

aroused	the greatest sympathy was *aroused*
consignment	the first *consignment* of these reached Bala
edition	to bring out an *edition* of the Welsh Bible
erect	her head *erect*
expounded	Word of God was read and *expounded*
founding	in the *founding* of the great institution
institution	in the founding of the great *institution*
loom	working the hand *loom* in his own home
meaner	beside its *meaner* companions
merchant	is like unto a *merchant* man
peopled	her imaginative mind *peopled* the countryside
periodic	making *periodic* visits to the nearest towns
pressing	of supplying the *pressing* need
progress	so rapid was her *progress*
queried	"Why have we not a Bible of our own?" *queried* Mary eagerly.
random	opening the Book at *random* read
rapid	so *rapid* was her progress
resolution	first *resolution* of the committee
sixpence	a bright silver *sixpence*
stirring	the *stirring* incidents of the Old Testament
studious	the teacher noticed her *studious* ways
subscribed	at its first meeting £700 was *subscribed*
supplying	I can find out some means of *supplying*
tradesman	your father is a good *tradesman*

Lesson XXI

William Tyndale, the Translator

A lad was walking through the streets of Oxford in deep thought. On and on he wandered, noting the persons he passed—here a priest, a supposed man of great learning—and a strange smile overspread the lad's face at the sight, as he said to himself, "He would not like it." Next passed one of the college teachers, and again the boy said the same thing. Now passed some of the townsfolk, and here the comment was: "They would." Two scholars passed, and once more, shaking his head, he repeated: "They would not like it!"

He walked on to the open country. Here, beyond a wall on which he leaned a while, he watched a boy about his own age plowing the field, and the smell of the freshly turned earth was delicious. The boy was some distance away, and our young hero's eyes rested on him compassionately. "Such as these," he said to himself, "can never read the precious truths for themselves. They can have only what the priests choose to tell them. They are kept in the dark. But, God helping me, this shall be changed."

The young scholar turned away from the field and returned to Magdalen Hall, his lips set in firm, determined lines. This lad was William Tyndale, who did a service of inestimable value to his country in translating the Scriptures into the English tongue. We have no record of his birthday, or of the year in which he was born, but it was about 1486. Foxe says of his birthplace that he was born "about the borders of Whales." Slymbridge is the supposed place. His early years were spent in Gloucestershire, the very stronghold of

the Church and her superstitions.

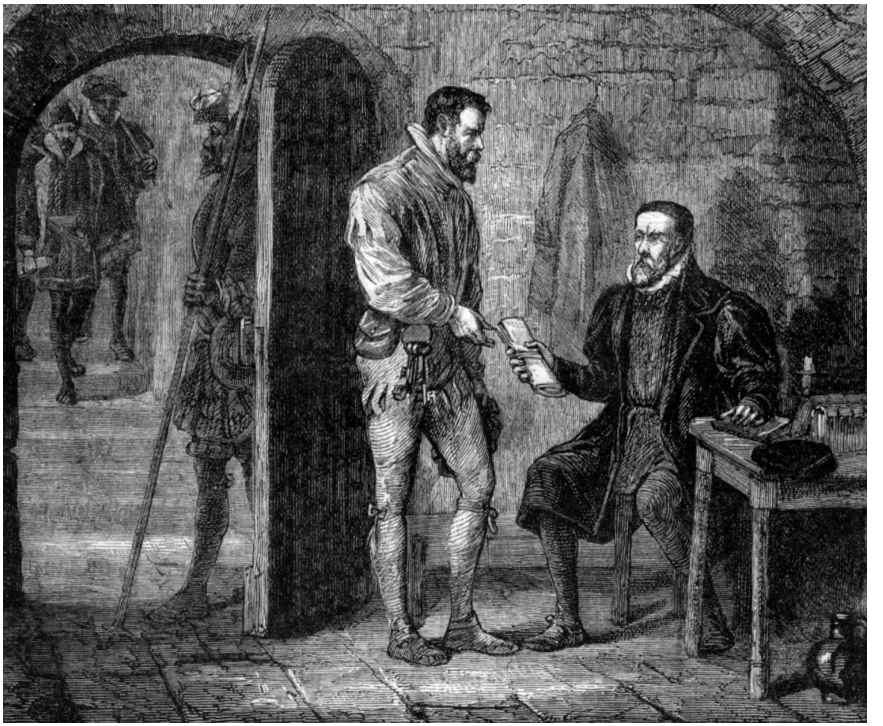
"As sure as God's in Gloucester" was a proverb in those days, because of its many abbeys and relics. But the shrewd, observant young Tyndale, with his clear, logical mind, could not tolerate the false doctrines, the ignorance, and the superstition, which he saw around him.

A good Latin scholar, he early studied the Scriptures for himself. It was plain to him that the priests and schoolmen knew they would lose their power over the people if those Scriptures were in the English tongue for all to read who could. Thus it was on this account a very dangerous thing to read or expound the Word of God in any way which disagreed with the priests.

And this is just what Tyndale had done ever since he entered Magdalen Hall (about 1504, at age eighteen), that small hall belonging to Magdalen College. There were quite a large number of students to whom he read the Scriptures, and those Scriptures were making them "wise unto salvation." But the authorities had gotten wind of this. Tyndale was in danger, and he knew it. This very morning he had made up his mind about two things—first, that he would go to Cambridge, where the scholar Erasmus was at that time; second, that the Scriptures must be translated into English, come what may.

Well, he went to Cambridge, ever increasing his knowledge of languages, and he furthered his knowledge of God's Word—a study to which "he was early addicted." On leaving Cambridge he became chaplain to Sir John Walsh, of the Manor House, Little Sodbury. Here he met many men in high positions in the church, against whom he was often compelled to take up the Sword of the Spirit, which is the Word of God. They hated his clean thrusts and shrewd arguments, and he was at last summoned before the chancellor and abusively berated.

Later on, when a learned man said to him, "We were better to



be without God's laws than the Pope's," Tyndale replied: "I defy the Pope and all his laws. If God spare my life, ere many years I will cause a boy that driveth the plow to know more of the Scriptures than thou doest."

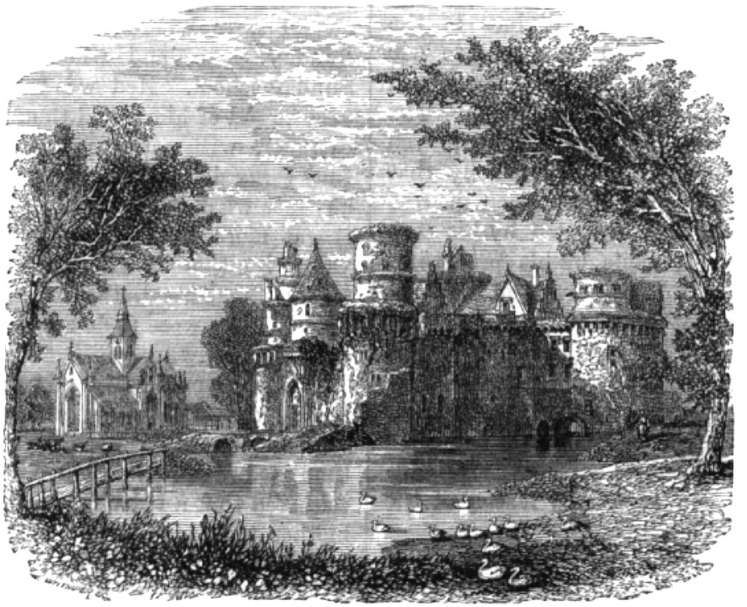
The secret was out now! Tyndale's intention of translating the Scriptures into English spread abroad quickly. Lest he should make things unpleasant for Sir John, he left him. First he went to London, where he expected to find in Bishop Tunstal a sympathetic friend and helper. Far from it. He was coldly dismissed. In the goodness of God he was helped by a rich city merchant, Humphrey Monmouth, staying with him for a while; then, since he could not gain the necessary "approbation and permission" for translating and printing an English

Bible, he sailed for Hambourg in 1524, never to return.

The translating seems to have been done in Whittenberg, money being sent by Humphrey Monmouth and others; and then he took the work to Cologne for printing. Every care was taken to keep the secret, but it was found out through the drunkenness of some of the printers. King Henry VIII was told, and Cardinal Wolsey. Tyndale fled with the precious manuscript up the Rhine to Worms, a dangerous voyage in those days. At Worms it was not so difficult to continue the printing, and, since God is able to make all things work together for good to them that love Him, Tyndale found he could issue double the number of Testaments that he intended at first. Friendly merchants were ready to ship them off to England. Many a time Bristol had a quiet ship at the quay, with bales of innocent looking merchandise containing hidden Testaments. King and Cardinal were unable to stem the tide. All over England people were reading those "wonderful words of life" for themselves, or having them read to them. We can imagine how gladly the owner of a precious Testament would share it with his friends and neighbors, dangerous though it was to possess such a book or to read it.

Bishop Tunstal himself bought a great many copies through George Packington, a merchant. This George Packington was a friend of Tyndale's. He told Tyndale the Bishop would buy up all the books and Testaments he had for ready money. "Oh, that is that he may burn them," said Tyndale. Packington said it was. "Well, two good things shall come thence. I shall get money to bring myself out of debt for my printing, and the whole world will cry out against the burning of God's Word," replied the translator.

The Bishop had the books, but the Testaments available were mostly copies that were not very fit for use. The good ones were already in England. The great burning took place on May of 1530 at Paul's Cross, London, and the people were so angry that the bishops excused the burning by saying that they intended to make a better



translation. But far from doing so, they issued a declaration later that it was not necessary to set forth the Scriptures in the common tongue, which made the people all the more eager to read Tyndale's Testament, "by reason of which many things came to the light."

Meanwhile Tyndale, after revising his New Testament, reprinted it with what remained of the Bishop's money after Tyndale's own debts were paid, and willing hands conveyed the books to England once more. By January of 1530, he had translated the Pentateuch and printed it at Margurg.

There were several attempts to get Tyndale to return to England, but he would not. His last revision of the New Testament was printed in 1535. He was living at this time with Thomas Poynty, an English merchant adventurer, where he had all the comforts of a home. After a time a man from England, Henry Phillips by name, made friends with Tyndale. He was a spy, and during the absence

of Poynty, who suspected him, he tricked Tyndale into leaving the house, down the long narrow entry into the street, putting Tyndale before him. Phillips being very tall, and Tyndale of no great height, he was able to signal over Tyndale's head to the two officers at the end of the entry. These men seized Tyndale, and he was taken at once to the castle of Vilvorde, a state prison of the Low countries.

This happened May 24, 1535, and for sixteen months he remained a prisoner; then he was tried and convicted of heresy, and on October 6, 1536, he was led to the stake, strangled, and his dead body burnt. But during his life of only fifty years he did a work which has been blessed to millions of souls, and which will be blessed for ever.

"Princes have persecuted me without a cause: but my heart standeth in awe of thy word. I rejoice at thy word, as one that findeth great spoil." —Psalm 119:161-162

Questions

1. What country was home to William Tyndale?
2. In what language was the Bible primarily available at this time in England?
3. What was William Tyndale thinking about as he walked along the street in the beginning of the story?
4. Why did the people have to depend upon the priests to tell them what the Bible said?
5. Why do you think the priests and kings wanted to kill William Tyndale?
6. What price did William Tyndale have to pay for translating the Bible?

What Do You Think?

7. WilliamTyndale said that the young boy plowing the field would never be able to read God's Word, but could only know what

the priests told him, because he could not read the Scriptures. Describe how you would feel if you could not read the Bible and had to trust what others told you.

8. Do you think William Tyndale translated the Bible because he wanted to be famous or because he wanted to help other people? Explain your answer.

Vocabulary

abbeys	because of its many *abbeys* and relics
abusively	before the chancellor and *abusively* berated
addicted	he was early *addicted*
adventurer	an English merchant *adventurer*
approbation	the necessary "*approbation* and permission"
berated	before the chancellor and abusively *berated*
chancellor	before the *chancellor* and abusively berated
chaplain	he became *chaplain* to Sir John Walsh
convicted	he was tried and *convicted* of heresy
furthered	he *furthered* his knowledge of God's Word
heresy	he was tried and convicted of *heresy*
inestimable	who did a service of *inestimable* value
Latin	a good *Latin* scholar
Pentateuch	he had translated the *Pentateuch*
priest	a *priest*, a supposed man of great learning
relics	because of its many abbeys and *relics*
revision	his last *revision*
service	who did a *service* of inestimable value
shrewd	*shrewd* arguments
summoned	he was at last *summoned* before the chancellor
superstitions	of the Church and her *superstitions*
tolerate	could not *tolerate* the false doctrines
translated	the Scriptures must be *translated* into English
tried	he was *tried* and convicted of heresy

Lesson XXII

The Long Night

It was the close of a warm day in the latter part of August, and little Franz Hoffmuster was playing in the cottage door with his baby sister Karine. His older sister Therese was busy clearing away the evening meal, and his brother Robert was industriously carving curious wooden spoons and knives and forks to sell to travelers whom his father might guide over the mountains, for you must know that these four children lived in a little Swiss chalet, or cottage, at the foot of some famous mountains. When little Franz lifted his eyes, he did not see a row of nice brick houses, three stories high, but high mountains stretching their grand old heads up into the very sky. The mother of those little Swiss children had died more than a year ago; and as they were poor, sister Therese, who was only twelve years old, had been the little housekeeper ever since.

Now, when I tell you that the father had gone to guide some travelers over the mountains, and would not be back until the next day, I think you will feel quite well acquainted with this pleasant family, and will like to hear a little more about them. It was sunset, and Franz, quite tired of play, leaned his head against Therese's knee, and fixed his gentle blue eyes upon the majestic mountaintops.

"Do you remember, Brother," said she, at length, "what the little English boy's father said the night he was here?"

"No. What *did* he say?"

"Why, we were looking at the sunset, and it was just as beautiful as it is tonight, for it seemed as if all the mountaintops were ablaze,

and you could imagine the strangest things. At last I thought it must be like some of the grand, faraway cities of which the travelers so often talk. So I went up to the good gentleman and said, 'Does it look like London, sir?' "

"I do not think he heard me, for he just kept his eyes fixed upon the mountains. He looked as if he saw something very fascinating in the remote reaches of the peaks. And while I was trying to think what it was, he stretched out his hands very slowly and said, softly, 'Lift up your heads, O ye gates; even lift them up ye everlasting doors; and the King of glory shall come in.' These were the very words, for I learned them afterwards from my little book."

"Well," broke in little Franz, breathlessly, "what happened then? Did you see any door or gate, Sister, and did any king come in?"

"No," said Therese, thoughtfully. "I could not think what the good gentleman meant, for he only looked straight into the beautiful red sunset, and I had seen it just the same often before. But he looked so long and so earnestly that I began to be afraid that something was going to happen. So I took hold of his hand and said, 'Please, sir, do *you* see any gate, and will the king soon come through?'

"I had to ask him two or three times before he heard me; and then he looked down so kindly, and smiled with his eyes, but did not say anything at first. So I asked again, 'Is it your king, sir?'

" 'Yes, little Therese, *my* King,' said he.

" 'Is it the king of England?' I asked.

" 'No,' and he smiled a little more.

" 'The King of France?'

" 'No.'

" 'Ah! The king of Sweden, then?'

" 'No, Therese,' said he. 'It is the "King of glory." '

" 'And where is "Glory," sir?' I asked. 'Is it far away behind the mountains, and is it very near England?'

" 'No,' said he, smiling more and more. 'It is no nearer England than Switzerland. But all good people, people who love the King, are coming toward it every day, and the journey will not be long; but bad people, those who do not love the King, are always going farther and farther away.' "

"Well, Sister," said Franz, slowly, "I tried to do right today. Neighbor Ulrich was just going up the mountain with his mule and a heavy load of bread and fruit, when the mule fell, and everything tumbled over the ground. Ah, how angry he was; and when I first ran up, he raised his whip to me, for he thought I only meant to trouble him."

"How awful," interrupted Robert. "I would have marched away after that."

"Ah, no," said the gentle Therese. "Then you would have been as bad as he. I hope you were kind, little Franz."

"Yes," said Franz, "after a while. But at first, all sorts of bad thoughts came tumbling into my head, and I wanted to call him an ugly name. But I held my breath, just as you told me, Sister, and shut my teeth hard; and pretty soon I felt sorry for him again, and helped him until every thing was picked up."

"And what did he say then?" asked Therese.

"Well, he said I was not as bad as some boys."

"The old curmudgeon!" cried Robert. "Not as bad as some boys, indeed! Was that the only thanks you got?"

"Well," said Therese, soothingly, "he is a poor, lonely man, and has no children to love him and make him smile. I am very glad Franz helped him."

"Do you think I came any nearer to 'glory'?" whispered Franz, with great earnestness.

"I hope you did," replied Therese. "But Robert must not be left behind. We must ask the great King to guide us, and tomorrow we will all go on together."

"The gates are shutting up now, are they not, Sister?" said little Franz, as the beautiful rosy light paled in the west, and the old mountaintops stood cold and solemn against the clear sky.

"Let us go in," added Robert. "The night wind is cold from the glacial crevasses, and I'm exhausted."

"And I," said little Franz, rubbing his misty blue eyes.

Karine was already sleeping, with her fat hand under her rosy cheek; and in a short time the cottage door was bolted, and all these little children, snug in their beds, were drifting off to dreamland.

Therese had not slept very long, when she felt a sudden shock, as if something had struck the little chalet and made it tremble all over.

"What is it?" murmured little Franz, dreamily.

"Is it morning already?" sighed poor tired Robert.

But Therese did not know what it could be; and while she was still trying to think, her heavy eyelids drooped, and she was soon fast asleep.

Two or three times she awoke again, and wondered if it were not almost morning; but it was dark as midnight, and she would try to compose herself again. But at last she became so wide awake that

she rose up in bed and tried to look around the room. "It must be a very dark night," she thought to herself, "for almost always the stars give a little light. I wonder how I happened to wake so early."

Just then little Franz spoke, in a very weary voice, "Dear Therese, when *will* it be morning? It is the very longest night I ever knew."

"So I think," cried Robert. "I've been awake half a dozen times, and now I mean to get up."

"Oh, no," pleaded Franz. "Let us tell stories until daylight." So Therese, Robert, and Franz each told a long story; and just as they finished, Karine woke up and cried loudly for her breakfast.

"I don't wonder that she is hungry," said Franz, "for I am half starved, and cold too."

"Ah," sighed Therese, "if we only had a little light." But they could not find any, for their father kept all such things in a little cupboard in the wall, and had taken the key with him.

So Therese searched until she found some milk for Karine, and some black bread, which she gave to her brothers.

Then, as they could no longer sleep, they all dressed as well as they could in the dark.

"I will go out," said Robert, "and see if I can discover any signs of morning."

So he took down the heavy bar, when, to his surprise, the door flew open, and he found himself upon the floor, half-buried in some cold substance.

"Oh, Therese! Franz!" cried Robert, "come help me."

"What can it be?" exclaimed all three, as they helped him upon his feet.

"Why, this is snow," cried little Franz, putting a handful to his mouth.

"How can that be," exclaimed Therese, "when it was so pleasant last evening?"

For a few moments there was a profound silence; then Robert

gave a quick, sharp cry: "Oh, Therese! Could it be an avalanche?"

"No, no," said Therese, in a trembling voice. "That cannot be, or the roof would have fallen in, and we all would have been crushed to death."

"No," said Robert. "I have heard father say that small ones sometimes fall so lightly that sleeping families have never been disturbed. But then *I* remember a noise in the night."

"And I," said Therese. The reality that an avalanche had engulfed their little abode began to set in.

"And I," repeated frightened little Franz.

"What can we do?" asked Therese, as firmly as she could.

"Will not Father dig us out?" sobbed Franz.

"I'm afraid he cannot find us."

"Well," said Robert, "I will try and dig through to the light," and finding an old shovel, he hurried to the door, and began to work manfully. But it was all in the dark, and the snow fell over him until he was half dead with cold and fatigue. Several times he tried again; but as soon as he dug a little away, the snow was sure to fall down and fill it up. Thus, at last he came, in saying despairingly, "Well, Therese, if Father does not find us, we must die down here in the dark."

"If I could only see you, Sister," said Franz, in a choking voice, "I should not mind it so much."

"Let us hold each other's hands," proposed Therese, and they all huddled together by little Karine.

At first they were quite cheerful, and said often, "Oh, Father will certainly find us." But the long hours dragged on, and all was still as the grave. Poor Karine cried very hard, for she could not understand why it was so dark, and she could not see the sweet smile of her little sister-mother.

But you would be very tired if I should tell you all that these little children said and did through this prolonged night—how often

they prayed to the King of heaven for help, how kind and gentle they tried to be, and how they denied themselves food so that little Karine might not be hungry. But at last there was nothing left to eat. Karine was too tired and weak to cry any more, and only once in a while made a little grieving moan. Robert had not spoken for a long time, not since he had said, wildly, "Oh, Therese, Therese, I cannot, cannot die!" and threw himself sobbing upon his bed.

Little Franz, who was becoming very ill, said some strange things, so that Therese could not help weeping, when he whispered, sadly, "All dark, no sun, no moon, no stars. Sister, when *will* the King of glory come in?"

Suddenly a sound broke the stillness—a sound upon the roof. "What is that?" cried Robert, starting eagerly upon his feet.

There were several heavy blows, and then a ray of bright, beautiful sunshine came flashing through a hole in the wall, and a voice exclaimed, "Little Franz Hoffmaster, are you there?"

Franz could not speak; but Robert gave a wild shout and hurrah. "Yes, yes, neighbor Ulrich, here we all are!" and in a few moments the room was filled with kind neighbors, who bore the little famished children out into the dear light and air, where their father, who had dropped down from fatigue, was awaiting them with great anxiety. I cannot tell you of all the tears and embraces that were showered upon these children. But it would have done your heart good to see cross old neighbor Ulrich holding little Franz, and feeding him as tenderly as if he had been his mother. And, oh! how beautiful the world looked to them all.

"My dear children," said the father, "God has been very kind to you, and has saved you from very great peril; but next to Him you must thank kind neighbor Ulrich, who has given himself no rest, but, when others were discouraged, has always said, 'Work on, work on, there is a boy worth saving down there.' "

Robert blushed, as he remembered his unkind words, but Therese

looked at Franz with a sweet smile.

Little Franz turned and kissed the rough cheek of neighbor Ulrich; then, clasping his hands, he looked up to the clear sky and said, softly, "Help me always to please Thee, dear King of glory."

"If ye fulfil the royal law according to the scripture, Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself, ye do well:" —James 2:8

Questions

1. How do you think Therese felt about having to be the one to fill her mother's shoes?
2. Why do you think the beautiful sunset made the traveler think about God?
3. What do you think Mr. Ulrich thought Franz was going to do when he ran up to him after his things spilled on the ground?
4. Why do you think Franz tried to do the right thing for Mr. Ulrich?
5. Why do you think Mr. Ulrich pressed the other neighbors to try to save the children?
6. Do you think Franz expected to have a good deed done unto him by Mr. Ulrich since he did something for him? Explain your answer.

What Do You Think?

7. Should we only do good deeds to those who appear to like us, or should we do good deeds to those who appear to dislike us as well? Why?
8. Can you think of a good deed you can do for someone?

Vocabulary

ablaze	if all the mountaintops were *ablaze*
abode	had engulfed their little *abode*
avalanche	could it be an *avalanche*
bolted	the cottage door was *bolted*
chalet	as if something had struck the little *chalet*
crevasses	from the glacial *crevasses*
curmudgeon	the old *curmudgeon*
drifting	were *drifting* off to dreamland
embraces	all the tears and *embraces*
engulfed	that an avalanche had *engulfed* their little abode
exhausted	I'm *exhausted*
fascinating	he saw something very *fascinating*
fixed	kept his eyes *fixed* upon the mountains
glacial	from the *glacial* crevasses
latter	in the *latter* part of August
majestic	upon the *majestic* mountaintops
peaks	in the remote reaches of the *peaks*
profound	there was a *profound* silence
prolonged	did through this *prolonged* night
reaches	in the remote *reaches* of the peaks
remote	in the *remote* reaches of the peaks
royal	if ye fulfil the *royal* law
soothingly	said Therese, *soothingly*
tremble	struck the little chalet and made it *tremble*

Lesson XXIII

Plain Little Patty

One bright December morning, Patty, the poor cobbler's only daughter, was busy as usual, sweeping out the small shop, and putting everything nicely to rights. The tea kettle was simmering, and the table was neatly set in the little back kitchen; and as soon as her work was done she could call her father, and have a nice comfortable breakfast of tea and bread and butter. But still Patty lingered. She had only to open the door, and brush out the sill, and sweep the bricks nicely down to the gutter; but still she stood resolute as much as five minutes, with one hand on the latch and the other nervously pulling at her straight wiry hair. At last, with sudden determination, she flung the door open, and looking anxiously up and down the street, began sweeping vigorously. It was almost done, and Patty's brow had lightened very much, when she heard behind her a voice which made her start, flush violently red, and then nervously put one small hand over the little pug nose, which had turned a bright scarlet in the sharp winter air.

"Ah, good morning, Miss *Griffin!*" cried the shrill voice. "You are as charming as ever, I see. But don't hold your hand quite so close to that nose—you'll be *burnt*, I'm sure." And the little girl danced around tauntingly, just out of reach of Patty's broom.

Poor Patty! She had bravely borne this and more almost every day since Margot had moved into the neighborhood; but this morning she felt very nervous and sensitive, and as the thought rushed upon her, "I certainly am the homeliest girl in all the world," her small

hand fell hopelessly from her strange little nose; and, with great tears in her gray eyes, she looked pitifully at her tormentor.

"How very good God has been to Margot. He had given her a beautiful white skin, and straight features, and soft, curling hair, and when the December wind came flinging a great splash of vermillion right on my strange little knob of a nose, He only painted Margot's *cheeks* with the sweetest color in the world. But I am as brown as—as brown as my old dress, and—oh, I don't know how to bear it!" and Patty hurried to go in, and crawl under the counter, and have a good cry.

The squeaking of the door drowned the little sob as she entered the shop, or her poor half-blind father would have known something had gone wrong. As it was he only said, "Come, little daughter, isn't it very late? Shan't we read our chapter, and then have breakfast?"

So Patty smothered her grief, and put off crawling under the counter until a more convenient season; and while her father read some of the beautiful words of Jesus, she grew quite calm, although the tears came again to her eyes, and she shook her head quite hopelessly, as he read, "But I say unto you, *Love* your enemies, bless them which curse you, do good to them that *hate* you, and pray for them which *despitefully* use you, and *persecute* you."

"What is the use in trying to love anybody?" said Patty bitterly to herself. "No one will ever love me—Margot said so—because I am *so* homely"—and again the tears fell fast, as Patty poured out tea and made toast for her father.

"Thanks, kind little daughter," said the cobbler, as she placed the simple food before him. "You make me think of your dear mother. She had a lovely face, and I think you look like her, Patty."

Patty started, and a smile of sweet surprise almost transfigured the large mouth, but it died as suddenly as it came.

"Father is half blind," she said to herself. "He hasn't the least idea how I really look. He has never heard Margot talk, and he

doesn't know that I'm a 'black spider,' and a 'monkey,' and a 'toad.' Father is the only one that loves me." And poor Patty wondered if it was very wicked and selfish to be glad that Father couldn't see any better.

After the breakfast things were cleared away, Patty went up to her room, and looked at herself sorrowfully in the little cracked glass—at her heavy, red-rimmed eyes, little turned-up nose, big mouth, and stiff hair. It was very sad indeed; and, falling upon her knees, Patty prayed that "God would bless her too—would make her grow just a *little* pretty, or would do something to make her a little happier." And I think the prayer was heard, though Patty was quite discouraged through the greater part of the day. Margot came every little while to make faces at the shop window where Patty sat patiently binding shoes; and once she brought two or three other girls and boys, to whom she showed Patty, as if she were a great fright and curiosity.

All this was very hard to bear; but brave Patty kept it to herself, and would not grieve her old father, who sat cheerfully but painfully over his work.

But toward night, when it was getting almost too dark to see, Patty suddenly heard a terrible cry, and, catching up her blanket shawl, she ran to the door, when what should she see but Margot, running up the street with loud screams, and the front of her dress all on fire. For a moment some very wicked thoughts came into Patty's

head. "Her pretty face will all be gone now," she said. "The cruel fire will make long red seams in her soft skin, her pretty curls will shrivel up, and she will look more like a toad than I do. And I can't help her," continued Patty, trying to excuse herself. "What could such a little girl as I do? I should only burn too." All these thoughts were as swift as a flash of lightning, and in another moment— Patty could never tell how it happened—but she found herself running right up to poor, wretched Margot, with her shawl all spread out. With all her strength she threw Margot on the ground, and pressed the shawl tightly down all around her; and before the other neighbors could get to her, the flames were quite smothered in the thick woolen folds; and Margot was taken home, very much frightened, but with only a few trifling burns.

As for Patty, she was folded close in her father's arms, and they laughed and cried together. Then the neighbors came in, and called her a brave little girl, worth a dozen Margots—for Margot was no favorite in the neighborhood. Then one of the little boys who had pretended to be so frightened came timidly, and said, "Please forgive me, Patty, for what I did today. I don't think you are ugly at all; and when you smile, I think you look sweeter than any girl I know."

"Yes," continued a neighbor, "the plainest face in the world looks pretty when a *beautiful soul* shines through."

"Yes," said Dame Goodwin, "and the beautiful faces only give pleasure for a little time, for they soon grow faded and old; but God will sooner or later call all the beautiful *souls* up to His heaven."

"How God has blessed my little daughter!" whispered the cobbler, tremulously. "Everyone must love her." And Patty felt quite bewildered with happiness, and longed to get away to her own little room, and give thanks for this sweet answer to her prayers.

Do you wonder after this that Patty cried no more over her plain face, but only prayed every day that God would give her the greater blessing of a beautiful *soul?*

"Whose adorning let it not be that outward adorning of plaiting the hair, and of wearing of gold, or of putting on of apparel; but let it be the hidden man of the heart, in that which is not corruptible, even the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit, which is in the sight of God of great price." —1 Peter 3:3-4

Questions

1. Describe the contrast of appearances between Margot and Patty.
2. Do you think Margot was a proud girl? Explain why or why not.
3. Do you think something was wrong with Patty's appearance, or was it just Margot who felt that there was something wrong with her appearance? Explain your answer.
4. Why do you think Patty did not believe her father when he told her that she had a lovely face like her mother?
5. When Patty saw Margot's dress on fire and had her unkind thoughts, do you think she would have been justified if she had let Margot get burned? Which parts of the Bible verse her father read would apply to this situation?
6. Do you think Patty would have regretted it if she did not put out the fire that was burning Margot's dress? Explain why or why not.
7. Do you think God answered Patty's prayer in the way that she wanted Him to answer it?

What Do You Think?

8. There is a saying which says "Beauty is in the eye of the beholder." How do you think that saying could be applied to this story?
9. Do you think Margot's vision to behold Patty's beauty was clouded by her pride? Why?

10. Think about how you view other people. Do you allow your pride to cloud your vision?

Vocabulary

adorning	Whose *adorning* let it not be that outward *adorning*
apparel	of putting on of *apparel*
cobbler	the poor *cobbler's* only daughter
convenient	until a more *convenient* season
corruptible	in that which is not *corruptible*
dame	"Yes," said *Dame* Goodwin
drowned	The squeaking of the door *drowned* the little sob
homely	because I am so *homely*
kettle	the tea *kettle* was simmering
lingered	but still Patty *lingered*
plain	*plain* little Patty
plaiting	that outward adorning of *plaiting* the hair
pug	little *pug* nose
shrill	cried the *shrill* voice
shrivel	her pretty curls will *shrivel* up
simmering	the tea kettle was *simmering*
transfigured	almost *transfigured* the large mouth
tremulously	whispered the cobbler, *tremulously*
trifling	with only a few *trifling* burns
vermillion	a great splash of *vermillion*
vigorously	began sweeping *vigorously*

Lesson XXIV

The Great Harvest

Growing together, wheat and tares,
Clustering thick and green,
Fanned by the gentle summer airs,
Under the sky serene,
Over them both the sunlight falls,
Over them both the rain,
Till angels come when the Master calls,
To gather the golden grain.

Growing together side by side,
Both shall the reaper meet,
Tares aloft in their scornful pride,
Bowing their heads the wheat,
Swift and sure o'er the waving plain
The sickle sharp shall fly,
And the precious wheat, and abundant grain,
Shall be harvested in the sky.

But as for the tares, for them the word
Of a fatal doom is cast;
"Bind and burn," said the blessed Lord,
They shall leave the wheat at last.
Never again the summer rain,
Never the sunshine sweet,
That were lavished freely, all in vain,
On the tares among the wheat.

Where shall the reapers look for us
When that day of days shall come?
Solemn the thought, with grandeur fraught,
Of that wondrous harvest home.
None but the wheat shall be gathered in,
By the Master's own command;
For the tares alone the doom of sin
And the flame in the Judge's hand.

Jesus, oh, grant when Thine angels come,
To reap the fields for Thee,
We may be gathered safely home,
Where the precious wheat may be.

"Let both grow together until the harvest: and in the time of harvest I will say to the reapers, Gather ye together first the tares, and bind them in bundles to burn them: but gather the wheat into my barn." —Matthew 13:30

Questions

1. Read the first stanza of the poem again and try to visualize in your mind the picture the author is painting. Write a description of what you see.
2. What are the wheat and tares used to represent in the poem?
3. What was shared equally by the tares and the wheat?
4. What does the reaper meet equally?

What Do You Think?

5. Since the wheat and the tares were treated the same, what do you think was the difference between the two?
6. The poem is using a physical picture of God's nature to paint a spiritual picture. The wheat and the tares grow together and share all of God's physical blessings. Judgment day comes and God judges justly and fairly. The wheat is gathered and the tares are discarded and burned. During the summer days of growing all seemed the same. Write a few sentences describing your thoughts about this picture.
7. What do you think: will you be a stalk of wheat or a tare? What makes you think so?

Vocabulary

abundant	and *abundant* grain
aloft	tares *aloft* in their scornful pride
bind	*bind* and burn
bundles	bind them in *bundles* to burn
clustering	*clustering* thick and green
doom	the *doom* of sin
fatal	a *fatal* doom is cast
fraught	with grandeur *fraught*
grain	and abundant *grain*
grandeur	with *grandeur* fraught
harvest	the great *harvest*
lavished	that were *lavished* freely
plain	o'er the waving *plain*
reaper	both shall the *reaper* meet
scornful	tares aloft in their *scornful* pride
serene	under the sky *serene*
sickle	the *sickle* sharp shall fly
tares	*tares* aloft in their scornful pride

Lesson XXV

Joe Benton's Coal Yard

Just imagine the loveliest May morning that ever was made: the sun so lately risen that its long golden rays still trailed on the hilltops, and the robins singing such extravagant songs while the violets open as wide as possible. There must have been something very curious in the air that morning, for when Joe Benton sprang out of the back door with hair as golden as the sun's, and eyes as blue as the violet's, and voice almost as sweet as the robin's, he took one long breath, and shouted a vigorous hurrah! But, seeming just as excited as the birds, he didn't feel at all relieved until he had climbed a tree, turned three somersaults, and jumped over the garden fence.

"Saturday, too," he said to himself, as he rested upon the other side. "Was there ever anything so wonderful? Now I'll just have time to run down to the brook before breakfast and see if our boat is all right. Then I'll hurry home, and learn my lessons for Monday, for we boys are to meet and launch her at nine o'clock, and the *captain* ought to be on time."

So Joe's feet clattered vigorously down to the little cave where the precious boat was hidden. But as he neared the place, an exclamation of surprise escaped him, for there were signs of some intruder, and the big stone before the cave had been rolled away. Hastily drawing forth his treasure, he burst into loud cries of dismay, for there was the beautiful little boat, which Cousin Herbert had given him, with its sails split into a hundred shreds, and a large hole bored into the bottom.

Joe stood for a moment motionless with grief and surprise; then, with a face as red as a peony, he burst forth—"I know who did it—the mean scamp! It was Fritz Brown; and he was mad because I didn't ask him to come to the launch. But I'll pay him for *this* caper," said little Joe through his set teeth; and hastily pushing back the ruined boat, he hurried a little farther down the road, and fastened a short piece of string across the footpath, a few inches from the ground; next, he carefully hid himself in the bushes.

Now the golden sun had disappeared behind the clouds as if holding a little cloud handkerchief over its eyes, but Joe did not notice it. He only knew that he was very angry and miserable, and he wondered that he had ever thought it was a pleasant morning.

Presently a step was heard, and Joe eagerly peeped out. How provoking! instead of Fritz, it was Cousin Herbert, the very last person he cared to see; and hastily unfastening his string, Joe tried to lie very quiet. But it was all in vain, for Cousin Herbert's sharp eye caught a curious moving in the bushes, and, brushing them right and left, he soon came upon Joe. "How's this?" cried he, looking straight into the boy's blazing face; but Joe answered not a word. "You're not *ashamed* to tell me what you were doing?"

"No, I'm *not*," said Joe, sturdily, after a short pause; "I'll just tell you the whole story," and out it came, down to the closing threat, "and I mean to make Fritz smart for it!"

"What do you mean to do?"

"Why, you see, Fritz carries a basket of eggs to market every morning, and I mean to trip him over this string, and smash 'em all."

Now Joe knew well enough that he was not showing the right spirit; and he muttered to himself, "Now for a good scolding," but, to his great surprise, Cousin Herbert said, quietly, "Well, I think Fritz should pay some penalty, but this string is an old trick. I can tell you something better than that."

"What?" cried Joe, eagerly.

"How would you like to put a few coals of fire on his head?"

"What, and *burn* him?" said Joe, doubtfully. Cousin Herbert nodded with a strange smile. Joe clapped his hands. "Now that's just the thing, Cousin Herbert. You see, his hair is so thick that he wouldn't get burned much before he'd have time to shake 'em off;

but I'd just like to see him jump once. Now tell me how to do it, quick!"

" 'If thine enemy be hungry, give him bread to eat; and if he be thirsty, give him water to drink: for thou shalt heap coals of fire upon his head, and the Lord shall reward thee,' " said Cousin Herbert, gravely. "I think that's the best kind of punishment Fritz could have."

Joe's face lengthened terribly. "Now, I do say, Cousin Herbert, that's a real take-in. That's just no punishment at all."

"Try it once," said Cousin Herbert. "Treat Fritz kindly, and I'm certain he will feel so ashamed and unhappy that he would far rather have you kick or beat him."

Joe was not really such a bad boy at heart, but he was now in a very ill temper, and he said sullenly, "But you've told me a story, Cousin Herbert. You said these kind of coals would *burn*, and they don't at all."

"You're mistaken about that," said his cousin, cheerily. "I've known such coals to burn up a great amount of rubbish: malice, envy, ill-feeling, vengeance, and I don't know how much more, and then leave some very cold hearts feeling as warm and pleasant as possible."

Joe drew a long sigh. "Well, tell me a good coal to put on Fritz's head, and I'll see about it."

"You know," said Cousin Herbert, smiling, "that Fritz is very poor, and can seldom buy himself a book, although he is extravagantly fond of reading; but *you* have quite a library. Now suppose—ah! well, I won't suppose anything about it. I'll just leave you to think over the matter, and find your *own* coal; and be sure and kindle it with *love*, for no other fire burns so brightly and so long." With a cheery whistle Cousin Herbert sprang over the fence and was gone.

Before Joe had time to collect his thoughts, he saw Fritz coming down the lane, carrying a basket of eggs in one hand and a pail of

milk in the other.

For one minute the thought crossed Joe's mind, "What a *grand* smash it would have been if Fritz *had* fallen over the string," and then again he blushed to his eyes, and was glad enough that the string was safe in his pocket.

Fritz started and looked very uncomfortable when he first caught sight of Joe, but the boy began abruptly, "Fritz, do you have much time to read now?"

"Sometimes," said Fritz, "when I've driven the cows home, and done all my chores, I have a little piece of daylight left; but the trouble is, I've read every thing I could get hold of."

"How would you like to take my new book of travels?"

Fritz's eyes danced. "Oh, may I, *may* I? I'd be *so* careful of it."

"Yes," answered Joe, "and perhaps I've some others you'd like to read. And, Fritz," he added, a little slyly, "I would ask you to come and help sail my boat today, but someone has torn up the sails, and made a great hole in the bottom. Who *do* you suppose did it?"

Fritz's head slumped upon his chest; but after a moment he looked up with a great effort and said, "*I* did it, Joe; but I can't begin to tell you how sorry I am. You didn't know I was so mean, when you promised me the books."

"Well, I rather thought you did it," said Joe, slowly.

"And yet you didn't—" Fritz couldn't get any further, for his cheeks were in a perfect blaze, and he rushed off without another word.

"Cousin Herbert was right," said Joe to himself; "that coal *does* burn; and I know Fritz would rather I had smashed every egg in his basket than offered to lend him that book. But *I* feel fine," and Joe took three more somersaults, and went home with a light heart, and a grand appetite for breakfast.

When the captain and the crew of the little vessel met at the

appointed hour, they found Fritz there before them, eagerly trying to repair the injuries; and as soon as he saw Joe he hurried to present him with a beautiful little flag which he had bought for the boat with part of his egg money that very morning. The boat was repaired, and made a grand trip, and everything turned out as Cousin Herbert had said, for Joe's heart was so warm and full of kind thoughts that he never was more happy in all his life. And Joe found out afterwards that the more he used of this curious kind of coal, the larger supply he had on hand—kind thoughts, kind words, and kind actions. "I declare, Cousin Herbert," said he, with a strange twinkle in his eye, "I think I shall have to set up a coal yard."

His friends, who saw that Joe was always happy, studied the secret too; and at last, if any trouble or dispute arose, someone would say, "Let's try a few of Joe Benton's coals," and it was astonishing to see how soon all the evil passions were burned to ashes, and how quickly the young hearts grew warm toward each other. Come, Tom, Dick, and Harry, who have ever so much rubbish to be burned, and whose hearts are all in a shiver with cold, unloving looks you gave each other this morning; won't you try, just for *once*, to find out the happy secret that lies in Joe Benton's happy coal yard?

"If thine enemy be hungry, give him bread to eat; and if he be thirsty, give him water to drink: for thou shalt heap coals of fire upon his head, and the LORD shall reward thee." —Proverbs 25:21-22

Questions

1. Read the first paragraph of the story, close your eyes, and then describe what you see in a few sentences.
2. Describe how you think Fritz felt because he was not invited to the boat launch.
3. Do you think that if Joe was in Fritz's shoes, he would have had the same feelings as Fritz? Why?
4. Why do you think Joe did not want to see his cousin, Herbert, and tried to hide from him?
5. What do you think of the way Herbert handled Joe? What did Herbert do to try to win him over to his side?
6. Which action do you think achieved the better outcome and felt better in the long run—smashing the eggs, or applying "coals of fire"? Why?
7. The Bible uses the term "coals of fire on his head," when we do not really put fire on someone's head. If we were to think of this physically like Joe did, it would be a bad thing. The term is used to describe the way it makes someone feel when we do something good for someone who has done evil to us. How did Joe's coal make Fritz feel?

What Do You Think?

8. Do you normally respond to others who wrong you with "coals of fire," or do you respond with more wrongdoing? List a few ways in which you can respond to someone who has done wrong to you.

Vocabulary

appointed	the little vessel met at the *appointed* hour
bored	a large hole *bored* into the bottom
captain	the *captain* and the crew
clattered	Joe's feet *clattered* vigorously down to the
coals	heap *coals* of fire upon his head
crew	the captain and the *crew*
dispute	if any trouble or *dispute* arose
extravagant	the robins singing such *extravagant* songs
heap	for thou shalt *heap* coals of fire upon his head
intruder	were signs of some *intruder*
launch	for we boys are to meet and *launch* her
motionless	Joe stood for a moment *motionless* with grief
penalty	should pay some *penalty*
peony	with a face as red as a *peony*
rubbish	so much *rubbish* to be burned
slumped	Fritz's head *slumped* upon his chest
smart	to make Fritz *smart* for it
somersaults	turned three *somersaults*
threat	down to the closing *threat*
vengeance	burn up a great amount of rubbish: malice, envy, ill-feeling, *vengeance*
vessel	the little *vessel* met at the appointed hour

Lesson XXVI

The Dangerous Door

"Cousin Will, Cousin Will, tell us a story! Do, please. There's just time before the school bell rings," cried Harry, Kate, Bob, and "Little Peace." A rosy battalion encircled Will's chair, and at Bob's word of command, "Present *arms!*" the children embraced his knees, clung around his neck, and otherwise made such a vigorous attack, that Cousin Will sued for mercy and declared himself quite ready to surrender.

"Well, what shall it be, Little Peace?" said he, taking the plump hand of his favorite Lucy, upon whom had been conferred the name of "Peace," or "Peacemaker," which was attributable to her gentle disposition. She never could abide angry words, or see an unloving look pass between her little friends or brothers and sisters, without doing everything in her power to smooth over the trouble, and get them to "kiss and make up."

"Well, Little Peace, what shall it be?"

"Something true this time," said Peace, "for I'm getting tired of tales."

"Very well," said Cousin Will. "I've only five minutes and must be quick. I'm going to tell you about some very dangerous *doors* I've seen."

"Oh, that's good!" exclaimed Bob. "Were they all iron, and heavy bars, and if one passed through would they shut with a great snap, and keep him there forever?"

"No," replied Cousin Will, "the doors I mean are very pleasant

to look upon. They are pink or scarlet, like seashells, and when they open you can see a row of little servants standing all in white, and just behind them is a little lady dressed in crimson."

"Why, that's splendid!" cried Kate. "I should like to go in myself."

"Ah, it is what comes *out* of those doors that makes them so dangerous. It is always best to have a strong guard on each side, or

else there is great trouble and misery."

"Why, what comes out?" said Little Peace, with wondering eyes.

"Well, I've never seen very clearly," said Cousin Will, "but sometimes, when the guards were away, I've known something to come out sharper than arrows or stings of bees, and make some terrible wounds. Indeed, quite lately I saw two very pretty little doors close together, and when one opened the little crimson lady began to talk very fast and said something like this: 'Oh! Did you see Susy Waters today? What a proud, "stuck-up" thing she is, and that dress she thinks so much of is made out of her sister's old one.' 'Oh, yes,' said the little crimson lady looking out of the other door, 'I know just what you mean.' Then poor Susy Waters, who was only round the corner of the house, felt a sharp little sting in her heart, and ran home to cry all the pleasant summer evening."

"I know what you mean, Cousin Will," cried Kate, coloring violently, "but I don't think it was at all right for you to stand around *listening*."

"Oh! Do you mean our mouths are the doors," exclaimed Harry, "and the little crimson lady is Miss Tongue?"

"Even so," said Cousin Will.

"Well, who are the guards, and where do they come from?" asked Bob.

"Why, you have to ask God. This is what you must say: 'Set a watch, O Lord, upon my lips; keep the door of my lips.' Then He will send Patience and Love to stand on one side of the door, and Truth and Humility on the other, and the sharp, bitter, stinging little words won't dare to come out."

"I shall ask God," said Little Peace thoughtfully. Cousin Will kissed her and repeated the verse until each one could say it. "Now run to school," cried he cheerily, "and when you come home, I will tell you the minute I look at the four little doors whether the King's

guards have been there all day."

So the children trooped away with their baskets and books, and Love certainly guarded the doors all the way to the schoolhouse. Even impulsive Kate thought deeply on Cousin Will's gentle censure and made great resolutions for the future. During the morning great peace and harmony reigned throughout the school, but as the day advanced it became very warm. Every round cheek became flushed, and the restless little figures seemed examples of perpetual motion.

"Oh, I never did see such flies!" said Jenny Wood, fretfully waving her hand around her head.

"Why, Jenny Wood," cried Susy Waters, almost aloud, "you've knocked my elbow, and shaken ink all over my copy! You're a careless girl!"

"Susan," said Miss Saunders, the teacher, "are you whispering?"

"No, ma'am," replied Susy after a slight hesitation.

Peace looked up with such surprise in her innocent eyes that Miss Saunders turned to her, asking, "Lucy, who was whispering in your part of the room?"

Susy and Jenny both turned upon her, each with a very threatening look, and Little Peace, coloring painfully, burst into tears.

"Never mind," said Miss Saunders kindly. "I did not think it was you, but Susy may sit a while upon the recitation bench."

Susy looked black, and as she passed Little Peace she gave the child such a pinch that Lucy could scarcely keep from crying aloud.

"You're a cruel, wicked girl!" began Miss Tongue; but Love and Patience kept the little red door tightly shut, and Susy did not hear a word. Little Peace cried quietly to herself a long time, but nobody seemed to notice it until school was out when sister Kate flew up to Susy Waters.

"Well, Susy, you certainly are the meanest girl—and more than

that, you're a *coward*, for I've heard Father say that only cowards hurt people who are smaller and weaker than themselves."

Now Love, Humility, and Patience had all tried to keep guard and to whisper, "Poor Susy; she was very tired and warm, and nobody speaks kindly to her. Try and forgive her." But no! the door was slung open, and little Miss Tongue pitched all those hard stones at Susy's heart.

Now Susy was very passionate, and she stamped her feet, grew crimson with rage, and said such very hard things that Jenny Wood and most of the other girls took sides with Kate. There was soon such a babel of tongues that the boys left their game of ball and came to see what was afoot.

"What is it, Peace?" cried Harry Graham, taking his little frightened sister from Kate's neck. "Why, Katy, you look as mad as poor puss when Towser has chased her for an hour. I wonder what Cousin Will would say to *that* mouth?"

Katy looked a little shamed, and Fred Waters, taking his sister by the arm, led her away home while she bitterly kept telling over wrongs in his sympathizing ear. So the little party separated, and Kate ran home with her flushing cheeks, taking the precaution to keep out of Cousin Will's way.

Immediately after tea, Jenny Wood came into the garden. "Oh, Kate," she cried, "I must tell you what John is going to do. You know he does not like that Susy Waters any more than I do, and he says he will pay her tonight for all her meanness."

"What will he do?" cried Kate, a little nervously.

"Why, he, with one of the other boys, is going there after dark to get that white kitten she thinks so much of, and leave it way out in the woods. Oh! It will probably find its way back but she will be furious when she sees that it is gone in the morning."

Kate looked a little doubtful, and said, "Oh! I'm afraid that won't be just right."

But Jenny talked so fast, and recalled so many mean things that Susy had said and done, that Kate's scruples were soon overcome. But Peace, who had stood by with sad, troubled eyes, immediately resolved in her generous little heart to try and give Susy warning. Finding Bob, she hastily told him the whole story, and that she *must* go to Susy's, but she'd run all the way, and be back before dark.

It was a long walk for the tired little girl, but the patient feet started bravely on their errand of love. The sun set—the shadows lengthened—all the little birds sang their sweet good-night and put their heads under their wings, but no Little Peace came back. Soon there were inquiries on every side, and great shouting and calling, but no sweet echoing voice returned. Searchers were dispatched in every direction, but all in vain. Soon the family became much alarmed, and little Bob was awakened to be asked if he knew anything of his sister. He told all the story, and Kate, coloring under Cousin Will's reproachful gaze, burst into bitter weeping. But no one had time to comfort her, for Father, Mother, Cousin Will, and all, started forth with lanterns to find Lucy.

"I suppose she is blessed wherever she is," said little Bob confidently, "because she's a *peacemaker*."

"Or perhaps," groaned Kate, "she's gone away from us all to be one of the children of God."

All night long they searched for Little Peace, but she had not been at Susy's, nor could she be found anywhere. When the morning dawned, all the little schoolmates with solemn faces joined in the search.

Susy Waters, who had heard the whole story of the dear heart of Little Peace, came up to Kate with a pale, tear-stained face. "Oh, Kate, I shall never be happy again. How cruel I was to your sweet little sister. Can you ever forgive me?"

Humility opened the door, and Kate said softly, "I am just as bad as you. If I had only been as kind as Peace, *you* would have been

different. I shall never forgive *myself*."

Just then Bob cried, "Here's part of her dress on the fence." Cousin Will sprang forward, and, climbing over, looked eagerly around.

Suddenly Farmer Waters cried, "There's an old, half-choked well by the fence in the next field. Could the little one have lost her way and fallen in *that?*"

Cousin Will rushed forward, followed by the whole company. Yes, the rotten old boards which had covered it for years were broken, and *there* was another piece of the little blue dress.

Cousin Will shuddered, and threw himself down to look over the brink. Then came a wild, triumphant cry! The old well was nearly filled up with rubbish. She had only fallen a little way, and was there, bathed in the rosy morning light. The eager eyes, looking over, saw the fair hair and the sweet, calm eyes of Little Peace. Every boy's cap took a turn in the air, and a clear, ringing "hurrah!" carried the good news to every house in the place.

Then followed warm embraces and happy tears as the child was passed from friend to friend. Then, while Susy, Jenny, and Kate knelt hand in hand, the good old minister, with his hand on the head of Little Peace, offered up a fervent thanksgiving. And after praying that the little lambs might never forget the lesson of this night, but that God would teach them that life and death were in the power of the tongue, and praying for God to always keep the doors of all those tender mouths, the minister added reverently—

"O Lord, open thou my lips; and my mouth shall shew forth thy praise." And all the children said, "Amen."

"Blessed are the peacemakers: for they shall be called the children of God." —Matthew 5:9

Questions

1. What pictures were in your mind or what did you think the doors were when you read the following description in the story?
   "No," replied Cousin Will, "the doors I mean are very pleasant to look upon. They are pink or scarlet, like seashells, and when they open you can see a row of little servants standing all in white, and just behind them is a little lady dressed in crimson."
2. As you picture your lips as two doors and your tongue as the messenger of your heart, what feelings do you think were in Kate's heart when she made fun of Susy Waters?
3. Why do you think Kate accused Cousin Will of "standing around listening" when she was confronted with her wrongdoing?
4. What do you think the right thing would have been for Jenny and Susy to do when the teacher asked Lucy who was talking?
5. Describe how you think Kate felt inside when she ran up to Susy.
6. How might either girl have prevented the unhappy outcome of the argument in the story?

What Do You Think?

7. If you analyze each situation in the story, each girl felt she had good reason for being angry and not controlling her tongue, but each suffered negative consequences for her lack of self-control. Think about the use of your tongue and how you interact with others. Name a few ways you can make changes in your life to be able to control your tongue.

Vocabulary

abide	she never could *abide* angry words
afoot	came to see what was *afoot*
attributable	which was *attributable* to her gentle disposition
babel	there was soon such a *babel* of tongues
battalion	a rosy *battalion* encircled Will's chair
brink	threw himself down to look over the *brink*
censure	Cousin Will's gentle *censure*
coloring	*coloring* under Cousin Will's reproachful gaze
conferred	upon whom had been *conferred* the name
disposition	which was attributable to her gentle *disposition*
encircled	a rosy battalion *encircled* Will's chair
figures	the restless little *figures* seemed examples
harmony	peace and *harmony* reigned throughout the school
lanterns	started forth with *lanterns* to find Lucy
perpetual	examples of *perpetual* motion
pitched	Miss Tongue *pitched* all those hard stones
precaution	taking the *precaution* to keep out of
present	*present* arms
scruples	that Kate's *scruples* were soon overcome
slung	the door was *slung* open
sued	that Cousin Will *sued* for mercy
surrender	declared himself quite ready to *surrender*
sympathizing	kept telling over wrongs in his *sympathizing* ear

Lesson XXVII

Jamie's Struggle

"Where's Jamie?" asked Madge timidly, coming into the room, cheery with its pretty crimson coal fire and bright, yellow jets of gas light.

Her cousin looked up coldly at the question, Uncle Gould frowned ominously over his paper, and Aunt Gould just said, very sternly, "In his room."

Madge looked uneasily from one to the other, but no single pair of eyes turned upon her with sympathy or explanation, and after a few moments of indecision, she laid down her schoolbooks and exited the room. In the hall she met the housemaid.

"Oh! Betty, please tell me, has anything happened? And why didn't Jamie come to school this afternoon?"

Betty shook her head. "Well, Miss, I don't like to grieve you, but your brother has done a shocking thing, and if he was a poor boy now, I suppose he'd be looking through iron bars tonight in the county jail!"

"Oh, Betty! What *do* you mean?" said Madge, turning quite pale.

"Well, Miss," said Betty, sinking her voice to a whisper, "you'd have to know it some time, I suppose, and the fact is he's just been stealin' money out of master's drawer!—A hundred dollars, more or less!"

"It isn't so!" cried Madge, in a loud tone, which almost startled herself. "What, Jamie *steal?* It's a wicked lie!" and she burst into

tears.

"Very well," said the offended Betty, "you'll soon find whether I tell a lie or no. I believe he's none too good to be a thief."

But Madge was out of hearing, running two steps at a time up the broad stairs, until she reached a little room at the farther end of the third story corridor. She burst in without any ceremony, but all was still in the cold winter twilight, except the dismal dashing of sleet against the windowpanes. "Jamie?" she called, anxiously.

At first there was no reply, and then a little movement behind the dingy brown curtains betrayed him, and Madge was at his side, with her arms flung around his neck.

"I knew you had heard it all the minute you called me," faltered Jamie, trying to smile. "I heard the 'tears in your voice,' you know; but you don't believe it?"

"Never!" cried Madge, vehemently. "Now tell me all about it. How could any one *dare* to say so?"

"I hardly know where to begin," said Jamie, with a great effort at self-control. "I'll have to tell you something I've been keeping secret ever since last summer. You see, when cousin Belle had her birthday last June and all the girls swept around in such pretty shining silks, or else dresses half clouds and half cobwebs, and you only had that pink calico, it hurt me—I don't know why. You looked just as sweet as any—the prettiest of all, *I* thought; but when Fisher Knight said, 'Just look at my sister! Isn't she pretty? And doesn't her dress look as if she'd bought three or four yards of sunset, and had the moon up all night sewing stars on it?' then the boys laughed, and I said, 'And isn't *my* sister pretty too?' for you did look as sweet as a rose, I thought. But that proud Fisher Knight laughed just like a knife—I mean it seemed to cut right into me—and he said, 'Oh, yes, and how kind Betty was to lend her that dress.' Some of the boys said, 'Too bad!' but that only hurt me more, and I crept away pretty soon, and lay behind the thick snowball bushes, and looked up into

the great still sky, and wondered why God couldn't have taken you and me too, when Father and Mother died, and not left us to come to this proud, rich uncle, who does not love us, and who treats us like little beggars."

"Oh, don't say so, Jamie," said Madge, soothingly. "I'm sure he's been very kind to us sometimes."

"I don't remember many times just now," sighed Jamie. "Well, a little while after that, I heard Lutie say that *her* birthday came in the winter, and she meant to have a grand time, and invite every boy and girl she had ever seen. Then I thought to myself, 'Now they will want to dress Madge in some ugly brown merino, but I am determined she shall look the prettiest of them all.' So I began to work after school, doing all kinds of little jobs for anybody who would hire me, and I never spent anything for candy or marbles, you know, so that all the boys began to call me 'miser.' But I didn't mind that, because I thought my pleasure was coming by and by. The money came very slowly, Madge, and often I thought I'd never have enough. But when Aunt gave me money to buy mittens, I just went without and kept my hands in my pockets. Then I got considerable presents at Christmas, you know, and I sold the top that Lutie gave me, and altogether, yesterday I found I had just enough to buy what I wanted. So Mr. Green, who is always kind to me, excused me from my lessons this morning, and I walked all the way to town, because I thought I could get nicer things there—and Madge, I bought you the sweetest green silk! It made you think of the woods in spring, and I thought when you had it on, with your sweet, white face, you would look just like a lily coming out of a bed of moss."

"Dear Jamie!" cried Madge. "Did you do all that for *me?* I'm *so* sorry! You know I never care what I wear."

"Yes, I know it," said Jamie, "and you're always lovely to me. I suppose it is because, as Mr. Green says, you always wear the jewels which are of great price in the sight of God. I haven't a doubt,

Madge, that the angels think you're the prettiest girl in the world; but some way—I know it's foolish—I wanted to have the boys think so too.

"Well, when I came back, just as I got to the hall door with my bundle, feeling *so* proud that I had earned it all myself, out came Uncle, looking very red, and storming about some money—about twenty dollars, I think—that he said he had left in his desk, and forgotten to lock up last night. Nobody knew anything about it, and I was just going on tiptoes up to my room, when he called very suddenly, 'What have you got in that bundle, sir?' 'A dress for Madge.' 'A *dress* for Madge?' said he, louder yet. 'Let me see it.' So I opened it, trying to tell him that I earned the money all myself; but as soon as he saw the pretty silk, he caught hold of my arm so that I almost screamed, and said, '*You* earned money to buy such a dress as that? You are telling me a falsehood! Confess now that you took my money.' Then out came Aunt Gould, and Belle, and Lutie, and they held up their hands, and looked so shocked, and wouldn't believe one word I said. Then Uncle seemed to try to be kind, and told me that if I confessed, and asked his pardon, he would try to forgive it. But I could not tell a lie, and only said, over and over, that I didn't, *couldn't* do such a thing, until he called me a hardened, obstinate boy, and ordered me up to my room. And as for the dress, Madge, that I've been thinking about more than six months," Jamie coughed violently, "I heard Aunt Gould say 'it wouldn't be quite a loss, for with a yard or two more it would make a dress for Lutie.' "

Madge tried to comfort him, but broke down.

"Never mind," said he at last, patting her tear-stained cheek. "I am determined you shall have something nice, after all. Tomorrow is the skating match, you know, and I think I'm sure of the second prize at least, and whatever I get shall be given to darling Madge."

"You will be sure to get it," cried Madge, with eager sympathy. "You've skated ever since you could walk." And she remembered

with a glow of pride that no one had ever yet caught Jamie in a race; and often, when you thought him only playing, he'd be writing his name, with this rather clumsy steel pen, on the great white page of ice, as handsomely as on a leaf of his writing book.

"Yes, you'll be sure of the prize, Jamie," she said, exultingly, "and I know it will all come right with Uncle too. I'm going to tell him all about it now."

But, to her grief, Uncle Gould was so perturbed that he would not hear a word. "No, child," he said, "no one could make me believe that a boy would go without marbles and candies half a year to procure a dress for his sister. And if he did, he never could have saved enough for such a handsome silk. Besides, what settles the matter is that Betty saw him in the library at my desk very early this morning, before anyone was up. It seems a very clear case, though it grieves me to say so."

After a sleepless night, the next morning Jamie stole down the stairs with his skates, only to find his uncle in the hall.

"You cannot skate today, James," said he, almost kindly, as he looked at the boy's flushed, worn face. "I feel it but right that you should have some punishment for such a great fault."

"But I did *not* do it, sir," said Jamie, imploringly.

Uncle Gould grew quite stern. "Remember that Betty *saw* you, my child. Either confess and ask pardon, or go back to your room."

"Yes, Jamie," said Aunt Gould, appearing from the parlor, "you love Madge dearly, and no doubt the temptation was very great. We have been talking it over, and we wish to be as kind as your own father and mother. Confess your fault, and, as it is the first time, we are all ready to forgive you, and trust you once more. And indeed, since it would make you so very happy, I will even promise to give the dress to Madge."

"Don't be a prig, Jim," whispered Lutie. "Just say you did it,

and have it done with."

What a terrible struggle went on in poor Jamie's breast. If he told a lie, there was love and forgiveness, the skating prize and the pretty dress; if he told the truth, nothing but coldness and contempt, and solitude in his dreary room. What a struggle! The hot passions raged, and the terrible fire burned though his cheeks and eyes. He hesitated. Ah! Was he going to love the praise of man more than the praise of God? A moment more of silence, and he said firmly—

"I did *not* do it, Uncle. I cannot tell a lie."

Poor Jamie spent the day in his room, attended by Madge, his devoted supporter. They heard Belle and Lutie going away merrily with their skates, but, strange to say, they did not feel so very miserable, and even smiled as their eyes met.

"Isn't it odd I can be so happy?" said Jamie. "If it wasn't for this headache, I should feel light as a feather."

"Do you remember that verse that Mother used to say?" asked Madge. " 'Behold, we count them happy which *endure.*' I believe I understand it better now, Jamie; and what is the rest of it, 'Ye have seen the end of the Lord, that the Lord is very pitiful and of tender mercy.' I am so glad *you* endured it all, Jamie, and who knows what the *end* will be? I am quite certain it will all come right at last."

Jamie tried to smile hopefully, and whenever a vivid remembrance of his heavy disappointments came over him, he repeated softly to himself, "*Very* pitiful, and of tender mercy."

It is a week after, and the night of Lutie's birthday. Madge—can it be possible?—is standing by the piano in that identical green silk, though, with that happy flush on her cheeks, she looks more like a moss rose than a lily. And Jamie—was there ever such a radiant face? What can have happened? But here is Madge, eager to tell you how Aunt Gould found the missing roll of bills caught behind the little drawer, and how Uncle Gould had actually asked Jamie's

pardon, and since had treated him almost as respectfully as if he had been a grown man, and everybody was so kind, and she was *so* proud! Oh! she couldn't begin to tell all she felt!

But who can express Jamie's happiness? Happiness not only that he is again respected and loved—that Madge is acknowledged sweeter than any other boy's sister—that Uncle Gould has already shaken hands with him twice that very evening; but there is a deeper joy, the sweet peace, the consciousness of victory over great temptation. And this it is which makes Madge turn from the merry, sparkling faces to the sweeter light in Jamie's great earnest eyes, and whisper softly, "Behold, we count them happy which *endure*."

"Teach me thy way, O LORD; I will walk in thy truth: unite my heart to fear thy name." —Psalm 86:11

Questions

1. Why do you think that Madge did not believe that Jamie had stolen the money?
2. Do you think Madge was not pretty because she had an old dress, and do you think the boys would have thought she was prettier if she had a new dress? If some of them did, why do you think that might be?
3. If Jamie already thought his sister was beautiful, what was Jamie's motivation for wanting to buy his sister a new dress?
4. When Jamie's uncle asked him to confess, do you think he should have? Why or why not?
5. Why do you think Jamie felt happy when he was in his room, even though he did not get to go skating?
6. What do you think of Uncle Gould's response to the revelation that Jamie was innocent?
7. What can we learn from the example of Uncle Gould at the end of the story?

What Do You Think?

8. Jamie did not have ill feelings toward his uncle even when he was wronged by him. How do you react to people when they treat you unfairly? How should you react?

Vocabulary

calico	you only had that pink *calico*
ceremony	she burst in without any *ceremony*
coldly	her cousin looked up *coldly*
corridor	at the farther end of the third story *corridor*
devoted	attended by Madge, his *devoted* supporter
dismal	except the *dismal* dashing of sleet
exited	*exited* the room
exultingly	she said, *exultingly*
faltered	*faltered* Jamie, trying to smile
frowned	Uncle Gould *frowned* ominously over his paper
identical	piano in that *identical* green silk
imploringly	said Jamie, *imploringly*
indecision	after a few moments of *indecision*
jets	yellow *jets* of gas light
leaf	as on a *leaf* of his writing book
merino	in some ugly brown *merino*
ominously	Uncle Gould frowned *ominously* over his paper
perturbed	Uncle Gould was so *perturbed*
prig	don't be a *prig*
solitude	nothing but coldness and contempt, and *solitude*
sternly	Aunt Gould just said, very *sternly*
supporter	attended by Madge, his devoted *supporter*
unite	*unite* my heart to fear thy name
vehemently	"Never!" cried Madge, *vehemently*

Lesson XXVIII

Walking in Love

There could not have been a more beautiful day. To be sure, there had been a few clouds early in the morning, but, as Nelly Warren declared, there was only enough water in them for the sun to wash her face, and give her little flowers each a drink. And now everything was *so* bright and beautiful, and every little drop dancing on the blades of grass was shaking and twinkling, and she was so glad that it was only a "play rain," not enough to spoil the day.

You must know it was a holiday in the little village and all the scholars were going to take their dinners and spend the happy day in the woods.

It was a very pleasant sight when the children started in company from the Academy gate. There were such sunny smiles playing "hide and seek" in the merry dimples—such bright eyes—blue, black, and gray—such nimble, dancing feet, and oh! such a clatter, it would have utterly discouraged a full convention of magpies and mockingbirds, if they had been within hearing distance.

Bob Patterson *would* walk with Belle Hamilton, who was considered to be the prettiest girl in the class, and very politely carried her basket with nice sandwiches and cake packed cosily within. Charley Graham was looking for Nelly Warren, who was such a good girl that her school friends would have been quite offended with any one who did not think her beautiful because of her goodness and sweet spirit. Her face was quite sunburned and freckled, and her eyes were certainly gray, but she had a kind

and loving heart, was always ready to do anything to make others happy—in short, the whole secret of Nelly's beauty was that she tried to "walk in love."

"Come, Nelly," cried Charley, "let me have your basket, and I'll hold your little brother's hand too. Come, they will get ahead of us!"

"Charley," whispered Nelly, "no one will walk with poor Phil Barton."

"Well, *I* don't want to," said Susy Gifford, pouting. "He walks so slowly, and is so awkward, and then he isn't full of fun like the rest of us."

"I don't see why he wanted to come," said Fanny Smythe with her usual uppity spirit. "If I were such as he, I'd go and live in the barn, and never show myself in daylight."

"Oh, Fanny," gasped Nelly, "how could you say such an awful thing? I'm almost sure he heard you." And she looked piteously after

a small handicapped boy, who limped slowly away from the group.

Fanny blushed and looked a little uneasy, and turned away, arm-in-arm with Susy.

"Now, do come, Nelly," said Charley. "Never mind Phil—he's used to walking alone."

"Oh," said Nelly, almost crying, "he's been talking of this walk all the week, and he thought he was going to be *so* happy. Now, I'm afraid he won't enjoy it at all. I believe I *must* walk with him, Charley," she said, half pleadingly.

"Well, Nelly Warren, you're a perfect goose!" cried Charley, angrily, "and always do the strangest, most provoking things in the world!" And he, too, turned quickly away, and hastened after the rest.

What a change a few angry words can make. Nelly thought, for a moment, that it was growing dark and was going to rain, but it was only a little mistiness in her own eyes; and hastily passing the back of her little brown hand across them, she ran to Phil.

The poor boy was standing quite alone, with a most pitiful look of patient sadness in his great brown eyes.

"Will you walk with me, Phil?" asked Nelly, in her most cheerful tone.

The boy started, and said, with a sad but grateful smile, "No, Nelly, thank you just the same, but I think I won't go. I don't feel quite well."

The tears overflowed Nelly's eyes as she took his poor, thin hand. "I know all about it, Phil. You must not mind what the girls said. They did not mean it—they didn't think—that's all. Now don't be angry, Phil."

"I am not angry," said the boy, very quietly, "but I suppose I must be a perfect fright; and I'll spoil all the fun for the rest."

"Not at all," cried Nelly, emphatically. "Why, Phil, you have a very pleasant face. You know all the boys and girls like you just

as soon as they really know you; but sometimes you're *proud* just a *little* and turn away from them, and that provokes them, and hurts their feelings, so they won't try and go with you any more. Don't you know it, Phil?"

"Perhaps it is so," said Phil, very humbly; "but I always think they're kind, because they're so sorry for me, and all the time they are longing to be somewhere else. Oh! Nelly, you don't know how hard—" Phil made an heroic effort to stifle some tears.

Nelly tried to say something, but could only cry too, and it was just the best thing that she could do. There is no sympathy so sweet and consoling as just to "weep with those that weep." So, after the little episode was over, Phil felt much better, and was easily persuaded to go on with Nelly. Indeed, the whole aspect of things seemed changed, for any way seems pleasant if we are only "walking in love."

The party, who were some distance in advance, waited at the entrance of the woods for Nelly and her friend. "Isn't she a curious girl?" said Susy Gifford. "I wouldn't be so odd for all the world," said Fanny Smythe. "She is just the best girl in the Academy," said Charley Graham, who began to be thoroughly sorry for his rude speech.

"Yes, that she is," echoed Belle Hamilton, with an affectionate generosity.

Now they all went into the cool, green woods, fragrant with wild flowers and the odorous pine trees. As they lightly stepped along with singing and laughter, Phil quietly gathered the sweetest and freshest blossoms, and made them into a wreath for Nelly. But she noticed that, in the little bouquet that he carried in his own hand, although the *flowers* were beautiful, every *stem* was crooked, and a great many had strange, misshapen leaves.

"Why do you pick flowers with such crooked stems and leaves?" asked Nelly.

"They are like me," replied poor, patient Phil, with a smile that

brought tears again to the eyes of Nelly.

"Don't feel badly, Nelly," he added, quickly. "I just like such flowers. I like to look at them, and think that, perhaps, if I try very hard, I may have a beautiful soul, which will some time come out, and make me pleasant and lovely, just like these sweet flowers on their crooked stems. All of these kinds of plants, Nelly, always make me think of very homely persons who have beautiful thoughts."

Nelly looked sympathizing, and was glad Phil was pleased, though she did not exactly understand the odd fancies of the boy, who had never known what it was to be careless and happy, and who was thoughtful far beyond his years.

The rest of the morning passed very happily. The boys and girls were very good-natured after all, and, following Nelly's example, were all so kind to Phil, that it was by far the happiest day he had known in weeks.

And Phil himself was never more anxious to please. He knew just where the prettiest flowers grew, and gathered them for the girls. He made little bridges across the damp places, that they might not wet their feet, and was ready to carry all shawls and baskets that were imposed on his good nature. In fact, since Nelly had told him he was apt to be cold and proud, he had been trying to overcome it; and to judge from the kind looks and pleasant words showered upon him, he was already reaping his reward.

Only once, as they were looking for a pleasant encampment where they might eat dinner, Belle Hamilton exclaimed, "Who gave Phil so much to carry? That is way too much of a load for him."

"Oh," said Fanny Smythe, in a whisper, which was a little too loud, "that's all he's good for." And the proud, thoughtless girl glanced at the hump on poor Phil's back.

"Oh, Fanny!" exclaimed Nelly, as she looked at the changing color in Phil's face, and saw how his lip trembled when he bravely attempted his old patient smile. Fanny was really much abashed

for a few minutes, and then Phil was taken into extra favor by the rest of the kind-hearted company. I should make my story too long if I should tell you all that was done throughout that happy day—the merry games that were played—the wonderful stories that were told—the pretty bowers that were made—and the sweet, wild strawberries that were picked for tea. Nor have I time to tell you of all the kind acts and words of the boys and girls who, like Nelly, were trying to "walk in love." There is only one thing more which you may like to hear about Phil.

When they were on the way home, a very merry but very *tired* party, Fanny Smythe suddenly exclaimed, "Oh, I have lost my coral pin that my aunt gave me on my birthday. What shall I do?" she asked anxiously.

All the boys and girls gathered around, full of sympathy. But they were all so tired, and it was so late, no one offered to go back. Even Nelly looked wistfully at the village roofs, just visible through the trees, and could not find courage to volunteer for the search.

"I'll tell you what, Fanny," said Charley Graham. "I'll get up very early tomorrow morning, and look all over wherever we've been. I'm sure I'll find it, for no one goes in the woods but just us boys and girls, and I'll have it for you tomorrow, by schooltime."

"Oh! I'm sure it won't be found," sobbed Fannie, "or it will be all broken in pieces. I shan't sleep a wink tonight."

"Well," said Bob Patterson, "it is getting so dark in the woods now, we certainly could not find it; but if you'll only wait until tomorrow, I'll go up with Charley."

"And I, and I," said one or two other voices.

There was no other way, and Fanny, with some very ungracious words about disobliging people, sadly went homeward, making everyone around her miserable.

No one noticed that Phil was missing from the group, but as they slowly entered the village street, Fanny still loudly lamenting,

an eager voice was heard, shouting, "Fanny! Fanny!" And looking around, poor Phil was discovered, limping as fast as he could, holding up the lost pin.

"Why, Phil Barton," cried a chorus of voices, "did *you* go back? Where *did* you find it?"

"By the brook," panted Phil.

"Way back to the brook!" cried they in sympathizing surprise, while Fanny blushed crimson.

"Poor, dear Phil!" said Nelly, softly; and she thought of the lovely flowers on the crooked stems.

"Phil, you're splendid!" cried Charley Graham, impulsively. "Let's be friends." Then he shook hands warmly with the pale, tired boy, and insisted on walking home with him.

But first Fanny must speak with him; and, from her painful blushes and his embarrassment, they knew she was asking his forgiveness.

None of the boys and the girls forgot the lesson of that day, nor how very sweet it was "to walk in love." Especially had each one a new liking for Phil; and the next Sabbath, as in the chapter for the day were read the sweet words of the coming of Christ—"who shall change our vile body, that it may be fashioned like unto his glorious body"—many a glance of tenderness was directed to the pew where Phil sat. His hands were clasped tightly together, his large eyes were dreaming of something far away, and on his pale lips rested such a sweet, peaceful smile, that Nelly knew the flower was blossoming, and that when Phil had a little longer "walked in love," God would make him beautiful forever.

"Then the eyes of the blind shall be opened, and the ears of the deaf shall be unstopped. Then shall the lame man leap as an hart, and the tongue of the dumb sing: for in the wilderness shall waters break out, and streams in the desert." —Isaiah 35:5-6

Questions

1. Read the first three paragraphs of the story and visualize the picture the author is painting with words. Describe what you see in your mind in your own words.
2. In the story, the children wanted to walk with whom they thought was pretty or was similar to them. Explain why or why not you think this is a good way to decide to enjoy someone's company.
3. Describe how you think Phil felt after Fanny made the comment "If I were such as he, I would go live in the barn."
4. Why do you think Charley became impatient with Nelly for wanting to walk with Phil?
5. How and why did Phil sometimes unknowingly encourage the other children to be unkind to him?
6. When Phil overcame his fault of being somewhat standoffish, and also returned a kindness for a person who had been critical of him, what effect did it have on those around him?

What Do You Think?

7. Think about your friends and other children you know. Are you unkind to them as Fanny was? Do you treat everyone with the same respect and love? Give some personal examples from your life.

Vocabulary

abashed	Fanny was really much *abashed*
apt	he was *apt* to be cold and proud
aspect	the whole *aspect* of things
awkward	and is so *awkward*
bowers	the pretty *bowers* that were made
consoling	so sweet and *consoling* as just to "weep with those that weep"
convention	a full *convention* of magpies and mockingbirds
coral	I have lost my *coral* pin
cosily	sandwiches and cake packed *cosily* within
encampment	looking for a pleasant *encampment*
imposed	that were *imposed* on his good nature
lamenting	Fanny still loudly *lamenting*
magpies	a full convention of *magpies* and mockingbirds
misshapen	had strange, *misshapen* leaves
disobliging	very ungracious words about *disobliging* people
odorous	the *odorous* pine trees
episode	after the little *episode* was over
piteously	she looked *piteously*
utterly	it would have *utterly* discouraged
vile	change our *vile* body
wistfully	even Nelly looked *wistfully*

Lesson XXIX

Missionary Jam

Maggie's mother was sick, and the doctor had ordered perfect quiet, with freedom from worries. So Maggie had taken the helm when it dropped from the tired hand. The absorbing work was the manufacture of strawberry jam, and any young housekeeper knows what an undertaking that is. It was her first undertaking of the sort, and Maggie was quite nervous about it.

The boys had taken their younger sister with them to the pond, so that Maggie was spared the numerous questions and inquisitive fingers of the four-year-old Cora.

Just at the moment when a few little bubbles were rising to the surface, a loud scream came from the pond, followed by the ominous pause which was, with Cora, but the precursor of a still louder outbreak. Down went the spoon and off Maggie started.

The accident was more laughable than serious. On the pond was a raft, and in spite of the entreaties of her brothers, Cora had determined to go on the raft. The result was not uncommon in raft navigation: the vessel had gently dipped down and landed the small sailor in the water.

The boys had pulled her out, and she stood upon the bank, a pitiful sight, her blue dress dripping water, her shoes and socks plastered with mud, little streams trickling down her face into her mouth every time she opened it for a vigorous scream. Seeing Maggie, and thinking to avert a well-deserved reproof, she ran toward her weeping bitterly, and cast herself into her sister's arms.

"Bad boat! Bad boys!" she exclaimed.

"Bad Cora, I think it is," Maggie said. "I am so afraid you have waked Mother." But the small offender must be carried into the house for dry clothing, and when at last this was accomplished Maggie suddenly became aware of a pungent, penetrating smell of something burning, and remembered the jam.

"Oh, Cora, Cora, I am afraid my jam is ruined," and she hurried into the kitchen. The room was full of smoke and the kettle was on the table, while by it stood a strange gentleman with a kind face wearing a quizzical smile, his horse stamping on the path outside.

"So this is the way you make jam, is it?" he asked.

"I came for a glass of water, and thought your house was on fire. I took the liberty of removing your kettle, but if the jam is not done you can cook it some more."

Maggie looked into the kettle, and uttered an exclamation of dismay at the solid black mass. All her work and time had gone into smoke.

Tears came into her eyes; it was such a disappointment; and impatient words were on her lips as Cora came smiling into the room, but she kept them back and went quietly out to get the water. The gentleman had seen the little struggle and the conquest, and his eyes followed her with much interest.

Cora, too, peeped into the kettle, getting on a chair to accomplish it. "Dat's missionary jam," she condescendingly explained.

"I am afraid the missionaries won't like it very much," he answered.

"Cora likes jam," she said as she ran her finger along the edge of the kettle and smiled engagingly.

Just at this point the boys came trooping in, and loud exclamations of disgust followed. "It was all your fault, Cora."

"You've spoilt all sister's missionary jam. If you had not disobeyed us, it never would have happened."

"You have taken the money from sister. You are as bad as a robber."

Cora, bewildered under the reproaches heaped upon her, once more flew to Maggie for refuge.

"Did I burn your jam? Did I steal your money? Am I a robber?" she wailed.

"Boys, boys," Maggie entreated, "let her alone. Don't cry, Cora. Sister will forgive you, and won't you remember next time to be a very obedient little girl? Mother is sick, sir," she explained, "and the children miss her. I am afraid I make a poor mother to them. Cora fell in the pond, and while I was dressing her the jam burned."

"Why do you call it missionary jam?" the gentleman inquired with interest.

Maggie laughed. "That's the name the children gave it because the money from the sale was for my missionary box."

"And its loss is a great disappointment?" he asked looking at her keenly.

"Yes, it is," with a little tremble in her voice, "but never mind, perhaps something may come in its place."

"It has a curious flavor," he said, tasting some on the end of the spoon.

"That's the burnt sugar."

"Not altogether, but I am very fond of curious flavors, and shall try to find out the component parts of this. Did you know there was an old woman once who made her fortune from burning some taffy? People liked the flavor without knowing why."

"I am afraid they would not care for burnt strawberries, though."

"Do not think me too curious, but how much did you expect to receive for your jam?"

"About three dollars. It does not seem a very great sum, but farmer's families are not very rich, sir."

"Well, I must be off. Thank you very much for the water. It seems to me you need not feel afraid of not doing your duty by these children. My child," taking her hand tenderly in his, "I see you have already learned a lesson it took me years to learn: 'He that is slow to anger is better than the mighty; and he that ruleth his spirit than he that taketh a city.'" Then the gentleman mounted his horse and rode thoughtfully away.

Late in the afternoon, as Maggie sat watching for her father, and trying to forget her disappointment, two little arms were clasped about her neck and a soft cheek was laid against hers, while Cora said, lovingly, "Good Maggie, Cora loves you. When I'm a big girl I'll buy you a whole missionary all for yourself."

Maggie laughed heartily at this promise, then ran down the path to meet her father at the gate, and slipped her arm in his as they walked back together.

"I met such an interesting gentleman on horseback this morning, Maggie, who soon found out that I was your father, and told me about your jam burning. He said many kind things, and told me to give you this note."

In the large kitchen, the scene of the morning catastrophe, surrounded by a curious family group, Maggie read: "I have discovered the component parts of the flavor of your missionary jam. They are patience, love, zeal; no wonder I liked it. Permit one to make a contribution to your box who has been most remiss in the matter of helping missionaries."

The contribution was a clean, crisp bill for five dollars. So, amid triumphant shouts and congratulations, Maggie dropped the money into her box, and that night sang a thankful little song, as she scraped from the kettle the last traces of the "missionary jam."

"But seek ye first the kingdom of God, and his righteousness; and all these things shall be added unto you." —Matthew 6:33

Questions

1. What was Maggie's attitude toward taking over the housekeeping duties?
2. Do you think it was partly the boys' fault that Cora fell in the water? How could they have handled the situation differently?
3. How could the boys have acted differently when they came in the house and discovered the burnt jam?
4. Do you think the stranger who came to get a drink of water was observant? Why?
5. Do you think the stranger planned to give the money for Maggie to her father when he left the house? Why?
6. Why do you think the stranger gave the five dollars to Maggie?

What Do You Think?

7. Maggie showed patience and love in this story. She pitched in to help her mother out and care for the children. She also was kind and tolerant of Cora when the jam burned, and she also was patient with her brothers when they were being unkind. Thinking of your own life, are you following Cora's example? Explain your answer.

Vocabulary

absorbing	the *absorbing* work
bewildered	*bewildered* under the reproaches
catastrophe	the scene of the morning *catastrophe*
component	discovered the *component parts* of the flavor
condescendingly	she *condescendingly* explained
conquest	had seen the little struggle and the *conquest*
dismay	uttered an exclamation of *dismay*
entreaties	in spite of the *entreaties* of her brothers
helm	Maggie had taken the *helm*
manufacture	was the *manufacture* of strawberry jam
navigation	not uncommon in raft *navigation*
numerous	was spared the *numerous* questions
penetrating	*penetrating* smell of something burning
plastered	her shoes and socks *plastered* with mud
precursor	but the *precursor* of a still louder outbreak
pungent	aware of a *pungent*, penetrating smell
quizzical	with a kind face wearing a *quizzical* smile
remiss	who has been most *remiss* in the matter
trickling	little streams *trickling* down her face
trooping	the boys came *trooping* in
undertaking	it was her first *undertaking*

Lesson XXX

The Open Door

Within a hamlet of Holland once
A widow dwelt, 'tis said,
So poor, alas! Her children asked
One night in vain for bread.
But this poor woman loved the Lord,
And knew that He was good;
So, with her little ones around,
She prayed to Him for food.

When prayer was done, the eldest child,
A boy of eight years old,
Said, softly, "In the Holy Book,
Dear Mother, we are told
How God, with food by ravens brought,
Furnished His prophet's need."
"Yes," answered she, "but that, my son,
Was long ago, indeed."

"But, Mother, God may do again
What He has done before;
And so, to let the birds fly in,
I will unloose the door."
Then little Dirk, in simple faith,
Opened the door full wide,
So that the radiance of their lamp
Fell on the path outside.

Ere long the burgomaster passed,
And noticing the light,
Paused to inquire why the door
Was opened so at night.
“My little Dirk has done it, sir,”
The widow, smiling, said,
“That ravens might fly in and bring
My hungry children bread.”

"Indeed!" the burgomaster cried.
"Then here's a raven, lad.
Come to my home, and you shall see
Where bread may soon be had."
Along the street to his own house
He conducted the boy,
And sent him back with a fare that filled
His humble home with joy.

The banquet ended, little Dirk
Went to the open door,
Looked up and said, "Many thanks, good Lord,"
Then shut it fast once more.
For though no bird had entered in,
He knew that God on high
Had hearkened to his mother's prayer,
And sent this full supply.

"But my God shall supply all your need according to his riches in glory by Christ Jesus." —Philippians 4:19

Questions

1. What was the poem saying when it says that the children asked for bread in vain?
2. Describe the mother's reaction to her son thinking that the Lord would answer their prayer by sending ravens with food.
3. Was God capable of answering the family's prayer by sending ravens with bread? Explain why or why not.
4. Why did the burgomaster call himself a raven?

What Do You Think?

5. At the end of the story, Dirk knew that God had answered his prayer. How do you think the story would have turned out if the boy had told the burgomaster that he did not want to go to his house because he was waiting for God to send ravens with bread?
6. The poem began with the family praying to God for food, and the poem ended with Dirk thanking God in prayer. Do have a relationship with God where you are praying throughout the day? List some things about which you can pray, and talk to God about them.

Vocabulary

alas	so poor, *alas*
banquet	the *banquet* ended
burgomaster	ere long the *burgomaster* passed
conducted	he *conducted* the boy
dwelt	A widow *dwelt*, 'tis said
eldest	the *eldest* child
fare	with a *fare* that filled
fast	then shut it *fast* once more
furnished	*furnished* His prophet's need
hamlet	within a *hamlet* of Holland
Holland	within a hamlet of *Holland*
radiance	so that the *radiance* of their lamp
unloose	I will *unloose* the door
vain	one night in *vain* for bread

Lesson XXXI

Sounding Brass

It was a bright winter morning not far from the holidays, and young Dick Melville was busily collecting his dinner basket and books preparatory to setting out for school, when his older sister asked, "Did you learn any verses this morning, Dick?"

"Of course I did, and said them to Mother too. It was— Oh, where is my geography! I do believe baby has hid it somewhere. Well, it began— Oh, Bridget! Please put in *one* more slice of bread and butter."

"That's the strangest verse I ever heard," said Sam, who rather liked to tease his younger brother.

"Now, really, Sam, I was just going to say it. It was, 'Though I speak with the tongues of men and of angels, and have not charity, I am become as sounding brass or a tinkling cymbal.' Mother said *charity* means *love,* and feeling kindly toward everybody; but if we're cross and hateful, then we're like 'sounding brass,' which—"

"Hear me," interrupted curly-headed little Madge. "I learned one too: 'Charity suffereth long, and is kind.' "

"That's a nice verse for a kind little Madge," said Sam, lifting her on his knee.

"Dear me," again broke in Dick, "where can my skates be? Fred Allen said the pond was frozen over, and we'd have a great time over there after school."

"Why, Dick, Frank Burton came here last night and told me you said he might take them," declared Nelly.

"Now, Nelly, that's too bad! He told you a downright falsehood. He has lost his own skates, and he told me yesterday he was afraid he shouldn't get another pair until Christmas; but he never said a word about mine, for he knew I wanted to use them myself."

"That's very strange," said Nelly.

"Strange! It's downright mean," cried Dick vehemently, "and I will say that Frank Burton is the slyest, most selfish boy in school; and I don't believe he'd mind telling a lie any more than—"

"Hush a minute," cried Sam, with a merry twinkle in his eye. "I shouldn't think the band would be out so early in the morning, but I'm sure I hear plenty of '*sounding brass*' somewhere."

Little Madge eagerly listened, with her curly head tilted to one side; but Dick, coloring angrily, retorted, "I know what you mean, Sam; but if you'd just look at home, I think you'd would find enough 'tinkling cymbals' to match my brass."

"Dear little Dick," began gentle sister Nelly.

"Yes, I know it, Nelly. I know I was wrong; but if you were a boy, and loved to skate as I do, and then had everything go wrong, you'd just forget all about charity, and wouldn't care a bit if you were just *turned* into sounding brass."

"Well, I didn't know you were in such a sad state of mind," said Sam, laughing. "You may take *my* skates if you'd like them."

" Oh dear, no; thank you just the same, but they're a great deal too large," and Dick, with a very heavy step, started for school.

To his great disappointment, Frank Burton was not in his usual place, nor did he make his appearance all day, and poor Dick could hear nothing of his skates. But when school hours were at last over, he joined the merry party for the pond, and as he reached the ice, sure enough, there was Frank Burton with Dick's own nice skates just buckled on!

"Those are mine," shouted Dick, "and I want to use them myself."

"You can have them if you'll catch me," mockingly retorted Frank, gliding by him like an arrow.

Dick bit his lips, and, thrusting his hands in his pockets, waited until he came around again.

"Frank, you may go round the pond three times with my skates, if you'll give them to me then."

Frank laughed loudly. "Very generous when you can't help yourself; I'll go around as many times as I please. It's great fun," and off he shot again.

Several of the smaller boys who stood near were very sorry for Dick, but Frank was so large and strong they did not dare thwart him. Poor Dick stood for nearly an hour gazing on the animated scene, growing very cold, and struggling against the bitter thoughts that filled his heart. The boys were so full of fun, and he did so love to skate! At last, Frank came around once more, flushed with exertion, and screamed: "Dicky, would you like to take a turn on *my* skates?"

Poor Dick said to himself, "Well, I'm sure I've *suffered* long enough—but I must say I don't feel very *kind*. That verse may do very well for girls, but boys—"

Just then came a crash and a shout—

"The ice has broken! Frank Burton has gone in! Will he drown? Oh, the water is too shallow. No, it's deep right in the middle. There, he's holding on. Can't any one help him? How the ice breaks! We can't get near him."

"Let *me* try," said Dick.

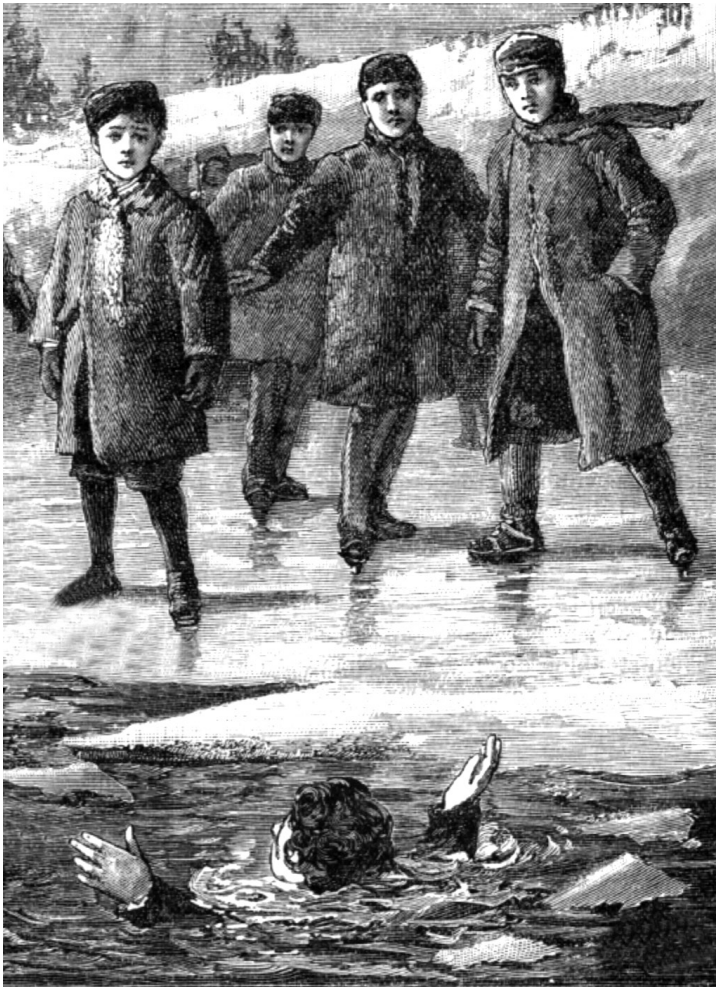
"No, he won't drown; and he's so ugly, let him have a good fright. He'll pull you in too, Dicky," urged the smaller boys.

"Help, boys," cried Frank. "I'm so cold I can't hold on much longer, and if I stir, the ice cracks."

"Run for Farmer Jones," said one; and a dozen boys started.

"Oh, I'll die before they get back," groaned Frank.

Just then Dick recollected something he had read, and, running



across the pond, he pried with all his strength a long board from the nearest fence. Then, hastening back, he laid it carefully across the hole so that Frank could reach it. Then, lying prostrate on the ice, he slowly crawled up near enough to help the benumbed, desperate boy upon the board, and with great caution, drew him farther and farther

until he was once more upon strong, safe ice.

"Three cheers for Dick Melville," shouted the little boys, as the others returned with Dick's father, whom they met on the road.

As the story was eagerly told, it was hard to tell who blushed the most—poor chattering Frank Burton, or happy, brave Dick. But Frank, as soon as he could speak, made an apology to Dick before all the boys and then, in a lower tone, said: "I shall never forget this, Dick. I am sorry, and I hope I shall be a better boy."

You might visualize the happy look on Dick's face when his father related the incident at home. Sam walked up to him in a grand way and said, "I am proud to shake hands with you, Brother Dick; and I think I must have been mistaken about that 'sounding brass' this morning."

But the best of it was when his mother whispered, "You have made me very happy, my son; but, above all, I think you have pleased God."

"And above all these things put on charity, which is the bond of perfectness."
—Colossians 3:14

Questions

1. According to the definition of charity in the story, what do you think Dick's reaction should have been when he found out what Frank Burton did?
2. Do you think if Dick had viewed his skates as not his own, but as skates that Jesus allowed him to use and that he should let others use, his reaction would have been different? Explain why.
3. Was it right for Frank Burton to have lied to get Dick's skates? Why?
4. Why do you think Dick went to the pond after school if he did not have any skates with which to skate?
5. How did Dick show that he did have some charity, even if he had struggled to show it?

What Do You Think?

6. Do you think it was generous and nice of Dick to offer to allow Frank to skate three times around the pond? Why?
7. What do you think would have been a better way to handle the situation when Dick saw Frank skating rather than telling Frank he could skate around the pond three times before giving his skates back?
8. List a few examples in your life where you showed charity, and also some examples where you were "as sounding brass."

Vocabulary

animated	gazing on the *animated* scene
benumbed	to help the *benumbed*, desperate boy
brass	as sounding *brass* or a tinkling cymbal
caution	with great *caution*
cymbal	as sounding brass or a tinkling *cymbal*
desperate	to help the benumbed, *desperate* boy
downright	it's *downright* mean
exertion	flushed with *exertion*
gazing	*gazing* on the animated scene
grand	in a *grand* way
mockingly	*mockingly* retorted Frank
preparatory	and books *preparatory* to setting out for school
pried	he *pried* with all his strength
prostrate	lying *prostrate* on the ice
recollected	Dick r*ecollected* something he had read
related	when his father *related* the incident
retorted	mockingly *retorted* Frank
shallow	the water is too *shallow*
sounding	as *sounding* brass or a tinkling cymbal
thwart	they did not dare *thwart* him

Lesson XXXII

The Garden of the Beloved

"There, now you've done it," cried John Cramer to his twin brother Cornelius, as he arrived breathless at the garden gate. "You weren't a bit fair in that race, and you twice ran right over Phebe's flowerbed, and took the heads off her very best tulips. Oh! Won't she be mad? And here she comes this very minute to look at them!"

"That's a fact," said Cornelius, "and I may as well walk right up and 'face the music,' and have it over with." He went slowly up to Phebe, who was bending in sorrowful surprise over her little tribe of tulips that had been so remorselessly scalped.

"Yes, *I* did it," said Cornelius, in dogged response to her look of mute inquiry. "There now, how angry you are. You pretend to be good, and you're not a bit like that girl in the memoir of 'Good Little Jane.' *She* would have said right away, 'Oh, if anyone's flowers are spoiled, I hope they are *mine*,' and she would have been so glad that they were not her brother's that she would have been happy as a queen. But *you* are so selfish; I do believe you are going to cry. You ought to have been called *April*—it's just shower, shower, *shower* all the time. Yes, here it comes," said he, as two white clouds, with heavy fringes, swept down over those little samples of blue sky, commonly called Phebe's eyes.

Phebe spent a moment trying to swallow something, which from the effort might have been the whole range of the Alleghany Mountains, and then, looking up with a smile like a rainbow, said—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"Well, I'm sure I didn't mean to be selfish, and I am *truly* glad they are not your flowers; but you know these disappointments come on one sometimes just like a great cloud, and one can't help a little rain. Don't you remember the little rhyme, 'April showers bring May flowers'? " she added, good-naturedly.

"I don't understand you," said Cornelius. "It would be a funny flower garden that would spring up under those showers. What do you mean?"

"I'm afraid I can't explain it very well," said Phebe, "but Miss Weston was telling me last Sunday that when any trouble came—big or little—it made everything gloomy like the clouds on a rainy day; but if we took the cloud patiently, and let the rain come down and soften our hearts, after a while flowers would bud and bloom—fair white flowers—and the Beloved would come down into His garden to gather lilies."

"What a terribly mixed-up speech *that* is," said Cornelius, scornfully. "I don't believe you have the least idea what you are talking about. Lilies and flowers in one's heart! What do you mean?"

Phebe answered timidly, "I do not know that I ought to say it, but now, after this cloud, which has been quite a big one to me, I'm hoping—you know I didn't get angry, Corny, or scold—so I'm hoping that there is a little bud of *patience* in my heart. I won't call it a flower yet, but maybe it will be someday."

"Phebe," said Cornelius, emphatically, "now, don't let me hear any more such nonsense, or I'll . . . I don't know what I'll do! Ah! There it goes again. One, two—Oh, what big drops! Never mind, perhaps patience will shove out a new leaf."

Phebe turned to the house, her heart so full of bitter thoughts that she couldn't feel at all certain about that rare plant she had hoped was beginning to bud. She had felt a very strong impulse to say something nasty back to Cornelius, but in some way she had an odd feeling that the words she would have said had fallen instead upon

that small bud, and that if it ever came to anything, it would be a rather scraggy flower.

Phebe took a turn or two in the garden, and gradually became more composed. This was Saturday—her holiday—and it would not do to waste it all in tears. She would go and get the beautiful book Susan Brown had lent her, and have a splendid time, reading all by herself. But as she hurried into the house, her oldest sister, Caroline, called from the parlor—

"Here, Phebe, take this glove and sew up the rips just as quick as you can. No, you may run upstairs first, and get my crimson shawl, and my handkerchief, and then just run to the basement and get me a glass of water before I go out. There—that's a dear little girl! Oh! did you bring my parasol? The sun is so hot! No? Oh, well, you'll find it in one of my drawers. It won't take you a minute."

Up went the patient feet, and back again.

"There," cried sister Caroline, "how do I look?"

"Beautiful!" was the heartfelt response; and the pleased Caroline, kissing her, said—

"Well, *you* are good, if you are a little slow about things," and she tripped carelessly from the room.

"If I am a little slow," said Phebe to herself, sadly, and she stole up to the mirror and looked in—little pale, thin face, topped with a crown of flaming hair, just a little slow sister said.

"Another April shower," cried Cornelius at the door, and poor Phebe turned away very patient, very humble, and the flowers of meekness and gentleness began to open their sweet leaves.

"Now I shall have a little time to read," thought Phebe again to herself, and she hurried up the stairs to forget her sorrows in the wonderful book; but, alas! The nursery door opened just as she reached the top of the steps.

"Miss Phebe," cried nurse, carrying little sobbing Bobby, "would you be so very kind as to amuse baby just five minutes? My head

aches too. I'm quite distracted, and if I could only lie down, and bathe it with camphor—but Bobby is so fractious with his teeth, he won't be put down a moment."

Phebe gave a long sigh. "No, Miggs," she began, "I'm tired myself." Oh! How the tender buds of gentleness and love began to droop! And a great weed of selfishness grew faster than a mushroom.

"Well, Miss," said Miggs, kindly, "I suppose you are. You're everybody's little slave, and that's a fact! Never mind."

"No," cried Phebe, falteringly. "I didn't mean that. I'll take him a little while. Come, Bobby," and Bobby's fretful mouth softened into a smile as he sprang into the arms of his favorite sister.

It was afternoon, and again there seemed a little prospect of peace. Caroline, Mother, nurse, and baby were out taking a drive, and John and Cornelius, with their schoolmates, were holding a political meeting in the barn.

Phebe settled herself with her book in the broad window seat, and all her trials seemed to fade away; but when she had been reading about ten minutes, and was just in the most exciting part of the story, there came a timid knock at the door. She raised her head with a frown, and there—she could just have cried from vexation—there stood tedious old Mrs. Smith. Phebe felt very rebellious.

"Mother and Caroline are both out," said she, very quickly.

"Never mind, my dear. I will sit awhile with *you*."

"This is the biggest cloud yet," said Phebe bitterly to herself. "I thought I had had enough for *one* day. It is too bad! Too bad!" But unconscious of that, old Mrs. Smith sat down, and looked as if she had come to stay all the rest of the day. Then she began to tell little Phebe about her last attack of rheumatism, and of the dreadful coughing and wheezing she was taken with at night, how she had frozen her feet last January, and how she had fallen and knocked out one of her front teeth, and how brother John's children—the whole eight of them—had the measles—all when poor Phebe was just

dying to read whether Jack Ringtop ever found his way out of the dark forest. Phebe was very rebellious at first, and I am afraid that if the "Beloved" had then gone down into His garden, He would have found no lilies. But, after a great struggle, she concluded to make the best of this shower, and she answered Mrs. Smith so kindly, and had so much sympathy for all her trials, that the old woman was full of grateful surprise, and going away at last, she laid her withered old hand upon Phebe's head, and blessed her in the name of the Lord. And though almost as soon as she was gone, crying baby came home, and Caroline had a dozen errands for the willing hands and feet, still Phebe felt wonderfully happy, and the buds of "longsuffering" began to put forth in the showers, while *patience* really burst into full flower.

It was now tea time, and Phebe was looking forward with some apprehension to the coming of her ill-natured, teasing brother, when John appeared, breathless, with a white face, and announced that Cornelius had fallen from the hay loft, and hurt himself very much. The news was indeed true. Cornelius had broken his leg, and was carried to his room to be a prisoner for weeks. Forgiving Phebe was his nurse from the first, and Cornelius, impatient and angry with pain and confinement, exhausted his ingenuity in contriving ways to make her trouble. He constantly called her to execute a dozen different commands, reproaching her that she wasn't more unselfish—more like "Good little Jane."

This was a long, cloudy time for Phebe, and more than an April rain, but the flowers grew fast in the showers. Love, patience, longsuffering, gentleness, and meekness were all there, and Phebe was far from unhappy, for *joy* and *peace* are always found blossoming in the same company.

Cornelius worried himself into a fever, and his life was despaired of, but when, after a long struggle, his strong constitution conquered, and he began slowly to improve, everyone could see that some

change had come over him. His eyes had a different look now as they followed little Phebe's swift, noiseless steps around his room—such patient, tireless feet! such an uncomplaining, self-sacrificing sister! How could he have been blind so long? And that red hair, how he loved every golden thread! As she sat by the window at sunset one day, with her little Bible opened before her, it seemed like there was a saint's halo around her sweet face.

"John," whispered the repentant Cornelius, "I have made a long April for our little sister, but oh! how the flowers have grown! I see it all now; and do you know I have made a resolve that from this time forth, I will do all I can to make life *sunshine* for her."

Just then sister Caroline entered the room. "Hush," said Cornelius, putting his finger on his lip, and pointed to Phebe, who still sat, her sweet face upturned, and her lovely eyes looking far away into the rosy sky.

Caroline looked, and almost started, as the idea suddenly flashed upon her that little Phebe was *radiant, beautiful too!*—far more beautiful than she ever was.

"You never looked like that, Caroline," said Cornelius, softly.

"What is it?" said she, almost fretfully—"Phebe!"

"Hush," implored Cornelius, "don't trouble her. *I* will tell you. I understand it all now." The tears rolled down his thin cheeks. "Don't disturb her for the world. Little Phebe has a beautiful heart, and whenever she looks like *that* you may know the 'Beloved has gone down to His garden to gather lilies.' "

"My beloved is gone down into his garden, to the beds of spices, to feed in the gardens, and to gather lilies." —Song of Solomon 6:2

"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 does the garden represent in the story, and Whose garden is it?
2. Describe Cornelius' attitude and actions toward Phebe.
3. As you follow Phebe throughout the day, what recurring thing must she do in every situation?

What Do You Think?

4. What do you think Phebe's thoughts may have been when Cornelius hurt himself and Phebe knew that she was going to have to be his nurse?
5. At the end of the story, Cornelius saw Phebe in a new light and purposed for his own behavior to change. Do you think this would have been possible if he had not seen Phebe have such personal victory in doing right and keeping a sweet spirit while others were treating her unkindly?
6. Do you think Phebe would have been the same person at the end of the story had she not gone through all of the April showers? Why?
7. Could we conclude from the story, that not only was this injury good for Cornelius, but that having to nurse him while he was in such bad temper was also good for Phebe? Why?
8. Think for a few moments about someone who may be treating you somewhat like Cornelius treated Phebe. How are you responding? How should you be responding? How would God want you to respond and treat that person?

Vocabulary

apprehension	looking forward with some *apprehension*
camphor	and bathe it with *camphor*
concluded	she *concluded* to make the best of this shower
confinement	impatient and angry with pain and *confinement*
constitution	his strong *constitution* conquered
contriving	his ingenuity in *contriving* ways to make
distracted	I'm quite *distracted*
execute	to *execute* a dozen different commands
fractious	Bobby is so *fractious* with his teeth
fretful	Bobby's *fretful* mouth softened into a smile
ingenuity	his *ingenuity* in contriving ways to make
mute	to her look of *mute* inquiry
parasol	did you bring my *parasol*
political	holding a *political* meeting
prospect	there seemed little *prospect* of peace
rebellious	Phebe was very *rebellious* at first
resolve	have made a *resolve*
scraggy	it would be a rather *scraggy* flower
tulips	over her little tribe of *tulips*
wheezing	of the dreadful coughing and *wheezing*
window seat	with her book in the broad *window seat*

Lesson XXXIII

"In Honor Preferring One Another"

Lois Vanderberg, with her shawl over her head, had been standing at the gate more than half an hour in the chill evening air, looking vainly for her younger brother, Pierre, when suddenly the boy loomed in the dense mist as if he had risen out of the earth.

"Ah, here you are," cried Lois. "How slowly you must have walked. Father has been waiting for an hour for his paper. But come now, do hurry in out of the rain. We've got a magnificent roaring fire for this inclement night, and we're going to have hot cakes for tea!"

But to this cheery notification Pierre only responded, "I'm sure *I* don't care if we are," in such a dismal tone, that, as they entered the bright kitchen, Lois turned upon him a look of great anxiety.

"I'm afraid you're sick, Pierre," said she, recognizing very clearly that something was amiss.

"No, don't trouble me; I'm only tired."

Nevertheless, Lois noticed that when he hung away his damp coat and scarf, he seated himself by the window as far as possible from the bright, cheerful fire, and obscured his head behind the curtain.

"Now, Pierre," she whispered, following him, "you *must* tell me what has happened."

"Don't ask me, Sister," said Pierre, wincing a little. "I'm ashamed to tell."

But Lois persisted, and she had such kind, "taking" ways that,

as Pierre would have told you, she never let down her little bucket of sympathy into Pierre's heart without drawing up nearly all his troubles.

"Well, Lois," said he, slowly, "in the first place, you know how anxious Father has been that I should be 'head boy' at school this year, and you know how I've studied early and late, and haven't missed a single lesson?"

"Yes, indeed," exclaimed Lois.

"Then you know that Herbert Bell is the only other boy who has been studying so hard, and I'm sure I can remember at least three times *he* has missed this quarter."

"Yes, well?"

"Well, today, Mr. Simmons asked me to stay a few minutes after school, and when the scholars were all gone, he said, 'I've been very much pleased with some of my scholars lately, and I've been thinking I should like to give the one who has the most good marks at the end of the quarter some reward for his industry and good behavior. Now what should you think a boy, about *your* age, would like best for a present this winter?' Oh Lois, you can't think how my heart beat! I thought right away, 'I'm sure he means *me*,' and I'm afraid he knew that I thought so, for it seemed to burn right through my cheeks. But in a minute I said, just as careless as I could, 'Why, I should think, sir, a boy couldn't like anything better than a nice, sled, with iron shoes, and painted red,' for you know, Lois, I've wanted one three winters, and Father never could afford it, and now 'times' are harder than ever. Well, he smiled, and said he should think that would please a boy, and then he looked right in my face, and said, 'What do you think of *Herbert Bell?* Isn't he about as good a scholar as we have in school?' I declare, Lois, if my cheeks burned before, I felt *this* time as if my whole head had tumbled off into the stove, and I was choked with the smoke besides. I couldn't speak for a moment, but just pretended I had a terrible cough, and by

and by I just managed to say, ‘Yes, sir, I don’t believe there’s a better fellow in all the world.’

“ ‘That’s all right,’ said Mr. Simmons, very kindly, ‘and now I’ve one more favor to ask of you. As you and Herbert are such very good friends, your tastes must be something alike, and I should like

some pleasant Saturday to take you with me to the city, to help me pick out just the right kind of a sled, for it's a good while since I was a boy, and I'm afraid I don't know so much about *some* things as I did then.'

"I hardly remember what I said, Sister, but pretty soon I was out on the road thinking I just know how that wicked old Haman felt, for you see, I thought *I* was the boy Mr. Simmons delighted to honor, and instead of that I must go to Bedford and pick out a pretty sled for my Mordecai." Pierre's voice shook, and leaning his head against the window, he stared out into the bleak, rainy night.

"But, Pierre," said Lois, "I'm sure you're not at all like that bad Haman. You certainly don't hate your Mordecai."

"No indeed, Sister; there's all the comfort there is in the matter."

"Not at all," cried Lois; "there's something more. I think it was a very great honor for Mr. Simmons to consult you about the present. It showed that he thought you had a noble, generous heart, and were above all feelings of envy and jealousy."

"I never thought of *that,*" said Pierre, brightening; "but then, Sister," he added more sadly, "I'm pretty sure he saw what I was thinking about, and knew just how mean I was."

"Not so *very* mean, after all," said Lois, smiling. "It was kind in you to praise Herbert—"

"Why, Sister," interrupted Pierre, with a look of surprise, "what else could I do? Didn't I have to tell the *truth?*"

"To be sure," said Lois, smiling still more, "but I do not believe Mr. Simmons' appraisal of you is a poor one. He knows very well how hard it is for a boy who has studied as *you* have, to stand aside, and let some one else take the first place. Ah, yes, Pierre, we all have to struggle very hard and pray a great deal before we can very cheerfully 'in honor prefer one another.' "

"But you can do it at last, Sister?"

"Oh, yes, we can so far conquer our selfishness for Christ's sake, that at last we shall very much prefer other people's happiness to our own."

Pierre looked thoughtful, but was much comforted, and was so far reconciled to life that the call to supper and nice hot cakes was by no means disregarded.

One pleasant Saturday, a few weeks after, Pierre rushed in with a bright face.

"Well, Sister, it's done at last. *I* and Mr. Simmons have bought the sled, and it's a regular beauty. Its name is 'Rocket,' and it's the brightest red. Oh, won't Herbert's eyes snap! But now, Sister, do you think it was wrong for me to wish for one too? There were plenty more *beauties* in the store, but they cost money," and Pierre sighed. "Never mind," he continued bravely, "Herbert *is* just the best fellow—and I really do think at last, that if only one of us could have it, I would rather it should be he; and I think I'll give him my little flag too, so everything will be complete. And, oh, Sister, I almost forgot—examination will end Wednesday, and I'm to have the honor of presenting the sled. But do you know, I'm afraid Herbert half suspects, for he is in the greatest spirits, and says he knows something splendid that's going to happen before long. Some of the boys have got hold of it, too, I'm sure, for one of them said today, 'There's something going on right under your nose, Pierre, but *some* people never get their eyes open until four o'clock.' I was so happy I didn't mind it a bit, and only laughed to think how much wiser I was than any of them."

The great Wednesday came. Herbert and Pierre passed very fine examinations, and at the close Pierre arose to deliver the speech which had been carefully prepared for the occasion.

"Herbert Bell," began Pierre, but (how awkward!) there was Herbert coming forward too, and beginning—

"Pierre Vanderberg—"

"Keep still, Herbert," whispered Pierre. "I am to make a speech, and present you with a sled."

"Just exactly what I am to do for *you*," whispered back Herbert, with a merry laugh.

Poor bewildered Pierre looked imploringly at Mr. Simmons, who, rising, said, "I believe I must render a deliberation in this matter, and say that the sled belongs to *Pierre Vanderberg*, who has ten more marks than Herbert."

"Oh, Mr. Simmons," cried poor Pierre, but entirely broke down, while Herbert shook his hand as if it were a pump handle. Lois wiped her eyes in a corner, and the boys, who were all in on the secret, made the old schoolroom shake with a perfect tempest of applause.

"Be kindly affectioned one to another with brotherly love; in honour preferring one another;" —Romans 12:10

Questions

1. Why do you think Pierre walked so slowly when he was going home?
2. Do you think Mr. Simmons thought badly of Pierre because he had a difficult time being happy for Herbert at first? Why?
3. Why did Mr. Simmons ask each boy to pick out a prize for the other?
4. How do you think Herbert may have reacted when he heard that Pierre won?
5. What do you think it meant in the story when Lois said that Mr. Simmons must have thought Pierre was above envy and jealousy?
6. What does it mean to "prefer other people's happiness to our own"?

What Do You Think?

7. Are you happy for others when they receive something nice, achieve something special? List one or two times in your life when you really wanted something that someone else received instead. How did you react? How should you have reacted? How would God have wanted you to react?

Vocabulary

amiss	that something was *amiss*
appraisal	Mr. Simmons' *appraisal* of you
bleak	he stared out into the *bleak*, rainy night
consult	for Mr. Simmons to *consult* you
deliberation	I must render a *deliberation* in this matter
deliver	arose to *deliver* the speech
dense	the boy loomed in the *dense* mist
disregarded	nice hot cakes was by no means *disregarded*
inclement	for this *inclement* night
loomed	the boy *loomed* in the dense mist
magnificent	a *magnificent* roaring fire
notification	but to this cheery *notification*
obscured	and *obscured* his head behind the curtain
recognizing	*recognizing* very clearly that something was amiss
reconciled	and was so far *reconciled* to life
render	I must *render* a deliberation in this matter
shoes	with iron *shoes*
tempest	with a perfect *tempest* of applause
wincing	said Pierre, *wincing* a little

Lesson XXXIV

Mother's Sheaf

When I was a girl I lived by the seaside. My home was in a little fishing village on the top of the high cliffs; all around were bright fields, green woods, and hills covered in autumn with purple heather. I never wearied of watching our fishing boats, and then turning to see the grey stone cottages among the yellow harvest fields. And, like most of my neighbors, I had good cause to watch the sea, for both my brothers were fishers, and supported my widowed mother and me by the sale of the fish they brought home. When they ran their boat on shore I used to help them unload, and often I carried the fish to the nearest town for sale; then I could mend the nets and help dear Mother, who was weak and ailing.

Besides this, I was always very busy in hay time and harvest helping in the fields, and, like all the rest of the girls in the hamlet, went gleaning as soon as the last sheaves were gathered. I liked gleaning; true, it was sometimes rather hot work, and I would grow weary, and long to sit down under the shade of a tree or hedge; but we would keep one another up to our work, and sing merrily the while, until we all had our little sheaves bound to carry home. That was the most pleasant part. I would take mine to dear Mother and bid her see how large it was, and how many nice loaves we should be able to have. Mother said she thought the bread made from my sheaves was the sweetest she ate all the year. I remember, one evening, after I had come in from my gleaning, and was sitting at the open cottage door to rest and feel the sweet sea air, Mother took her large Bible,

which I knew so well, and read to me in her gentle tones the sweet story of Ruth. I had heard it before, but that evening it all seemed

new and fresh to me, and so real; I think that I never after went into a field to glean without remembering the story of Ruth's love and obedience.

Years went by, and Will and Tom and I were all nearly grown up. Will was the eldest; he was twenty-one now, and had a boat of his own bought with his savings. He was a lad of which a sister could be proud, so brave and gentle, such a good tender son and loving brother. This did not all come naturally either; he had a high spirit and strong will. I've heard that he was a troublesome boy, and poor Father used to fear he'd be unsteady, and maybe run off to sea; but Mother always hoped, and the secret of her hope was that she prayed. Many a night she would lie awake asking God to bless her Will, to soften his heart, and to teach him to feel the great love of God through Jesus Christ. Her prayer was answered; not just as she had hoped, for the change seemed to be wrought by a most heavy sorrow. Father died, and at fourteen Will was left to take care of us all, for Tom was only nine years old then. It was enough to steady any one; but it was not only the grief and the care that changed Willy; I believe it was God answering his mother's prayer.

He was employed to help a neighbor in his fishing, and though 'twas but a poor living he could earn with all his efforts, yet we managed to get on somehow. Mother was stronger then, and did a little washing and ironing at times, and Tom and I worked in our little garden and went into the fields whenever we could get anything to do, for I was twelve, and a strong, healthy girl. Will not only worked hard and lived poorly without complaining, and did his duty like a good son, but he struggled with his faults of temper, and grew more gentle, more thoughtful for others in acts and words; until slowly and painfully, but ever supported by the help and blessing of God, the passionate, headstrong boy grew into a manly, gentle lad, his mother's stay and comfort. As for Tom, he was of a different make—not bold and outspoken like his brother, but timid and secret:

he never did much amiss of which we knew, and was mostly fond of lying on the beach poring over any books on which he could lay hands, but he was so strange in his ways and made so many mysteries that we were never quite sure that all was going on well. He was sixteen this autumn of which I am writing, and helping Will in his fishing; but though he seldom complained he never looked happy, and we knew his heart was not in his work; but Mother had no means of putting him to anything else. It was evening, that day had been hot and sultry, and low dark clouds hung on the horizon. Will had said to me as he pushed his boat off in the morning, "'Twill be squally before night, Mary, I think; but, please God, I'll be home at sunset. Don't say aught to Mother; she'd be fearful for us, and there's nothing to fear for hours yet."

Many a time that day did I stop in my gleaning to look out to sea; it was all covered with little white-crested waves, but blue sky was still to be seen, and many of our boats were out. I fancied I could make out Willy's. I had always a far sight. When the sun set stormy and red, and thick autumn mists began to cover the sea and drift to land, I was on the beach, thankful enough to hear the splash of oars and Willy's voice calling to Tom to pull the boat ashore. I was soon by their side helping them to unload; they had a good catch, and we were in high spirits—at least Tom and I were. I hadn't often seen Tom so noisy or so full of jokes, though I fancied once or twice that when he didn't think any one was looking at him his face fell, and he looked gloomy enough. Will was very quiet and grave, and when the boat had been emptied and hoisted high and dry on the beach, I said to him, "Why, Will, you look as if you'd brought home four or five herrings instead of a boat load of prime fish. What's the matter with you?"

"Nothing, Mary, but this: that I don't like so many of our boats being out on a night like this; there may be more on these sands tomorrow than we'll like to see, if my fears prove true."

"Nay, Will," said I, "I've seen the boats ride safely enough through many a night like this."

"Maybe, maybe," he answered, and said no more; and by-and-by we all went home, and I was soon lying by Mother's side asleep, tired out with my day's harvesting. About one o'clock I woke: few could sleep through such a storm as was then raging. I opened the casement window, and clearly heard through the roar of thunder and the sound of the winds and waves the signal guns of a ship in distress. I was at Will's door in a moment, but he and Tom were both gone, down to the beach doubtless. I came back to Mother, who lay with her hands clasped, praying for the poor people in danger.

"Where are your brothers?" she said.

"Gone to the beach, I suppose. May I go too, Mother?"

"Yes, lass, go. I don't fear for Will, but look after Tom."

"He can't come to harm on the beach, Mother."

"No, lass, no; but I'd rather you were there."

So I dressed. I was used to storms, and, wrapped in my winter cloak, thought nothing of running down the narrow cliff path to the beach. Almost all of the village was there, and the old fishermen stood together in knots, anxiously questioning what should be done.

"Wait until morning," said one.

"She'll be on the rocks before morning, and not a soul left alive in her," said another. "Haul out the lifeboat."

"What's the use? She can't live in such a sea; 'twould be throwing our own lives after the others."

I could not see either Tom or Will as I passed from group to group, hearing from each such remarks as these. At last I saw that the lifeboat was being dragged down, and as she passed close to me I heard Will's voice giving time to the rest who were bringing her along. I caught his sleeve.

"Oh, Will, what are you going to do?"

"Never fear for me; it's my duty," he said. "Can I let these poor fellows go down almost at our feet, and never try to help them?"

"Think of Mother," I gasped out, holding him fast.

"I do think; if she were here she would give me her blessing and bid me go. Did she not teach me that—"

Here his voice broke, but soon he spoke again. Low and clear I heard his words through all the storm and the strife. I seem to hear them now.

"Lass," he said, " 'He hath measured the waters in the hollow of his hand.' I am not going away from His care. Should I be safer to stay here when it is my duty to go to the ship? God will be with me; and Tom and you must care for Mother if aught happens to me. One word more, Mary," he said, as I loosened my hold: "I ought to tell you that without me the boat couldn't go; there are only just enough willing to man her. Now pray for us," and he went. I never thought of anything but Will out among the waves and the rocks, and I prayed as I never prayed before. I forgot even Mother alone at home, even Tom. I thought of the danger and the help. That is a wonderful hour in the life of each one of us when God first teaches us the true meaning of prayer, in which for the first time we seem, as it were, to lay hold on the hem of His garment, and feel that we will not let Him go. From a child I had been taught to pray. Night and morning I knelt by my little bed and said neither thoughtless nor insincerely the words my mother had taught me; but that night I thought that all prayer would henceforth be different to me, for I had felt that God was near, I had known what it was to lay hold of His strength, and I believed that for the sake of Christ my prayer would be heard. I don't know how long I had knelt when I felt someone touch me on the shoulder. I looked up and saw Tom standing by me with a face deadly white and drawn.

"Will is out there," he said, pointing to the sea and the wreck, which was now full in sight.

"I know it," I said.

"He will be drowned; I know he will be drowned," gasped Tom.

"I think not, Tom. He told me that he believed God would take care of him. We must pray for him."

"Don't talk like that. I can't pray."

"Why not?"

"Oh, Mary," said Tom, "if I hadn't been so wicked I might be with him now; but I didn't dare go, for I had no right to think that God would take care of me."

"Whatever do you mean?"

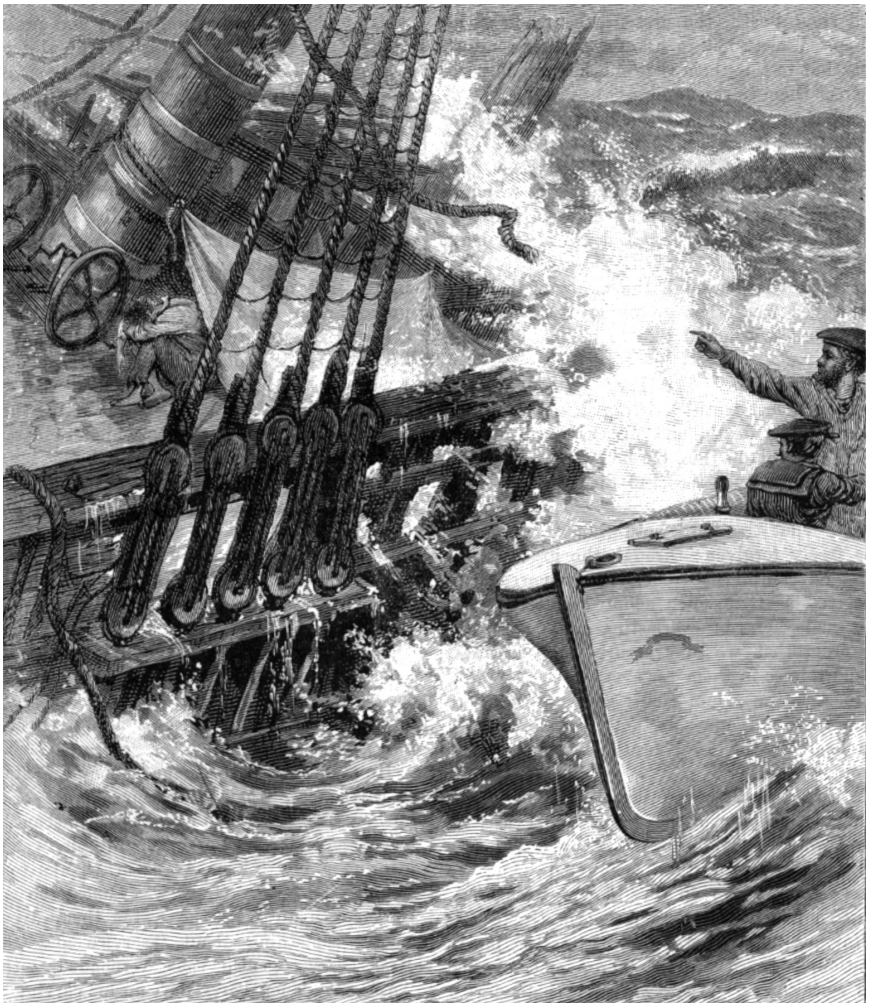
"I can't tell you all now; but, Mary, you don't know how I've hated my life, and the fishing, and the sea, and all. I wanted to be a scholar and a great man, and so as Mother had no money, I—I thought I must get it somehow; and, Mary, if I'm not a thief, it's through no good in me. I meant to steal the money this very night."

I hardly know what I said to my poor brother, but by-and-by I persuaded him to go home to Mother and tell her that I'd come as soon as there was news of Will. I had not long to wait; I heard a cry from one of the sailors who held a glass: "He has done it! It's all right!"

"What is it?" I asked.

"Yon lad has heaved the rope to the ship; the boat is alongside now. Please God, they'll all be saved."

But they were not all saved, for when Will came on ashore he carried in his arms a little girl about five years old, and he told me that her father and mother had been swept from the deck in the course of the night by a terrible wave, and that she was left alone. He took her home. "Mother," said he, as he went in, "I've been gleaning, and here is my sheaf," and he held out the little white thing to her. Mother took the child into her arms and cherished her and fed her with warm bread and milk until a little color came back to



her cheeks, and then she laid her in her own bed while we all knelt to thank God for all His great mercies. Poor Tom had told my mother all, and he sobbed bitterly as he knelt by her.

Annie White, as the little girl called herself, was a sweet, loving child, and soon dear to us all, though she clung most to Will, as

was perhaps natural. Her parents must have been rich, we thought, judging from her look and dress, but we were forced to clothe her in a coarse frock made out of one of mine, and to put on her an old pinafore that I had worn years ago. And thus, just like one of us, she ran about the cottage or went into the fields with me. At the end of the week a gentleman from London came to make inquiries about her; he was her uncle, the nearest friend she had left, and a good, kind gentleman he was. I can't tell all that passed; but I know he wanted much to give Will something in reward for his courage in saving the little girl. But Will would not hear of it.

"No, sir. I did naught but my duty, and I couldn't touch the money."

"Is there nothing I may do for you, not as pay, but to show my gratitude? Think again," said the gentleman.

Will looked thoughtful; at last he said, "There is one thing, sir, and if you can do it, I'll be overpaid and grateful to you for ever more."

Just then Mother called me; but by-and-by I learned that Tom was to go to London to be educated there at some institution for lads who wanted, as he did, to be scholars.

"'Tis your chance in life, lad," said Will. "Don't throw it away."

"Please God, I won't. If nought else would move me, I'm not likely to forget how the chance was bought for me."

"And Mary," said Will to me the same day, "the gentleman offers to take you as nurse to little Annie. You would live in a nice house, and be well fed and clothed; and he says if he were pleased with you, you would soon get large wages. 'Tis a good chance for you."

I said nothing, but went out into the fields to think. To go to London— It sounded very pleasant and fine. I had dreamed of it many a time, though I never hoped such a lot would really be mine. "Yes, I'll go," I said to myself. "I'll send all my wages home to

Mother, except what I keep for presents for her and Will; and when I come home dressed like a lady, everyone will make so much of me. Why should Tom learn and get on, and I be a poor fisherman's daughter all my days?" As I went home to tell Mother and Will of my choice I passed through the cleared fields, and stopped without thinking to glean some stray ears. At that moment I seemed to hear my mother reading to me the story of Ruth. I heard her repeat, "Intreat me not to leave thee, nor to return from following after thee: for whither thou goest, I will go; where thou lodgest, I will lodge: thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God." And I, her own daughter, would have left her! I thought—God forgive me; and my mother is feeble and needing care every day and hour. How could I; oh, how could I? I sat down, and cried bitterly, and then asked God to help me, that I might keep my new purpose steadily, and never fail in trying to be to my mother all that Ruth was to Naomi. I rose lighter of heart, gleaned a little handful of corn, and carried it home.

"Mother," I said as I went up to her, "I have brought you a sheaf. I want to stay and glean for you. Don't send me away."

"Send you away, child! Would I send away the light of my eyes?—only if it is for your good to go."

"But it would not be for my good to leave you, Mother. I have decided. Let me stay with you. Could I be happy in London, and you suffering here?"

No more was said; but when Mr. White heard how I had decided, he said that as Annie was but thin and weak, he should like to leave her with us for some months under mother's care, to run about with me and grow strong among the sea breezes and country lanes. Thus it was decided. Tom went to London, earnestly desiring, I believe, to be a good, industrious lad, and having been taught self-distrust through his great sin, seeking with all his heart the only help which could keep him from harm. He, too, in good time brought his sheaf

for Mother. He worked well and diligently, and made his way in the world, and used to come home now and then to cheer and comfort us all as we saw him happy and useful in the life he had chosen. Annie stayed with us long, and ever after would come again in harvest time to run with me in the fields and glean her pinafore full, as she did the first time she was with us. God's blessing rested on our home; and though we never had a great deal of money, yet this blessing indeed "it maketh rich, and he addeth no sorrow with it."

"Delight thyself also in the LORD; and he shall give thee the desires of thine heart." —Psalm 37:4

Questions

1. What was the mother's prayer in the beginning of the story?
2. How did God answer the mother's prayer?
3. How did Mary feel about her role in the family?
4. From what we know of Tom's life in the story, why do you think he wanted to be a scholar and a great man? What habit in his life might have contributed to his unhappiness?
5. Why do you think Will would not take money for saving the girl's life?
6. Why do you think that when he was pressed, Will decided to ask a favor for his brother and sister?
7. How did Mary show her love for her mother?

What Do You Think?

8. Do you think Tom's life could have been happier if he had set his mind to enjoy fishing and the sea instead of longing for something else? Why?
9. List a few ways in which you can put others first in your life.

Vocabulary

ailing	who was weak and *ailing*
aught	if *aught* happens to me.
casement	I opened the *casement* window
crested	covered with little white-*crested* waves
distrust	having been taught *self-distrust*
drawn	with a face deadly white and *drawn*
frock	a coarse *frock*
gleaning	I've been *gleaning*
headstrong	the passionate, *headstrong* boy
hedge	under the shade of a tree or *hedge*
herrings	four or five *herrings*
hoisted	*hoisted* high and dry on the beach
knots	the old fishermen stood together in *knots*
outspoken	not bold and *outspoken* like his brother
pinafore	and glean her *pinafore* full
poring	*poring* over any books
prime	boat load of *prime* fish
sheaves	bread made from my *sheaves*
sultry	that day had been hot and *sultry*
widowed	supported my *widowed* mother
yon	*yon* lad has heaved the rope

Lesson XXXV

The Angel in the Fog

It had been misty all day, and just before four o'clock a heavy black fog settled down on the city, shrouding everything with a thick veil, and making even the street lamps, which had been hastily lit, invisible except to those immediately under them.

This was the state of things when the boys from Mr. Wilson's Preparatory School raced down the steps with their straps and satchels and prepared to make their way home.

"Hadn't you better wait, Reid?" said an elder lad to a young fellow who might have been nine years old. "You've got a good way to go, and the fog's very thick. You might lose yourself. If you waited, it might clear, or your family might send for you."

Geoffrey Reid tossed his head scornfully. "Much obliged, Snipe," he said. "I can find my way all right, and they would never think of sending for me."

"All right," said Snipe, cheerfully, as he disappeared in the gloom. "I'll leave a description of you at the police station as I come by in the morning, and ask them to drag the canal."

Geoffrey felt full confidence in his own directional powers when he set out on his homeward journey, with his hands in his pockets, and whistling merrily; but it was somewhat shaken when he reached a refuge in the middle of the road where four streets met and he could not tell in which direction he ought to go, and it vanished altogether when he was halted abruptly, as he walked squarely into an iron railing when he felt sure he was going along a straight path.

He turned and twisted and grew more confused every minute. The fog made his eyes smart and his throat rough and dry, while a damp chill seemed to envelop him; and he wished that he had taken advice and waited until somebody had come for him. It was too late now, however, and he struggled manfully on, not knowing where he was going. He determined to ask the next person he met for guidance, but there did not seem to be any people about, and when one dim form towered over him for a moment, it had disappeared again before he had even begun to ask his question.

It seemed hours since he had left school, and he felt sure he must have walked miles. There were more tears in his eyes than could be justly laid to the acrid smoke of London when he ran against a boy a little bigger than himself.

"Where are you shoving to?" exclaimed the figure. "If you want to bang your head, you can try a lamppost; there's plenty about."

"I beg your pardon," said Geoffrey meekly. "I didn't see you. I've lost my way. Can you tell me if I am near Chesham Gardens?"

"Never heard of them," said the boy briefly. "There ain't no gardens about here," and he made as though he would go on.

"Don't go," cried Geoffrey, grasping his arm. "Can't I come with you a little way?"

"I'm going home," said the boy. "You can come along with me if you like. Mother might know where your place is."

Geoffrey gladly accepted the offer and quickened his steps to keep up with his new friend's rapid gait.

It might be well to tell you a little about John Brotherton's home before he and Geoffrey reach it.

John was the eldest of four children. His father had been dead about two years, and his mother had hard work to feed and clothe the little ones. John was just about to leave, and looked forward to the time when his weekly earnings would make life brighter at home; but just now things were in a bad way.

Mrs. Brotherton was a God-fearing woman, and it was only that morning that she had been telling her little girl how God had fed the prophet Elijah by means of ravens, and that He would always feed his people.

"Does he always send ravens?" asked little Lucy, with a glance at the window.

"No," replied her sister Annie, with the superior wisdom of her eight years. "It's generally angels."

"I never saw an angel," said little Lucy with awe in her voice. "Did you?"

Annie found it convenient not to hear this, and their mother went on to tell them that they must ask God to send food, and He would choose whom He pleased to bring it.

"I have asked Him," said Lucy; "so I suppose it will be coming before long."

But as the day drew on, and the darkness grew, poor Mrs. Brotherton was compelled to light her only remaining candle to enable her to see the work she was doing. She looked anxiously at it from time to time, for she feared whether it would last until the work was done, and there would be no money forthcoming until she could return the finished work.

"Set the table for tea, Annie," she said at length. "The boys will be in presently, and I have not a moment to spare."

It was not the first time Annie had done this, and she set about her work with a businesslike air, giving her little sister the cups to carry one at a time with womanly warnings as to possible breakages.

"There isn't much tea, Mother," she said, after examination of the little canister in the cupboard.

"Shake it out and put it in the pot," said her mother. "If I can get this work in tonight, there'll be some fresh in for breakfast," and she bent her weary back and moved her cold fingers faster than before.

Just as Annie had finished her task, steps on the stairs told that the

boys were approaching.

"Harry isn't coming," said John, as he opened the door. "He went home with Mr. Smith to do some jobs." While he spoke he advanced toward the light with Geoffrey beside him.

The little girls gazed with wonder on the smart little figure in its warm coat with fur trimmings.

"Is it an angel?" whispered Lucy; but Annie nudged her reprovingly. "Boys aren't angels," she said, with truth.

By this time John was explaining Geoffrey's appearance and asking for Chesham Gardens.

"Chesham Gardens!" said Mrs. Brotherton reflectively. "Oh, yes, I know it, but it is a long way from here. Well, you'd better stop here until I've got my work done, and I'll take you home. I'm sorry I can't go at once because I would think your mother's in a way about you, but I must finish the work, and I don't dare send you with John in this fog. You'd both be lost."

Geoffrey was gazing around the room with astonished eyes. It was quite unlike any room he had seen before. A good-sized bed took up one side of it, and the little table on which the tea was set out was surrounded by two chairs with broken backs and some wooden stools. There were a good many pictures and framed certificates

on the walls, and everything looked clean so far as the light of the candle would allow him to see it; yet it was but a poor home, and seemed to Geoffrey very crowded and uncomfortable.

"You'd better get your tea, children," said the mother. "I can't wait now. Go and wash your hands, Jack." Geoffrey accompanied his host to a sink on the landing outside the door, where they washed their hands under the running tap, which seemed a much better and more amusing plan than using a basin, and they all sat down to tea.

"There's only a little trickle left," said Annie in a loud whisper.

"Well, give it to the little boy first," said the mother in a similar tone, and the meal began. There was not a whole loaf, and it speedily vanished under the attacks of the boys.

When Geoffrey held out his plate for another slice, Lucy could stand it no longer. "Angels do eat a lot," she said, with withering scorn. "There won't be any for Mother if you have any more."

Mrs. Brotherton looked up. "Don't you be rude, Lucy," she said. "Eat as much as you like, my dear."

But Geoffrey grew very red. "I don't think I want any more, thank you," he said. "Mother always says I eat too much, and your bread is so nice."

"I am sure your mother is a nice lady," said Mrs. Brotherton warmly, "and I am only sorry to keep her anxious all this time, but I can't help it. I haven't a drop of oil left, and this candle is all I've got."

The children drew their stools around the fire while Annie cleared away the tea and prepared to wash the cups and plates. Geoffrey and John talked and Lucy listened.

"Why do you have tea in the bedroom?" said the former. "I should have thought it would have been nicer in the dining room, or even in the kitchen."

"This is the only room we've got," said John. "When Father was alive we had two, but we've only had one since he died. You

see, the rents are so high; but when I go to work we shall be better off."

"I saw lots of other rooms in the house," said Geoffrey. "Who has all those?"

John promptly supplied him with a list of the other lodgers.

"I wish your mother didn't have to work so hard," said Geoffrey. "I shouldn't like mine to have no time for her tea."

"When I'm a man," said John, "she shan't do any work at all, but shall live in a nice little house as she did before she married."

Then the two boys fell to discussing their future paths in life, and Geoffrey was disposed to envy John when he announced his firm determination of being an engine driver.

At last Mrs. Brotherton folded up her work just before the flame of the candle leapt to a great height and then died away.

"Now we'll start," she said. "You children must make the fire do until I get back, and that won't be for a good while. John, take care of Lucy, and Annie don't get to lighting bits of paper and such."

"Yes, Mother," said John, and Mrs. Brotherton set off, the bundle of work on one arm and Geoffrey's hand firmly grasped in hers.

It was a good way to the shop that gave the work, and poor Mrs. Brotherton was five minutes too late to get her money, so that it was with an empty purse and a sorrowful heart that she went the yet longer distance to Chesham Gardens.

Here she found a sorrowful household, for the loss of the only son had caused his parents much pain and anxiety. Mr. Reid was still out engaged in the search, and Mrs. Reid rushed into the hall to clasp her child in her arms as soon as she heard his voice.

Mrs. Brotherton refused to wait until the father came in, as she was anxious to get home, but she carried a piece of gold in her hand when she left, which provided such comforts for the next morning that little Lucy gravely announced, as she ate the unwonted luxury of bread and butter, "You see it was an angel after all."

And as the days went on and Mrs. Reid proved a good and constant friend, Mrs. Brotherton felt disposed to think she was right.

"The angel of the LORD encampeth round about them that fear him, and delivereth them." —Psalm 34:7

Questions

1. What did you picture in your mind's eye when the story said the fog shrouded everything with a thick, black veil?
2. What do you think kept Geoffrey from taking Snipe's advice?
3. Do you think Geoffrey regretted the fact that he did not take Snipe's advice? Why?
4. Why do you think Geoffrey was astonished when he saw the Brotherton's lodgings?
5. Why do you think Lucy made the rude comment about Geoffrey eating so much?
6. Why did John say that when he grew up his mother would live in a cottage, and would not have to do any work?
7. Why did Mrs. Brotherton take Geoffrey back to his parent's house?
8. Do you think Mrs. Brotherton was hoping Geoffrey's parents would give her money for returning Geoffrey? Explain your answer.
9. Why do you think Mrs. Reid proved to be a good and constant friend of Mrs. Brotherton?

What Do You Think?

10. In this story we see how Geoffrey's pride caused him to suffer bad consequences. Do you have pride in your life which causes you to suffer? Explain your answer.

Vocabulary

abruptly	he was halted *abruptly*
acrid	justly laid to the *acrid* smoke of London
basin	more amusing plan than using a *basin*
breakages	with womanly warnings as to possible *breakages*
canal	ask them to drag the *canal*
canister	the little *canister* in the cupboard
certificates	and framed *certificates* on the walls
directional	confidence in his own *directional* powers
disposed	Geoffrey was *disposed* to envy John
envelop	a damp chill seemed to *envelop* him
forthcoming	no money *forthcoming*
gait	keep up with his new friend's rapid *gait*
guidance	he met for *guidance*
lodgers	with a list of the other *lodgers*
nudged	but Annie *nudged* her reprovingly
satchels	with their straps and *satchels*
shrouding	*shrouding* everything with a thick veil
smart	on the *smart* little figure in its warm coat
squarely	as he walked *squarely* into an iron railing
trimmings	warm coat with fur *trimmings*
unwonted	as she ate the *unwonted* luxury of bread and butter

Lesson XXXVI

The Leak in the Dyke
A Story of Holland

The good dame looked from her cottage
At the close of the pleasant day,
And cheerily called to her little son
Outside the door at play:
"Come, Peter, come! I want you to go,
While there is light to see,
To the hut of the blind old man who lives
Across the dyke, for me;
And take these cakes I made for him—
They are hot and smoking yet;
You have time enough to go and come
Before the sun is set."

Then the good wife turned to her labor,
Humming a simple song,
And thought of her husband working hard
At the sluices all day long;
And set the turf a-blazing,
And brought the coarse, black bread;
That he might find a fire at night,
And find the table spread.

And Peter left the brother,
With whom all day he had played,
And the sister who had watched their sports
In the willow's tender shade;
And said they'd see him back before
They saw a star in sight,
Though he wouldn't be afraid to go
In the very darkest night!

For he was a brave, bright fellow,
With eye and conscience clear;
He could do whatever a boy might do,
And he had not learned to fear.
Why, he wouldn't have robbed a bird of her nest,
Nor brought a stork to harm,
Though never a law in Holland
Had stood to stay his arm!

And now with his face all glowing,
And eyes as bright as the day
With the thoughts of his pleasant errand,
He trudged along the way;
And soon his joyous prattle
Made glad a lonesome place—
Alas! If only the blind old man
Could have seen that happy face!
Yet he somehow caught the brightness
Which his voice and presence lent;
And he felt the sunshine come and go
As Peter came and went.

And now, as the day was sinking,
And the winds began to rise,
The mother looked from her door again
Shading her anxious eyes,
And saw the shadows deepen,
And birds to their homes come back,
But never a sign of Peter
Along the level track.
But she said, “He will come at morning,
So I need not fret nor grieve—
Though it isn’t like my boy at all
To stay without my leave.”

But where was the child delaying?
On the homeward way was he,
And across the dyke while the sun was up
An hour above the sea.
He was stooping now to gather flowers,
Now listening to the sound,
As the angry waters dashed themselves
Against their narrow bound.
“Ah! Well for us,” said Peter,
“That the gates are good and strong,
And my father tends them carefully,
Or they would not hold you long!
You’re a wicked sea,” said Peter;
“I know why you fret and chafe;
You would like to spoil our lands and homes;
But our sluices keep us safe!”

But hark! Through the noise of waters
Comes a low, clear, trickling sound:
And the child's face pales with terror,
As his blossoms drop to the ground.
He is up the bank in a moment,
And, stealing through the sand,
He sees a stream not yet so large
As his slender childish hand.
'Tis a leak in the dyke! He is but a boy,
Unused to fearful scenes:
But, young as he is, he has learned to know
The dreadful thing that means!

A leak in the dyke! The stoutest heart
Grows faint that cry to hear,
And the bravest man in all the land
Turns white with mortal fear.
For he knows the smallest leak may grow
To a flood in a single night;
And he knows the strength of the cruel sea
When loosed in its angry might.

And the boy! He has seen the danger,
And, shouting a wild alarm,
He forces back the weight of the sea
With the strength of his single arm!
He listens for the joyful sound
Of a footstep passing nigh;
And lays his ear to the ground, to catch
The answer to his cry.
And he hears the rough winds blowing,
And the waters rise and fall,
But never an answer comes to him,
Save the echo of his call.

He sees no hope, no succor near,
His feeble voice is lost;
Yet what shall he do but watch and wait,
Though he perish at his post!
So, faintly calling and crying
Till the sun is under the sea;
Crying and moaning till the stars
Come out for company;

He thinks of his brother and sister,
Asleep in their safe, warm bed;
He thinks of his father and mother,
Of himself as dying—and dead;
And of how, when the night is over,
They must come and find him at last:
But he never thinks he can leave the place
Where duty holds him fast.

The good dame in the cottage
Is up and astir with the light,
For the thought of her little Peter
Has been with her all the night.
And now she watches the pathway
As yester eve she had done;
But what does she see so strange and black
Against the rising sun?
Her neighbors are bearing between them
Something straight to her door;
Her child is coming home, but not
As he ever came before!

"He is dead!" she cries; "my darling!"
And the startled father hears,
And comes and looks the way she looks,
And fears the thing she fears;
Till a glad shout from the bearers
Thrills the stricken man and wife—
"Give thanks, for your son has saved our land,
And God has saved his life!"
So, there in the morning sunshine
They knelt about the boy:
And every head was bared and bent
In tearful, reverent joy.

Tis many a year since then; but still,
When the sea roars like a flood,
Their boys are taught what a boy can do,
Who is brave and true and good.
For every man in that country
Takes his dear son by the hand,
And tells him of little Peter,
Whose courage saved the land.

They have many a valiant hero,
Remembered through the years;
But never one whose name so oft
Is named with loving tears.
And his deed shall be sung by the cradle,
And told to the child on the knee,
So long as the dykes of Holland
Divide the land from the sea!

"And I sought for a man among them, that should make up the hedge, and stand in the gap before me for the land, that I should not destroy it: but I found none." —Ezekiel 22:30

Questions

1. Describe how Peter felt about the errand that his mother asked him to run.
2. How did Peter make the blind old man feel when he arrived at his cottage?
3. What was the purpose of the dykes?
4. What was Peter doing all night?
5. How do you think Peter felt as he sat there all night holding back the leak?
6. How would the story have turned out if Peter had decided that he was cold and afraid, and had gone home?

What Do You Think?

7. Do you think Peter held the leak in the dyke because he wanted to be a hero? Why?
8. Many times people who become heroes are those who constantly strive to do what is right. Can you name a few situations in your life where you tried to do right even when it was not comfortable?
9. How might you stand in the gap or make up the hedge?

Vocabulary

astir	is up and *astir* with the light
chafe	I know why you fret and *chafe*
dashed	the angry waters *dashed* themselves
dyke	leak in the *dyke*
leave	to stay without my *leave*
prattle	and soon his joyous *prattle*
sluices	at the *sluices* all day long
succor	he sees no hope, no *succor* near
track	along the level *track*
true	who is brave and *true* and good
valiant	they have many a *valiant* hero
yester	as *yester* eve she had done

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.