

*Christian  
Life  
Readers*

*Sixth 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 Sixth Reader**

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

In the *Sixth Reader*, comprehension will basically involve questions scaling up concepts learned in the *Fifth Reader*. It will continue with questions that aid in understanding how words are used to paint pictures and how authors invoke feelings on the part of the reader, and that will encourage some deductive reasoning based on the story. The *Sixth Reader* will also introduce parallels between word pictures of physical things and the corresponding abstract concepts that the author wishes to communicate. This will all be accomplished through the exercise of answering the questions. There will be fewer questions for the student to answer, but each question may require several sentences to answer.

The *Sixth Reader* is loaded with rich vocabulary. The student will now find the pronunciation of the vocabulary words in the dictionary for himself or herself. The instructor will only check to see if the student has learned the proper pronunciation. The vocabulary words will once again be listed with the 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 Sixth Reader**

### **Day 1**

1. Have the student read the lesson silently or aloud.
2. Have the student look up the definitions and pronunciations 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.
3. Have the student look up the definition of each vocabulary word in the lesson, and write a sentence using each vocabulary word the same way it was used in the lesson. This will reinforce the word as a definite part of the student's ever growing vocabulary.
4. Review the vocabulary words with the student. Assist with the pronunciation of any words that may be irregular or difficult for the student.
5. Review the sentences with the student to assess whether he or she used the vocabulary words correctly. The instructor can easily check the student's vocabulary work by having the student read the sentences that he or she has written, and while the instructor follows along in the 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 whether the student has used the word in a sentence in the same appropriate context.



## 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 read any lesson notes that may accompany the lesson and 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 multiple details from the lesson may be required for a complete answer. There will be fewer questions than in the *Fifth Reader*, but the questions will require more deduction and evaluation. The student may look up the answers within the lesson 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 able to focus fully on elocution for this read. The student should handle punctuation according to the instructions in Appendix B at the back of this reader.

2. Have the student read the scripture associated with the lesson.
3. Have the student explain the meaning of the scripture.
4. Have the student explain how the scripture relates to the story.

### **Other Thoughts**

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

<b>Weekly Schedule at a Glance</b>	
<b>Day 1</b>	
✓	Have the student read the lesson.
✓	Have the student look up the vocabulary words.
✓	Have the student use the words in sentences.
✓	Review the pronunciations of the vocabulary words.
✓	Review the vocabulary sentences.
<b>Day 2</b>	
✓	Have the student read the lesson aloud.
✓	Have the student read any lesson notes.
✓	Have the student answer the questions.
<b>Day 3</b>	
✓	Have the student read the lesson aloud.
✓	Have the student retell the story from memory.
✓	Have the student explain the moral of the story.
<b>Day 4</b>	
✓	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 Hidden Talents

Fay Grierson was what some people would call one of the lucky ones, for she had health, wealth, and power, and yet there was one thing lacking—"the peace that passeth all understanding"; and because this beautiful girl lacked that one most precious gift, there was a miserable feeling of unrest in her heart, and she was like one in the dark, constantly groping to find something which she could not see, and which she only understood in a rather imprecise way that she needed.

Her awakening was to come through one of God's humble instruments—a poor, lowly little crippled child, to whom Miss Grierson one day paid a charitable visit. For she was of a kindly heart, and her sympathy had been aroused by the sad sight of the lame young girl with her pale, patient face, who seemed to bear her suffering and hard lot with such a cheerful mind.

The wealthy, strong woman was mystified as she talked to little Janet—here was no sham content, no whining pretense; but a steady patience, and the sweetest submission, although the young mouth was drawn with pain, and the placid forehead strangely lined with long nights of suffering.

"Well, child," exclaimed the visitor, "you are an enigma! I declare I could almost envy you. Where do you get such a meek spirit, and such happiness, in the midst of all you have to bear?"

Janet flushed with surprise, and stared innocently into the speaker's face. "Oh, Miss! You envy *me*? Why, you have been





given the five talents, I'm thinking, and I but a little *one!*" She paused in some confusion at her boldness, while Miss Grierson said in bewilderment to the sister standing by:

"What does the child mean?"

The elder girl dropped a curtsey.

"It's Janie's funny way of talking, Miss; she's forever picking out bits of the Bible, and fitting them in with things. I hope," she said anxiously, "you're not offended, Miss?"

Miss Grierson looked amused, and yet curious.

"No, no; so come, Janet, explain yourself. Of course I have read of the Parable of the Talents; why do you mention it?"

"Because," whispered the child, timidly, "you seemed to forget you had so many. Oh!" forgetting her shyness in her excitement, "I can do so little for the Lord, but you—you have health, and money, and all sorts of blessings to help you in the work."

A soft "Hush" came from the elder sister, who saw a grave look on their visitor's pretty face, but Janie did not heed.

"You see, Miss, of course the Lord means for us all to account for the talents He gives, and," with a half-envious sigh, "you can tell Him you have done so much."

"Are you mocking me, child?" cried Miss Grierson. "No, no, forgive me; I know you are not, but Janie, you are making one mistake. At present, like the bad servant in the parable, I have let my talents lie idle. I have only thought of myself, and forgotten my work!"

"Oh!" faltered Janet, "I didn't know—I—I thought——" Miss Grierson finished the sentence:

"You thought I must feel as you do, anxious to please Him. Ah, little Janie, I begin to see where your peace begins—in forgetting yourself and working for the Lord."

She rose, and stooping over the young girl pressed a kiss upon her forehead. "Good-bye, my child, I shall come again, and, please

God, the talents He has given me shall not be ‘hid in the ground’ any longer.”

Her eyes were opened, and already a warmth, born of noble resolves, filled her heart, and she wondered at the sweetness of her thoughts, as she listened to the Voice within her,

“Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me.”

There was a new interest in her life, a new holy influence, and with the grace of our Lord, the woman, wealthy in earthly goods, became rich with the treasures of heaven. There was no longer the unsatisfying daily toil of striving to please self, but the sweet work of bending to the Higher Will, and obeying the words,

“Learn of me; for I am meek and lowly in heart.”

*“Take therefore the talent from him, and give it unto him which hath ten talents. For unto every one that hath shall be given, and he shall have abundance: but from him that hath not shall be taken away even that which he hath.” —Matthew 25:28-29*

### *Questions*

1. Describe why you think Miss Grierson came to visit Janet.
2. Describe what you think the author was saying when the story said that Miss Grierson’s awakening was to come through one of God’s humble instruments.
3. Why did Miss Grierson call the crippled girl an enigma?
4. Why do you think the crippled girl thought Miss Grierson had five talents?
5. Describe the difference between Miss Grierson’s use of her “talents” and the crippled girl’s use of her “talents.”

*What Do You think?*

6. The author might lead us to believe that Miss Grierson had more talents with which to serve God, but we do not necessarily need to believe this. Who do you think had more talents when it came to serving God? Explain your answer.
7. Think about your talents and how you are, or ought to be, using them for God, and write down some of the thoughts that come to mind.

*Vocabulary*

curtsey	the elder girl dropped a <i>curtsey</i>
enigma	“Well, child,” exclaimed the visitor, “you are an <i>enigma</i>
faltered	“Oh!” <i>faltered</i> Janet, “I didn’t know—I—I thought
groping	she was like one in the dark, constantly <i>groping</i> to find something
imprecise	she only understood in a rather <i>imprecise</i> way
inasmuch	<i>inasmuch</i> as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren
instruments	to come through one of God’s humble <i>instruments</i>
lame	the sad sight of the <i>lame</i> young girl
mystified	the wealthy, strong woman was <i>mystified</i>
placid	the <i>placid</i> forehead strangely lined with long nights of suffering
pretense	here was no sham content, no whining <i>pretense</i>
sham	here was no <i>sham</i> content, no whining pretense
submission	but a steady patience, and the sweetest <i>submission</i>
unrest	there was a miserable feeling of <i>unrest</i> in her heart
whining	no <i>whining</i> pretense; but a steady patience

## Lesson II

### “I Know It Is My Duty”

A man lived on a cliff overhanging the sea. The ground, sloping inland, was protected from the winds that, on the ocean-side, raised frequent and destructive storms. Indeed, to all appearances, no ocean was near. Having wealth at his command, and taking much interest in the adornment of his home, the man had made of it a very paradise. Trees, grouped with fine effect, shaded the lawns; flowers and shrubbery bordered the pleasant pathways. The house itself had a most homelike and attractive aspect. Surely might the passerby say, “How happy the owner of this place must be!”

And in a sense he was happy. Family and social relations were satisfactory. True, he was afflicted with a nearsightedness which prevented his taking any distant view, but he seemed content with what was immediately around him. A friend once offered him an eyeglass that would open to him a sight of the ocean beyond; but he declined using it, saying that “what he could see on his own place, and inland, was sufficient.”

And yet all this time the ocean was wearing, wearing away the base of the cliff on which he dwelt. The waves were undermining its very foundation. At times, both tide and storm hurried on the work of destruction. Yet he seemed to know it not; or if he heard it spoken about, it made little impression on his mind. Being shortsighted, he did not see the danger.

And he was very self-sufficient. Raised in some respects above his fellow men, he prided himself upon his independence of thought,

his intuitive insight, and his knowledge of men and things. He seemed to have an indefinite impression that in some way he was not like others; that he could not be exposed to danger common to such as they; that what concerned them was of no account to him. So he lived on, busied with his own affairs, apparently unconscious or heedless of the coming doom.

But reports of the danger grew thick and fast. The community was aroused. Some of his neighbors on the cliff left all, and took refuge on a "sure foundation." Some, alas, delayed too long. The ground crumbled and gave way under them. They were lost. Still, he lived on as usual, driving from his mind the anxiety which sometimes came across him concerning his safety.

What did his neighbors



do for him? His friend warned him from time to time, urging him to use the glass that would show him the ocean that must yet destroy his pleasant home. But this warning was only occasional, for from all meetings of the citizens respecting the danger he held himself aloof. Was he not as good and as wise as they?

Some of the neighbors talked over the matter as to their own duty to him, but hesitated to approach him. They perhaps did not feel the danger to be pressingly imminent. One said, "He has everything so finely arranged, it was a pity to disturb him." "It is difficult to know whether to approach him on the subject. He is peculiar. Speaking might do more harm than good." "He has known the cliff was not to be relied on since he was a child. He sees that we are afraid to stay on it. Our example speaks louder than words." But while his friends thus lingered, the waves were still working, working, wearing, undermining.

At last a friend bolder than others had a plain talk with him. The man, in return, thanked his friendly visitor, and after further conversation said, with an indifferent tone, as if the thing did not concern him particularly, "Well, I know it is my duty to attend to this matter."

"Duty, my friend, duty? duty?" rejoined the other. "Do you not see it is the only thing worth your attention? Certain death and destruction await you and your family if you do not leave all and escape in season."

This parable may serve to illustrate the conduct of men in regard to faith in God. Men think of it as one among many things that claim their attention. Some pass it by altogether. Some even say, "I know it is my duty to attend to it," but being satisfied with this present world, they delay providing for their future. What short-sightedness! Would they but use the eyeglass of faith in the Word and promises of God, it would help them to realize how their sands of time are every moment washed away into eternity. It would

show that eternity to them threatens to be a bottomless abyss of destruction. It would point them to a sure place of refuge.

Is your own house built “upon the sand,” or “upon the rock of our salvation,” the Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ? “Therefore thus saith the Lord GOD, Behold, I lay in Zion for a foundation a stone, a tried stone, a precious corner stone, a sure foundation: he that believeth shall not make haste.” That is, he shall not flee in terror when “Judgment also will I lay to the line, and righteousness to the plummet: and the hail shall sweep away the refuge of lies, and the waters shall overflow the hiding place.” —Isaiah 28:17.

*“A prudent man foreseeth the evil, and hideth himself: but the simple pass on, and are punished.” —Proverbs 22:3*

### *Lesson Notes*

This story is a parable. A parable uses descriptions of physical things and events as a representation of spiritual or mental issues. We cannot see or feel spiritual things, but God often uses parables to draw parallels between physical things and spiritual things, and so may we. In order to understand a parable, you must take each element in the story and try to think of what it represents in the spiritual lesson or character lesson being taught by the story.

### *Questions*

1. What do you think the man’s nearsightedness in the story represented?
2. What do you think the cliff represented?
3. What was the parable saying when it said some of the man’s neighbors took refuge on the “sure foundation”?
4. What was the parable portraying when it discussed the man’s friends and their concern about warning him to get off the cliff?

*What Do You Think?*

5. If we seek God, that would be the equivalent of us looking through the eyeglass which was offered to the man in the story and which he refused, why do you think the man refused to see the coming destruction?
6. What are you doing in your life? Are you like the man in the story? Are you living for this life, or are you trying to move toward higher ground? Explain your answer.

*Vocabulary*

abyss	threatens to be a bottomless <i>abyss</i> of destruction
affairs	so he lived on, busied with his own <i>affairs</i>
aloof	respecting the danger he held himself <i>aloof</i>
apparently	<i>apparently</i> unconscious or heedless of the coming doom
citizens	from all meetings of the <i>citizens</i>
delayed	some, alas, <i>delayed</i> too long
exposed	he could not be <i>exposed</i> to danger
foreseeth	a prudent man <i>foreseeth</i> the evil,
imminent	feel the danger to be pressingly <i>imminent</i>
indefinite	he seemed to have an <i>indefinite</i> impression
inland	he could see on his own place, and <i>inland</i>
insight	his intuitive <i>insight</i> , and his knowledge of men
intuitive	his <i>intuitive</i> insight, and his knowledge of men
nearsightedness	he was afflicted with a <i>nearsightedness</i>
parable	this <i>parable</i> may serve to illustrate
paradise	had made of it a very <i>paradise</i>
plummet	lay to the line, and righteousness to the <i>plummet</i>
rejoined	“Duty, my friend, duty? duty?” <i>rejoined</i> the other
satisfactory	family and social relations were <i>satisfactory</i>
shortsighted	being <i>shortsighted</i> , he did not see the danger
shrubbery	flowers and <i>shrubbery</i> bordered the pleasant pathways



### Lesson III

#### Tom's Difficulty

"Difficulty!" said Mrs. Bray. "I see no difficulty at all. The thing's as plain as a pikestaff."

"I wish I saw it so," answered Tom Torance. "But I don't."

"That's because you *won't* see it," said Mrs. Bray, who always spoke plainly. She was an older, familial friend, and it was not the first time Tom had consulted her, or come to her in his troubles.

But now he was angry. "I don't know what you mean," he said. "I have told you I want to do what's right, and can't see how."

"No, you don't," was the emphatic answer. "You want to avoid doing right, and yet feel no pangs of conscience. I always say what I think, Tom."

"I know you do," answered the young man moodily.

"Now, here is your position," Mrs. Bray continued. "You have the chance of getting into a good honest business, with a fair salary, which you have only to work hard enough to raise into a good yearly income. On the other hand, you 'prefer' the roving, sea-faring life you have tried, with all its chances. Your newly widowed mother has no one but you to look after her. You *expect* to be able to keep her if you still go to sea. But what of her lonely days and weeks? What of the anxiety and suspense she would have? What would become of her if you drowned?"

Tom stood still, his elbow leaning on the mantelpiece—a sullen expression on his handsome face.

"I will tell you a story," said Mrs. Bray, in a different tone.



“Listen. My brother and I were the only children of our parents, and they gave us every indulgence. I was a baby when John was at school, and when Father died quite suddenly, John was able to carry on the business, and the shop continued to flourish. I was only a girl of twelve. There was not much change in our way of living after Father had gone, only my mother’s sad face seemed to make me feel quiet.

“One day, John told us he was going to be married. Mother didn’t seem to take kindly to it when she heard who it was. But she said, ‘If I only knew it was for your happiness, John, I should be content.’

“I remember his answer, and the look it brought to Mother’s face. ‘Well,’ he said, ‘a man can’t be expected to be tied to a mother and sister for ever.’

“The new wife came, and all was changed. She said the house was too small for so many, and John agreed. So Mother and I had a room in a neighbor’s cottage. And Mother grew sadder and sadder, but she never said a word. One day she asked John how business was prospering.

“‘Well enough,’ he answered shortly, ‘but there’s not much to be made when one has to give away so much.’

“That night I heard my mother sobbing, and I went to her in the darkness. ‘My son finds his mother a burden,’ she cried. ‘I have known it for a long time. We will go and work for our living.’

“Poor dear mother! She said nothing of her intentions, but she answered many advertisements, and at last found places for both of us. I was to be under-housemaid in a large house, and she was housekeeper and only-servant to a couple of young gentlemen.

“But late hours and hard work soon told upon her. She had a serious attack of inflammation of the lungs, and at her own request was taken to a hospital. There she died with my hand in hers. I wrote to John, and he answered that it was all the result of her absurd conduct in leaving a comfortable home for menial service.

“I have never seen my brother since. I rose to be head nurse and then went to be trained in a hospital, and it was one of the ladies I nursed, as you know, who left me my little fortune.

“But I have often wondered how John can read those verses in the Bible about honoring one’s Father and Mother, in the beginning of the fifteenth chapter of Matthew. For there we are clearly told

that what we can give to our Father or Mother is theirs by right, and no gift, and that in saying we give them gifts, we put our own interpretation on God's simple law. For it is a clear first duty to honor and support those who gave us life, and it is no merit to us if our lives are spent in that service. God's laws are plain to all eyes that will see them. In order to honor our Father and Mother, we must put self last.

“And now, Tom, where is your difficulty?”

“Only in my own selfishness,” answered the young man. “Thank you, Mrs. Bray; my mother shall have a good son.”

And taking up his hat he went out.

Some years after, Tom married. He was well off then. The day he brought his bride to the home he had made for his mother, she said to the girl, “You are happy, my child, for so good a son will make a good husband, and his mother's blessings be on his head.”

*“Honour thy father and thy mother: that thy days may be long upon the land which the LORD thy God giveth thee.” —Exodus 20:12*

### *Questions*

1. Describe the decision over which Tom was struggling.
2. Why did Mrs. Bray say that Tom would not see “it”? What do you think she meant by that?
3. What was Mrs. Bray trying to show Tom by telling him the story about her brother and her mother?
4. After Mrs. Bray told her story, she asked Tom, “Where is your difficulty?” Why did Tom respond by saying, “Only in my own selfishness”?

### *What Do You Think?*

5. At the end of the story, we learn the results of Tom's decision. Do you think he was happy that he listened to Mrs. Bray and

took her advice even though he had wanted to do something different? Why?

6. Think about your life. Do you tend to take the advice of your parents and elders even if you do not like it? Explain why or why not.

*Vocabulary*

absurd	the result of her <i>absurd</i> conduct
advertisements	she answered many <i>advertisements</i>
familial	she was an older, <i>familial</i> friend
flourish	the shop continued to <i>flourish</i>
inflammation	a serious attack of <i>inflammation</i> of the lungs
mantelpiece	Tom stood still, his elbow leaning on the <i>mantelpiece</i>
menial	leaving a comfortable home for <i>menial</i> service
moodily	answered the young man <i>moodily</i>
pangs	and yet feel no <i>pangs</i> of conscience
pikestaff	the thing's as plain as a <i>pikestaff</i>
position	now, here is your <i>position</i>
roving	you 'prefer' the <i>roving</i> , sea-faring life
salary	a good honest business, with a fair <i>salary</i>
sullen	a <i>sullen</i> expression on his handsome face
suspense	what of the anxiety and <i>suspense</i> she would have

## Lesson IV

### Ada Jackson's Failure

"It is very hard!" thought Ada Jackson, as she started for the Wednesday evening Bible class, "—very hard to fail after all my hard work, and I did work hard too!"

Ada Jackson was a pupil at the National School. She was a clever girl, looked up to and respected by pupils, teachers, and all who knew her. For six months she had been working for the examination. But overwork and anxiety had brought on a severe attack of neuralgia, and on the day of the examination, Ada was quite incapable of thinking out any subject with clearness.

She was almost sure she had failed, and the examiner's report, which had arrived that day, confirmed her fears.

"I wonder why these things are allowed?" she mused. "I do love Jesus, and trust in Him, yet I fail in all my efforts to get on. I wonder why God does let me be so bitterly disappointed."

Ada arrived late at the Mission Hall; the Bible reading had begun. As she entered the minister was reading Jeremiah 48:6. "Flee, save your lives, and be like the heath in the wilderness."

"This verse," he said, "requires an explanation. It is not the plant generally known as the heath which is alluded to here, but a plant known in Palestine as the 'Rose of Jericho.' This plant was highly thought of by the Crusaders, and many strange but true stories are told of it. The real facts about it are as follows: It grows near the ground, spreading out its roots, and unfolding its leaves so long as there is any dampness in the ground; but, if the moisture fails, it curls up its

leaves and shoots; the wind blowing over the desert uproots it and carries it away to some other spot, where, if the conditions are clement, it uncurls and takes root. This process is repeated when the moisture is exhausted, until at last the little plant is perhaps carried to the neighborhood of some spring, where it takes root permanently. Now, we are to be like this heath; nothing must satisfy our souls but the Lord Jesus Christ, and the water of life which He gives His people.



“We need to be reminded of this sometimes; there is so much in the world to attract and interest us, and come between our souls and the Lord Jesus. We have no abiding city here, yet very often we forget this, and let our hearts take root firmly in the things of this world—often in things that are not wrong in themselves, but are wrong only when we let them come first.

“Many of our troubles and disillusionments may be traced to this cause. We have made an idol of some dear one, and he is taken away; we have set our hearts on our wealth, and we lose it. We may

have been living for some ambition, and loving to hear our praises sounded by those around us, and we fail to reach the object of our ambition and are bitterly humiliated.

“Let us remember, at these times, that our Saviour knows what is good for us, and sometimes takes away our idols in His infinite love. Nothing can really satisfy the soul but the Lord Jesus; the idols would in time have failed us. Let us give our Saviour the first place in our hearts, and He will often give us earthly happiness, because then it will not hurt us.”

The minister continued, but Ada heard no more: she could now see the reason for her failure. She felt that she had given more thought to the examination than she had to anything else. She had often taken time from her prayers and Bible reading to give to her studies.

On her knees that night she resolved that, with God’s help, it should be so no more, and she prayed for help to carry out her resolution.

Time has gone on and Ada is now working for another examination, but it is in a very different spirit; ambition is no longer her idol, and her success, when it comes, will be brought with thanksgiving to her Saviour’s feet.

*“In every thing give thanks: for this is the will of God in Christ Jesus concerning you.”* —1 Thessalonians 5:18

### *Lesson Notes*

Ada learned God’s lesson about idols in her life. She did not put wicked idols in front of her, but she did allow her wants and desires to come before God. God allowed her to fail so that she would suffer and be able to see the idol in her life. Keep these thoughts in mind as you answer the following questions.



*Questions—What Do You Think?*

1. Do you think it was wrong for Ada to study and work very hard to pass the examination? Explain your answer.
2. We can be assured that Ada prayed often for God to help her on her examination, and yet she failed. After she failed, she blamed God by wondering why God let her be so bitterly disappointed. Whose fault was it that Ada failed her examination? Explain your answer.
3. If God had allowed Ada to have passed her examination, do you think the minister's message would have had the same meaning to Ada?
4. Do you think that Ada would have been happy if she had been successful in every ambition in life? Explain why.
5. What would you consider to be idols in your life?

*Vocabulary*

abiding	we have no <i>abiding</i> city here
ambition	<i>ambition</i> is no longer her idol
clement	if the conditions are <i>clement</i> , it uncurls
Crusaders	this plant was highly thought of by the <i>Crusaders</i>
disillusionments	many of our troubles and <i>disillusionments</i>
exhausted	when the moisture is <i>exhausted</i>
heath	we are to be like this <i>heath</i>
humiliated	and are bitterly <i>humiliated</i>
incapable	quite <i>incapable</i> of thinking out any subject
moisture	repeated when the <i>moisture</i> is exhausted
mused	why these things are allowed?" she <i>mused</i>
neuralgia	had brought on a severe attack of <i>neuralgia</i>
Palestine	a plant known in <i>Palestine</i>
permanently	some spring, where it takes root <i>permanently</i>
shoots	it curls up its leaves and <i>shoots</i>
uproots	the wind blowing over the desert <i>uproots</i> it

## Lesson V

### What Is Your Life?

Life is yours. You have it. You have it now. At the moment when you read these words you have it. What else you have, I know not; but life I am sure you have, or you could not read my words. This question therefore relates to you. It is not merely “What is life?” but “What is your life?”

1. It is the gift of God. He made you. He gave you your breath. You never would have lived unless God had given you life. You are His creature. And He not only gave you life, He also preserves it. If He did not, you would die. “In Him we live, and move, and have our being.”

2. It is a vapor. That is, it is like a vapor—“a vapour, that appeareth for a little time, and then vanisheth away.” Have you not seen such a thing? We may often see a white mist filling the valley in the early morning in the country. It spreads along the ground, and looks thick and solid; but as the sun gets power the mist disperses, and by the time the sun is high in the sky it is quite gone. In towns we see the smoke curling up from many a chimney-top when the fire has been newly lighted; but soon the breeze catches it, and it floats away into the distance, and in a little while we look and it is gone. Such is your life. It “appeareth for a little time, and then vanisheth away.” It is very short and fleeting. Do not forget this in your plans and purposes. Say, or at all events, think, “If the Lord will, we shall live, and do this, or that.”

3. It is a wind. The wind that carries away the vapor is swifter

than the vapor itself: it passes more quickly, it is gone sooner. Even such is your life. “O remember that my life is wind!” Men are apt to think that they are to live forever. They see others around them expire, but they do not consider the brevity of their own lives.

Job did: “O remember,” said he in his prayer, “that my life is wind.” Do you think as he did? Your life is like the wind. Even a gentle air soon passes; but a furious gale rushes by in a moment. So life is often suddenly cut off—gone like the wind.

4. It is a day of grace, a time of mercy. While your life lasts, God offers to forgive you, receive you, and save you, for Christ’s sake. It is therefore a great and precious opportunity. The blood of Jesus has been shed, the Holy Spirit is promised, the Word of Life is in your hands, and the throne of grace is open to you. You may pray, and God will hear you. You may seek, you may ask, you may knock, and it is promised that you shall find and receive, and that the door shall be opened to you. Such is your life. In this view, how precious it is!

5. It is a road. There are two ways: the broad and the narrow; and your earthly life is one or the other. Which? The narrow way is the way of life—eternal life: is that your way? The broad road is the way of destruction: alas, is that your way? Such is the road of thousands; “for wide is the gate, and broad is the way, that leadeth to destruction, and many there be which go in thereat.” Are you one of them?

6. It is a battle, or at least it ought to be. If you are a true soldier of Jesus Christ, then you are fighting daily against the world, the flesh, and the devil—under His eye, and in His strength, with Him for your Captain, clad in the whole armor of God. But many do not fight this battle. They yield to sin without a struggle, and let Satan have his own way with them. Thus they live. Can such overcome? How is it with you? Have you donned your armor?

7. It is a talent. Do you know what that means? A talent, in the

sense in which I use the word here, is something valuable, entrusted to you as a steward, which you are to use aright, and to give an account of hereafter. Your life is a talent. You are God's steward of it, and He will call you to account for your use of it. How are you using it? What sort of an account shall you have to give to the Judge of all?

8. It is a forerunner: the forerunner of another life. When this life comes to an end, then you will enter on another which will never end, for then will come eternity. Your life here has a great deal to do with that eternal life to come. Your state there will depend on how you shall have used this life. If you shall have fled to the Saviour of sinners, and found pardon and salvation in Him; if you shall have loved Him, served Him, followed Him, lived in Him, died in Him; then you will go to Him, and be with Him where He is, safe and happy forever. But if not, if you shall have let slip the day of grace, slighted the Saviour, quenched the Spirit, gone your own way—then, though you must still enter on that eternal state to come, oh, how different, and how awful a prospect is before you! This your life is the forerunner of the one state or the other: which?

9. Once more, your life is only one; your life here below, your mortal life, is given you once only: you can never have it again. Once to live, once to die, and then judgment and eternity! To begin afresh, to have life over again, or even a part of it—a little part, a year, a month, a week, a day, an hour—this can never be.

Ah! If we can lift the veil, and see beyond the grave, and know what some have felt when the last breath in this life had been drawn—what regrets, what remorse, what wishes and longings should we know of! Oh, if such wishes and longings had but come sooner, while yet there was time, while yet life lasted! But now they are all in vain, for life is past, and life is only one. Think, reader, think! This life, this precious life, this time of grace, this one life, this life which, once gone, can never come back, this life you have

now— even while you read these words, it is yours. But it will soon be gone, very soon. Is Christ Jesus your life, the life of your soul? Is the great work done? Have you sought and found? Have you escaped? Are you a new creature in Christ Jesus?

Besides the natural life which God has given you, there is another life which He can give: spiritual life, life in your soul. That eternal life with Christ, of which I spoke just now, is the gift of His grace and love; and this new life, of which I now speak, is His gift too, the work of His Spirit. Seek it. Seek it as His free gift, for Christ's sake. Ask that your soul may be quickened, that you may be born again, and become a new creature in Christ Jesus. Then you will live indeed! Then your life below will be the forerunner of endless life above. Then this may be your answer to the question, "What is your life?"— "The life which I now live in the flesh I live by the faith of the Son of God, who loved me, and gave himself for me."

*"For what is a man profited, if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul? or what shall a man give in exchange for his soul?" —Matthew 16:26*

### *Questions*

1. From the story list nine things that describe a person's life.
2. What is the main point that the author is attempting to express through the nine points given?
3. The author of this lesson is using nine physical things to describe and draw parallels to your life. Is the author referring to your physical or spiritual life, or both? Explain your answer.

### *What Do You Think?*

4. Write a point number ten for the lesson, drawing a parallel between something physical and spiritual to represent a life.
5. What point in the lesson made the largest impact on you? Explain why.

*Vocabulary*

aright	you are to use <i>aright</i> , and to give an account
armor	have you donned your <i>armor</i>
brevity	they do not consider the <i>brevity</i>
clad	<i>clad</i> in the whole armor of God
disperses	as the sun gets power the mist <i>disperses</i>
donned	have you <i>donned</i> your armor
expire	they see others around them <i>expire</i>
fleeting	it is very short and <i>fleeting</i>
forerunner	your life below will be the <i>forerunner</i> of endless life
mortal	your <i>mortal</i> life, is given you once only
profited	for what is a man <i>profited</i>
prospect	how awful a <i>prospect</i> is before you
quenched	slighted the Saviour, <i>quenched</i> the Spirit
slighted	<i>slighted</i> the Saviour, quenched the Spirit
thereat	many there be which go in <i>thereat</i>
vapor	the wind that carries away the <i>vapor</i>

## Lesson VI

### The Triumph of Trust

How brightly over Judah's hills  
The noonday sunlight fell,  
Where spread before its chieftain's eyes  
The camp of Israel.  
For, out against the host of God,  
Philistia's armies came;  
They knew not of His mighty acts,  
Nor feared His holy name.

And daily Israel heard with dread  
Their giant champion cry,  
"Send forth a man to fight with me:  
Your armies I defy."  
Why starts no soldier from the ranks,  
To still Goliath's boast?  
Has terror taken hold of all  
Saul's once courageous host?

One day a ruddy shepherd boy  
To Israel's camp drew near;  
He heard the giant's shout, and marked  
All faces pale with fear.  
"Now, who is this," he cried, "who dares  
Our vengeance thus to brave,  
When God, Who fighteth on our side,  
Is ever strong to save?"

They brought the stripling to the king:  
    "Dost thou not fear to go?  
Ah! boy, thou know'st not what it is  
    To meet so strong a foe."  
"Sire," said the lad, "in Bethlehem's fields  
    I guard my father's sheep;  
And often through the dreary night  
    My watch alone I keep.

One night a prowling lion seized  
    A lamb from out the fold;  
I ran, and by the help of God,  
    I slew that lion bold.  
And can I doubt that He Who was  
    That night my strength and stay,  
Will aid me as I go to fight  
    The Philistine today?"

"Go," answered Saul, "God helping thee."  
    So quickly went the lad;  
His sling, and pebbles from the brook,  
    Were all the arms he had.  
Goliath eyed the shepherd youth  
    With scornful looks and proud;  
"Another step, and life is o'er  
    For thee!" he cried aloud.

"Thou com'st with sword, and shield, and spear,"  
    Was David's calm reply;  
"But I have placed in God my trust,  
    And in His strength rely."  
A well-aimed stone from David's sling  
    Has hit the giant's brow,





And that tall form, so dreaded once,  
Is laid for ever low.

O ye, who fear temptation's power,  
The lesson is for you;  
Your enemies are fierce and strong,  
Your helps may seem but few;  
Fear not! go forth with David's trust  
In God's all-powerful name;  
He gave the victory then to faith,  
And He is now the same.

*"And all this assembly shall know that the LORD saveth not with sword and spear: for the battle is the LORD's, and he will give you into our hands." —1 Samuel 17:47*

### *Lesson Notes*

It is important to notice that the poem is giving us a physical picture from the Bible, and drawing a spiritual parallel to it. If we do not realize this, it may be easy to interpret the lesson as saying that God will help us in whatever we set our mind to do, if we have faith in Him. This is not what the parallel is. The parallel is that when we endeavor to do what God wants us to do, He will help us. There is a difference between the two which can result in success or failure. It was God's desire that the Philistines should be defeated. Israel had only to trust in God. It is God's desire that we should serve Him and defeat sinful temptation. Through Him, we will be enabled to conquer our sin. It is not God's desire to support us in our ambitions and desires, but to support us in serving Him.

### *Questions—What Do You Think?*

1. Describe in detail the scene that you see in your mind after reading the first stanza of the poem.
2. Picture yourself standing in front of someone who is twice as large as you and wants to do you harm. With that in mind, describe why you believe the men in Saul's army were afraid.
3. Describe the comparison between the physical Goliath in the Bible and temptation's power which we cannot see or touch.
4. Do you have a Goliath in your life that you need the Lord Jesus Christ's help to overcome?

### *Vocabulary*

assembly	all this <i>assembly</i> shall know that the LORD saveth
boast	to still Goliath's <i>boast</i>
chieftain	where spread before its <i>chieftain's</i> eyes
defy	your armies I <i>defy</i>
fold	a lamb from out the <i>fold</i>
host	Saul's once courageous <i>host</i>

Philistine      aid me as I go to fight the *Philistine*  
prowling      a *prowling* lion seized a lamb  
ranks          why starts no soldier from the *ranks*  
ruddy          one day a *ruddy* shepherd boy  
sire            “*Sire*,” said the lad  
stripling      they brought the *stripling* to the king  
watch         my *watch* alone I keep

## Lesson VII

### Florence at Home

It was Sabbath morning, and Florence was standing before the mirror tying the ends of her lovely, new sash; Carrie leaned on her elbows and observed her sister for a minute, then gazed at nothing, and wished that she were a little more like Florence. Florence was pretty and vivacious, and many girls nearly idolized her. This very morning she was going to do something so nice! In the next square was a new family, who had just moved in; Florence had already become acquainted with Weston, the fifteen-year-old son, and invited him to attend Sabbath school, and he had laughed, and declared that he didn't go to Sunday school very often; but at last he had agreed to call, and be shown the way to the church by Florence.

"I don't believe they are people who go to church much," Florence had commented, as she drew on her long mittens with a pleased air, "but I shouldn't be surprised if I could get him in the habit of going." And then Carrie had sighed, and wished that she could do *anything*; but she had to stay poked in the house on this beautiful day, because she had a sore throat; she was always getting sore throats. "That is all I can do," she told herself drearily, "get a sore throat, and a swollen nose, and red eyes, and stay in the house."

The doorbell rang just then, and Master Weston's voice was heard in the hall. Then was Florence in a flutter. "Dear me! There he is, and it is time we were off. Where is my handkerchief? Carrie, haven't you seen my handkerchief? You certainly must have taken it; I laid it right here. I *do wish* you would let my things alone!

Mamma, have you seen my quarterly? I thought it was on the table; where *can* it be! Oh, dear me, Mamma, I *should* think you might help me find it. I *hate* to be late. Oh, never mind my money, I can take it next Sunday; Mamma, *please* don't keep me waiting to get it. I shan't go at all if I have to wait much longer. Carrie Marshall, I know you tucked my handkerchief somewhere. Mamma, *won't you please* let me go this minute? You seem to just want to make me late. I don't care if my hair is too low down; it is just the way all the girls wear it. I wouldn't have it flying around my face in the wild way that Carrie's does, for *anything*. Carrie, hand me that book, quick! I shall go distracted!" Then I rejoice to tell you that she went out of the room, tripped down the stairs, and was off.



Her invalid mother drew a relieved sigh. "I wish Florence were not such an excitable girl," she said, as she moved about, picking up many things that the young miss in her hurry had sent flying hither and thither. "If she were a little more like you, dear, in some things, I should be glad." Meantime, Florence was tripping along beside her new friend, as bright as the morning itself. She was very anxious to be a help to him. She was a Christian girl, and wanted to do good. It was not by any means "make believe." She told him

about their nice Sunday school, what a pleasant superintendent they had, and what a “perfectly splendid teacher” taught the class. She told him about the young people’s prayer meeting, and asked him to attend, and with great sweetness and skill brought her question around, until she fairly asked him if he were a Christian. And she said, earnestly, “I am so sorry,” when he told her, “no.”

Then she said a few sweet, earnest words, that ought to have done him good, and she wondered in her heart why it was that he was simply polite in return, showing not the slightest interest in the subject. If she could have looked into *his* heart, she would have found just this: “I wonder what this dainty little miss, in her pretty hat and her frizzes, would say if she knew I waited for her in the hall, while she left her room door open and talked to her mother and Carrie—whoever she is. The talk I heard then, and the talk I’m hearing now, don’t seem to match. How am I to know which she means?”

Poor Florence! Her insensitive, disrespectful words at home that morning had spoiled the influence of her work abroad! And the worst of it was, she was so used to being careless in this matter, that she had no inkling of the damage done.

*“If we live in the Spirit, let us also walk in the Spirit.”* —Galatians 5:25

### *Lesson Notes*

This story illustrates the power of our actions, and that our actions speak louder than our words. Florence had pretty words and skills with people when she wanted to use them, but they were not habits embedded in her heart out of love. If her love toward others had been in her heart, she would have treated everyone the same, including her family. Florence had the right words, but she was short on actions. She would have had a much more powerful testimony if she were short on words, but had an abundance of actions. It is not

possible for everyone to be eloquent with words and personality, but we can all have loving actions.

*Questions—What Do You Think?*

1. Why do you think Florence asked the new young man to come to church with her?
2. Why do you think Carrie wanted to be more like Florence?
3. Write a few sentences contrasting how you think Florence acted when she was with other people with the way she acted when she was with her family.
4. Why do you think seeing how Florence treated her family so affected the way the young man viewed Florence's Christian faith?
5. After Florence saw that the young man was not interested in her words, what might she have done?
6. Do you act differently around others than you do your family? Explain why or why not.

*Vocabulary*

abroad	had spoiled the influence of her work <i>abroad</i>
air	she drew on her long mittens with a pleased <i>air</i>
commented	Florence had <i>commented</i>
distracted	quick! I shall go <i>distracted</i>
frizzes	in her pretty hat and her <i>frizzes</i>
idolized	and vivacious, and many girls <i>idolized</i> her
inkling	she had no <i>inkling</i> of the damage done
insensitive	her <i>insensitive</i> , disrespectful words at home
invalid	her <i>invalid</i> mother drew a relieved sigh
poked	she had to stay <i>poked</i> in the house
quarterly	Mamma, have you seen my <i>quarterly</i>
sash	tying the ends of her lovely, new <i>sash</i>
swollen	get a sore throat, and a <i>swollen</i> nose
vivacious	Florence was pretty and <i>vivacious</i>

## Lesson VIII

### Up To Sample

When a tradesman says that the goods that he sells are “up to sample,” he is not only declaring that he is an honest man, but also declaring that in the marketplaces of the world there are dishonest men who sell goods which are not up to sample. He is reminding us of those who advertise by one sample and sell by another, and he assures us that he plays his customers no such tricks.

Well do I remember watching in Lowestoft Fish Market the sorting of some fish which were to be packed and sent away. The little fish were laid in the bottom and the big ones carefully placed on the top. Clearly the bulk of the fish in that barrel were not up to sample. On the same principle, the biggest apples are often to be found on the surface.

Shop windows sometimes contain the announcement that “Purchasers may select any article shown in the window.” That notice seems to say, “This is an honest shop. We do not show you one class of goods and sell you another. You may buy our samples if you like. What better proof can we give you that we sell up to sample?”

Dear reader, *Do you sell up to sample?*

I hope you do. For your reputation’s sake, I hope you do. For the Lord’s sake, I hope you do. Character is soon gone, and once it is gone it is not easily gotten back again. For your own interest’s sake, I hope you do. It does not pay to cheat your customers. Of course, they will find it out sooner or later. And when they do, are





they likely to buy from you again, do you think? For your comfort's sake, I hope you do. An uneasy conscience is a wretched companion. There is no peace for a man who does not sell up to sample. And for your soul's sake, I hope you do. You must meet God by-and-by.

Let me ask you again, dear reader, *Do you live up to sample?*

In the open world men see you as a sample. They have a

favorable impression of your good temper, of your unselfishness, of your liberality, and of your many other good qualities. Are you as good as this at home? Are the goods behind the counter as good as those in the window? If you are sweeter in public than you are in private, you are certainly not living up to sample.

How many parents have cause to say, "I wish my child kept a few of his smiles for home consumption. Others would scarcely know him were they to see him at home. We get his snaps and snarls. Others get his honey." Is such a child living up to sample?

Then, let me ask again, *Do you worship up to sample?*

How reverent you are in church! It is a pleasure to see you there, singing the praises of God, turning over the leaves of your Bible, brightly responding, and appearing so devout and earnest. Is this a fair sample, do you think? Does the heart go along with all this? Is the private faith as good and genuine as the public one? Does your private chamber witness the same devoutness? What a blessed thing it would be if men were before God what they seem before men! And what a much better world it would be if men only worshiped up to sample!

*Do you love up to sample?* let me ask again.

To see people meet, you would fancy they were bosom friends. How vigorous their hand grip! How bright their smile! How cheery their voice! How the love wells up and overflows! It is quite a picture.

But listening to their comments afterwards, you will soon perceive that the real love was far from being up to sample. Their love was nothing but one for show. It was good enough for a sample, but much too good for everyday use. But what a mockery! What a cheat! What a contemptible make-believe! Dear friend, let your love be real, and true, and genuine; in a word, love up to sample.

*Do you rejoice up to sample?*

A cheery smile wreathes your face as you move in and out among

folks; you crack your jokes, tell your stories, and are full of spirits.

Is this an honest sample of your real joy? Is it up to sample?

When you are alone and sit down in the quiet of your own chamber, and honestly face yourself, how are your spirits then? Are they as bright and jolly? Remember, you are your true self when you are alone.

Alas! but how often sadness gathers on heart and face when a man is left to himself. Would this be so if the joy were up to sample?

My dear friends, be honest. Do not be content to live a double life.

Be what you seem. See that your face and your heart correspond. Aim at being before God what you are before man. Banish all pretenses henceforth and forever. Sell up to sample; live up to sample; worship up to sample; love up to sample; and rejoice up to sample.

It may not be easy; habit and nature will oppose you; the practice of your neighbors will tend to divert you. Never mind. With the Lord Jesus to help you, that which is hard will soon become easy. Receive Him into your heart and give Him the control of your life, and all will be well.

*“For what is the hope of the hypocrite, though he hath gained, when God taketh away his soul?” —Job 27:8*

### *Lesson Notes*

The author defined “up to sample” in the beginning of the story. The author then gave some physical examples to support the definition of “up to sample.” He then moved on to draw a spiritual parallel to the physical, and define the term “up to sample” in spiritual terms. Jesus did this many times in the Bible. He would give an example in God’s creation, and draw a parallel to it in the spiritual world.

*Questions—What Do You Think?*

1. After reading the story, explain what “up to sample” means.
2. At the end of the story it says not to lead a “double life.” Describe what it would mean to lead a “double life.”
3. If you had small fish and large fish to put into a barrel, how could you arrange them “up to sample”?
4. What can we do so that all will be well with our lives?
5. Are you “up to sample” with everyone in your life? Explain your answer.

*Vocabulary*

announcement	windows sometimes contain the <i>announcement</i>
article	purchasers may select any <i>article</i> shown
banish	<i>banish</i> all pretenses henceforth and forever
bosom	you would fancy they were <i>bosom</i> friends
by-and-by	you must meet God <i>by-and-by</i>
chamber	sit down in the quiet of your own <i>chamber</i>
consumption	a few of his smiles for home <i>consumption</i>
contemptible	what a <i>contemptible</i> make-believe
correspond	see that your face and your heart <i>correspond</i>
devout	and appearing so <i>devout</i> and earnest
divert	your neighbors will tend to <i>divert</i> you
henceforth	banish all pretenses <i>henceforth</i> and forever
liberality	of your unselfishness, of your <i>liberality</i>
marketplaces	in the <i>marketplaces</i> of the world
principle	on the same <i>principle</i> , the biggest apples
reputation	for your <i>reputation's</i> sake
sample	love up to <i>sample</i> ; and rejoice up to <i>sample</i>
tradesman	a <i>tradesman</i> says that the goods that he sells
uneasy	an <i>uneasy</i> conscience is a wretched companion
wells	how the love <i>wells</i> up and overflows
wreathes	a cheery smile <i>wreathes</i> your face

## Lesson IX

### Our Mountain Ash

One of the handsomest trees on our grounds was a mountain ash. It was a pet tree with its lithe and graceful branches, its spray of wavy leaves, its cluster of white June blossoms, its rich coronet of red berries in harvest time, and its airy foliage, letting through the blue sky, yet dropping cool shadows on the grass. Year by year we watched its growth—from the parlor window, which it shaded from the hot breath of summer; from the kitchen window, where it stood in full sight on the green; and from the chamber window, sporting with the breezy air and slanting sunshine, creeping up higher and higher heavenward. Our mountain ash was the family pet. No other trees, shrubs, or plants had a firmer hold on the family taste.

One year, gradually, day by day, week by week, we came to feel that it did not look as well as usual. It leafed out fully; there were no dead branches, none dying, or bent, or toppling, or winter killed, or lightning struck. It bore no marks of injury; it was as green and graceful, it had as much of heaven and earth, as ever a year before; and yet it did not *look right*. We examined the bark and the branches, and found nothing amiss.

“You are suspicious; you borrow trouble. Your tree is well enough.”

“Something is certainly the matter with that tree,” we said.  
“Something is working its ruin.”

People looked at it and gasped it and shook it, and said, “Pshaw! It is sound enough; it is doing grandly. It is all in your eye.”

But we sometimes receive impressions, and correct impressions,



of persons different from what they appear, and yet we cannot quite tell how we get them. There is a sort of influence radiating from them, which tells the truth about them without their knowing it, and in spite of them too. There is something called unconscious influence. It was pretty much so with our tree. It kept up a good appearance, but we felt there was a blight on it—very faint, to be sure, but still a blight.

One day, we discovered by chance grains of sawdust round its roots; sawdust here, and sawdust there, so slight that only by stooping could it be discerned. Taking out my knife, and getting down on my hands and knees, I closely examined the lower part of the trunk, and soon detected a little hole here, and a little hole there—one, two, three, four, five. Ah, there was the secret. The borers were there, slowly but surely eating out the life of the tree. Have you seen one—a small, fat, white worm, which gnaws into the heart of the tree, and lays its pestiferous eggs? Their teeth must be needle points; yet what amazing mischief they can do. Ruin is in their track, sometimes slow, sometimes swift. To our mountain ash it was swift and sudden. A thunder gust swept the sky. Though the blast only rocked the bird's nest in the elm, our poor ash had no strength to stand against its fury, and the next morning we found it fallen, its stateliness and shade and beauty gone forever from our eye. And it made me think of the moral borers that infest society, worming their way into character, sooner or later to ruin it—a bosom sin, a petty theft, a false word, a slight fall, a secret indulgence.

A youth may appear as fair as ever, his reputation as spotless, his friends as confiding, the world as unsuspecting of wrong; but if the borers are at work, he cannot long hide it. The careless swagger, the irreverent tone, the restless eye, the reckless temper, that *unconscious influence* which goes out of a person whether he will or no, will surely disclose it; and we say with sorrow, "The borers—the borers are at work there."

I knew a young man, the joy of his parents and the delight of his friends, beginning life with every advantage of education, prospects, and privilege. By-and-by his more discerning friends noticed a change in him; precisely what it was, they could not tell, yet there was a change, and for the worse. What borer was gnawing at the core of his character? How hard it was to believe there was one; and yet there must be one. It leaked out at last. It was *intemperance*.

Secret sins *cannot* remain secret. Their teeth are small, but they are sharper than a two-edged sword, and will slowly but surely, if not killed and eradicated, effect our ruin.

*“For he that soweth to his flesh shall of the flesh reap corruption; but he that soweth to the Spirit shall of the Spirit reap life everlasting.” — Galatians 6:8*

### *Lesson Notes*

This story has two key lessons. It is teaching us that those sins we like to think about as secret will eventually become apparent to others. We cannot hide their consequences for very long. The other important lesson is that those who know us best will see the effects of our sins first. This is a key lesson because many times those will be our parents. We may be caught up in our desire to do something, and not be able to clearly understand the effects that our actions are having on us. However, if our parents notice it, we should always defer to them and follow their wishes, even if there are others who do not see a problem with our actions. Those who said the tree was healthy were proved wrong, and many others who give us advice will be wrong as well.

### *Questions*

1. The people who owned the tree and saw it grow from the start knew that something must be wrong, but did not know what it was. However, what did everyone else think who did not know the tree so well?

### *What Do You Think?*

2. After reading the first paragraph of the story, describe what you see in your mind’s eye as you are standing in the yard looking at the house and the tree.



3. What do the small, fat, white worms represent?
4. In spiritual terms, what will those small, fat, white worms do to us if they are not exterminated?
5. As you think of the family and the other people in the story, draw a parallel with words to a situation in your own life, with your parents as the family in the story, and the people who were sure the tree was okay as your friends or other adults. There may be something you wish to do that does not seem to be wrong or sinful, but where will the road lead?

### *Vocabulary*

airy	red berries in harvest time, its <i>airy</i> foliage
blight	we felt there was a <i>blight</i> on it
coronet	its rich <i>coronet</i> of red berries in harvest time
corruption	shall of the flesh reap <i>corruption</i>
effect	if not killed and eradicated, <i>effect</i> our ruin
eradicated	if not killed and <i>eradicated</i> , effect our ruin
examined	I closely <i>examined</i> the lower part of the trunk
foliage	its airy <i>foliage</i> , letting through the blue sky
green	it was as <i>green</i> and graceful
infest	the moral borers that <i>infest</i> society
intemperance	it leaked out at last. It was <i>intemperance</i>
irreverent	the careless swagger, the <i>irreverent</i> tone
lithe	a pet tree with its <i>lithe</i> and graceful branches
pestiferous	and lays its <i>pestiferous</i> eggs
pshaw	<i>pshaw!</i> It is sound enough
radiating	a sort of influence <i>radiating</i> from them
reckless	the restless eye, the <i>reckless</i> temper
spite	without their knowing it, and in <i>spite</i> of them
spray	graceful branches, its <i>spray</i> of wavy leaves
swagger	the careless <i>swagger</i> , the irreverent tone
toppling	none dying, or bent, or <i>toppling</i> , or winter killed

## Lesson X

### Chalk Paths

“I’ll tell you what I’d like,” Cora said, turning away from the window with a disconsolate air. “I’d like to have paths marked out, with white chalk or something, real plain, so that people couldn’t make any mistakes. I’d like mine to say, ‘Cora, I want you to walk between these two lines all day.’ Then I would do it, and I would like to do it, for I would know it was just the right thing. But I do get so tired of puzzling over things, and trying to decide right from wrong.”

Her tone was very weary, and her sentence ended with a sigh. She had a very trying question to decide. The truth was that in the large and fashionable house where she and her mother boarded, there was to be a party that evening, to which all the boarders were invited. “Just a little informal gathering,” the lady of the house explained to Cora’s mother, when she met her in the hall that morning. “A few friends from outside, but most of them our own family, and those who used to be with us last winter. The younger ones will dance a little, I suppose; in fact, they are the ones who coaxed me into it, but we shall not keep late hours, and our refreshments will be served early. I do hope you will come down a while, Mrs. Wesley.”

Now, Cora, if the truth must be told, did hope the same, but she waited until they reached their own room before she put her wistful question, “Shall you go down for a little while, Mother?”

“Do you believe I will?” Mrs. Wesley asked, looking smilingly into the pretty young face.



“Well, no; to tell the truth, I don’t believe you will,” was Cora’s answer, half laughing, half pouting.

“Why not, Daughter?”

“Oh, because it wouldn’t be like you; but after all, I don’t see what harm there would be just to look on a while. We don’t believe in their dancing, or their card-playing, and they know it, and know we don’t do it; but I am really yearning to see their pretty dresses,

and hear the music, and have some ices, and cake and things, and I don't see what hurt it would do."

"Cora," Mrs. Wesley had said, after a meditative pause, "I am not going down to the parlor tonight; it would be, as you say, very unlike me, and we have talked these matters over so fully that you know what I think; but you are no longer a very little girl, and I have decided that you shall be your own judge as to whether you will go down and look on tonight. I shall not be displeased, dear, nor consider that you have been disrespectful to me if after considering the matter, you decide to go."

This was about all that had passed in the morning between mother and daughter. Cora, who had often secretly wished that it was proper for a daughter of fourteen years to be her own judge as to right and wrong, at least in a few things, was astonished to find that now that this matter was in her own hands, it was a rather complicated decision. She went over the whole ground a dozen times that day, and wanted to argue with her mother, but this the mother smilingly refused to do.

"You know precisely what I think, dear," she said, "and you are to decide for yourself." It was the middle of the afternoon, when Cora, after a restless day, made her startling announcement about "chalk paths."

"There is something in which I have always found very good paths marked out," Mrs. Wesley said, inclining her head toward the little Bible stand, where the large Bible lay.

"Oh, I know; but I have looked in the Bible a dozen times today to find out what to do, and I can't find anything."

Nevertheless, she went back to it again, and turned the leaves listlessly. Wearying of it in a few minutes, as her mind was on the question of whether, if she *should* go down, her mother would let her wear her dark blue silk dress, she turned away from the Book and went to writing on the window with a pin. The first word was

almost written, before she remembered that at least this employment was not right. But what word had she written? “Lot.” The name “Lot” lingered in her mind. “Abram dwelled in the land of Canaan, and Lot dwelled in the cities of the plain, and pitched his tent toward Sodom.” She laughed half impatiently over it. What had she to do with Lot, or he with her? How could that settle the question for her? Still—then her face grew serious and thoughtful: “Mother,” she asked at last, in a more interested tone than she had spoken in some time, “Where was Sodom? or no, I mean, were they all wicked people?”

“They were people who did not love the Lord, who did not even acknowledge Him as God. Some of them were very wicked, while I suppose others were like a great many people nowadays.”

“I wonder,” said Cora to herself, “how many of the boarders in this house love the Lord?” Then aloud: “Mother, what harm do you suppose it was for Lot just to pitch his tent toward Sodom? That wasn’t the same as going there.”

“Didn’t it end in his going there, dear? If he had disapproved of them so much that he did not want even to see them, I don’t believe he would ever have lived there, do you?”

“Mother, do you suppose this is the way that people nowadays sometimes begin to do things that are not just right, by looking on?”

“Very often, Daughter; and when Lot went over to live in Sodom, I suppose the people thought he couldn’t have so bad an opinion of their actions after all.”

“Mother, do you suppose they will dance all the evening downstairs, and play cards in the back parlor, and have wine among the refreshments?”

“Isn’t that what they generally do, my child?”

“Yes’m, but—” Then after a few minutes of silence, “Mother, I believe I have decided. I think I won’t pitch my tent toward the

parlors, tonight.”

Another pause, then another question: “But Mother, why do we board here, where they do, when every little while they do just what we don’t believe in?”

This question was answered with a grave face and a sigh. “Well, my daughter, we must remember that this is all we can afford at present, and probably regardless of where we lived, there will always be neighbors who do not love the Lord as we do.”

“Yes’m,” said Cora, and she shut the large Bible, and came and nestled into a low seat at her mother’s knee.

“I’ll read to you, all the evening,” she said, brightly.

*“Shew me thy ways, O LORD; teach me thy paths. Lead me in thy truth, and teach me: for thou art the God of my salvation; on thee do I wait all the day.” —Psalm 25:4-5*

### *Lesson Notes*

Many times in our lives there is a struggle between what we know to be right and what our flesh desires to do. What we know to be right is from God, and what we know to be wrong is sin, but our flesh and emotions often desire to do that which is not best. This is always the struggle of those striving to serve the Lord Jesus Christ. It is especially hard for young people because they do not see, and sometimes cannot see, the consequences of their choices. There does not seem to be much consequence in just “looking on,” but Cora’s mother knew such an action would lead to more than just “looking on.” In essence, we must trust the Lord that His ways are best, and that the consequence of following Him will be a wonderful reward. If we give in to our fleshly desires and sin, the consequence will be very unpleasant. Each small step leads us somewhere. We never arrive at the end of a path with one giant leap. Each step in our Christian life is very important.

*Questions—What Do You Think?*

1. Describe how Cora was feeling inside and why the decision she was trying to make was difficult for her.
2. Do you think Cora knew what her mother's answer would be before she asked her? Why?
3. When Cora talked about the chalk paths, she said she would gladly walk between the paths if someone laid them out for her. Was this really true? Did Cora already have the paths laid out for her? Explain your answer.
4. Cora's mother and Cora had the conviction that dancing, drinking, and playing cards were not right. Cora did not want to do wrong by going to the party and participating, but she did want to go and be a part. Do you think if Cora began going to parties to "look on" that she would have eventually begun to do those things she thought were wrong? Why?
5. Can you name or give examples in your life where you may be just "looking on," tempting yourself with doing wrong?

*Vocabulary*

complicated	it was a rather <i>complicated</i> decision
disapproved	he had <i>disapproved</i> of them so much
disconsolate	Cora said, turning away from the window with a <i>disconsolate</i> air
employment	she remembered that at least this <i>employment</i> was not right
fashionable	in the large and <i>fashionable</i> house
ices	have some <i>ices</i> , and cake and things
inclining	<i>inclining</i> her head toward the little Bible stand
listlessly	and turned the leaves <i>listlessly</i>
nestled	came and <i>nestled</i> into a low seat
pitch	and <i>pitched</i> his tent toward Sodom
precisely	you know <i>precisely</i> what I think
yearning	but I am really <i>yearning</i> to see

## Lesson XI

### A Lesson From the Washtub

“But you wouldn’t wish me to believe that this could possibly be for my good, Mr. Cameron?” and Mary Barrett, as she spoke, pointed to a large washtub that was turned upside down in the middle of the floor, showing marks of considerable violence, which had rendered it worthless for further use.

“I couldn’t have believed anyone would have treated a poor widow so cruelly,” she went on, putting her apron to her eyes to dry the ready tears. “It must have been some wicked boys that got into the back shed in the night; and the bit of washing is all I have to depend on, and it is hard enough work I have to get along anyhow, without raising money to buy a new washtub. I *do* want to trust in God, I am sure, Mr. Cameron—nobody more; but it’s a great temptation to think I’m hardly dealt with when my only living, as one may say, has been destroyed like that, and He might so easily have prevented it, one thinks, when He knows the ways of these scampish boys so well.”

The town missionary looked at the poor woman with a kind, genial look that told of genuine sympathy. “I am glad I called this morning, Mrs. Barrett,” he said, “for it is always a relief to speak of our troubles, and I should be glad if I could influence you to try the effect of casting this one entirely on God. You love Him—I know that from the frequent conversations we have had together; and it would please Him well if you could give Him your full confidence in this matter, and believe that, though it is very trying—the more so





because you cannot understand it—He has permitted it because He knew that in some way it would be for your good.”

“But how *can* it be?” asked Mary, with a very unbelieving look and tone of voice. “What possible good can it do me to have my washtub broken to pieces?”

“I do not know, Mrs. Barrett, and if I did, it would not be my word that I should like you to take on the subject. God asks you to believe *His* Word, and He says, so plainly that it is impossible to mistake it, ‘all things work together for good to them that love God.’

If Abraham, when he was told to offer up Isaac, had reasoned about it, I should think he would never have done it, for the whole thing looked so against reason, and even against God's own promise, 'In Isaac shall thy seed be called.' But the wonderful faith of Abraham triumphed over everything; he believed God, and it was counted to him for righteousness."

"But there is such a difference between a great thing like that, that could be put in the Bible, and a washtub," objected poor Mrs. Barrett.

"But the Bible does not concern itself only with what you call great things," said Mr. Cameron. "In God's sight small things become great when they affect the welfare of His children. Do you not remember the borrowed axe mentioned in the Bible? That was a very little thing in itself; but the honest man who was felling trees was sorely troubled at its falling into the water, because it belonged to his neighbor, and he did not know how to make it good to him again; and over that axe God saw fit to work a miracle, making the iron to swim. Oh! Mrs. Barrett, I have great faith in God's tender and watchful care over His people in what seem to be very small matters; so many proofs of it have occurred in my own life, and most remarkable instances come to my notice in my visits from house to house.

"I cannot, of course, prophesy in what way this trial of yours will 'work together' with other things for your good, but that it will do so I am quite sure. Just think of some of the words of that beautiful psalm, the thirty-seventh, and they will do you good: 'Trust in the LORD, and do good; so shalt thou dwell in the land, and verily thou shalt be fed. Delight thyself also in the LORD; and he shall give thee the desires of thine heart. Commit thy way unto the LORD; trust also in him, and he shall bring it to pass.'"

The conversation ended here, but its good effects did not; and the next time Mr. Cameron called on Mrs. Barrett, it was to hear

from her lips that the lesson she had learned was better to her than the present of a new washtub would have been.

*“Trust in the LORD with all thine heart; and lean not unto thine own understanding.” —Proverbs 3:5*

### *Lesson Notes*

Many times it is very difficult to be cheerful and happy when we suffer trials or difficulties. However, as Jesus suffered these, He even forgave those who were persecuting Him. It is very easy to blame others and be angry for our problems. However, this is not how Jesus would like us to respond. Our goal should be to view these trials as teaching lessons from our Lord. We should be thankful for them and trust in the Lord that He is leading us.

### *Questions*

1. What was Mr. Cameron trying to explain to Mary Barrett?

### *What Do You Think?*

2. Describe how you think Mary Barrett was feeling inside when she saw her washtub was broken, and explain why.
3. Mr. Cameron wanted Mary Barrett to cast her full confidence upon the Lord. How could Mary Barrett do this? What action did she need to take to accomplish this?
4. After reading the end of the story, in which Mary Barrett was joyful about the lessons God had taught her, do you think that having her washtub broken was a blessing instead of a trial? Explain why.
5. What can you do in your life when you suffer trials or difficulties to turn them into blessings?

*Vocabulary*

commit	<i>commit</i> thy way unto the LORD
considerable	showing marks of <i>considerable</i> violence
dealt	temptation to think I'm hardly <i>dealt</i> with
felling	the honest man who was <i>felling</i> trees
genial	looked at the poor woman with a kind <i>genial</i> look
objected	and a washtub <i>objected</i> poor Mrs. Barrett
pass	trust also in him, and he shall bring it to <i>pass</i>
proofs	so many <i>proofs</i> of it have occurred in my own life
reasoned	he was told to offer up Isaac, had <i>reasoned</i> about it
scampish	He knows the ways of these <i>scampish</i> boys so well
verily	thou dwell in the land, and <i>verily</i> thou shalt be fed
washtub	a large <i>washtub</i> that was turned upside down
welfare	small things become great when they affect the <i>welfare</i> of His children
worthless	which had rendered it <i>worthless</i> for further use

## Lesson XII

### Hannah

The scarlet faded from her cheek,  
Her eyes' soft moonlight died away,  
And yet she did not chide nor speak,  
But wept from day to day.  
“What ails thee, Hannah? Can it be  
The children yonder on her knees?  
Am I not better unto thee  
Than ten such boys as these?  
Look up, and hear the words I say,  
I love thee more than light and life,  
Let not thine heart be sad today,  
My lily and my wife.  
Tomorrow to the holy shrine  
In faith and worship we must go;  
A double portion shall be thine  
Of all, as thou dost know.  
And if she vex thee with her jeers,  
And brave her sons before thy sight,  
The Lord will look upon thy tears,  
But do not grieve tonight.”

As down the purple hills and slopes  
Sweet morning, clad in sunshine, ran,  
Where passed, with all its fears and hopes,

That household caravan.,  
The mother, with her band of boys,  
    In all their festal raiment dressed—  
The babe, whose soft and slumberous joys  
    Were murmured on her breast.  
Behind, the mixed and menial train,  
    With beasts for sacrifice and food,  
The bullock with his snowy mane,  
    The he-goats bold and rude,  
The heifer with her soft brown eye,  
    By Hannah's hand with garlands dressed,  
The bleating lambs, whose tender cry  
    Half smote her pitying breast—  
As on the mule of gentlest blood,  
    With surest foot and softest hide,  
A sad and slender form she rode,  
    Elkanah by her side.

They enter at the holy gate,  
    The white-robed priests pass to and fro,  
Within their court the women wait,  
    And Hannah's tears o'erflow;  
Till shrinking from her rival's face,  
    And all the throngs that crowd the way,  
She seeks some lone and silent place  
    Where she may weep and pray.  
"O God of Israel, if my tears  
    Are precious in Thy holy sight,  
Remember all my childless years,  
    And all my sore despite.  
If Thou wilt look upon my pain,  
    And grant a living son to me,



Here I will lend him back again,  
My firstborn child to thee.”  
Her lips just trembled, and the sound,  
God only heard it in her heart;  
She knew that He Who saw the wound  
The healing could impart.

But lifting up her heavy eyes,  
    They lighted on a priestly face,  
That gazed with sorrow and surprise  
    Upon her deep distress.  
“Is this a time, or this a place,  
    For drunkenness and eyes inflamed?”  
She looked at him with her sweet face,  
    Sorrowful, not ashamed.  
Those eyes were surely waxing dim  
    That took for wine her voiceless woe;  
With gentle speech she answered him,  
    “Not so, my lord, not so;  
I am a woman sad of heart,  
    And if my prayer was low and brief,  
The holy God, Whose priest thou art,  
    Knows that I wept for grief.”  
The old voice, seldom harshly tuned,  
    Fell to its soft and wonted key:  
“The God of Israel heal thy wound,  
    And give thy gift to thee.”

Four times the Syrian sun has filled  
    By Hannah’s door the household vine,  
Four times its purple cups have spilled  
    The sweet and ruddy wine;  
And now beneath its mantling shade,  
    All flushed with fire the sunset sky,  
A three years’ child to sleep is laid,  
    His mother kneeling by.  
The drink is mellowed for the feast,  
    The bullock lowing in the stall,  
Her sacrifice, her little priest,



He is her all in all.  
Her heart too tightly strung for joy,  
    Too happy and devout to weep,  
She watched the consecrated boy,  
    Her firstling lamb asleep.  
No murmur in her spirit stirred,  
    No tears upon the sleeper fell;  
She said—"I asked him of the Lord,  
    His name is Samuel."

*"Delight thyself also in the LORD; and he shall give thee the desires of thine heart."* —Psalm 37:4

### *Questions*

1. Describe Hannah's feelings as she went to the temple.
2. What promise did Hannah make to the Lord in the temple?

### *What Do You Think?*

3. Do you think it was hard for Hannah to fulfill her promise to the Lord?
4. What should we always do when we make a promise, especially to God? Why?
5. What did you learn from this poem that you can apply to your life?

### *Vocabulary*

bleating	the <i>bleating</i> lambs, whose tender cry
bullock	the <i>bullock</i> lowing in the stall
caravan	that household <i>caravan</i>
chide	and yet she did not <i>chide</i> nor speak
consecrated	she watched the <i>consecrated</i> boy

despite and all my sore *despite*  
festal in all their *festal* raiment dressed  
firstling her *firstling* lamb asleep  
garlands by Hannah's hand with *garlands* dressed  
heifer the *heifer* with her soft brown eye  
impart the healing could *impart*  
jeers and if she vex thee with her *jeers*  
key fell to its soft and wonted *key*  
lowing the bullock *lowing* in the stall  
mantling and now beneath its *mantling* shade  
mellowed the drink is *mellowed* for the feast  
rival till shrinking from her *rival's* face  
shrine tomorrow to the holy *shrine*  
slumberous the babe, whose soft and *slumberous* joys  
throngs and all the *throngs* that crowd the way  
waxing those eyes were surely *waxing* dim  
wonted fell to its soft and *wonted* key

## Lesson XIII

### Character Is Important

In a house with which I am well acquainted there was a servant, who was a regular jack-of-all-trades. He was the cleverest fellow about the house and premises that had ever been there. The establishment was a small one, and it makes all the difference in the world in small establishments whether the one man has a handy set of fingers, or whether he is all thumbs. Richard Phillips had handy fingers, and make no mistake about it. He brushed the horse, and milked the cows, and fed the pigs and chickens. If a job had to be done indoors, he used to do it and do it well. Richard would take the winter curtains down and put the summer muslin ones into their places. He took up the carpets, beat them, and put them down again. There was, I think, no available carpenter in the village, and as long as Richard remained in his situation, a carpenter was never needed. He could take a turn at the mangle when he had nothing else to do; and one summer, when the gardener took it into his head to walk off the premises without notice, because his employer objected to his staying away from his work for a whole day at some neighboring races, Richard cheerfully undertook all the garden work, with his master's help, until a new gardener could be found.

“Dear me,” I hear you say, “what a treasure of a man that Richard was!”

This was, as I have heard, the common opinion about Richard. He went one day to meet a gentleman at the railway station. This gentleman chatted with Richard on the road, and said on his arrival,



“What a capital fellow that is! He is one of nature’s aristocracy.”

Aye, and so I have no doubt he was, if only he had kept from one bad habit. But his master discovered, after a while, that when Richard left the premises at night, it was very often not to go home, but to betake himself to the “Fox.” His master spoke kindly to him, and warned him of the consequences of drinking. He had a very large family; all were dependent on his labor. He had, I believe, high wages, good clothes, and many presents. But all this was of no avail. The visits to the “Fox” grew more frequent. Innumerable evils followed. Richard, I said, looked after the horse, and he took to stealing oats. He milked the cows, and wasted the milk. He fed the chickens, and robbed his master of the eggs. He pretended to feed the pigs, but carried their food to his own. When he came to meet his master at the station, he was unfit to drive him home. Poor Richard! There were great lamentations over him, and many efforts for his recovery. But they were all useless. After many warnings, he was at length dismissed. I am told that he is often to be met in the village, such an altered man he is now—no smartness; no light elastic movements. He has sunk, I believe, into a mere drudge on a neighboring farm, at very different wages from those he received from his first employer. He forgot that character is very important, and for an employee, it is nearly everything.

Richard, as I found on one of my visits, was succeeded by William, a regular shire rustic—slow, heavy-heeled, with five thumbs on each hand, and knowledge of the most limited amount. I once read a description of such a person: “How can he get wisdom that holdeth the plough, and that glorieth in the goad, that driveth oxen, and is occupied in their labors, and whose talk is of bullocks? He giveth his mind to make furrows, and is diligent to give the kine fodder.”

William’s talk had been of bullocks and of cart-horses until he knew little else. He was a lame hand with the horse, better a good

deal with cows and pigs, and as to the carpets and window curtains, well, my friends were forced to do all they possibly could, or to wait for the carpenter.

But then, William had this virtue—he had a first rate character. He was the eldest son of a thorough son of the soil, a shire rustic also, who had trained him in the fear of God, and had taught him to believe that character was of the utmost importance. William remained in his situation for some time. During his stay the horse grew fat, the pigs had their proper food, and eggs never turned up missing.

At length William won the heart of a shire damsel. They wanted to marry, and as there was no vacant house for them, he was compelled to leave his place of employment. There were, I understood, plenty of applications for William: he had several situations from which to choose, and he made a good choice. His master sanctioned the wedding by his presence, and gave them their wedding breakfast in his own kitchen. I have heard that William's late employers occasionally see him in his new home, and that he and his wife sometimes return on a visit to their old one. Master and servant never meet without mutual respect and good will, and my friend never tells the history of his two servants without adding that a young man has learnt a good deal when he has it stamped upon his memory that "character is important."

You will excuse, I hope, my simple village stories. There is some pith in them, simple as they are. They show what character does for a man, even so far as this world is concerned.

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

### *Lesson Notes*

The central focus of this story is the importance of good character. Good character will overcome many of our weaknesses in other areas. In fact, good character is the anchor which will sustain us in our worldly life. This is well demonstrated in this story. Another point to ponder is just how much our actions determine our future. Richard had no one to blame for his misfortune but himself. William helped to secure his future with his good actions and character. As time marches on in one's life, the sins and poor character in one's life will be borne out.

### *Questions*

1. What was it about Richard Phillips that would make someone call him a jack-of-all-trades?
2. Why wouldn't William be considered a jack-of-all-trades?
3. What small actions in Richard's and William's lives would change their future and the outcome of their lives?

### *What Do You Think?*

4. Picture these two young men side by side at the beginning of their working lives. Richard has more promise, skill, and talent to succeed in life, and should go further and accomplish more. William is hard-working and honest, but has very few talents with which to succeed in life. From the picture drawn and facts given in this question, how does it seem that each person's life would end up?
5. After reading this lesson, describe the qualities you should strive to have when you become an adult.

*Vocabulary*

altered	such an <i>altered</i> man he is now
applications	I understood, plenty of <i>applications</i> for William
aristocracy	he is one of nature's <i>aristocracy</i>
aye	<i>aye</i> , and so I have no doubt he was
betake	but to <i>betake</i> himself to the "Fox"
damsel	William won the heart of a shire <i>damsel</i>
dismissed	he was at length <i>dismissed</i>
drinking	warned him of the consequences of <i>drinking</i>
drudge	a mere <i>drudge</i> on a neighboring farm
elastic	no smartness; no light <i>elastic</i> movements
fodder	and is diligent to give the kine <i>fodder</i>
furrows	he giveth his mind to make <i>furrows</i>
goad	that glorieth in the <i>goad</i> , that driveth oxen
innumerable	<i>innumerable</i> evils followed
jack-of-all-trades	who was a regular <i>jack-of-all-trades</i>
kine	and is diligent to give the <i>kine</i> fodder
late	William's <i>late</i> employers occasionally see him
mangle	he could take a turn at the <i>mangle</i>
mutual	master and servant never meet without <i>mutual</i>
	respect
pith	there is some <i>pith</i> in them
rustic	a thorough son of the soil, a shire <i>rustic</i>
sanctioned	his master <i>sanctioned</i> the wedding
shire	William, a regular <i>shire</i> rustic



## Lesson XIV

### Let the Sunshine In

“Now, Jenny, we must buckle down and set to work at once. This bright sunshine makes everything look soiled and dirty,” said Mrs. Elliott to a little niece who had recently come to live with her.

The child had been brought up in an untidy shiftless household, and as yet knew very little of the thoroughness which her aunt put into everything she did, not excepting her cleaning.

“Just run in and dust the front room. Mind you do it properly, and take off every speck of dust,” she said, and Jenny ran off, duster in hand, to commence her work; but she returned in a remarkably short time, declaring that it was finished.

“Finished already! It is impossible,” cried her aunt. “It can’t be done properly. I couldn’t have done it myself in such a short time.”

“I can’t see another speck to be taken off the furniture,” argued Jenny, and her aunt, by way of settling the question, walked into the room to see for herself what remained to be done.

“Why, child,” she cried as she opened the door, “you have never even drawn up the blind.” She hastened to the window, drew up the thick dark blind, and let into the room a flood of sunlight, which revealed plenty of dust, made all the more visible by Jenny’s feeble attempt at removing it.

“Well, it looked very well before you drew up the blind and let all that sunshine in,” pleaded the child.

“It’s poor work that won’t stand the sunlight,” was the reply. “If



you want to clean a place properly, never be afraid to let the sunlight in. You can't see to do it without daylight. Now set to work at once, and do it more thoroughly. 'Cleanliness is next to godliness,' you know."

That was a favorite saying of Mrs. Elliott's, though she had seldom thought of the connection between the two virtues—that if cleanliness means a clean house, godliness means a clean heart.

The good woman was making the same mistake

as Jenny, but in a far more serious matter. She often said that she was quite as good as her neighbors, meaning that she was far better, and she fancied that her heart was quite clean and free from all stain and impurity; the fact was that she had taken only a peep into that chamber when the blinds were down. She had never drawn up the blind and let in the sunlight of God's Truth, which would soon have shown her how mistaken she was, and how full of sin and evil was the heart she thought so pure and stainless.

Are there not many people like her? Are there not many who spend long busy years, and who live and pass away without ever seeing themselves as they really are in the clear sunlight of God's Truth?

"The entrance of thy words giveth light," we read. But perhaps

we fear to draw up the blind and let the bright rays of God's Word shine into our hearts because we have a vague feeling, which we will scarcely acknowledge even to ourselves, that those rays will reveal much that is unlovely and unholy.

And yet a day will come when the full truth will be revealed—that day in which the secrets of all hearts shall be made known, when we shall see ourselves not merely as others see us, but as God sees us in the clear steady light of truth, when the flimsy excuses which have so long served as a blind shall be torn down, and we shall see ourselves sinful and polluted, and shall have the awful consciousness that it is too late to undo the dark past or to begin a better and holier future.

How much better to know the truth now while it is yet day, while God extends to us the offer of mercy and pardon which His Son suffered to procure for us.

It is the sinful and unholy whom He has died to save. "If we confess our sins, he is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness."

Trust Him to forgive you, however sinful you may have been. Let Jesus into your soul and you will no longer have reason to fear, but will rejoice in the sunlight.

*"For God, who commanded the light to shine out of darkness, hath shined in our hearts, to give the light of the knowledge of the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ."* —2 Corinthians 4:6

*Questions—What Do You Think?*

1. Explain the spiritual parallel between Jenny dusting the room and the aunt's life.
2. To Jenny, the room had been dusted properly, but just because Jenny thought it was did not make it so. If the aunt thought her life was holy, did that make it so? Explain your answer.

3. When the aunt came into the room to check on Jenny's dusting job, she was acting as the judge of Jenny's work. Jenny did not receive a "well done" just because she thought she did well. How does this example translate into spiritual terms if God is our judge?
4. If we perceive ourselves as holy, does that make us holy in the sight of God according to the story? Explain why.
5. Someone who perceives himself as a good person thinks he does not need the light of God in his mind. How do you perceive yourself?

*Vocabulary*

blind	you have never even drawn up the <i>blind</i>
entrance	the <i>entrance</i> of thy words giveth light
fancied	she <i>fancied</i> that her heart was quite clean
feeble	Jenny's <i>feeble</i> attempt at removing it
flimsy	the <i>flimsy</i> excuses which have so long served
godliness	<i>godliness</i> means a clean heart
impurity	clean and free from all stain and <i>impurity</i>
polluted	we shall see ourselves sinful and <i>polluted</i>
procure	His Son suffered to <i>procure</i> for us
shiftless	brought up in an untidy <i>shiftless</i> household
stainless	the heart she thought so pure and <i>stainless</i>
untidy	brought up in an <i>untidy</i> shiftless household
vague	we have a <i>vague</i> feeling

Lesson XV  
Always Too Late  
Part 1  
Presently Will Do

“I will take it in five minutes.”

“So you have said twice already.”

“I won’t be late, indeed, Father.”

“I wish I could be sure of that.”

“I have but two pages to finish.”

“Finish them when you come back.”

“It won’t be worthwhile shutting the book and opening it again for the sake of two pages.”

“Well, Robert, you shall follow your own plan. I shall not speak to you again. If the letter does not go, you will be the loser, not I.”

The letter was one requesting a holiday. Robert was to have returned to school on the twentieth of August; but since his birthday was on the twenty-first, his father wished him not to depart home until the twenty-second. A picnic in Filbury Woods was tentatively arranged to take place on his birthday. However, the station at which Robert would arrive was six miles distant from the school, and Mr. Wandsford (the master) had promised to drive in to the station on the Monday to meet him. Unless Mr. Wandsford, therefore, received proper notice of the change of day, the picnic plan must be surrendered.

Robert finished his two pages, and went off to post the letter. Mr. Wilton glanced at his watch as his son passed the window, and

saw that it wanted but five minutes to the post hour, and Robert could scarcely reach the office in time.

“He will run all the way, no doubt,” said Mrs. Wilton.

“I suppose so,” said his father, “and, but for the greatness of his disappointment if the letter is tardy, I should half wish it to be so. Robert will never give up those habits of delay until he has had some good lesson to make him take heed.”

About an hour afterwards Robert walked into the dining room, looking very heated and disappointed, and took his seat at the tea table without speaking.

“Late, Robert?” asked his father, after a while.

“Yes. I am always unlucky,” he said, in a tone of great vexation.

“What do you mean by luck, Robert?”

“Luck?—a sort of chance. Other people are sure to be in time, though they don’t hurry themselves, or take half the trouble I do. I am sure I was only one minute late.”

“Well, you see how much happiness may depend on one minute. What hour was it by the post office clock when you reached it?”

Robert colored, hesitated a moment, and said, “When I said a minute late, I meant a short time—several minutes, for I saw the mail departing from the post office just as I came up.”

“I cannot understand that. You might have been in time. Did you run? You ought to have reached the office beforehand.”

“Yes, the whole way.”

“My watch is right, I am sure—fast even.”

“I stayed at the garden gate for a moment to give Wilson some directions about my pony.”

“Ah, that explains all. You delayed again.”

“I was afraid I should forget if I didn’t tell him then; and I might not have found him when I came back because he goes home so early.”

“Would not tomorrow morning have been time enough to give your orders?—or were they of instant importance?”

“Well, they could have waited.”

“You have made your own choice, Robert. You knew that your birthday pleasure depended on the posting of the letter, and yet you chose to talk with Wilson about the pony instead. You have made your choice, and must abide by it.”

“Oh, Father, Mr. Wandsford will receive the letter only twelve hours later! I am sure it need make no difference.”

“Twelve hours will make all the difference. He would have had it in the evening—now he will not have it until eleven the next morning; and he will not have it then, for he will leave home at ten, so as to be in time for your train.”

Robert’s face fell at his father’s words, taking, as they did, his last hope of a pleasant holiday.

“I am the most unfortunate fellow in the world!” he exclaimed.

“You are the sole author of your misfortune in this case.”

“If any one else had been taking the letter, the mail would have been late in starting (as I have seen it scores of times), or something would have happened; but nothing ever happens to help me.”

“What right have you to trust to chances, to count on other people’s mistakes? Be right, and do right yourself, and you will never have to blame yourself, as you must do now. Nothing can prosper with a procrastinator.”

“It is very hard. I wish you had sent Wilson with the letter.”

“Now you want to blame me. I had other work for Wilson, from which, it seems, you must have delayed him at the gate. It was fair, too, that you should take some little trouble to secure your own pleasure. Besides, my simple wish that you should go was enough.”

“I am so sorry!” said Robert.

“We’re so sorry!”

“Such a pity!”

“We shall have to tell Mary, and Willie, and Charley, and all of them, that we are not to have the party after all,” said two or three little voices from the tea table.

“I am sorry for the children,” said Mrs. Wilton. “You see, Robert, you have spoiled their pleasure as well as your own, and that of all your friends, who knew they were to have been asked.”

“Please let them have the party all the same,” said Robert, who was a generous, kindly boy, and never gave pain on purpose.

“No, Robert. I consider their disappointment part of your lesson. I only hope it may impress you, and that you may escape other and severer ones of the same sort.”

Robert went back to school on the appointed day in good spirits, for he had put his vexation behind him; and being fond of learning, and naturally given to the boyish sports which make so much of the attraction of school life, he did not dread the return to school as some boys do.

The half-year passed quickly, and Robert would have stood very fairly in his master’s good graces but for the scrapes into which his prevailing fault led him. Robert could write almost the best “theme” in his class; but his was usually begun when his companions had finished theirs, and, of course, had to be scribbled in such haste as to be barely fit for the master’s eye. His geometry was never ready in time; for, having a great aptitude for this study, and a very quick and easy comprehension of a problem, he often put off the study of those required until the class was going up to the master’s desk, trusting to a hasty glance at the last moment, and hoping that some other boy would be questioned first.

Thus, his schoolfellows would say:

“Wilton is late for everything.”

“Wilton is always in a fuss.”

“Wilton always dallies.”



“Wilton is always running after his work.”

“And never catching it up.”

“He will never be good for anything, and yet he is the quickest of us all.”

“You are leading a miserable life, Wilton,” his master would often tell him. “You are never ready for me, never out of hot water, and I can seldom give you a word of praise.”

“Indeed, sir, I will try and do better,” the answer would be.

“So you always say; but I see no change.”

Mr. Wandsford had a high opinion of the value of English composition, and was anxious to encourage his boys to excel in it; so about a month before the close of the half-year, he offered a prize for the best essay on a subject which each boy was at liberty to choose for himself. The essays were to be of a certain length, perfectly original in mode of expression, and were to be given in to the master one week before the end of school.

“Wilton will have the essay prize,” said one of his schoolfellows.

“Yes—he writes well,” said another.

“And that is the only prize he will win this half. If he had stayed in the second class, he would have taken the Greek prize certainly; he could not have helped it.”

“And that for Latin verse.”

“Yes, but he is not quite up to the work of the first class yet, so he has no chance of a prize there.”

“He will have the English composition,” said the first speaker, a favorite companion of Robert; “and I am glad he will, for he is a good fellow, though he does get into such scrapes.”

*To be continued . . .*

*“The thoughts of the diligent tend only to plenteousness; but of every one that is hasty only to want.” —Proverbs 21:5*

### *Lesson Notes*

There are two very important lessons being taught in this story. The first and most obvious lesson is that of the consequences of procrastination. The second lesson that is buried a little deeper is the lesson of how we in our human nature tend to react when we suffer the consequences of our own faults. This lesson can be summed up with one sentence from the story, which is, “You are the sole author of your misfortune in this case.” It is our natural tendency to look around and blame others when things go badly. However, it is almost always our fault. It is important to note how Robert found several excuses until his father pinned him down, and he had to admit it was his fault. In order to change, the first step we must make is to recognize a problem as our own, and take responsibility for our actions.

### *Questions*

1. What was Robert’s reaction to being late in delivering his letter to the post office?
2. Robert refused to take responsibility for his actions, and instead attempted to place blame elsewhere. Whom or what did Robert attempt to blame for his spoiled birthday party?
3. Robert had to suffer the consequences for his actions, but who else was forced to suffer because of his procrastination?

### *What Do You Think?*

4. Do you think Robert purposed in his mind to always be late? Explain why.
5. Since Robert had every intention of changing after he had spoken with his father and his teacher, why do you think he did not?
6. In your life, do you procrastinate, or do you immediately strive to finish the work which is set before you? Explain your answer by giving examples in your life.

*Vocabulary*

aptitude	having a great <i>aptitude</i> for this study
arranged	was tentatively <i>arranged</i> to take place
dallies	Wilton always <i>dallies</i>
essay	Wilton will have the <i>essay</i> prize
excel	anxious to encourage his boys to <i>excel</i>
geometry	his <i>geometry</i> was never ready in time
instant	were they of <i>instant</i> importance
mode	perfectly original in <i>mode</i> of expression
notice	received proper <i>notice</i> of the change
original	perfectly <i>original</i> in mode of expression
plenteousness	thoughts of the diligent tend only to <i>plenteousness</i>
posting	pleasure depended on the <i>posting</i> of the letter
procrastinator	nothing can prosper with a <i>procrastinator</i>
schoolfellows	said one of his <i>schoolfellows</i>
scrapes	the <i>scrapes</i> into which his prevailing fault led him
severer	other and <i>severer</i> ones of the same sort
sole	you are the <i>sole</i> author of your misfortune
tentatively	was <i>tentatively</i> arranged to take place
theme	Robert could write almost the best “ <i>theme</i> ” in his class
worthwhile	it won’t be <i>worthwhile</i> shutting the book

Lesson XVI  
Always Too Late  
Part 2  
Procrastination Problems

“I suppose your essay is half written, Wilton,” his master said to him on the playground, a week after the subjects had been taken.

“No, sir. I don’t think I am quite pleased with my subject, and I was going to ask if you would dislike my changing?”

“Certainly not; but why did you not speak before?”

“There is a whole fortnight before me, sir, and I shall do it in a couple of hours.”

“Take my advice; do it at once, and you will do it leisurely and well. Nothing is likely to be done well in a hurry, and the sooner you have it off your mind the better.”

“I will begin at once.”

“Do so. I do not mind telling you, Wilton, that I am anxious you should win this prize. You have no chance of another this half; and it is time that you distinguished yourself a little in the school, if it were not for anything else but for the sake of example to the others. You leave me this half, and go to Rugby, so this will be your last chance of taking a prize home to your father from this school. In fact, I thought of you in offering this prize.”

“You are very kind, sir; and indeed, I will do my best.”

But the week went by, and half of the next, and Robert had not yet embarked upon his assignment.

“Remember,” said Mr. Wandsford from his desk, “in three days’

time I shall expect an essay from every boy of the first and second classes to be laid on my desk. Sign your names in full, and make them up neatly.”

Robert started as he heard the words “three days.” The time had seemed to go so very quickly, but he resolved he would set to work that very afternoon. The afternoon came, and he found it impossible to write a line, for the first and second classes of the school had arranged to play the last grand cricket match of the half-year, and he could not be spared. He did refuse at first, but no one would hear his excuses.

“Nonsense, Wilton! We cannot do without you,” cried many voices.

“Do you wish to spoil the whole match?”

“We shall not have a chance to play it again.”

“Your essay, is it? Never mind now; you will have plenty of time for it tomorrow.”

“We have all done ours ages ago. Come on—here is your bat.”

“Well, if I must, I must. I suppose I shall have time tomorrow. I can get up early in the morning and write.”

“Of course you can; come on.”

And so that day passed without his having penned a line.

Next morning, instead of rising earlier, he woke thirty minutes later than usual, for he was tired with his exertions at cricket the day before. In the evening he hoped to begin, but he was again to be disappointed, for Mr. Wandsford called him into his own private room and talked to him in a very kind way about the new life before him, and his regret in losing a pupil of so many years’ standing. He gave him messages for his father also, and asked him some questions as to the disposition and talent of his second brother, George, who was to come and take Robert’s place at school, and so his evening was lost.

Robert sat listening and answering in a state of despair. Next

morning his essay was to be given in, and his master was expecting and hoping to give him the prize, little guessing that he had not as yet put pen to paper. Robert would have given anything for some excuse to take him from the room, but none came.

“You are looking tired, my boy,” Mr. Wandsford said, at last. “Should you like to go to bed at once?”

“Yes, please, sir,” said Robert; and after wishing “good-night,” he hurried to his room, eager to begin. Then he remembered that he had none of the large ruled paper on which the essays were to be written, so he had to go down to the schoolroom to ask for some. He dared not ask one of the ushers, for fear they would question him; so he had to borrow a sheet from one, two from another, and half a sheet from a third of his companions, and this borrowing took some more of his scanty time. When at last he sat down to write, he found himself with three or four bad sputtering pens, and an ink bottle nearly empty. He had noticed the state of his writing materials in the morning, and had intended to supply himself with better ones, but as usual he had not acted promptly.

He began at last to write, but his anxiety and vexation and haste were against him; he could not compose his thoughts. A quarter of an hour passed before he had written two lines. He did write quickly at last, but he knew he was not writing his best. He read some lines over, and found that he was repeating some words, leaving others out, and in general, expressing himself in anything but precise language.

Then rang the prayer bell. The sound made him heartsick, for in ten minutes more the boys would be coming up to bed, and how could he write with ten boys getting ready for bed in his room?

Scratch, scratch, went his pen, and such a pen as it was too, digging holes in the paper here, making a great round blot there (and Mr. Wandsford disliked blots so much). His thoughts, too, were in such a confused state that he was half inclined to throw down the

pen and forsake the vain attempt. Clang went the bell to signify bedtime, and now there came a noise of many feet on the stairs and in the passages—no wonder that eighty boys made a clamor coming up to bed.

Not another line could he write that evening.

“Whatever are you looking so miserable for?” one of the boys asked him.

“I have not well begun my essay yet.”

“Well, I never! You don’t mean to say you are in earnest?”

“Indeed I am, Saunders.”

“Well, I wouldn’t be you for anything.”

“I never could get a spare minute.”

“All the rest of us could.”

“You know, Saunders, you yourself would make me play at cricket yesterday.”

“Come, don’t blame me. We could not have the match spoilt because you had put off your work, as you know you always do, Wilton. You must only get up at four o’clock in the morning and write for your life. You’ll do it yet if you keep your head up. Jump into bed, and sleep as fast as you can—it’s your last chance.”

“Silence in the room, young gentlemen,” said a master, looking in; and there was instant quiet.

“How am I to wake so early?” Robert asked himself. “I never shall. Wake me, any of you boys who wake first in the morning, will you?” he said aloud.

“We will!” said a chorus of voices.

So he laid his head on his pillow, and tried to be content and go to sleep; but sleep will not always come when we desire it most, and sleep fled from Robert’s eyes for two or three hours, which seemed very long to him. When at last he did sleep, his dreams were not the most pleasant.

Well would it have been for Robert to have given heed to his

father's advice. For the habit of delay is dangerous in many ways—it not only often causes inconvenience and disappointment, but it affects the whole character of those who suffer from it. It runs through everything—the highest as well as the commonest duties, and is as much a hindrance to a person's faith as it is to worldly success. Those who delay in little things will also delay in the most important things. They forfeit the opportunities of this life, and are in danger of putting off until too late their preparation for heaven.

*To be continued . . .*

*"The hand of the diligent shall bear rule: but the slothful shall be under tribute."* —Proverbs 12:24

### *Lesson Notes*

As in part one of Robert's story, we see that when we begin to suffer the consequences of our actions, we have a tendency to begin to blame others and make excuses. We should strive to meet these consequences head on and realize that we need to work through them and make them right.

Another important lesson we can learn is that Robert's teacher loved him and wanted the best for him, which is why he encouraged Robert to change and tried to explain the consequences of his inaction. Robert's friends, though they seemed to like him, cared nothing about his welfare or success. They cared only about their wants and desires. This was demonstrated by the cricket game and also by the fact that they always told Robert what he wanted to hear, but they never followed up with actions to help him. Robert would have been much better served to throw his trust on his teacher and father rather than his friends. Young people too often follow Robert's path when it comes to choosing between friends and elders.



### *Questions*

1. How did Robert's procrastination with his writing materials contribute to his problem of not getting his essay finished?

### *What Do You Think?*

2. Mr. Wandsford liked Robert very much and loved and cared for him. Why do you suppose Mr. Wansford hoped that Robert would change his bad habit?
3. Robert's friends appeared to like him very much, but do you think they really cared about him or his well being? Explain your answer.
4. Why do you think Robert had trouble collecting his thoughts and writing his best when he finally sat down to write?
5. What lesson can you learn about being prepared from this story?

### *Vocabulary*

assignment	Robert had not yet embarked upon his <i>assignment</i>
blot	making a great round <i>blot</i> there
compose	he could not <i>compose</i> his thoughts
cricket	had arranged to play the last grand <i>cricket</i> match
distinguished	it is time that you <i>distinguished</i> yourself a little
embarked	Robert had not yet <i>embarked</i> upon his assignment
exertions	he was tired with his <i>exertions</i> at cricket
expressing	<i>expressing</i> himself in anything but precise language
forfeit	they <i>forfeit</i> the opportunities
forsake	throw down the pen and <i>forsake</i> the vain attempt
preparation	putting off until too late their <i>preparation</i> for heaven
ushers	he dared not ask one of the <i>ushers</i>

Lesson XVII  
Always Too Late  
Part 3  
Procrastination Problems

Robert woke in the morning, feeling not the least rejuvenated by his sleep; his eyes felt heavy, his mouth was hot and dry, and his head ached not a little. As he woke he heard the getting-up bell ring, and started up at once.

“Half-past six!” he exclaimed. “There’s the bell. Why did none of you fellows call me?”

“Why did not you call yourself?” was the answer from one.

“Why should we be able to wake sooner than you?” said another.

“I would have called you, indeed, Wilton, if I could. I wanted to wake, and I could not, you see. I seldom can; but indeed I am very sorry for you,” said Saunders.

Robert did not speak a word, but tried to dress as quickly as possible, so as to conserve half an hour, if possible, before prayers at a quarter-past seven. He did write for twenty minutes, but his work was not done—no, not a quarter of it, when the morning prayer bell called him from it.

“It is all up with the essay, Saunders!” he said, as he passed his friend on the stairs.

“You are in a regular scrape, then,” was all the comfort he could give him.

At last the dreaded hour came. Mr. Wandsford took his place at

the desk, and every boy in the school was present.

“Are we all here? Yes. Then now, boys, I am ready to receive your essays. Let the first class come up in order. You, Adderley, hand yours first; now, Beecher, yours—that’s right, very neatly made up. I shall read them in my room, and call you all together after dinner to hear my decision on their merit. Yours, Johnstone. Now, who stands next?” There was a pause. Robert knew very well that he stood fourth in the class.

“Your turn, Wilton—hand in yours.”

“I cannot, sir,” said Robert, under his breath.

“Cannot? What do you mean?” said the master, lifting his brows.

“It is not ready, sir.”

“Bring me what you have written.”

“It is not half finished, sir.”

“Bring me what you have written,” repeated the master.

Robert left the schoolroom, and returned with the blotted, half-filled manuscript in his hand. Mr. Wandsford took it, and held it up in sight of all the boys.

“Look at it, all of you,” he said. “Here is writing; here are blots that would disgrace the youngest of you; and the essay is but



half finished—not half. Let this be a warning to you all. Shun delay as one of your greatest enemies. A man with the habit of procrastination cannot be counted on by others, nor can he count on himself; he is not to be trusted; he breaks his word a dozen times a day without meaning it. He is the sport of circumstances, and so are all who depend on him. He does things badly, when he might have done them well, because he does nothing at its allotted time, and seldom finds full time in which to do anything. Remember the wise old proverb, ‘Time and tide wait for no man.’ Above all, remember the Holy Words, ‘Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might’; and, by the grace of God’s Spirit helping you, you will be happy and useful men. Leave the schoolroom, Robert, and go into my private room, and wait for me there.”

Robert was very glad to leave the room; but his time passed sadly enough in the master’s room while he waited. The dreaded ordeal was over, but the thought of his kind master’s disappointment, and above all, the knowledge that all chance of taking a prize home to his father and mother was over, and that he had let the prize slip through his very fingers, was enough to cause him remorse. Three long weary hours passed before his master came, and when he did, he opened the door saying, “I see at a glance, Wilton, that your friend Saunders will take the prize.” Robert did not speak.

“Come here—sit down by me. You are not more grieved for yourself, Wilton, than I am for you. I know what your feelings must be—how severely you must blame yourself; and I do not know how to find a word to cheer you. Of my own frustration I shall say nothing. You knew how anxious I was for your success, for several reasons; and yet neither my advice nor encouragement has had even a minimal effect in leading you to resist your besetting fault. I shall write plainly to your father, and tell him that I consider you to have lost this prize willfully.”

“Indeed, sir, I cannot excuse myself. I can only say that I hope

this will be a lesson to me for my whole life.”

“I doubt it, Wilton. You have had many lessons, and yet I see you making no attempt to conquer the evil habit that is destroying you.” And Mr. Wandsford sighed as he spoke.

Mr. Wilton was much grieved on Robert’s return to read the letter he brought from Mr. Wandsford, one line of which ran thus—“Your son has fine abilities, but all are running waste, for insufficiency of the determination to resist his unfortunate habit.”

“One word from Mr. Wandsford, to say that he thought you improved in this particular, would have pleased me more than any prize you could have brought,” his father said, sadly, as he laid the letter down. “Read for yourself, and see what he says.”

“It is true—every word is true,” Robert said, as he returned it.

The holidays seemed scarcely such a happy time as usual, for the remembrance of his failure hung over him for many days; but he kept his resolve for awhile, and strove manfully against the habit which caused him so much trouble.

His father observed this, and began to take heart. “You are trying, Robert, I see, to get the better of your failing.”

“Yes, Father; but it is uphill work.”

“Never mind; you will have your reward.” So his father cheered him.

Let his case serve as a lesson to all young readers on the evil and danger of delay. If in common life such unhappy results follow, how much more in regard to the soul is it needful to remember the solemn words, “Behold, now is the accepted time; behold, now is the day of salvation.” Seek the Lord while He is to be found; call upon Him while He is near.

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

*Questions—What Do You Think?*

1. Do you think that when the boys awoke in the morning, and Robert was complaining that none of them attempted to wake him early, they really cared about the consequences that Robert would suffer from not completing his essay? Why?
2. Think about and explain what you think the statement “Time and tide wait for no man” means.
3. What does it mean when the Bible says, “do it with all thy might”?
4. What was the consequence of Robert’s procrastination and how do you think it made him feel?
5. Explain how procrastination relates to salvation as talked about in the last paragraph of the story.

*Vocabulary*

accepted	behold, now is the <i>accepted</i> time
allotted	because he does nothing at its <i>allotted</i> time
conserve	so as to <i>conserve</i> half an hour, if possible
disgrace	blots that would <i>disgrace</i> the youngest of you
frustration	of my own <i>frustration</i> I shall say nothing
insufficiency	for <i>insufficiency</i> of the determination
minimal	had even a <i>minimal</i> effect in leading you
needful	is it <i>needful</i> to remember the solemn words
ordeal	the dreaded <i>ordeal</i> was over
rejuvenated	feeling not the least <i>rejuvenated</i> by his sleep
remorse	was enough to cause him <i>remorse</i>
sport	he is the <i>sport</i> of circumstances

## Lesson XVIII

### Heroine of Farne Islands

The Farne Islands are a rocky and a desolate group off the coast of Northumberland. It was here that the steamer *Forfarshire*, on her way from Hull to Dundee, struck upon a ledge, on September 5, 1838, and speedily broke up. She had on board a valuable cargo, with forty passengers besides the crew. It was four in the morning—dark, wild, and stormy—and all but nine persons found a watery grave. The remainder clung to portions of the wreck, exposed to the fury of the tempest, in the hope that daylight might bring help. When morning came they were seen from the lighthouse built on Longstone, about a mile distant, and kept by a weather-beaten tar named Darling. So perilous was their situation that it seemed hopeless. But one of his daughters was deeply moved by the terrible sight, and begged her father to go to the rescue. “I will go with you, Father,” she said; and, urged on by her entreaties, the keeper launched his boat. The girl jumped in beside him, and, each with an oar, they made the dangerous passage. The men were taken from the wreck, and landed safely at the lighthouse. The name of the young girl to whom, under God, they owed their deliverance was Grace Darling; and when the rescued men reached the mainland once more, and told the story of her heroism, it filled all hearts with admiration, and everywhere excited the liveliest interest in her behalf.

The clouds on the ocean scowled,  
Flushed with a stormy red;  
And the angry billows raised on high,  
And back to the dark and wrathful sky  
Tossed their defiance dread.

And the surge of the awful wave,  
And the foam of the boiling sea,  
Cresting the billows fierce and white,  
Curled o'er a steamer bound that night  
For harbor of fair Dundee.

Woe for the trembling crew,  
Drenched with the blinding spray!  
Ye whom the spoiler shall not part,  
Folding each other heart to heart,  
Naught can ye do but pray.





Hark! From the doomed ship  
The shriek of her living freight!  
For the hidden rock, it hath rent her sore,  
And the breakers are telling with sullen roar  
Of homes made desolate.

High on the lighthouse tower,  
Father and daughter brave  
Marked off the rocky isles in sight  
The nine who had weathered that stormy night,  
Battling with wind and wave.

And the maiden's great warm heart  
Swelled in her dauntless chest:  
"Oh, to the rescue haste!" she cried;  
But the old man gazed on the raging tide  
Hopeless, and sore distressed.

She hath won with her urgent plea!  
Yes, on the morning wild,  
Over the seething, roaring waste,  
Bound on their holy mission, haste  
Father and fearless child.

The arch of the great green wave  
Bent the light boat above;  
What with its awful might could cope?  
Oh, 'twas not higher than woman's hope,  
Stronger than woman's love!



In the billow's yawning trough,  
Now on its crest on high,  
Calmly the maiden plied her oar,  
Fearless of ocean's dash and roar,  
As a light tern floating by.

Clinging to rope and spar,  
Her coming the shipwrecked see,  
Praying her skiff the storm may brave,  
To Him Who stilled the maddened wave  
On the Lake of Galilee.

The cormorant croaked above  
From his lonely island home;  
And the scream of the sea bird heard afar  
Answered the thrilling, wild "Hurrah!"  
That rose 'mid breakers' foam.

'Mid warfare of wind and wave,  
And dash of the blinding spray,  
That chilled not her hope, nor hand, nor heart,  
Nobly the maiden played her part,  
Winning the hard-fought day.

Wildly the tidings flew  
Of the heroine's deed of love;  
And her courage ten thousand bosoms stirred,  
And the name of "Grace" was a household word,  
Dearest, all names above.

They offered her gems and gold;  
Well worth it they agreed—  
But peace soft in her bosom slept,  
And the tide of wealth to her heart that swept,  
Back from the generous deed.

She is quietly sleeping now  
Under the verdant turf.  
Ah, there were breakers she might not ride!  
And her hair grew damp in that strong, dark tide,  
But *not* with the briny surf.

And out of her lonely grave  
She bids us this lesson prove,  
That the weakest may wipe some tears that flow,  
And the strongest power for good below  
Is the might of unselfish love.

Four years after this heroic deed Grace Darling lay upon her dying bed. The grief of the family was very great, for Grace was endeared to them all. “Do not mourn for me,” she said. “I am only exchanging this life for one far better. If I remained here, I should be subject to trouble and sickness; but in dying I go to be with Jesus Christ my Saviour.” Two beautiful memorials of Grace have been erected, one in Bamborough Churchyard, and the other in St. Cuthbert’s Chapel on the Farne Island. In that in Bamborough Churchyard, her sleeping figure lies under a Gothic canopy, backed by the blue waves, and within sight of the scene of her heroism.

*“Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends.” —John 15:13*

*Questions—What Do You Think?*

1. Describe what you see in your mind after the ship broke up and the final nine survivors were in the water.
2. Why do you think Grace’s father did not want to try to rescue the men at first?
3. The keeper would not have asked his daughter to go with him to rescue the men, but since she offered, he agreed to go. Describe why Grace Darling offered to risk her life for the stranded men.
4. Do you think Grace Darling wanted to try to save the men so that she could be famous? Why?
5. We would all like to think that we would act as bravely as Grace Darling. Many times when one does something heroic, it is because he has done many non-heroic things before that point in his life. Grace was willing to give up of herself for others. Do you give up yourself for others each day? Explain your answer.

*Vocabulary*

arch	the <i>arch</i> of the great green wave
billows	cresting the <i>billows</i> fierce and white
breakers	ah, there were <i>breakers</i> she might not ride
briny	but <i>not</i> with the <i>briny</i> surf
canopy	her sleeping figure lies under a Gothic <i>canopy</i>
cormorant	the <i>cormorant</i> croaked above
croaked	the cormorant <i>croaked</i> above
dauntless	swelled in her <i>dauntless</i> chest
deliverance	their <i>deliverance</i> was Grace Darling
desolate	of homes made <i>desolate</i>
endeared	for Grace was <i>endeared</i> to them all
freight	the shriek of her living <i>freight</i>
Gothic	her sleeping figure lies under a <i>Gothic</i> canopy
maiden	nobly the <i>maiden</i> played her part
mainland	the rescued men reached the <i>mainland</i> once more
passage	they made the dangerous <i>passage</i>
plied	calmly the maiden <i>plied</i> her oar
seething	over the <i>seething</i> , roaring waste
skiff	praying her <i>skiff</i> the storm may brave
spar	clinging to rope and <i>spar</i>
steamer	curled o'er a <i>steamer</i> bound that night
surge	and the <i>surge</i> of the awful wave
tar	a weather-beaten <i>tar</i> named Darling
tern	as a light <i>tern</i> floating by
trough	in the billow's yawning <i>trough</i>

## Lesson XIX

### Go Down to the Root

“Now lads, you have to begin at the beginning, so mind what I say. I have only one rule to give you for today’s work, and it is very short and easy to remember. Go down to the root. The getting out of these weeds looks a very simple matter, but it is a very important work, and a great deal depends on its being thoroughly done. I like to see beginners steady and going at their task with a will. But remember—quality is better than quantity, and a thing well done is twice done.”

The speaker was old Mr. Nicoll, the head gardener at Grangehill, and the lads were George Barrett and Edward Webster, both about fourteen years old, and going on trial into the gardens.

There would be a permanent post for only one of them, and they seemed such likely lads that Mr. Nicoll found it difficult to choose between them.

A place under the old gardener at Grangehill was always coveted by the village boys when they left school, for those whom Mr. Nicoll taught, if they proved willing learners, were sure to do well.

Many who had started as boys at Grangehill were now holding good posts elsewhere, and remembering with gratitude how much they owed to their first teacher and friend.

The newcomers thanked Mr. Nicoll, and set to work on the piece of ground pointed out by him. Each was to take half the plot and to clear it of weeds. They had suitable tools to assist them in doing this, one serving to loosen the earth, the other, sharp, long, and strong, to



pierce down to the very root of those which were deepest and clung most firmly to the soil.

For a short time after Mr. Nicoll left them, the lads worked in silence. Then George, having looked round to see that there was no one within hearing, said, "I thought we should have had different work from this. Anybody can weed. That is what the children do,

and the women in the fields. This is not gardening. I want to learn about flowers, and how to grow the fine plants in the houses, and grapes and pines and such like. It is easy to get a weeding job, without coming to Grangehill and Mr. Nicoll to learn how to do it.”

Edward, or Ned Webster, as he was always called, was much more humble in his self-judgment.

“I expect whoever comes here has to go through his degrees,” he said. “Everything must have a beginning, and if you climb a ladder you have to start at the bottom. If weeding is the first step, I shall just try and do it well, and wait till I am told to go on to the next.”

The answer did not please his companion, so again the lads worked in silence. More than once Mr. Nicoll passed them, and each time he gave them an encouraging word, mostly putting in the rule first given, “Mind, lads, go down to the root.”

At dinnertime, when the young workers were at a distance getting their meal, the old gardener came and examined their work more carefully. George had cleared the larger space, but when Mr. Nicoll’s practiced eye scanned each lad’s heap of weeds fading beneath the noonday sun, he at once decided that while Ned had apparently done less than his neighbor, his work was doubly valuable. Every root had been extracted down to the finest point. Not one broken fang could be seen in that smaller heap, whilst in George’s larger one there were many.

Evening came, and again Mr. Nicoll and the boys stood close to the plot. George’s half was to all appearance cleared of weeds, and he had, moreover, raked the surface in a workmanlike way, and in great contrast to Ned’s work on his own. He looked pleased with his work and himself, and evidently expected to hear Mr. Nicoll say, “Well done,” but he was disappointed, though the gardener did remark that the surface work was “very neat for a beginner.”

Ned was looking at his own share of the plot, of which fully a third was still untouched, and the remainder was rough and



uneven—all little hills and holes owing to the removal of the weeds. He had made no attempt to smooth it, for the first portion of his task was still unfinished. His pile of weeds, too, was smaller than George's, and the work altogether appeared less satisfactory. Yet Ned's conscience told him he had done his best. He had heard and carefully heeded Mr. Nicoll's instructions, and had gone to the root of every weed taken out by his hand.

He had given his mind to his work, and not lost time by looking at how George did his; yet, standing beside it, he hardly felt hopeful, though he knew he had taken every possible pain.

"Now, lads," said Mr. Nicoll, after a few moments' consideration, "I am able to choose betwixt ye, as I well knew I should be after this day's trial. You know the rule I gave ye, and I know which has followed it out to the letter. You, Ned, will be here again in the morn, and I doubt not I shall make something of ye in due time. You, George, will just take your day's wages and find a job to suit ye better than gardening is likely to do."

Both lads were amazed at this prompt decision; but one was angry also, the other thankful. "I have done more work than Ned has, sir," began George, pointing to the plot, "and you cannot say there is a weed to be seen in it. You praised the look of it yourself a few minutes since."

"True, my lad, and I praise it still. It is very good surface work, and there is plenty of it. But you must remember that I told ye two things—first, that I wanted quality, not quantity; next, that you were to go down to the root."

"And I have done, sir,"

"Not always, my lad. I can tell that without turning the ground over after ye. Look here and here"—and the old man lifted weed after weed from George's heap, and showed many a broken fang of which the rest was still in the ground.

"I did not think those little pieces would matter," said George,

gloomily, for his work was the evidence against him.

“Aye, but I told ye, I told ye,” repeated the gardener.

“Perhaps Ned’s is no better,” said George.

“You shall look for yourself, lad. I desire to be just, and if you can find any broken roots without the pieces to fit them, I will give ye another chance.”

But George looked in vain. Ned’s work bore the test of the closest examination, and the disappointed candidate was forced to confess that his friend deserved the post better than he did, for he had carried out the old gardener’s rule to the very letter.

Go down to the root of human lives and actions.

There is a vast amount of surface work in them that satisfies the doer, and calls forth commendation from human beholders, who cannot look down into the heart for the motive of it.

There is surface honesty—the sort that is practiced not because it is right in God’s sight, but because it is the best policy, or possibly out of fear of man’s laws.

There is surface kindness. Words and acts are said and done for the sake of fruit that will come back to ourselves, not out of love to our neighbor or a desire to do him good.

There is surface truth even—when men say the literal truth, and yet so manage the words as to carry out a false meaning.

There is surface service—the kind that is done when the eye of the master observes the worker, but which ceases when he is no longer in view.

There is surface religion—alas that it should be so!—where the outward forms are observed, and men are deceived by others who have the semblance of godliness, yet know nothing of its power.

And there is a kind of self-examination which never goes below the surface, but contents those who only care to ask themselves how they stand in the eyes of their fellow men.

Go down to the root, as remembering the presence of Him Who looks not upon His creatures as do their fellows, but searches all hearts. And in self-examination, go down to the root of every sin which conscience shows to be indwelling. Do not be content until in the strength which God will give in answer to prayer, you have uprooted it to the last fiber, so that it shall never again spring up to bear evil fruit in the shape of wrongdoing, and mar your life.

*“And now also the axe is laid unto the root of the trees: therefore every tree which bringeth not forth good fruit is hewn down, and cast into the fire.”* —Matthew 3:10

### *Lesson Notes*

This story is teaching us a few lessons. The first lesson is to do a job correctly. We can do a job quickly, but that does not help us unless it is done well. Second, we should do a job given with all of our might. The third lesson we can learn is not to let our pride get in the way of doing a good job. All of us must do a good job whether we perceive our job as important or not. The final lesson that we can learn is that when we begin to work for someone, we will start at the bottom with the least important job. This should not discourage us. We should throw ourselves into the work, doing a good job. When we prove ourselves doing the little jobs, we will be awarded with the larger jobs.

### *Questions*

1. Why did each of the boys desire a post with Mr. Nicoll?

### *What Do You Think?*

2. George was a proud young man and desired to do the things which he thought were of importance in gardening. How do you think this affected his ability to perform well when weeding?

3. Do you think George would have done a good job on the important things in gardening, even though he did not do a good job weeding? Explain why.
4. What problems would those small shortcuts that George took have caused later on?
5. Think about your life. When you are given a job that you perceive as meaningless, do you take the time to do it correctly? Give some examples.

### *Vocabulary*

betwixt	I am able to choose <i>betwixt</i> ye
bore	Ned's work <i>bore</i> the test of the closest examination
candidate	the disappointed <i>candidate</i> was forced to confess
contrast	in great <i>contrast</i> to Ned's work
coveted	was always <i>coveted</i> by the village boys
degrees	whoever comes here has to go through his <i>degrees</i>
extracted	every root had been <i>extracted</i> down to the finest point
fang	a broken <i>fang</i> of which the rest was still in the ground
indwelling	every sin which conscience shows to be <i>indwelling</i>
literal	when men say the <i>literal</i> truth
manage	<i>manage</i> the words as to carry out a false meaning
mar	the shape of wrongdoing, and <i>mar</i> your life
moreover	he had, <i>moreover</i> , raked the surface
motive	look down into the heart for the <i>motive</i> of it
observed	where the outward forms are <i>observed</i>
pierce	to <i>pierce</i> down to the very root
post	his friend deserved the <i>post</i> better than he did
quality	I wanted <i>quality</i> , not quantity
quantity	I wanted quality, not <i>quantity</i>
semblance	who have the <i>semblance</i> of godliness
surface	raked the <i>surface</i> in a workmanlike way
trial	I well knew I should be after this day's <i>trial</i>

## Lesson XX

### Sally Martin's Rule

Sally Martin kept the general shop in the village street, and earned her bread and butter with her weights and scales behind the counter all day long.

Not a more diligent worker in all the village, nor a cheerier face, could be found, even though it was a scanty living that her hard work brought to her. Some people would have considered it the loneliest, dullest lot a woman could have lived: work, work, work from morn till night, week in, week out, and not a holiday worth calling one from year to year. But Sally found her compensation, and a rich one too.

“Lonely?” she would say. “I know the face of every child and grown-up person in the place; and as for dull, I’m far too busy to be dull. Why, I never sit down for an hour’s sewing, but I’m up and down a dozen times to answer the shop bell. Even at my meals I’m sure of company.” A dubious privilege, a less cheerful body would have thought; but Sally had a way of getting at the sweet in everything that came across her way, and the secret of it was her “rule.”

She told a customer so one day.

Betty Wiggins was a good score years her junior, and had a very comfortable little income, left her by her father on his death; but she invariably brought a sour face to Sally’s counter when she came to buy her groceries, and had always some complaint to make.

“It isn’t that I have ill health,” said she to Sally, one bright sunny



morning, holding in her hand her well-filled purse, “nor that I’m overworked—I’ve no one but myself to do for, you see, and I never have a thing to put my hand to after dinner, excepting just to make my cup of tea. But life is so miserably dull. I do declare that when I go upstairs at night, I feel inclined to wish that I may never wake again.”

There was a funeral procession passing at the time; the mourners, a young husband and the grey-haired parents, slowly followed the

bier, going with bent heads and tear-stained cheeks, to lay beneath the turf the form of her whom they so dearly loved. One shutter of the little shop was up for sympathy, and the blind of Sally’s bedroom overhead was drawn.

Sally pressed toward the window, and looked through between her show of goods; and as she turned away, some great tears fell. “There’s one fallen asleep who had her work to do,” said she, “or so it seemed to us. The Lord knows best; but such as her are never heard to say they long to fall asleep. Yet nobody can tell how much she suffered and endured.”

“It isn’t such as her that find life dull,” said Betty.

Sally shook her head in disagreement. “It’s merry work to suffer and endure, is it?” returned she.

Betty shifted to her other foot; she couldn’t answer that. “You see—” began she.

But Sally interrupted her. “This is what I seem to see,” said she, “that those who set most store by their own happiness find most to grumble at in life. Poor Lizzie Tanner hadn’t time to think about herself with all her little ones to do for, and to make ends meet. Perhaps if you thought less about yourself—”

“I haven’t had Lizzie Tanner’s chance,” said Betty, with a little sigh that took her back to Lizzie’s wedding day, when she had stood inside the church with envious heart, and thought how happy she could be if only someone would cast his eyes on her.

“And I doubt if you’d have cared to take it ‘for worse’ as well as ‘for better,’ ” rejoined Sally. “These things can’t be sorted out, you know; and there’d have seemed a deal of ‘worse’ in Lizzie’s case, if she’d not had such a brave strong heart.

“But it seems to me you’ve got a splendid chance to think about others, with so much leisure on your hands; and I’d like you just to try my plan. I make a rule of trying to do somebody a kindness every day; and when I go to bed at night, I just look back and ask myself whether I’ve kept that rule. Sometimes it isn’t more than a kind word, or picking up a child that tumbles down outside my door; but it keeps me always on the look-out for other people’s happiness, and so helps me to forget myself.”

Betty was silent. It was such a new idea to her.

“I was almost going to say,” continued Sally, “that I envy you your opportunities for doing good. There seems so little I can do, tied here behind my counter, earning bread and butter all day long. If I’d your means and leisure—but then God puts me here, and He knew best what corner I could fill.”

Ah! that was at the bottom of it all. Sally trusted God; so she was one of those who—

*“Carry music in their heart,”*

and ply—

*“Their daily task with busier feet,  
Because their secret souls some holier strain repeat,”*

and she was always seeking to bring music into the lives of others.

Just then the cry of a waking infant sounded from the little room behind the shop.

Betty pricked up her ears.

“It’s poor Lizzie’s little one,” said Sally, putting down the change, and hurrying in. “I thought I’d take him off their hands today. They’ve got enough to think about without worrying about him; and I can manage just that little more.”

Betty stood completely dumbfounded at the thought of Sally Martin’s cumbering herself with other women’s babies when she had so much to do; then suddenly she followed her to the parlor, where the motherly-hearted woman was walking up and down with the little motherless babe in her arms.

“Let me stay awhile and tend him for you,” said she; and as another customer came in just then, Sally took her at her word.

So Betty walked about, and cooed, and softly sang to him until she quieted the little thing; and thus she began to follow Sally Martin’s rule.

*“That they do good, that they be rich in good works, ready to distribute, willing to communicate” —1 Timothy 6:18*

### *Lesson Notes*

There are some interesting lessons and details to notice in this



story. The first lesson we can glean is that if we strive to always think about others and do things for others, we will reap much more happiness than we will if we are continually focused on self. This is one of God's laws and ways. Another lesson is the contrast between working hard and laziness. If we are constantly working, we will have much less time to think about ourselves and to think of things about which to complain. Another one of God's laws is that hard work will make us happy. It doesn't necessarily feel good when we are doing it, but when we are finished, it feels very good and we have a sense of satisfaction. A final point of note is Betty's reaction to Sally concerning Lizzie Tanner. Betty says, "I haven't had Lizzie Tanner's chance." This is so true of human nature. Many times when fault is found with us or we are miserable, we find blame all around us. However, as we know and can see from this story, that it is up to us. When we set our mind to it, we can change our circumstances and outlook in life.

### *Questions*

1. Describe how Sally always responded when someone felt sorry for her.

### *What Do You Think?*

2. Describe what you think it would be like and how you would feel if you had to live Sally Martin's life of working day in and day out without vacation or rest.
3. Write a few sentences contrasting Sally and Betty and how they were different from each other.
4. Think about the people's lives in this story and the information that we know about them. We have one example of someone working all the time and giving her life for others, and we have one example of someone always thinking about herself. Describe the consequences of each of these actions or habits of life.

5. Think about some ways in your life in which you can follow and practice Sally's rule. List a few things that you can do this week, and then attempt to follow Sally's rule each day for at least two weeks.

*Vocabulary*

bier	the grey-haired parents, slowly followed the <i>bier</i>
compensation	Sally found her <i>compensation</i> , and a rich one
cumbering	<i>cumbering</i> herself with other women's babies
distribute	rich in good works, ready to <i>distribute</i>
dubious	a <i>dubious</i> privilege
income	had a very comfortable little <i>income</i>
invariably	she <i>invariably</i> brought a sour face
leisure	if I'd your means and <i>leisure</i>
scanty	even though it was a <i>scanty</i> living
score	Betty Wiggins was a good <i>score</i> years her junior
shutter	one <i>shutter</i> of the little shop was up for sympathy
strain	their secret souls some holier <i>strain</i> repeat
turf	to lay beneath the <i>turf</i> the form of her

## Lesson XXI

### As We Forgive

“I will forgive, but I will never forget!”

“That is a form of words too often heard, and the hearts from which they come do not even know the meaning of forgiveness. When God forgives He ‘blots out’ our transgressions, but man too often treasures the remembrance of injuries, while with his lips alone he declares they are forgiven. And yet we pray each day of our lives that God will forgive us *as we forgive!*”

These words were spoken very quietly, more as though the speaker were thinking aloud.

The two men were leaning over the rails of the little wooden pier, watching the rise and fall of the waves against its sides, and discussing a vexing question. The younger man had just confided to the elder a story of wrong, and of suffering unjustly inflicted, and had ended with the words, “I will forgive, but I will never forget!”

“There are some injuries,” the younger man remarked, “which we cannot forget, because they darken one’s whole life; mine are such.”

“Then they *will* darken your whole life,” said the elder man. “But true forgiveness would be the sunshine to chase away and dispel the clouds.”

“Then,” said the other, “to put it a little differently, there are some injuries which cannot be forgiven.”

“No,” was the decided answer, “that is not so. The resentful and unforgiving spirit inflicts more pain on itself than did the

injury it resents. It is like digging wells, to be filled with waters of bitterness.”

“It is easy to talk,” said the young man, “but human nature is human nature, and we can’t be angels. Therefore I can’t forget.”

“Human nature has the help and example of Divine nature,” said his companion. “Jesus said, ‘I say not unto thee, Until seven times: but, Until seventy times seven.’”

“Let me tell you how I first came to understand the practical meaning of forgiveness.

“When I was a young man, looking out for a practice, an old doctor living in a country village near us died suddenly, and it was arranged that I should take the vacant place for six months, as his son was absent abroad.

“As doctor in that quiet village, I got to know all the simple inhabitants well, and many a lesson I learnt from them as I came and went among them.

“Just above the village on a hill stood the windmill owned and managed by John Brown. An important man was he in that little community, for he was a rich man to them, owning, besides his mill, several of the cottages.

“It was some time before I made his acquaintance; and I found him, as I had expected, self-satisfied, hard, and uncompromising.

“Perhaps I was a little prejudiced against him, for what I had heard was little to his credit.

“It appeared that a man named Job Smith had come to the village some few years before I made its acquaintance; he had sought and obtained employment at the mill, and rented one of the miller’s cottages, where he lived with his own daughter.

“From all accounts, this Smith was a simple, good man, and his daughter a pretty young girl, who worked at dressmaking.

“Smith must have been a quiet man, keeping most of his opinions to himself, and spending his leisure time with his daughter at home.

“About six months before I came to the village, there was great commotion in the political world, and a general election was impending. While affairs were in this state, a man calling himself a ‘social reformer’ stayed for a few days at the village inn, and employed his time in sowing seeds of discontent and socialism among the simple villagers.

“The miller had always been a keen politician, and now he warmly espoused the new doctrines of equality which sounded so fine, though he had not stopped to inquire where they would lead him.

“Having got the idea into his head that he was one of a class who must rise against tyranny and oppression, the miller found that there were no bounds to his ardor. He spoke to the villagers in the village inn; he formed a Socialist club by degrees, for the people who were easily led; and night after night they met to discuss and to denounce the powers that be.

“Job Smith had never attended any of these meetings, but one night, as bad timing would have it, he joined the gathering at the inn.

“Something had happened to add fresh fuel to the fire, and the miller’s words were violent. Looking round for approval, he saw one pair of eyes fixed on him with a gaze of calm astonishment. Job Smith had never heard anything like this.

“Instantly the miller challenged him to agree, and then Job Smith spoke out—

“ ‘Nay, I’m a man that likes justice, but I’ll never go against law and order. It’s the Lord that has made some high and some low, and I don’t grudge them that’s above me their power nor their wealth.’

“The scene that followed was an uproar. The miller, heated by anger, hurled torrents of abuse against Job; and finally, when Smith persisted in what he had said, the miller struck him.

“The blow was not returned, for Smith was hustled out by some

who feared further violence.

“The next day he was dismissed from the mill, and ordered to quit his cottage in a week.

“This story, which I am giving you in a series of short facts only, was told me by his daughter, and I wish I could put into it the pathos of her simple words.

“Her father left the village at once to tramp to the next town on the quest for work. It was cold weather, and, sleeping under a hedge, he got chilled, and died in the workhouse a few days later.

“ ‘We’d always been happy together, and I thought my heart would break, sir,’ said the girl, when she got to this point. ‘I felt I could curse the miller, for he was the cause of it all.’

“She applied, a few weeks later, for a situation as dairymaid in the family of a country squire, living a few miles away, but was refused on the grounds that she could not produce a satisfactory character. She did not know until afterwards that the squire’s man, riding to the mill on his master’s business, had there obtained a poor report of the poor girl. So she paid for a little dark room in a neighbor’s cottage, and sewed early and late to earn a pittance until she could hear of some suitable situation.

“Those six months I lived in the village gave me plenty to do, for shortly after I went a malignant fever broke out, and there was scarcely a cottage where one or more were not laid down. It was hot, close weather, and the epidemic increased with fearful speed. Many deaths occurred, especially among the children.

“The mill did not escape, and the miller’s only child, a little daughter, the pride of his heart, was laid down with the fatal fever. One day I was told that the miller’s wife was also ill, and that the only servant had fled in fear of infection, leaving the two fever-stricken patients without attendants.

“I was sorely perplexed, and the miller was in a state of mind not easily described. I could not stay long in any one place, with so



many claims on my attention, and I knew there was no one in the village who would willingly run the risk of infection.

“But when I went back on a certain evening when the little one was nearing the crisis, I found there a nurse, who moved about with quiet steps and thought of everything.

“It was Job Smith’s daughter. I think it was owing to her, under God, that the child and the mother both recovered, and gradually came back from weakness to strength. Though I feared for the nurse, she did not have the fever.

“I leave you to picture the gratitude of the miller and his family. She had conquered her enemy by heaping coals of fire on his head.

“ ‘But what made you think of such a sacrifice?’ I asked her one day. ‘You knew the risk to yourself, and you were still smarting under the bitter wrongs they had done you.’

“ ‘I thought how much my dear Lord had forgiven me,’ she said, simply, ‘and that made it easier to forgive them. I didn’t do it all at once, sir; but there was no one to help them in their trouble, and I knew if I went, it would help me to forget my own.’

“So I learned the lesson of Divine forgiveness, and the meaning of the words, ‘For if ye forgive men their trespasses, your heavenly Father will also forgive you: But if ye forgive not men their trespasses, neither will your Father forgive your trespasses.’ ”

*“And forgive us our debts, as we forgive our debtors.” —Matthew 6:12*

### *Lesson Notes*

This lesson is mainly focusing on not only forgiving someone for a wrong, but also proving forgiveness with action. The lesson addresses it as “Divine” forgiveness. This is clearly illustrated by Jesus when He said, “Father, forgive them; for they know not what they do.” Jesus then died for those who were persecuting Him as well as for all of us who sinned against Him.

The lesson also addresses the issue of forgiving without forgetting. The young girl was not required to forget her father’s death in order to forgive, but she was required to recognize the miller’s sinful actions and forgive him for those actions. This is very important when working to forgive someone. When we can separate the person from his actions, it becomes much easier to forgive him. This is what Jesus did. He forgave those who crucified Him because He loved them. We all have sinned, and are just like every other sinner, and we all need forgiveness. However, we will discover that when we forgive, the person’s wrongdoing will no longer bother us; and just as God forgets our sin or remembers it no more, we who



are striving to be like Him will work at not remembering the sins of others. Thus, we will forgive and forget.

*Questions—What Do You Think?*

1. Why do you think some people say that they will not forget a wrongdoing done to them?
2. What had the experience of observing the young girl's true forgiveness done for the elder man?
3. The young girl did not just say that she forgave the miller, but she proved it with her actions. Do you think her forgiveness would have been just as real and had the same effect on the miller if she had just said that she forgave him, but then let the miller's wife and daughter die? Explain your answer.
4. The young girl never forgot her father's death, but she was able to overcome her feelings about the wrongful actions of the miller. Thinking about this, how would the advice of the elder man help the young man in the beginning of the story?
5. Do you have trouble putting forgiveness into action in your life? Give some examples of how you might put forgiveness into action with someone who has wronged you.

*Vocabulary*

applied	she <i>applied</i> , a few weeks later, for a situation
ardor	there were no bounds to his <i>ardor</i>
commotion	there was great <i>commotion</i> in the political world
confided	the younger man had just <i>confided</i> to the elder
credit	what I had heard was little to his <i>credit</i>
debtors	as we forgive our <i>debtors</i>
denounce	to discuss and to <i>denounce</i> the powers that be
dispel	sunshine to chase away and <i>dispel</i> the clouds
doctrines	he warmly espoused the new <i>doctrines</i>
election	a general <i>election</i> was impending

epidemic	the <i>epidemic</i> increased with fearful speed
espoused	he warmly <i>espoused</i> the new doctrines
impending	a general election was <i>impending</i>
keen	the miller had always been a <i>keen</i> politician
malignant	after I went a <i>malignant</i> fever broke out
pathos	the <i>pathos</i> of her simple words
perplexed	I was sorely <i>perplexed</i>
pier	leaning over the rails of the little wooden <i>pier</i>
pittance	sewed early and late to earn a <i>pittance</i>
political	there was great commotion in the <i>political</i> world
practical	understand the <i>practical</i> meaning of forgiveness
prejudiced	I was a little <i>prejudiced</i> against him
reformer	a ‘social <i>reformer</i> ’ stayed for a few days
resentful	the <i>resentful</i> and unforgiving spirit
socialism	sowing seeds of discontent and <i>socialism</i>
suitable	she could hear of some <i>suitable</i> situation
tyranny	who must rise against <i>tyranny</i> and oppression
uncompromising	self-satisfied, hard, and <i>uncompromising</i>

Lesson XXII  
Daisy's Story  
Part 1  
"How May I Kiss Him?"

The long summer day was slowly closing in, and the air was full of evening stillness and fragrance. The birds were silent now, and the children's voices had grown soft and murmuring with happy weariness. For birds and children it was bedtime. There was one pretty scene the crimson sun witnessed just before it, too, sank down into its bed of billowy clouds.

In a beautiful country garden under a great beech tree on the lawn, a little group of children were gathered. They had ceased play, and were clustered around their mother, listening as she read to them from the Book of books upon her knee.

The story she was reading was that of the Pharisee Simon's feast, which probably took place in a large room with many people gathered. There was a woman who was a great sinner who washed the feet of Jesus with her tears and dried them with her hair and kissed them and anointed them with precious ointment. The proud Pharisee is critical of this woman and of Jesus! But Jesus knew what was in his heart and said unto him: "There was a certain creditor which had two debtors: the one owed five hundred pence, and the other fifty. And when they had nothing to pay, he frankly forgave them both. Tell me therefore, which of them will love him most? Simon answered and said, I suppose that he, to whom he forgave most. And he said unto him, Thou hast rightly judged. And he

turned to the woman, and said unto Simon, Seest thou this woman? I entered into thine house, thou gavest me no water for my feet: but she hath washed my feet with tears, and wiped them with the hairs of her head. Thou gavest me no kiss: but this woman since the time I came in hath not ceased to kiss my feet. My head with oil thou didst not anoint: but this woman hath anointed my feet with ointment.”

The little ones listened quietly while the simple story was read, but the words “Thou gavest me no kiss” seemed to impress themselves upon their little hearts. Charlie, the baby boy, leaning over his mother’s knee, softly said of the unresponsive Pharisee, “Naughty, naughty man!”

“Time now for you, one and all, to scamper off to your rooms just as fast as ever you can,” said their mother, as at last she closed the Book. “I shall be there in a little while to give you a tuck up, so make haste.”

Then began a merry scrimmage to see who could give Mother the most kisses in the shortest space of time, and yet be the first to reach his room. After much laughter the embraces were ended, and the sound of the voices grew softer as they floated from a distance. Only Daisy stayed behind for a moment.

“What, Dearie, another kiss? Why, you’ve had enough for tonight, surely!” The eager, happy face pressed close to the mother’s was rosy and felt warm.

“No, Mommy, you can never give me enough kisses”—and again the lips were pressed to the mother’s cheek— “but will you just let me have one more quick read of those verses? Please?”

The Book was opened again, and the leaves turned until the verses were found; then the child, leaning over her mother’s shoulder, gazed down upon them intently. After a few moments she gave a big sigh, and with yet another loving embrace flew off to her room. The mother echoed the sigh as she looked after the child’s retreating figure. “My tender-hearted Daisy!” she said, half aloud. “I fear that

her heart is too big for so feeble a body. I wish the child was more like the others, and that she was stronger.”

Half an hour later, as Mrs. Murry entered the children’s bedroom to give a last motherly tuck up for the night, she found a very sleepy little brood nestling down in the soft beds, and the last murmured “good-nights” seemed as though they came from the far distance of dreamland. Only when she entered the small room adjoining the others, which Daisy, as eldest, had the honor of occupying to herself, she found the occupant still wide awake. The white figure sitting up in the bed made a patch of light in the semi-darkness of the room. As her mother entered, the child held out her arms toward her.

“Why, Daisy, you ought to be so sleepy after this busy day, and here you are wide awake! We shall have to stop play earlier, I see, or you will get too excited to sleep.”

“No, Mother, dearest, I’m not excited in the least. Only I can’t go to sleep until I’ve talked with you. I so much would have liked to be that woman who kissed Jesus feet. Truly, I would have, and I just don’t know what I can do about it.”

“Shall I tell my girlie another way of kissing Jesus, so that all through her life, as she grows up to be a woman, Jesus may feel her kisses day by day?” asked her mother, as she tucked her in again.

“Yes, Mommy, please do.”

“Well, you remember the verse we all learned together last Sunday?”

“And the King shall answer and say unto them, Verily I say unto you, Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me,” said the child, reverently.

“Yes, that’s it, darling. Any little deed of love and kindness you can do—whether it’s for Mother or Father, or someone you don’t care for quite so much—it does not matter, for while you are doing it they become, as it were the Lord Jesus Himself to you, and it is as

though He stooped down and received your loving kisses.”

“Oh, Mother, I am so very glad tonight! ’Cause, you see, Mother, if a girl loves anybody ever so much, it makes her most happy to be always doing something for them, and I can kiss Jesus ever so much now. Good night, Mother.”

How quickly the days fly by in happy childhood. Two whole months have come and gone since we watched that bright little group gathered on the lawn, and saw the hot July sun sink down to rest. Two whole months, and now it is the latter end of September. Winter seems to be coming early this year, for already the continual drought and the night frosts have robbed the leaves from many of the trees, carrying away their summer garments in such haste that they had no time to put on the gold and scarlet for their death triumph. The drought has brought much sickness with it. Like evil birds of prey, scarlet fever and typhoid hover with outspread wings over city and village. The small remnant of water stands stagnant in the ponds, and the drains and gutters cry out for a great cleansing fall of rain. Many, even, of the well-kept, well-ventilated houses of the wealthy have not been able to defend themselves against these fever monsters.

It was with a deeper thankfulness, day by day, that Mrs. Murry scanned the bright, bonny faces of her children, and even her motherly care could find no trace of the enemy’s mark upon them.

It was with a sense of relief that the slowly gathering clouds were at last seen in the sky. There seemed to be an out-breathing of relief all around, not only from men and women, but even from the very earth.

And at last, the long-desired rain came. A plentiful downpour it was too.

Mrs. Murry had sent all the children out for a walk with their nurse, to a farm a short distance off, to get some fresh eggs. They

were returning in success, Bertha and Jack in front with the basket of eggs carefully carried between them, baby in the carriage with Nurse, and little Ethel chattering away by their side, while Daisy was following behind, stopping every now and again to hunt for hazelnuts in the bushes, when down splashed a few heavy drops of rain.

“Now we shall have to run for it, children,” cried Nurse, as she hastily picked up Ethel, and put her in the carriage. “Here, give me the eggs, Jack, and scamper home, both of you, as fast as you can.”

They had not very far to go, for as soon as they reached the end of the lane the house would be in sight. The two little ones hastened on in front in great glee, laughing and shouting as the heavy drops splashed, now into their eyes, or now on the tips of their noses, and threatened to give them a thorough soaking even though they made the best speed they could.

“Come, Miss Daisy!” cried Nurse, as turning to look for her she saw the child was some distance behind, trying to unfasten a gate leading into a field of stubble.

“All right, Nurse, don’t wait for me!” shouted back the child. “I’m going to take the shortcut over the fields,” and with another big effort she opened the gate and disappeared.

“Bless the child!” muttered Nurse to herself. “If she hasn’t always got her own way of doing things. She’ll get precious wet in the open fields; she’d better wait a bit in the shed. Miss Daisy!” she called again, at the top of her voice, “don’t cross all those open fields in this downpour. Wait in the shed at the corner of the first field until the rain passes over a little.”

“All right!” came back a voice from the distance, and Nurse hastened to get her other charges home as quickly as possible.

*To be continued . . .*

*“Take good heed therefore unto yourselves, that ye love the LORD your God.” —Joshua 23:11*

*Questions—What Do You Think?*

1. Describe the scene you picture in your mind under the tree. Describe the tree, mother, children, and what you see in the background.
2. Why did the woman wash and anoint Jesus' feet while the Pharisee did not?
3. How can we kiss Jesus when we cannot see or touch Him?
4. Describe the contrasts in the scenery from between the first introduction to the children and two months later.
5. List some ways in which you could give a cold drink of water to someone in your life.

*Vocabulary*

adjoining	the small room <i>adjoining</i> the others
billowy	sank down into its bed of <i>billowy</i> clouds
clustered	and were <i>clustered</i> around their mother
creditor	a certain <i>creditor</i> which had two debtors
frankly	he <i>frankly</i> forgave them both
hazelnuts	to hunt for <i>hazelnuts</i> in the bushes
ointment	anointed them with precious <i>ointment</i>
pence	the one owed five hundred <i>pence</i>
scarlet fever	<i>scarlet fever</i> and typhoid hover with outspread wings
scrimmage	then began a merry <i>scrimmage</i>
stagnant	the small remnant of water stands <i>stagnant</i> in the ponds
stubble	a gate leading into a field of <i>stubble</i>
typhoid	fever and <i>typhoid</i> hover with outspread wings
unresponsive	softly said of the <i>unresponsive</i> Pharisee
ventilated	the well-kept, well- <i>ventilated</i> houses of the wealthy



## Lesson XXIII

### Daisy's Story

#### Part 2

“Mother, I've Kissed Him.”

When Daisy had gotten well into the middle of the stubble-field, she half repented of her choice; it was such a rough and toilsome way, and the hard stubble hurt her feet. However, the next three fields were meadowland, and it would be a great treat to run through the green grass, which was already beginning to smell fragrant with the falling rain. The child seemed to have something of a natural love for the open fields. She determined to follow Nurse's parting advice, and wait under shelter until the sudden storm had subsided a little, so instead of making for the next gate, she turned aside to the small shed in the corner of the field.

The door was closed, but not fastened in any way, and a gentle push opened it just wide enough to allow her to enter. It was very dark inside. Besides the doorway, there was only a small hole in the roof to let in the light, and the black clouds outside increased the gloom. Daisy did not care to penetrate very far in, but kept as near to the opening as she could without getting wet, and watched the heavy clouds scudding across the sky as she drew in with deep breaths the sweet refreshing scents from without.

She had been standing there silently for some minutes when suddenly she heard a rustle in some straw behind her. She gave a frightened start and peered round into the gloom, hardly knowing whether to fly or whether to laugh at her fears, thinking probably it

was some stray sheep from a neighboring field seeking shelter like herself from the storm; and Daisy had no fear of animals of any kind. As she stood thus hesitating, there was another rustle in the straw, accompanied this time by a woman's voice—a weak, barely audible voice calling for water.

“Be that someone?— Give me a drop o’ water, can’t ye? I be ’most parched with thirst!”

Daisy hesitated no longer. If she was not afraid of animals, she had a great fear of strangers. She sped away like lightning, not pausing for a moment until she had reached the farthest end of the second field. Then, for very lack of breath, she was obliged to draw up, but she kept her eyes fixed fearfully on the distant shed. Her breath was coming in little sobs and gasps, and she was trembling all over. As she continued to watch the shed door and saw no fearful figure emerge from it to pursue her, she gradually grew calmer and took time to look round and find a new shelter for herself under a great oak tree, from whence she could see both her home and the shed. But as she stood under the shelter of the oak tree, she seemed still to hear that weak, frail, beseeching voice calling after her— “Give me a drop o’ water, can’t ye?— Give me a drop o’ water!” So plainly did it sound that she tried to smother it by putting her hands over her ears, but still she could hear it repeating— “Give me a drop o’ water!— Give me a drop o’ water!” Then suddenly the words seemed to change a little, and she heard instead— “Whosoever shall give you a cup of water to drink—a cup of water to drink in my name— Whosoever shall give—”

The child uncovered her ears and put her hands before her eyes, as if to shut out some picture that rose before her, while she murmured to herself, “Oh, I can’t! I can’t!” Then, as if in some bodily pain, she sat down in the damp grass and rocked herself to and fro, still murmuring, “I can’t! I can’t; I’m so afraid!” At last the rocking movement ceased and the child sat upright, looking up into

the clouds as though she was seeing something behind them. Then, closing her eyes, she put her hands together, and while the big tears slowly found their way down her cheeks, she whispered half aloud, “Jesus, I will kiss you—I will.” She sat very still for a moment, then jumped up and made her way hastily toward the shed again. By the time she reached it the rain had almost ceased, and the clouds were parting. Once more she pushed open the door, with hands that trembled much this time, and instead of going in, just peeped through the opening. “Who’s there?” she asked in a small, shaking voice.

“Water, water! Can’t ye give me a drop o’ water?” came back the answer again.

“Poor lady, are you very thirsty?” she asked softly.

“Thirsty? That ain’t the word! I’m nigh parched to death. Oh, water!” the woman moaned.

“I’m so sorry, poor lady. Can you wait while I run home and get you some?”

“No, no, now!” muttered the voice. “Can’t ye get me some o’ the damp grass or docks and put ’em on me head to cool me a bit?”

“Yes, poor lady, I will.” The child left the shed and ran through the gate, returning in a few moments with an armful of the sweet, moist grass and cool dock leaves. She felt her way toward the corner from whence the voice had come. She could hardly repress a frightened cry as she stumbled over something stretched out on the straw, and her heart beat so wildly she could almost hear its thump, thump. Once again she whispered to herself, “I will kiss you, Jesus, I will!”

“Who be you?” asked the woman’s voice, so close to her that it made her give another startled jump.

“It’s I—Daisy,” she answered, “and I’ve brought you the grass. Wait until I get used to the dark a little bit, and then I’ll be able to see to give it to you.”

As she was speaking, the sun, which had burst its way through the lessening clouds, shone out brightly, casting a ray of light through the hole in the roof, so that the interior of the shed became quite visible. And what a picture was thus lighted up! There, on a pile of dirty straw, lay the figure of a woman. Her clothes were torn and rumpled, her hair was a tangled mess, her face was thin and oh, so tired, and her eyes were bright with fever. Close by her side knelt the little child, her fresh young face near to the older one, a lock of her bright hair mingling with the woman's, like a ray of golden sunshine across it. She was still clasping the damp grass, and in her face was a wonderful mixture of brave pity and timid sympathy.

"Here, poor lady, this will make you better," she said, as she placed some of the grass on her hot forehead.

The woman stretched out a thin hand and eagerly seized at the grass, and held it to her lips.

"Good! Good!" she muttered. "More, give me more."

Daisy gave her all she had gathered, and then went to fetch another armful.

It was quite light in the shed now, and when at last the woman's feverish heat and thirst were slaked a little by the coolness and moisture of the grass, she looked up at her small ministering angel and eyed her wonderingly. The child had lost all fear now in her loving care for the sick woman.

"Who be you, little Missy?" she asked again.

"I'm Daisy," she answered, simply, "and I was very frightened when I first heard you move, and ran away; but Jesus told me to come back to you and give you the water."

"Bless your heart, Missy!" said the woman, a soft look stealing over her face. "I heard speak o' Jesus when I was a little girl like you, but that's long ago, and I'd nigh forgotten there was such a One as He, until you just spoke His name. But whosoever it be as sent you, 'a done me a good turn. I was complaining about God, I can

tell ye, for letting me lie here in that awful thirst, and if ye hadn't come along, I'd like to have died."

"Poor lady! But you mustn't say naughty things to God. 'Cause, you know, God loves the same as Jesus, and Jesus wants us to love Him ever so much. It's only 'cause I loved Him so much that I came back. But now I must run home. They'll be looking for me, and I can tell Mother about you, and I know, poor lady, she'll send you some nice jelly, 'cause she always does to poor, sick people, and perhaps she'll let me bring it. There's a whole heap of grass to last while I'm gone. Good-bye, poor lady!"

The child waved her hand and disappeared at the doorway. In a few moments, however, she was back again, and approaching the prostrate figure half shyly, she knelt by her side, and pressed her little face to the woman's.

"There, dear lady, that's a kiss from Jesus," she said, and then ran off.

Big tears slowly gathered in the woman's eyes, and her thoughts went back to the time when, as a bright, strong lass, she had attended Sunday school. She tried to recall the prayer she had been taught there, and which she used to repeat so often; in her agony she could only sob out in piteous tones: "For—Jesus—Christ's—sake. Amen."

Daisy was met on her way home by Nurse, who was in a state of great anxiety to know why she had not come in when the rain ceased, to change her wet clothes. She was horrified at the sight of the child's damp, stained dress, and hurried her along at such a rate that Daisy found it impossible either to tell her tale or make Nurse understand the sick lady's need. It was not until they were at home, and Daisy was sitting on her mother's knee before a bright fire, that she was able to explain what she had been doing. As she finished her story, Mrs. Murry clasped the child tightly in her arms and kissed the precious upturned face, inwardly rejoicing over her

darling's heroism, and yet fearful of the great risk she had run by infection and cold.

Every care and precaution were taken, but the strain of excitement upon a highly-strung nature, and the waiting about in damp clothes, brought on a severe feverish chill, and gave both her mother and her doctor an anxious time. At the end of the week, however, she was pronounced out of danger, and the doctor promised with a smile "that the Daisy should soon be out in the fields again."

"And then," she said, clapping her hands joyfully, "I can go with Mother to the hospital and see my poor lady. You don't know, Doctor, what a nice lady she is. Mother's been to see her often, and she says she's very, very nice!"

For the first time since her illness, on a Sunday evening, Daisy was going to come downstairs for a while to be with the family. Mrs. Murry went into her room to fetch her and found her sitting up in bed. She had just awakened from a refreshing sleep, and the roses of health were beginning to blossom on her cheeks again. The girl looked up with a bright smile as she entered and exclaimed: "Oh, Mother! I just had a sweet dream! I thought I saw Jesus smiling because the poor lady had kissed Him."

Mrs. Murry kissed the beaming face, as she said softly, "I think, darling, your lovely dream is a true one, for Jesus has come and taken the poor sick lady home."

*"Likewise, I say unto you, there is joy in the presence of the angels of God over one sinner that repenteth."* —Luke 15:10

### *Questions*

1. This lesson is about physical and spiritual water. Which water did the sick woman in the lesson need? Why?
2. How did Daisy witness to the woman about Jesus?

*What Do You Think?*

3. Why do you think Daisy kept hearing a voice speak to her as she was waiting under the tree?
4. We would assume from the story that the sick woman went to Heaven because of Daisy's witness. What do you think the consequences may have been had Daisy decided to go directly home, and the woman had died of thirst before someone could return to help her? Why?
5. Each decision you make will have consequences in your life and in the lives of others. Can you list a few decisions you have made and how they affected others in your family?

*Vocabulary*

accompanied	<i>accompanied</i> this time by a woman's voice
beaming	Mrs. Murry kissed the <i>beaming</i> face
beseeking	<i>beseeking</i> voice calling after her
dock	sweet, moist grass and cool <i>dock</i> leaves
frail	that weak, <i>frail</i> , beseeching voice
heroism	inwardly rejoicing over her darling's <i>heroism</i>
prostrate	approaching the <i>prostrate</i> figure half shyly
repress	she could hardly <i>repress</i> a frightened cry
scudding	watched the heavy clouds <i>scudding</i> across the sky
slaked	feverish heat and thirst were <i>slaked</i> a little
subsided	the sudden storm had <i>subsided</i> a little
toilsome	it was such a rough and <i>toilsome</i> way

## Lesson XXIV

### Inasmuch

Often the child listened,  
All the while the mother talked,  
Of the days when the dear Lord Jesus  
On the earth had lived and walked;  
Days when He came to Bethany,  
And rested His weary feet;  
Sat with the sisters and Lazarus,  
In converse true and sweet:

Days when the people thronged Him  
And gave Him of their bread,  
And shared their lowly shelter  
With His tired, though kingly head:  
When they took off the dust-white sandals  
And washed from the feet away,  
The heat and the fever of travel  
Of the long, hot Eastern day.

And the fair child eager and wond'ring,  
Her luminous eyes aglow,  
Said, "Mamma, if I could have been there —  
There with the Twelve, you know."  
And the mother's voice grew tender,  
A light to her sweet face came,  
As she said to her little daughter:  
"Yes, dear, I have thought the same."



The long, hot day was dying;  
Slowly toward the west  
The sun was drawing his splendors,  
And the people thought of rest.  
Under the grand old elm tree,  
Down by the garden gate,  
Stood the wee amber-haired maiden,  
For Papa's step to wait.

Slowly through the dusty lane  
An old man moved along;  
Feeble as well as old he was;  
His stride no longer strong.  
"Somebody's grandpa," said little Belle.  
"His hair is white as snow,  
And he leans on his cane so heavily;  
He is fatigued, I know."

He stopped in the shade of the elm tree  
And said, "My little maid,  
I must rest me here a little;  
I am sorely tired, I'm 'fraid.  
I came today from the almshouse,  
After the noonday rest,  
I thought to go on a journey,  
But God knows if 'tis best."

"The almshouse! Where poor people live!"  
And pity shook her voice.  
"Then you are nobody's grandpa;  
You have no girls nor boys?"



“No, child, I am only waiting  
To hear the Master’s call.  
I had some friends in the long ago,  
But now I have lost them all.”

“Come in and rest on the settle here,  
The red one under the tree,  
And I will go to speak to Mamma—  
I tell her all, you see.”  
And then they came together,  
Mother and little Belle,  
And brought him milk from the dairy,  
And water from the well.

Bread and butter and honey,  
And he drank from Belle’s silver cup,  
And went on his way with a blessing  
That came from his full heart up.  
They stood at the gate and watched him,  
As he slowly went his way,  
And then the mother whispered,  
“A blessing has come this day.”

“ ‘Done to the least,’ my darling,  
Is done to the Lord; for, see,  
‘Inasmuch as ye did to the least of these,  
Ye did it unto me.’ ”  
“Oh!” and over the little face  
Came a look of glad surprise,  
“Have I touched the dear Lord Jesus!”  
How radiant the lovely eyes.

“I am so glad and so happy;  
Now I know what the Bible meant,”  
And into the sweetness of the face  
Came a look of full content,  
As home to her heart she gathered  
The glorious “Inasmuch.”  
Oh! to be like the children:  
The kingdom is made of such.

—Emily Baker Smalle

*“And the King shall answer and say unto them, Verily I say unto you, Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me.” —Matthew 25:40*

### *Questions*

1. Why did the young girl assume that the old man was someone’s grandpa?

### *What Do You Think?*

2. Describe the setting and what you see in your mind’s eye in the beginning of the poem.
3. Since the man was old, feeble, poorly dressed, and did not have an agreeable physical appearance, what could the young girl’s reaction have been to him instead of kindness?
4. If we love Jesus, when we show kindness to others it is the same as if we were doing it to Him. Name a few ways in which you can show kindness to others in your family.

*Vocabulary*

aglow her luminous eyes *aglow*  
almshouse the *almshouse*! Where poor people live  
amber stood the wee *amber*-haired maiden  
converse in *converse* true and sweet  
fatigued he is *fatigued*, I know  
lane slowly through the dusty *lane*  
luminous her *luminous* eyes aglow  
settle come in and rest on the *settle* here  
splendors the sun was drawing his *splendors*  
stride his *stride* no longer strong  
thronged days when the people *thronged* Him

## Lesson XXV

### Our Feet Kept for Jesus

*“Keep my feet, that they may be  
Swift and beautiful for Thee.”*

The figurative keeping of the feet of His saints, with the promise that when they run they shall not stumble, is a most beautiful and helpful subject. But it is quite distinct from the literal keeping for Jesus of our literal feet.

There is a certain homeliness about the idea which helps to make it very real. These very feet of ours are purchased for Christ’s service by the precious drops which fell from His own torn and pierced feet upon the cross. They are to be His errand-runners. How can we let the world, the flesh, and the devil have the use of what has been purchased with such payment?

Shall “the world” have the use of them? Shall they carry us where the world is paramount, and the Master cannot be even named because the mention of His name would be so obviously out of place? I know the apparent difficulties of a subject which will at once occur in connection with this, but they all vanish when our bright banner is loyally unfurled, with its motto, “All for Jesus!” Do you honestly want your very feet to be “kept for Jesus”? Let these simple words, “Kept for Jesus,” ring out next time the dancing difficulty or any other difficulty of the same kind comes up, and I know what the result will be!

Shall “the flesh” have the use of them? Shall they carry us hither and thither merely because we like to go, merely because it pleases

ourselves to take this walk or pay this visit? And after all, what a failure it is! If people only would believe it, self-pleasing is always a failure in the end. Our good Master gives us a reality and fullness of pleasure in pleasing Him which we never get out of pleasing ourselves.

Shall “the devil” have the use of them? Oh, no, of course not! We start back at this, as a highly unnecessary question. Yet if Jesus has not, Satan has. For as all are serving either the Prince of Life or the prince of this world, and as no man can serve two masters, it follows that if we are not serving the one, we are serving the other. And Satan is only too glad to disguise this service under the less startling form of “the world,” or the still less startling one of “self.” All that is not “kept for Jesus,” is left for self or the world, and therefore for Satan.

There is no fear but that our Lord will have many uses for what is kept by Him for Himself. “How beautiful are the feet of them that preach the gospel of peace, and bring glad tidings of good things!” That is the best use of all; and I expect the angels think those feet beautiful, even if they are cased in muddy boots or galoshes.

Once the question was asked, “Wherefore wilt thou run, my son, seeing that thou hast no tidings ready?” So if we want to have these beautiful feet, we must have the tidings ready which they are to bear. Let us ask Him to keep our hearts so freshly full of His good news of salvation that our mouths may speak out of their abundance. “If the clouds be full of rain they empty themselves upon the earth.” The “two olive branches . . . empty the golden oil out of themselves.” May we be so filled with the Spirit that we may thus have much to pour out for others!

Besides the great privilege of carrying water from the wells of salvation, there are plenty of cups of cold water to be carried in all directions; not to the poor only—ministries of love are often as much needed by a rich friend. But the feet must be kept for these;

they will be too tired for them if they are tired out for self-pleasing. In such services we are treading in the blessed steps of His most holy life, as He “went about doing good.”

Then there is literal errand-going—just to fetch something that is needed for the household, or something that a tired relative wants, whether asked or unasked. Such things should come first instead of last, because these are clearly indicated as our Lord’s will for us to do, by the position in which He has placed us; while what seems more direct service may be, after all, not so directly apportioned by Him. “I have to go and buy some soap,” said one with a little sigh. The sigh was waste of breath, for her feet were going to do her Lord’s will for that next half-hour much more truly than if they had carried her to her well-worked district, and left the soap to take its chance.

A member of the Young Women’s Christian Association wrote a few words on this subject, which, I think, will be welcome to many more than she expected them to reach:

“May it not be a comfort to those of us who feel we have not the mental or spiritual power that others have, to notice that the living sacrifice mentioned in Romans 12:1 is our ‘bodies’? Of course, that includes the mental power, but does it not also include the loving, sympathizing glance; the kind, encouraging word; the ready errand for another; the work of our hands, opportunities for all of which come oftener in the day than for the mental power we are often tempted to envy? May we be enabled to offer willingly that which we have.” For if there be first a willing mind, it is accepted according to that a man hath, and not according to that he hath not.

If our feet are to be kept at His disposal, our eyes must be ever toward the Lord for guidance. We must look to Him for our orders where to go. Then He will be sure to give them. “The steps of a good man are ordered by the Lord.” Very often we find that they have been so very literally ordered for us that we are quite astonished—

just as if He had not promised!

Do not smile at a very homely thought! If our feet are not our own, ought we not to take care of them for Him Whose they are? Is it quite right to be reckless about “getting wet feet,” which might be guarded against either by forethought or afterthought, when there is, at least, risk of hindering our service thereby? Does it please the Master when even in our zeal for His work we annoy anxious friends by carelessness in little things of this kind?

May every step of our feet be more and more like those of our beloved Master. Let us continually consider Him in this, and go where He would have gone, on the errands which He would have gone, “following hard” after Him. And let us look on to the time when our feet shall stand in the gates of the heavenly Jerusalem, when holy feet shall tread the streets of the holy city; no longer pacing any lonely path, for He hath said, “They shall walk with me in white.”

*“And He hath said, ‘How beautiful the feet!’  
The ‘feet’ so weary, travel-stained, and worn,  
The ‘feet’ that humbly, patiently have borne  
The toilsome way, the pressure, and the heat.*

*“The ‘feet,’ not hasting on with winged might,  
Nor strong to trample down the opposing foe;  
So lowly, and so human, they must go  
By painful steps to scale the mountain height.*

*“Not unto all the tuneful lips are given,  
The ready tongue, the words so strong and sweet.  
Yet all may turn, with humble, willing ‘feet,’  
And bear to darkened souls the light from heaven.*



*“And fall they while the goal far distant lies,  
With scarce a word yet spoken for their Lord  
His sweet approval He doth yet accord;  
Their ‘feet’ are beauteous in the Master’s eyes.*

*“With weary human ‘feet’ He, day by day,  
Once trod this earth to work His acts of love;  
And every step is chronicled above  
His servants take to follow in His way.”*

—Sarah Geraldina Stock

This chapter is an excerpt from *Kept for the Master’s Use* by Frances R. Havergal.

*“And how shall they preach, except they be sent? as it is written, How beautiful are the feet of them that preach the gospel of peace, and bring glad tidings of good things!”* —Romans 10:15

*Questions—What Do You Think?*

1. The lesson teaches us that our feet both figuratively and physically belong to Christ, and must go where He dictates. Why?
2. We have two choices when it comes to serving someone spiritually: God or Satan. Whom are we following if we indulge ourselves in what we desire to do? Why?
3. What does the lesson mean when it says we need to have tidings ready to *pour out*? How can we *pour out* tidings?
4. How can going to buy some soap for someone be a parallel to carrying a drink of cold water to someone?
5. List a few ways in which you can give someone a drink of cold water in your life.

*Vocabulary*

accord His sweet approval He doth yet *accord*  
apportioned not so directly *apportioned* by Him  
chronicled and every step is *chronicled* above  
direct while what seems more *direct* service  
disguise to *disguise* this service under the less startling form  
disposal our feet are to be kept at His *disposal*  
district they had carried her to her well-worked *district*  
figurative the *figurative* keeping of the feet of His saints  
galoshes they are cased in muddy boots or *galoshes*  
gospel them that preach the *gospel* of peace  
paramount they carry us where the world is *paramount*  
pressure the toilsome way, the *pressure*, and the heat  
thereby risk of hindering our service *thereby*  
unfurled they all vanish when our bright banner is loyally  
*unfurled*  
zeal in our *zeal* for His work we annoy anxious friends

Lesson XXVI  
For Conscience' Sake  
Part 1

It was a hot July afternoon. The boys at St. John's School were standing about the playground in little groups, discussing the topic of the hour, which proved more absorbing, for the moment, than the fascinations of cricket.

It was the eve of the annual examination for the Oxford scholarship. Some of the brightest among the senior scholars had entered their names for the competition; but among masters and boys alike there was only one opinion as to the probable winner of the prize. The best brains in the school belonged to Stephen Davies, the only son of a minister whose small income had, by dint of strict economy, sufficed to keep a large family, while paying for the education of the lad, who showed promise of a brilliant career. The father, himself a keen scholar, resolved at all cost to give his son the opportunity which had been denied to himself. No sacrifice was too great, and many a time he refrained from buying a coveted book, or even a new coat, to put by sufficient monies for the next term's fees. The lad himself, though ignorant of these personal sacrifices, realized at what cost he was being educated, and resolved, with the fire and ambition of youth, to do all—and more—than was expected of him.

There was only one other boy in the school who stood any chance of bearing off the laurels. George Hamilton was the son of a wealthy city merchant, who desired to send the lad to Oxford

for the sake of the prestige which a university confers. Though the question of expense was of no consequence to him, he was anxious that George should enter on his own merits if possible.

The rivalry between the two lads did not prevent them from being very good friends. They were standing together on this particular afternoon comparing notes.

“I suppose you know your Horace by heart, Davies?” said George, leaning carelessly against the trunk of a tree, under the shade of which they stood.

“Pretty well,” answered the other. “I’m all right for the classics, but I’m afraid the mathematics will floor me. I’ve had a perfect nightmare of ‘riders’ this week, and algebraic problems dancing about in my dreams.”

George laughed. A companion joined them. “Still talking scholarship?” said he. “I’m jolly glad I needn’t go in for exams in this hot weather. They ought to serve you a round of strawberries and ices.”

“Don’t I wish they would!” said George.

Another friend sauntered up to them. “Will you mind, Hamilton, if Davies carries the prize?” he queried.

“Well, no,” replied George, with delightful frankness, “I think he ought to get it. But I’m not keen on a stool in my father’s office, which is the alternative if I fail. Oxford would be more fun. Besides, I must do a pretty decent paper or I shall be cut off with a shilling.”

The playground clock struck four, and the bell rang to summon them back to the classroom.

When they dispersed for the afternoon Stephen and George walked together down the road, for their ways lay in the same direction. As he arrived at his home, George opened the gate and bid farewell to his companion. As he passed through, Stephen caught a glimpse of the fair garden inside, with its smooth, well-kept lawns and fine old trees, while the scent of flowers floated out to him. As

he walked on, a slight feeling of oppression came over him at the thought of the little backyard, which was dignified by the name of garden, with its weedy paths and stumpy bushes, where he and his sisters had made mud pies in the days of their childhood, and where many little garments, suspended from a clothesline, had frequently fluttered in the wind. The sordidness of poverty had never struck him as it did today; not that he was envious or fond of luxury. But he loved the atmosphere of beauty and refinement which is so difficult to cultivate when life is one long desperate struggle to make both ends meet. His step quickened at the thought of what, if he won the prize, his future life might be. A vision of Oxford, with its lovely surroundings, its peaceful, intellectual life, shut in from the din and squalor of the world, rose in his mind. But he quickly banished it, with a sudden sense of shame at his own eagerness to be gone from a home where he had known nothing but happiness and love. "I will do it; but for their sakes, not mine," he thought, with joy in the knowledge that his success would greatly ease the strain on the family purse.

As he turned in at the little gate of his home his mother spied him and opened the door to him. At the sight of her darling, her worn, white face brightened, and she took his face lovingly between her hands as he stooped to kiss her. He was the pride of her heart, the apple of her eye. Many a tear she had shed in secret at the thought of what the house would be without the sunlight of his presence. But never a trace of them betrayed her to him; and when he talked happily of his hopes and ambitions, her face wore the radiant look of sympathy which only a mother's can.

His father joined them at tea time. "Well, my boy," he said cheerily, "feel fit for the great fight?"

"Yes, Father," answered he, smiling.

"That's right. Now, no more books tonight. I don't believe in cramming up to the last minute. I am going to take you for a long



walk this evening.”

The next morning the whole family assembled at the garden gate to see Stephen depart. Even two-year-old Lottie shared the general excitement, without knowing why, and waved her small hand to him as he marched away with the air of a hero.

The first days of the examination confirmed Stephen’s expectations of success. Each evening he came home with a buoyant step, and answered his father’s questions with hopeful assurance. The last day came at length, to the relief of all the candidates. George Hamilton, who sat at the next desk to Stephen, expressed the opinion that all examiners ought to be subjected to unknown tortures for instituting such things as examinations in such broiling weather. His neighbors were inclined to agree with him.

The final paper—one on mathematics, which Stephen so much

dreaded—was placed on the desk before him. It did not seem so bad as he had anticipated, and things went smoothly at first. But the final problem defied all his efforts to solve it; yet he knew it was one over which he should have no difficulty. His head began to throb, and the oppressive heat of the room was almost more than he could bear. At his request, an attendant opened a window near him. A fresh breeze came in, which revived him, and which at the same time sent his neighbor's paper fluttering on to the floor. The little noise made Stephen turn his head, and he glanced at the paper on the floor without realizing what it was for a moment, until he suddenly became aware that he was looking at the solution of the very problem over which he had been struggling. The next instant George had picked up his paper, and unconscious of Stephen's glance at it, was continuing his work. It had all happened in a moment. Stephen felt as if he had been struck by lightning. The working of the problem was as clear as daylight to him now. He saw where he was wrong, in only one figure, and it seemed to him that he could not have failed to discover his mistake if he had thought a little longer.

A terrible struggle went on in his mind. It would be so easy to correct the problem. After all, he had been so very near the right solution. It was merely an unlucky chance that he had seen George's paper. No one knew. He laid down his pen and put his hand to his hot forehead. The stillness of the room was broken only by the scratching of pens and the ticking of the clock. Every tick sounded to him like the stroke of doom. The thought of his frustrated hopes, of his parents' bitter disappointment if he failed, was almost more than he could bear. Suddenly he started, as the examiner's voice called out, "Ten minutes more." An agony of doubt seized him and large drops stood on his forehead. "Five minutes more," said the dreadful voice. Scarcely knowing what he did, Stephen seized his pen and corrected the fatal problem. His hand shook so that the figures were scarcely legible, and a large drop of ink fell onto his

paper. He was blotting it when the voice said, “Time is up.” Again he seized his pen, with a sudden resolve to erase the dreadful figures; but it was too late. “Lay down your pens,” was the order. He was in the front row, under the examiner’s eye, and dared not disobey.

The papers were collected, the examination was over, and the candidates were free to go when they chose. Many lingered about the room to talk; but Stephen went out quickly, avoiding all his friends and acquaintances, and took the longest road home. He dreaded to face his father and mother, and to answer all their questions; but to home he must go.

*To be continued . . .*

*“Therefore to him that knoweth to do good, and doeth it not, to him it is sin.” —James 4:17*

### *Lesson Notes*

This lesson begins the main theme of parts one and two—being honest in everything we do. It sets up the circumstances and the struggle which will take place inside of Stephen to take what he desires, or to be honest and give it up. Another important lesson taught, which is not as prominent, is the love displayed for Stephen by his parents. Many times children and young people do not have any appreciation or recognition for the sacrificial love of their parents.

### *Questions*

1. Describe how Stephen felt, and why he felt that way, when he saw the garden behind George’s house.
2. Why did Stephen resolve to win the prize and go to the university so that he could relieve the strain on the family purse?
3. Describe Stephen’s parents’ feelings for him and how they showed it with their actions.



*What Do You Think?*

4. Why do you think Stephen struggled about whether he should change the answer to his final arithmetic problem after he accidentally saw the solution on George's paper?
5. Do you appreciate the love your parents give you? What are some ways in which you can show your parents that you love them with your actions?

*Vocabulary*

algebraic	<i>algebraic</i> problems dancing about in my dreams
buoyant	with a <i>buoyant</i> step
competition	scholars had entered their names for the <i>competition</i>
confers	the sake of the prestige which a university <i>confers</i>
decent	I must do a pretty <i>decent</i> paper
din	shut in from the <i>din</i> and squalor of the world
dint	by <i>dint</i> of strict economy, sufficed to keep a large family
laurels	any chance of bearing off the <i>laurels</i>
oppression	a slight feeling of <i>oppression</i> came over him
prestige	the sake of the <i>prestige</i> which a university confers
refrained	many a time he <i>refrained</i> from buying a coveted book
sauntered	another friend <i>sauntered</i> up to them
scholarship	"Still talking <i>scholarship</i> ?" said he
shilling	I shall be cut off with a <i>shilling</i>
sordidness	the <i>sordidness</i> of poverty had never struck him
squalor	shut in from the <i>din</i> and <i>squalor</i> of the world
term	to put by sufficient monies for the next <i>term</i> 's fees

Lesson XXVII  
For Conscience' Sake  
Part 2

As he feared, they both were eagerly waiting for him at the gate. As his mother caught sight of his face she uttered an exclamation of dismay.

“Stephen, how bad you look! What is the matter? Do you feel ill?”

“Yes—no, Mother—that is—” and he put his hand to his forehead as if in pain.

His father took his arm, led him into the sitting room, and made him lie down on the sofa, while his mother bustled about preparing some simple remedy for him. To his great relief they forbore to question him on the day's work; but he knew it was an evil deferred only for a time.

The days that followed were passed in an agony of remorse, doubt, and suspense. The more Stephen reflected on what he had done, the more did his conscience rebuke him, and torture him with the assurance that, if he came out at the top of the list, he would have to confess, and not only forego the scholarship, but bring humiliation on himself and his loved ones.

At length the lists were out. Stephen dreaded to see them as much as he longed to know the result. He was not kept long in doubt. His appearance in the school on the eventful morning was the signal for a shout of triumph from his comrades. One glance showed him his name at the head of the list. He felt a wild inclination to

take his heels and run—anywhere, he knew not where. But almost before he knew what was happening he was seized and hurried to the playground, where his friends formed a ring round him, singing, “For he’s a jolly good fellow.”

His head swam and he tried vainly to collect his thoughts. “Are you sure it’s not a mistake?” he gasped.

“Yes, old fellow,” replied George Hamilton, who at this moment joined the group. “It’s there as large as life. Well, you deserve it. Here are my hearty congratulations.”

He seized Stephen’s cold, nerveless hand, grasping it in his own warm one, and patted his comrade on the back, for he could see his agitation, which seemed quite unnatural to him.

When they entered the classroom George still kept at Stephen’s side.

“There’s Mr. Hunter actually coming to speak to you,” he whispered.

The headmaster, who had entered the room, came up to Stephen and held out his hand.

“I congratulate you warmly,” he said. “You are an honor to the school, and I have no doubt you will be an honor to your college at Oxford.”

Stephen murmured something unintelligible, wishing the ground would open at his feet. To give him time to recover, Mr. Hunter turned to his companion. “You have done very well, too, Hamilton, and I am only sorry there are not two scholarships. But I am sure you will rejoice with us all at your friend’s success.” George assented, while the master addressed himself again to Stephen. “I expect you are anxious to tell the news at home,” he said. “You may go at once. Your father will be delighted.”

Stephen walked home with weary and slow steps. At his knock his mother came to the door. Seeing him she at once divined that his news was good. Without questioning him, she ran to the study,

calling, "Father, here is our hero come home with good news."

Mr. Davies walked with unwonted alacrity along the passage to where Stephen stood. "Is it true, my son, that you have come out first?" he asked.

"Yes, Father," answered Stephen in so low a tone as to be scarcely heard; and he swayed, catching at his father's arm to steady himself.

"Come, come, this will never do," said Mr. Davies. "The excitement after so much work has proved too much for him. The best thing he can do is to go to bed and rest."

So he was kept in bed all day. His mother gently tended him, while his father came in frequently to look proudly and fondly at him, and to lay his hand on his burning forehead. Both parents grew alarmed at his restlessness.

"If he is not better tomorrow morning, I shall call in the doctor," said Mr. Davies.

The next morning, however, he seemed much better, and appeared at breakfast, pale but composed.

After morning prayers, as his father was going out of the room to his study, Stephen laid a detaining hand on his arm, saying, "Father, I have something to tell you."

"Yes, my boy," replied the minister, who encouraged the confidence of his children, and never put them off.

The girls did not need to be told that their presence was not wanted. Immediately they all left the room. His mother was going too, but Mr. Davies said, "Is it something your mother can hear?"

"Yes, Father," replied he. So she stayed, and both parents listened without a word, while Stephen made open confession of all that had happened.

When he ceased speaking his mother went to him and put her arms about him.

"My poor boy," she said tenderly. At her words Stephen broke



down, and, laying his head on her shoulder, sobbed bitterly. Her tears mingled with his own. His father paced the room in silence. At length Stephen raised his head and looked at him appealingly. The minister laid both hands on his son's shoulders, and looked him full in the face.

"My boy," he said gravely, "you know what you must do now?"

"Yes, Father. I must tell Dr. Hunter and George Hamilton."

"The sooner the better. And now let us pray that God will give you strength never again to deviate from the path of strict rectitude."

When he rose from his knees, Stephen's heart was lighter than it had been for many days, and what remained to be done seemed easy in comparison to what he had been through already.

In Dr. Hunter's eyes the fault was far less grave than in his father's. He promised to investigate the matter, and to spare Stephen his confession to George Hamilton by telling him himself.

The following afternoon the headmaster called on Mr. Davies and was shut up with him for some time. Stephen was at length summoned to them in the study.

"My son," said his father, "prepare yourself for some good news. Dr. Hunter tells me that, on investigation, he finds you have come out far above the rest of the candidates. Even if you had not touched the doubtful problem," (here Stephen hung his head) "you would still have come out first. He has succeeded in removing my doubts as to your moral claim to the scholarship. Moreover, on interviewing Mr. Hamilton, he finds he is so pleased that George has done so well, that he has resolved to send him to Oxford at his own expense. So your master generously kept silence about your fault."

Stephen sent a grateful glance in Dr. Hunter's direction, then said in a trembling voice, "Oh, Father, do you really think I ought to take the scholarship?"

"Certainly, I do. Is not that your opinion, Dr. Hunter?"

"Of course," replied that gentleman. "Who else is entitled to it if he is not? But his confession of the doubt in his mind—I will not call it a fault—does him great credit. I am proud to send such a man to Oxford from my school, and still prouder to call his father my friend."

So saying, he rose and, after shaking father and son cordially by the hand, departed, leaving behind him a home where reigned joy and hope and a deep sense of thankfulness for God's mercies.

*"Providing for honest things, not only in the sight of the Lord, but also in the sight of men."* —2 Corinthians 8:21

### *Lesson Notes*

In part two of this lesson, we see how Stephen struggled about whether to be honest and give up the prize he desired, or to receive it and allow his silence to lie for him. In the end, his conscience and honesty win the the struggle, and he does reap some expected benefit. However, Stephen was ready to accept the consequences, whatever they were to be. Another important lesson which can be gleaned is how Stephen asked for his father's advice. He could have turned to his friends, but he did not. His father only confirmed what Stephen should do and gave him the courage to do so.

### *Questions*

1. Describe George Hamilton's reaction to Stephen's winning of the prize.
2. Why do you think George and the other classmates were so happy for Stephen?

### *What Do You Think?*

3. How could Stephen have avoided his feeling of embarrassment and having to admit that he cheated on the exam, and instead, enjoyed winning the scholarship?
4. What is the lesson attempting to teach us?
5. What do you think the long term consequences would have been had Stephen not admitted his wrongdoing?
6. Think about your life. Are you honest in everything you do?

*Vocabulary*

agitation	for he could see his <i>agitation</i>
alacrity	walked with unwonted <i>alacrity</i> along the passage
appealingly	raised his head and looked at him <i>appealingly</i>
congratulate	I <i>congratulate</i> you warmly
cordially	shaking father and son <i>cordially</i> by the hand
detaining	Stephen laid a <i>detaining</i> hand on his arm
deviate	never again to <i>deviate</i> from the path
forego	and not only <i>forego</i> the scholarship
investigate	he promised to <i>investigate</i> the matter
nerveless	he seized Stephen's cold, <i>nerveless</i> hand
rectitude	never again to deviate from the path of strict <i>rectitude</i>
unwonted	Mr. Davies walked with <i>unwonted</i> alacrity



## Lesson XXVIII

### Cheery Bill

When I first met him, I was going round a corner. An old woman, very decrepit, was going round in front of me. Bill was coming the other way, and the old woman ran right into his arms. He held her by her elbows for a moment in a kindly fashion, to steady her stumbling feet.

“Now then, Mother, what are ye doin’ bowlin’ a poor little one over like me?” he said, with a broad, good-humored grin on his face.

The joke lay in the fact that the old woman was very small and fragile, while Bill was young and very strong. Her lined face relaxed into a smile at his jovial tone, and she shook her finger at him jokingly.

“A little one!” she replied tremblingly, looking at him with her dim eyes. “A pretty strong little one to my thinkin’; I wish I was such a little one!”

“Oh, you’re all right as you are, Mother, as long as you don’t go knockin’ people over!” he said cheerily as she went on.

That little episode being our introduction, I may say I liked Bill from the very first. I took the opportunity of asking him the way to a certain small street which I was trying to find, and which had been eluding my search for fully ten minutes.

Bill scratched his head. Then he laughed.

“I know the street, and I know where it is, but it’s one of them places where it’s difficult to direct you to,” he said, “because you’ve

got to turn so many times. Here, I'm not in any particular hurry just now, sir. I'll take you there. Oh, it's all right, sir. I've got nothin' to do today."

"It is very kind of you all the same," I said, as we went along together down the grimy High Street of Shadwell. "How is it you have nothing to do for the day? Is it a holiday?"

"Well, it is and it isn't, sir. You see, I'm goin' into a new situation. So I've got a day in between a-doin' nothin'. Well, I suppose it is what you might call a holiday in a way."

I found my liking for the lad growing on me as we walked and talked. He had a way of looking at you with such a friendly smile, such a frank open countenance, such a merry twinkle of the eyes as he spoke, that you could not help being drawn to him.

I learned during our brief conversation that Bill was the son of a widowed mother, and the eldest of three children; that his earnings formed an important item in the weekly ways and means account of the little home; and that he had just left his first situation at an eating-house of the type known as "a good pull-up for carmen," where he had been paid three-and-sixpence per week as washer-up and errand-boy.

"And why have you left there?" I asked.

"Because five shillings a week's better than three-and-sixpence," he answered, with his broad grin.

"Oh, I see! You have obtained a better situation. Are you going to another eating-house?"

"No, I've had enough of it. Eatin'-houses is all very well as long as you are doin' the eatin'." Bill laughed heartily at his own joke. "But to be workin' in 'em is a different thing. We were one of the late shops, and I never got away till nearly twelve at night. I'm goin' to work at a grocer's now, for five bob a week, with dinner and tea, and it closes every night at nine, except Saturday, of course. Why, I shan't know myself, gettin' away at nine o'clock!" he added

jubilantly.

“How did you get the situation?” I asked.

“Why, see, I always liked the look of Megson’s shop. It’s Megson’s I’m a-goin’ to, in the Commercial Road. Everything is always very slap-up and go-ahead-like. The windows are dressed well, and the place is always clean and nice. I thought, ‘That’s the place I’d like to be workin’ at!’ So last week I took it into my head to walk in. Sure enough, there was Mr. Megson, himself, standin’ by the counter.



“‘What do ye want, me lad?’ he asks.

“‘I want to get into this here shop, sir,’ says I. ‘I want to work here.’

“‘What standard ’ave you passed?’ says he.

“‘Top standard when I left, sir,’ says I.

“‘Ow much is 2s. 8½d. from 6s. 7d.—quick?’ says he.

“I answer, ‘3s. 10½d,’ straight off. I was used to that kind of thing, because I’d often had to wait on people and take cash when we were extra busy. ‘That was an easy one,’ says I. ‘Try me with

some more!’

“He looks at me again. Then he walks to a solemn kind of man as was standin’ behind the counter, and they talk together in a low voice, a-lookin’ at me from time to time. Then he comes back to me.

“ ‘Look here,’ says he, ‘as it happens, we shall have a vacancy for a boy next week. Did you know about it?’ says he, a-quizzin’ me.

“ ‘No,’ says I, ‘but I’m very glad to hear it, sir.’

“ ‘There’s two or three other boys after it,’ says he, ‘but I’ll give ye the job if my enquiries about you are satisfactory. Five shillin’s a week, with dinner an’ tea, is the wage,’ says he.

“ ‘That suits me down to the ground,’ says I.

“Of course he finds my character all right, so I start there tomorrow.”

Bill had rattled all this off with great gusto and vivacity in far less time than it takes to write it. As he finished, he looked at me with a complacent smile, as much as to say, “What do you think of that?”

“You managed that very well,” said I.

“Well, you see, it took with him,” replied Bill confidentially. “Now, perhaps another man wouldn’t be took that way.”

“Why, you’re quite a young diplomat,” I exclaimed.

“I don’t know what that means,” he laughed. “Is it anything good?”

“It means that you are quite clever in knowing how to take people,” I explained.

“Oh, I don’t know about that,” he rejoined modestly. “But it’s no good rubbin’ people the wrong way, is it?”

This episode caused me to take sufficient interest in Bill to visit him at his home, and further acquaintance with him led me to dub him “Cheery Bill.” He talked with such exuberant good spirits that

he made you feel there was something good in everything he said.

At home he was at his cheeriest. It was evident that his good humor was not reserved for what are called “company manners.” His abode was a little house up a narrow court off Brook Street, Ratcliff. It was not exactly an inviting spot, but Bill explained that for his purposes it was about the most convenient place to live that could possibly have been selected. “Two minutes, an’ there you are in the Commercial Road—trams up to Aldgate or down to Poplar—whichever way yer want to go. If yer want the train, three minutes, an’ there you are at Stepney Station. Five minutes, an’ there I am at the shop. It is all right, this is!”

Bill’s mother shared the small house with another family. They had once had it all to themselves, but that was when Bill’s father was alive. When his sudden death from heart disease brought his wife face to face with the world, a family of three young children dependent upon her, the first obvious step was to reduce her rental by subletting; the second was to seek work as a cleaning-woman. The third step was taken by Bill, the eldest of the family.

“I don’t know what I should have done then, without Bill,” she told me. “He said to me, ‘Mother, I remarked a year ago as it was no good a-keepin’ me at school after fourteen. I’ve got all the scholarship I want. I’m a-goin’ to get a situation for myself!’ And upon my word, in two days’ time, if he didn’t walk in as cool as a cucumber, with a smile all over his face, and tell me as he was commencin’ the very next day at an eatin’-house. And there he stayed until he got this other place. He’s given me every penny of his money each week. I don’t know what I should have done without Bill—he’s so good and cheerful over everything,” she added, with a catch in her voice.

Thus, with Bill’s three-and-sixpence per week, and the mother’s seven or eight shillings earned by cleaning, the family managed to subsist. How they did it I cannot tell. All I know is that Bill’s

mother must be a wonderful little woman. I looked round the living room. Everything was as clean and well kept and orderly as if she had had a thousand pounds a year. Bert and Minnie, the two younger children, were plump of face, neatly clad, and merry-eyed. It was plain to see that whoever had suffered in that stern battle of life, it was not the children.

One glance at the mother's face—thin and worn, but wonderfully bright and kindly—taught me the secret of the happiness in that poor little home, and showed me where Bill had gotten his cheeriness. Mentally I took off my hat to Bill's mother. It is not in the full glare of the world's applause that all the heroes and heroines are to be found.

Bill came bouncing in while I was there. After the exchange of his usual cheery greetings, he regaled the family and me with descriptions of his day's doings in the shop. The distress of the retired old gentleman in Belton Street ("No end of houses and property he's got!" said Bill) because he had lost his change of a farthing, which had rolled behind some casks; the hunt for the missing coin; the anxious and excited observations made by the old gentleman as he poked about with his umbrella; and his relief when the farthing was found; the mishap which had occurred to McNab, the first assistant ("the solemn chap I told you about," he said to me), who had slipped from some ladder steps straight into a big pail of water which stood near (shouts of laughter from Bert and Minnie, to whom the incident seemed very funny); the little corners and sides of various customers, and Bill's jovial method of getting round them; he described them all in the most humorous and entertaining manner. His mother had tears of laughter streaming down her cheeks ere he finished.

Bill always brought laughter with him—they told me that separately and collectively, again and again—his mother and Bert and Minnie—"he always makes us laugh, Bill does!"

I visited Bill's home twice after that, at intervals of a year or so.

I remember that on the first occasion he had had a raise of a shilling a week in his wages; and on the second occasion he was vigorously holding forth as to the plans he had formed for the future of Bert and Minnie. Bert was to learn shorthand and be a clerk. Minnie was to shape her studies with the object of being a school teacher. This was Bill's ambition, and nothing less would satisfy him; he said it with a great thump on the table, and then hopped round with an agonized pretense that he had hurt his hand, to the great amusement of Bert and Minnie. I also saw him once at the shop, and was greatly interested to note how rapidly he served, and how amused the customers were at his quips and jokes. He told me that he was now second man, and was receiving seven and sixpence per week.

I last saw him, quite by accident, after a further lapse of two years. I was walking down a main road in Poplar on a tour of exploration when, from a shop door, a big, cheery, comfortable voice sounded in my ears as I went by.

"Now don't you worry, Mrs. Farmer. I give you my word that the goods will be there almost as soon as you. If you're not quick, you'll find 'em nodding at you on the doorstep when you get there!"

I turned round and, lo and behold, it was Bill! His eyes met mine almost at the same moment, and a broad, expansive smile of recognition spread over his good-humored face.

"Why, who'd have thought of seeing you, sir, down this way?"

"And who'd have thought of seeing you?" I answered. "What is the meaning of it?"

He pointed to the sign above the shop window, and following his gesture with my eyes, I read the inscription: "Megson's Stores."

"Branch shop just opened—a manager in charge—that's me," he said jubilantly, with a fine disregard of grammar.

"Bravo, Bill! I congratulate you!" I exclaimed, shaking him by the hand. "I knew you would get on!"

"Well, it's no good standin' still," he said, with the same cheery

accent as of yore. “But come in—come in, sir, and see Mother!”

“Your mother is here too, then?”

“Yes, sir. Why, bless you, we’re all here! Slap-up rooms—one behind the shop, and four above! Come in and see!”

Bidding a young assistant to look after the shop, he eagerly led the way through a neatly curtained glass door, and into a large sitting room, where his mother sat sewing. I hardly recognized her—she looked so well. Her face lit up with a happy smile as she came forward to greet me.

“Why, this is a pleasure, sir! We were only talkin’ about you a few days ago, and sayin’ how much we wished you could see us in our new home!”

I looked round the room. It was a picture of neatness and comfort.

“It is splendid!” I said. “And you all live here together.”

“Yes, thanks to Mr. Megson. Oh, he’s been good to Bill, sir! And Bill has been good to me. I don’t know what I should have done without Bill!”

“Now, Mother, draw it mild and make some tea!” put in Bill jovially. “You’ve got to have some tea with us to celebrate the occasion,” he added, turning to me.

“Certainly, I will,” I rejoined.

His mother delightedly began to busy herself, talking all the while, and Bill watched her with a fatherly sort of amusement, as though he were the elder, and she a chattering child. I gathered that Bert was in an office in the city, and that Minnie was qualifying as a teacher; and that the new branch, under Bill’s energetic management, was doing a brisk trade, which was increasing every week. “Half as much already as the other shop,” said Bill, “and I’ll eat my old hat if I don’t pass Megson’s first store altogether in twelve month’s time!”



*“A merry heart maketh a cheerful countenance: but by sorrow of the heart the spirit is broken.” —Proverbs 15:13*

### *Lesson Notes*

This lesson is teaching us the consequences of good actions. Throughout the story we have examples of small humble actions combined with a humble attitude taken by Bill which yield good results. Some of the small things which we should notice are Bill’s cheerful attitude, hard work ethic, generosity, and humility. It is one of God’s laws that we will reap what we sow. Sow good things and you will reap good things.

### *Questions*

1. Why did the stranger feel comfortable asking Bill for directions after he witnessed Bill’s innocent accident with the older lady?

### *What Do You Think?*

2. What do you think the stranger would have done if Bill had been unkind and rude to the older lady when they bumped into each other?
3. Why do you think the fact that Mr. Megson kept a nice store made Bill want to work there?
4. Why do you think Mr. Megson chose Bill over the other boys just from meeting him once?
5. Bill was the type of person who often told his mother that he loved her, but what actions of Bill showed his mother that he loved her?
6. All through the story we see good consequences from Bill’s good actions. If Bill had bad actions, we would have seen bad consequences. Name a few actions in your life and how they are speaking to others.

*Vocabulary*

accent	with the same cheery <i>accent</i> as of yore
blare	not in the full <i>blare</i> of the world's applause
casks	which had rolled behind some <i>casks</i>
confidentially	it took with him," replied Bill <i>confidentially</i>
decrepit	an old woman, very <i>decrepit</i> , was going
diplomat	why, you're quite a young <i>diplomat</i>
dub	acquaintance with him led me to <i>dub</i> him "Cheery Bill"
eluding	which had been <i>eluding</i> my search
enquiries	I'll give ye the job if my <i>enquiries</i> about you
exuberant	he talked with such <i>exuberant</i> good spirits
grimy	together down the <i>grimy</i> High street of Shadwell
gusto	rattled all this off with great <i>gusto</i> and vivacity
joyial	Bill's <i>joyial</i> method of getting round them
jubilantly	that's me," he said <i>jubilantly</i>
lapse	after a further <i>lapse</i> of two years
obvious	the first <i>obvious</i> step was to reduce her rental
quips	amused the customers were at his <i>quips</i> and jokes
reduce	the first obvious step was to <i>reduce</i> her rental
regaled	he <i>regaled</i> the family and me with descriptions
rental	was to reduce her <i>rental</i> by subletting
shorthand	Bert was to learn <i>shorthand</i> and be a clerk
subletting	was to reduce her rental by <i>subletting</i>
subsist	the family managed to <i>subsist</i>
trams	<i>trams</i> up to Aldgate or down to Poplar
vivacity	rattled all this off with great gusto and <i>vivacity</i>
yore	the same cheery accent as of <i>yore</i>

## Lesson XXIX

### The Soft Answer

It was a bright summer day, and the unruffled bosom of the harbor lay shining like a silver mirror. Vessels from various parts of the world were at anchor there, each with the flag of its own nation waving gently from its masthead. A few pleasure yachts were moving lazily about, with scarcely a breeze to fill their snow-white sails; while steamers, independent of wind or tide, were moving rapidly in all directions. One was at a pier just starting for an excursion, of which several persons were waiting to avail themselves. Among the passengers was a delicate looking lady with two children, who had just gone on board. After them came an elderly gentleman, who, though he was stout and red-faced, appeared to be an invalid, as he was lame, and leaned on the arm of a servant. He was in fact suffering from an attack of gout. His attendant placed a seat for him near where the lady and her children were sitting; but the arrangement did not seem to please him, as they soon heard him say in an angry voice, "Is it for the purpose of smothering me that you have put me under this awning, where not a breath of fresh air can reach me?"

"Shall I move the seat here, sir?" inquired the servant, pointing out a more exposed situation.

"Ha! Is it to sit in this broiling sun? I will not go at all. Help me to get out."

But it was too late. The gangway had been taken up, and the steamer was already gliding away over the tranquil waters. The old



gentleman was very angry, and his attendant tried to compromise matters between shade and sunshine by placing him where the canopy was over his head, without intercepting the breeze, and then went off to the forepart of the boat, pretending not to hear his master's voice, which ordered him back before he had gone many steps.

“What a cross old gentleman that is, Mamma,” whispered one of

the children to the lady.

“Perhaps he is suffering pain, my dear,” she replied, “and pain is apt to make anyone cross who does not pray to God for grace to bear His will with meekness.”

This lady, whom we shall call Mrs. Mellis, was one who loved God; and the desire of her heart was to serve Him, and to lead her fellow sinners—so far as human efforts can avail—to do the same. She was one who never lost sight of the precept, “In the morning sow thy seed, and in the evening withhold not thine hand: for thou knowest not whether shall prosper, either this or that,” but, in her own quiet unobtrusive way, was constantly trying to fulfil it. On the present occasion she had placed a few tracts which embodied scriptural truth in a small basket that contained some refreshment for her children.

As the steamer moved rapidly along the shore, or threaded its way among the ships, the passengers moved about to look at the various objects which they were passing. Mrs. Mellis took the opportunity thus afforded to distribute her little messengers of mercy. After a few kind words apart, in a gentle tone, which made it almost impossible to reject her gift, she would slip a tract into the hand of a boatman, or a passenger, or anyone who, she thought, looked likely to receive it. Other tracts she contrived to place where they would probably soon be found; and in this little effort to scatter the good seed, Mrs. Mellis failed not to ask a blessing from Him of Whom it is written that, though one may plant and another water, God only can give the increase.

While Mrs. Mellis was thus employed, her children diverted themselves by running about the deck. Just as she returned to her seat, one of them, in passing the cross old gentleman, as they had called him, unfortunately trod upon one of his feet. He almost screamed. “Oh! you wicked, troublesome monkey! Why did you tread upon my foot? Oh! oh! what shall I do?”

The lady, much concerned, expressed her regret, begging to know whether she could do anything that was likely to relieve him. He did not condescend to answer, but motioned her away with his hand, until the pain had somewhat abated. He then said, "I will tell you what you can do, ma'am: I must, for the public good, take that liberty. When next you bring your children in a steamer, watch them that they do no mischief, instead of leaving them for the purpose of distributing religious tracts among the passengers."

"I daresay I was wrong, sir, to run any risk of my children being an annoyance to others," she replied, with much mildness, "but I hope that, on considering the matter, you will not think me wrong in distributing the little books. May I just ask, sir, supposing that I had an infallible remedy for the gout, whether you should think me wrong in offering it to you?"

"No, but I do not see what that has to do with the question," he answered, sharply.

"Yet there may be some analogy in the cases," she said, with a smile. "Those to whom I have ventured to give the tracts, like the rest of mankind, suffer under a worse disease than even your painful gout—the disease of sin. Can you then blame me for wishing to direct them to the great Physician, Who so kindly says, 'Call unto me, and I will answer thee . . . Behold, I will bring it health and cure, and I will cure them, and will reveal unto them the abundance of peace and truth'?"

"That servant of mine keeps away; he knows I cannot go to bring him back," was the only answer the old gentleman gave while he took off his shoe, and settled the foot on a stool.

"Shall my little boy call him?" inquired Mrs. Mellis.

"No, ma'am. I have had enough to do with your little boy, already."

"Well, sir, perhaps I can make you more comfortable, myself." And she wrapped a shawl round the foot, and arranged it in a way

that appeared to give some relief.

The old gentleman's features relaxed a little, and he said, "Thank you. Still, do not suppose that I approve of your religious beliefs."

"How can you tell what they are, sir?" she replied.

"Oh, ma'am; I know by what you have said that you are one of those who think that we must surrender our life to Christ. Is it not so?"

He had resumed his irascible look and the lady, too judicious to argue with an angry man, answered quietly. "Yes, the Bible teaches us so."

Then he continued, "It is an erroneous belief, subversive of morality; and, wherever it is taught, I do not believe it."

"Well, sir, my heart's desire and prayer for you is that you may do so yet, for there is both joy and peace in believing it."

He sat silent for several minutes; and then a friend of Mrs. Mellis's came up to speak with her, and she saw no more of her new acquaintance.

Some years elapsed, and Mrs. Mellis had nearly forgotten her little adventure on the steamboat, when she went on a visit to a distant part of the country. She had not been long there when her friend proposed taking her to see the property of a Mr. Sedley, a gentleman residing in the neighborhood, who was said to be unwearied in his exertions to serve God, and to promote the good of his fellow creatures. After viewing, with much pleasure, the schools and other useful institutions, Mrs. Mellis and her party met the owner of the place. He was an old gentleman, whom she thought she had seen before, though unable to recollect where. He looked earnestly at her for a few moments, and then abruptly said, "Ma'am, you do not remember me, but I can never forget you. We met once on a steamboat."

She now recognized him, and replied, "I hope your health is better now, sir?"

“Yes, ma’am—health of both mind and body; thanks, under God, to you and your *soft answer*.”

“I do not understand you, sir.”

“Well, ma’am, since you remember me at all, you must surely recollect the asperity of my unfortunate temper, and also the opposition which I manifested to Christianity. With rude words, and in a bitter spirit, I told you that I never would believe in it, intending to draw you into a controversy by means of which I could vent more of my ill-humor. You disappointed me. You only said—and with a look of much kindness—that you hoped I would yet believe in it, because there was a great joy and peace in doing so. Truly ‘a soft answer’ does ‘turn away wrath.’ These words went to my heart: I felt how little I deserved them; I felt that they were dictated by a spirit which realized the peace and joy of which you spoke—a mind at peace with God, with itself, and with all mankind. Oh, how different from my own! That moment I resolved to study the Book which had made you so happy, and so kind; and, in the meantime, to return none but *soft answers*, under any provocation.

“The endeavor to fulfil this resolution I commenced as soon as my servant joined me. He tried to make an excuse for not coming sooner, evidently not expecting that it would be received. He had met an old friend in the forepart of the boat, which had occasioned the delay of a few minutes, and I interrupted him by saying, quite naturally—it was of no consequence. He looked much surprised; and I observed that on our way home that day he was most assiduous in providing for my comfort and convenience. Imperfectly as I followed this good practice, I found, almost invariably, that the result of it was pleasant. I remembered your words about the disease of sin, and sought earnestly for the Physician Who alone can provide the remedy. To Him the Holy Spirit has, I trust, directed me; and there have I found peace and safety for my soul. Will you then, my kind friend, sometimes pray for me whom your *soft answer* was the



means of leading to God, that I may be enabled to serve and glorify that Saviour Who was delivered for our offences, and raised again for our justification?”

With a thankful heart Mrs. Mellis heard and witnessed the effects of her former interview with Mr. Sedley, and she was reminded of the wise man’s saying: “Cast thy bread upon the waters: for thou shalt find it after many days.”

*“He that goeth forth and weepeth, bearing precious seed, shall doubtless come again with rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him.” —Psalm 126:6*

*Questions—What Do You Think?*

1. It is obvious that Mr. Sedley was in very much pain from his gout. What emotion do you think he was feeling that caused him to be in such a bad temper?
2. Do you think Mr. Sedley’s servant was kind and treated him properly by walking away from him to another part of the boat?
3. What could Mrs. Mellis’ children have done to help their mother be a witness for the Lord?
4. Mr. Sedley hoped that he could argue with Mrs. Mellis, but she would not. Do you think that if Mrs. Mellis had argued with Mr. Sedley, her words and helpfulness would have produced the same results? Why?
5. Mr. Sedley decided to test God’s law of giving a soft answer to turn away wrath. Describe the change that it made in his heart.
6. Do you practice turning away wrath in your life? Sometimes do you feel like arguing and indulging in sin rather than returning wrath with a soft answer?

*Vocabulary*

abated	until the pain had somewhat <i>abated</i>
afforded	took the opportunity thus <i>afforded</i>
analogy	there may be some <i>analogy</i> in the cases
asperity	recollect the <i>asperity</i> of my unfortunate temper
assiduous	he was most <i>assiduous</i> in providing
condescend	he did not <i>condescend</i> to answer
contrived	other tracts she <i>contrived</i> to place
elapsed	some years <i>elapsed</i>
embodied	a few tracts which <i>embodied</i> scriptural truth
erroneous	it is an <i>erroneous</i> belief
gout	he was in fact suffering from an attack of <i>gout</i>
infallible	I had an <i>infallible</i> remedy for the gout
irascible	he had resumed his <i>irascible</i> look
judicious	too <i>judicious</i> to argue with an angry man
justification	and raised again for our <i>justification</i>
masthead	waving gently from its <i>masthead</i>
provocation	return none but soft answers, under any <i>provocation</i>
remedy	the Physician Who alone can provide the <i>remedy</i>
subversive	an erroneous belief, <i>subversive</i> of morality
tranquil	gliding away over the <i>tranquil</i> waters
unobtrusive	in her own quiet <i>unobtrusive</i> way
unruffled	the <i>unruffled</i> bosom of the harbor lay shining
vent	of which I could <i>vent</i> more of my ill-humor
yachts	a few pleasure <i>yachts</i> were moving lazily about

## Lesson XXX

### Glory to God

Give glory unto God on high,  
To Him Who arched the vaulted sky;  
Who mighty earth's circumference spanned;  
And weighed its waters in His hand;  
Who formed the countless orbs that gem  
Dark night's resplendent diadem;  
Gave life unto each living thing;  
Created man their earthly king,  
Then gave His Son for man to die:  
Give glory unto God on high.

Give glory to the Son Who came  
Clothed in our fleshly mortal frame;  
Who bare our sins, vouchsafed to give  
Himself to die that we might live;  
Was holy, harmless, undefiled,  
Patient when spurned, dumb when reviled;  
Who in the agonies of death  
Poured for His foes His parting breath;  
Was perfect God and man in one:  
Give glory to the incarnate Son.

Give glory to the Holy Ghost,  
Who on the day of Pentecost  
From heaven to earth in mercy came,  
Descending as in tongues of flame;  
The promised Comforter and Guide.  
Through Whom the soul is sanctified;  
Who still is manifest within,  
To prompt to good, convict of sin.  
Ye saints on earth, ye heavenly host,  
Give glory to the Holy Ghost.

*“For there are three that bear record in heaven, the Father, the Word, and the Holy Ghost: and these three are one.” —1 John 5:7*

### *Questions*

1. This poem uses very flowery and descriptive language in its descriptions. What do the “countless orbs that gem” represent?

### *What Do You Think?*

2. Authors can make us feel a certain way depending on their descriptions. With that thought in mind, how does this poem make you feel about God?
3. What do you think the poem is attempting to express to the reader?
4. After reading the poem, how do you view God? What do you think about Him?

*Vocabulary*

circumference	Who mighty earth's <i>circumference</i> spanned
diadem	dark night's resplendent <i>diadem</i>
frame	clothed in our fleshly mortal <i>frame</i>
gem	Who formed the countless orbs that <i>gem</i>
incarnate	give glory to the <i>incarnate</i> Son
manifest	Who still is <i>manifest</i> within
orbs	Who formed the countless <i>orbs</i> that gem
resplendent	dark night's <i>resplendent</i> diadem
reviled	patient when spurned, dumb when <i>reviled</i>
sanctified	through Whom the soul is <i>sanctified</i>
spurned	patient when <i>spurned</i> , dumb when reviled
undefiled	was holy, harmless, <i>undefiled</i>
vaulted	to Him Who arched the <i>vaulted</i> sky
vouchsafed	Who bare our sins, <i>vouchsafed</i> to give

Lesson XXXI  
In One Moment  
Part 1

It was a fresh spring day. Primroses and violets were raising their meek heads, moist with morning dew, to catch the cheering sunlight. Rose bushes were just beginning to unfold their bright green leaflets, and here and there a tiny, precocious bud might be discovered, hiding under some protecting twig, as if half afraid of showing itself so early. One or two of these might be seen peeping through the trellis fastened against a pretty house, not very many miles from London.

In one of the rooms in the spacious house sat a young girl about fifteen years of age. She was busily engaged in packing a small box with children's clothing that was to be sent to a London clergyman's wife to be distributed amongst the poor. Many of the little garments Jessie Gwynne had made with her own hands; others were the work of her mother; and it was with real satisfaction—for she possessed a kind-hearted, loving disposition—that she saw her task approaching completion.

“They will like these little frocks and nice warm petticoats so much,” she said to herself in a pleased tone, as she carefully laid them together. Whilst she was thus engaged, the drawing room door opened.

“I want to send a dinner to old Susan Rogers, Jessie; she will be pleased if you take it to her yourself.”

“Oh, yes, Mother, of course I will!”

“Cook tells me it is quite ready now,” continued Mrs. Gwynne, her hand still upon the door.

“I will come directly, Mother.”

Mrs. Gwynne paused for a moment; then sighed gently as she turned away. With all her good nature and real love for both her parents, Jessie Gwynne had one deep-rooted fault, which was the source of the greatest grief to them both: that of procrastination. Many a time had they together prayed that she might be given grace to combat this failing, which, alas! appeared but to strengthen with her growth.

Nearly a quarter of an hour elapsed before Jessie was ready to take old Susan her dinner.

“There,” she exclaimed, addressing the box, which was at best very hurriedly packed—“there; that is done. Now I will go!”

“The dinner is not so hot as it might be, Miss, I’m afraid,” said the cook, as she handed her young mistress the neat little basket.

“Oh, never mind! I will run all the way to make up for lost time,” was the good-natured reply. “Good-bye, Mamma,” she added, rushing in to give her mother a last kiss before starting; and she was out of the hall door in an instant.

“Down, Rover, down!” she ejaculated, as Mr. Gwynne’s favorite dog rushed with a sudden bound of joyous recognition toward her. It was too late, however. The shock had knocked the basket out of her hand, overturning it, and precipitating its contents to the ground. There lay the shattered remains of plate and basin, soup, meat, and pudding in a mingled heap. The gardener, on going to his dinner, had at that moment unchained Rover. If Jessie had at once followed her mother’s bidding, no accident would have occurred. The young girl was really penitent this time. No other dinner could be provided that day, and the consciousness that she had deprived the poor woman of a good and wholesome meal gave her real pain. Many were the tears she shed, as she showed her parents the broken fragments.



“You must really try hard, darling, to overcome this grievous failing,” said Mr. Gwynne kindly, as he drew her into the house.

“I will, Papa; indeed I will,” replied the girl, sobbing. Next day old Susan received a dinner at the right hour, and for a short time things went on better.

At a little distance from the Gwynnes’ house stood a fine old country mansion, surrounded by beautiful grounds. Here lived the



Honorable Mrs. Fullerton, with her grandchild Ella. The latter was much attached to Jessie. The two girls had been friends from their infancy, and Mr. and Mrs. Gwynne gladly encouraged an intimacy which they felt could not but benefit their beloved child. Self-forgetting, prompt and gentle Ella was an example of all that was good and worthy of emulation.

“I shall drive over to Easton Park tomorrow, Ella, to wish Mrs. Strickland good-bye,” said Mrs. Fullerton one afternoon, a few days after the occurrence mentioned above.

“Will you, Grandma?”

“Yes, she leaves tomorrow, and, as she is going abroad, it may be many years before we meet again.”

“Oh, of course you must go, Grandma! And may I ask Jessie to drive over with us?”

Mrs. Fullerton hesitated for an instant. She, too, was fond of Jessie. The Gwynnes kept no carriage, and many a pleasant drive and picnic party fell to the girl’s share, owing to the kindness of Ella’s grandmother.

“You may, my dear; only go at once,” added the old lady, emphasizing the last words, and smiling as she spoke.

“You really are too harsh, Grandma,” replied Ella good-humoredly. “Jessie is terribly procrastinating, I know; but she is so kind and loving, and I am sure she will get over it all someday,” she added confidently; “and then you will love her quite. Won’t you, Grandma?”

“I shall.”

Mrs. Fullerton recognized only too gladly the affection displayed by her grandchild for her young friend. She could not but admire her patience and forbearance with the latter, which was the more commendable, as Ella was herself most conscientiously exact, leaving any occupation, no matter how important in her own eyes, to follow her beloved grandmother’s behest.

At about the hour in which this conversation was taking place between Mrs. Fullerton and her granddaughter, Mr. Gwynne entered the drawing room at his own house, bearing an open letter.

“Poor Frank has been suddenly taken very ill,” he said gravely, putting the letter into his wife’s hand.

“And Mary wants you to go and see him?” questioned his wife, before even glancing at the letter.

“She does, Janet; but”—and he laid his hand tenderly upon his wife’s arm, and looked affectionately into her face—“I do not like leaving you both behind; but I shall be back again tomorrow evening.”

“You must go,” said his wife persuasively, although tears were very near her eyes.

“You always make everything easy,” was the grateful reply; and then Mr. Gwynne ran upstairs. “Jessie,” he called, as he passed his daughter’s room, “run downstairs to Mother.”

“Directly, Papa,” answered Jessie.

Mr. Gwynne made a few necessary preparations for his departure, and in some ten minutes’ time descended the staircase, quite ready for his journey. In the drawing room he found his wife in her bonnet and cloak, quietly waiting to accompany him to the station.

“Where is Jessie?” he asked, with a look of surprise.

“I have not seen her. I thought you would call her on your way upstairs.”

“And so I did,” he replied anxiously.

“Here I am, Papa!” exclaimed Jessie, darting breathlessly into the room. “I only waited for a moment, just to finish something. I had no idea that time went so fast.”

“We never realize the flight of time, darling, or how rapidly our lives are fleeting.”

He was thinking of the brother who was lying on a bed of suffering, to whom he was on the point of hastening.

Jessie was saddened for an instant; then, looking inquiringly from one of her parents to the other—

“Where are you going, Mother?” she asked.

“Your Uncle Frank has been taken ill suddenly, and Father must go to see him. I am going with him to the station.”

“Oh, Papa—poor Uncle!” exclaimed Jessie, the tears starting as she spoke. “May I not go with you?”

“No, we have not one moment to lose,” and he advanced toward the door.

“I shall call to see poor old Susan on my way back, Jessie, so you will have plenty of time to finish what you were doing.”

“Yes, Mother.” This was said in a choking voice.

“Come and kiss me, Jessie,” said her father, as he laid his hand upon the door, “and take good care of Mother while I am away. Tomorrow evening will, I trust, see me back with you again.”

Jessie held up a sorrowful face to be kissed. She instinctively felt that had she gone downstairs when her father called her, she might have made one of the party in going to the station, and she experienced a feeling of loneliness as she watched the departure of her loving parents, although not one word of reproach had been uttered by either of them. Returning to her bedroom, she resumed her occupation of pasting pictures in a scrapbook which her father had given her a day or two previously, and, in her eagerness to get on, soon forgot that she had been left alone.

Meanwhile Mr. and Mrs. Gwynne pursued their way to the station, and the latter, after taking leave of her husband, made poor old Susan Rogers happy by paying her a long visit.

*To be continued . . .*

*“As vinegar to the teeth, and as smoke to the eyes, so is the sluggard to them that send him.” —Proverbs 10:26*

### Questions

1. Describe Jessie's friend Ella's character in comparison to Jessie's.
2. How did Ella, as Jessie's closest friend, display her love for Jessie?
3. Read the first paragraph of the lesson and describe what you see in your mind's eye, taking special note of the descriptions given.
4. Describe Jessie Gwynne's overall character.
5. How did it make Jessie feel when she suffered the consequences of her procrastination?

### What Do You Think?

6. Thinking about your life, do you ever procrastinate and wait until the last minute to do something? Why or why not?

### Vocabulary

abroad	she leaves tomorrow, and, as she is going <i>abroad</i>
behest	to follow her beloved grandmother's <i>behest</i>
clergyman	to be sent to a London <i>clergyman's</i> wife
ejaculated	"Down, Rover, down!" she <i>ejaculated</i>
emulation	all that was good and worthy of <i>emulation</i>
grounds	country mansion, surrounded by beautiful <i>grounds</i>
intimacy	Mr. and Mrs. Gwynne gladly encouraged an <i>intimacy</i>
leaflets	beginning to unfold their bright green <i>leaflets</i>
mingled	basin, soup, meat, and pudding in a <i>mingled</i> heap
petticoats	these little frocks and nice warm <i>petticoats</i> so much
precipitating	and <i>precipitating</i> its contents to the ground
precocious	a tiny, <i>precocious</i> bud might be discovered
sluggard	so is the <i>sluggard</i> to them that send him
trellis	peeping through the <i>trellis</i> fastened against a pretty house

## Lesson XXXII

### In One Moment

#### Part 2

So engrossed was Jessie with her work that her mother's return came upon her as a pleasant surprise.

"Mother, I am so glad to have you back again," she exclaimed, jumping up from her seat, and embracing her mother affectionately.

"I am sure you are," and as Mrs. Gwynne looked tenderly at her, her fears lest the girl should have felt lonely vanished as she noted the bright expression in her looks.

"See, Mother, I shall fill it today," Jessie went on, "and shall be able to surprise Father with it tomorrow. Will it not be delightful?"

"It will indeed. And, by the way, we will surprise Father with something else," continued Mrs. Gwynne, as she turned to leave the room. "I have been hiding several buds on the climbing rose tree, on purpose for him, and we will cut them this evening, as I think we shall have a wet night, and they would be spoiled."

"Oh, yes, Mother!"

Mrs. Gwynne left her and went into the garden.

Shortly after the above conversation between mother and daughter, Ella made her way across the park to invite her friend to share the proposed drive on the morrow. As she walked along, the beauty all around her filled her heart with admiration, and raised her young heart toward the Creator of this glorious world: "Thou openest thine hand, they are filled with good." These words recurred vividly to her mind, as she noted the stirring life in every tree and

flower. How every blade of grass held up its bright green stem! How soft and varied were the cowslips and the orchids, and how the yellow daffodil glowed with pleasure in its new found existence! Each bird, too, as it chirped or twittered forth its tiny song; how did they all speak of enjoyment! And did not their song, gentle though it was, trill forth praise and gratitude to their Maker?

“It is a lovely world,” thought Ella, as she quickly went her way—“a world of beauty and of happiness, yet but a faint picture of that happiness which is to come.”

The park was soon traversed, and Ella entered the path leading to the Gwynnes’ house, and rang at the hall door, which stood wide open. On her inquiry as to whether Miss Gwynne was at home, the servant replied in the affirmative, and Ella was shown into the drawing room.

Jessie did not like being disturbed by a knock at her door.

“Miss Fullerton, Miss.”

“Oh!” and her face brightened again. “I will come down directly.” Ella prepared to wait for Jessie, but this time the latter did not keep her as long as usual.

“Ah, Ella!” she said, running into the room and greeting her affectionately. “You just came at the right moment. I had got to the end of a page, and I made up my mind to come down before I began another.”

“I wish you would always be equally prompt, Jessie,” responded her friend, smiling.

“I wish I could, but it is such a bore to leave off anything in which you are interested, for something else.”

“Do you think so? I never felt that. It is much easier than you think; but I am not going to preach,” she went on, seeing Jessie look a little impatient. The invitation for the drive was given and gratefully accepted, and the girls continued to converse together for some little time, Jessie telling her friend of her uncle’s illness and

her father's consequent absence, and receiving the kindest sympathy from her.

"I am sorry I have not seen your mother," said Ella, as she rose to go.

"Oh, yes! She is gone into the garden. We will go and find her if you like."

"Not now, Jessie. Grandmother will expect me back; but you will give her my best love."

"I will."

The friends parted. Jessie returned to her room, and once more eagerly took up the work she was bent on finishing that evening. Ella had scarcely left her a few minutes when she heard her mother's step upon the staircase.

"We will go and cut the roses now, Jessie," said Mrs. Gwynne, looking into her room.

"Oh, yes, Mother; I will come directly!"

"Very well."

Mrs. Gwynne descended, and waited for a few moments in the dining room. As Jessie had not yet made her appearance, she went out at the front door, and walked round to the side of the house where the roses grew. Against the wall stood a ladder, which the gardener had left there, intending to give the tree its spring clipping.

"I wish Jessie would come," thought Mrs. Gwynne, as she waited a moment longer. Jessie did not come, however.

"It is quite safe, I suppose," said her mother, as she placed one foot upon the ladder. It appeared to be firmly fixed, and she went on. First one, and then another bright bud was plucked. Already a lovely fresh nosegay was in her hand when she perceived, just a little to her right, one rose even more beautiful than the rest.

"I must have that one," she thought as she stretched out her right arm, the ladder that had hitherto borne her slight weight swayed suddenly on one side.

“Jessie!” she called aloud. Jessie heard her mother’s voice through the open window.

“In one moment, Mother.” The next instant she heard a crash, but she did not hear the groan that burst from her mother’s lips as she fell heavily to the ground.

“Oh, that dreadful Rover!” ejaculated Jessie, springing up. “He has knocked something down again!”

Meanwhile Ella had experienced a strange longing to see Mrs. Gwynne. She lingered almost against her will in the lane at the back of the garden, and, on hearing a noise, was impelled to rush back to the house.

The sight that met her gaze was a terrible one. Poor Jessie was bending over her mother, calling upon her in heart-broken accents to speak to her, but no sound could reach the ears of Mrs. Gwynne, who was lying unconscious on the ground. The broken ladder and the scattered rosebuds told their own tale.

“Oh, Ella, I have killed her!” exclaimed the agonized girl. “Can no one help me?” she cried aloud, as the servants, attracted by the stir, now came scurrying forward.

“God can help you, Jessie,” whispered Ella, “to bear this trial—however great it may be,” she added in a faltering voice; “but we must do what we can.”

Two things had to be done without delay—to send for a doctor, and to telegraph Mr. Gwynne to return. How interminably long those moments seemed, as Jessie sat waiting by her mother’s bedside, holding the lifeless hand that so often caressed her! Would the doctor never come? Ah, how could she bear it all?

The ordeal was indeed a terrible one, but the doctor did come at last; and before Ella Fullerton left her friend—fearing her grandmother might feel anxious at her long stay—she had the satisfaction to learn that, although Mrs. Gwynne had been rendered unconscious by striking her head in falling, her recovery was



certainly to be expected.

“God bless you, Jessie!” was all her friend said, as she left her, promising to return early on the following morning. Jessie only clasped her hands in response.

Not long after Ella’s departure, as she sat eagerly straining every nerve to catch her mother’s breathing, the latter suddenly opened her eyes.

“My darling!” she murmured groggily.

Oh, the burst of happiness, of gratitude, that filled Jessie’s heart as she drank in those tender words! She could only kiss her beloved parent over and over again, but speech could find no utterance.

Mrs. Gwynne closed her eyes again and soon fell into a quiet sleep. The doctor, who had purposely been watching his patient from a distance, now came forward, and, enjoining the strictest quiet, left her to Jessie’s care, knowing that his presence was no longer essential.

Left to herself, the girl had time to reflect upon that fault, which, but for God’s mercy, would have brought upon her father and herself life-long misery. Had it not nearly been the cause of the death of the beloved mother for whom she would willingly have given her own life? She well knew that if she had accompanied her mother into the garden, she would either have climbed the ladder herself, or by holding it for her mother have prevented the accident. The prayer for future firmness and strength then offered up by a penitent heart was heard and answered.

By the time Mr. Gwynne returned, Jessie was perfectly calm. Receiving him herself, she told him all—how she alone had been the cause of her mother’s accident, at the same time giving him the assurance (repeated to her meanwhile by the doctor, who had paid a second visit) that her mother was quite out of danger.

“Thank God, my child, thank God!” was all that her father could say. Then clasping her for one moment to his heart, he sought his

wife's room.

The meeting between all three was a touching one indeed. How the accident occurred was never more alluded to by either parent.

On the following morning Mrs. Gwynne felt strong enough herself to place in her husband's hand a little bouquet of faded rosebuds, which Jessie, with many tears, had tenderly collected in the gravel path under the climbing rose tree.

*“Thou hast set our iniquities before thee, our secret sins in the light of thy countenance. For all our days are passed away in thy wrath: we spend our years as a tale that is told.”* —Psalm 90:8-9

### *Lesson Notes*

In parts one and two of this story, we have a lesson about procrastination and its consequences. The main lesson we learn is that when we are asked to do something, we should do it right away and not delay. A second lesson we can learn from the story is that if we are procrastinating, we need to look further to see what is causing us to act this way. In this lesson Jessie was selfish and always worrying about getting done what she wanted to get done. If she had learned to put others first, she would have solved her sin of procrastination. A third lesson, and the most important lesson from this story we can learn, is that we will suffer the consequences of our actions. Our sin will have consequences for us and many times for those around us. We will always reap consequences for our sin.

### *Questions—What Do You Think?*

1. Look through the story or read it again and look for a pattern that will point to the cause for Jessie's procrastination. There is one sin which always caused Jessie's delay.
2. After reading about Ella's admiration for God and His beauty, describe how it made you feel.

3. Which action do you think Jessie’s father would have preferred: Jessie finishing her scrapbook for him, or obeying her mother and joining her in the garden when she was asked? Explain your answer.
4. Was there any way Jessie could make up for the consequences of her procrastination? Explain why.
5. This story demonstrates how pride and selfishness can lead us to procrastinate and put ourselves first instead of others. Think about your daily life, and list some ways in which you can put others first.

*Vocabulary*

affirmative	the servant replied in the <i>affirmative</i>
consequent	her uncle’s illness and her father’s <i>consequent</i> absence
essential	his presence was no longer <i>essential</i>
groggily	“My darling!” she murmured <i>groggily</i>
hitherto	the ladder that had <i>hitherto</i> borne her slight weight
impelled	was <i>impelled</i> to rush back to the house
interminably	how <i>interminably</i> long those moments seemed
latter	the <i>latter</i> suddenly opened her eyes
morrow	to share the proposed drive on the <i>morrow</i>
nosegay	a lovely fresh <i>nosegay</i> was in her hand
recurred	these words <i>recurred</i> vividly to her mind
scurrying	now came <i>scurrying</i> forward

## Lesson XXXIII

Greatheart

Part 1

Koapena

The missionary sang softly and happily to himself as he strode swiftly and surely along the narrow ledge. High over his speck-like figure rose the black, sheer walls of the mighty gorge, up to where a broad band of deep blue sky beamed, and far below they dropped down to where the white waters tumbled and roared as though lusting to engulf the presumptuous, daring, white, tiny creature. Ahead and above towered the central peak, drawing about its sharp height clouds of whitest sheen, that rolled and bulged in slow threats of danger to the careless. Somewhere behind these vast buttresses of the firmament the afternoon sun blazed, sweeping the sky and the clouds, glorifying their blue and white. Within the gorge the light it shed softened gradually until in the depths where the white waters swirled was the abiding gloom of solemn night. Great sprays of ferns and lilies burst from the rare crevices of the walls, and the isolated ledges were carpeted and fringed with them.

The missionary loved to range such high, perilous paths and found relief and inspiration in the hazard to attain, pressing ever nearer and nearer the central, upthrust volcanic peak. He recovered his hopes in the beauty and the grandeur. He took holiday here to give to his ears the clash of water and the rustling of pendant grasses in the stead of the screams and clamor of barbarous men, and to his eyes these lines of unreckonable vastness, this green and black and

shining blue and white, in the place of the squat and huddled huts and scowling faces that blemished even the scorched grass and trees and white sand far down by the sea. His soul found healing and refreshment in the glory above and the gloom beneath.

So, this afternoon, he adventured these ledges: a tiny, dull-white figure, moving oddly and precariously, making an insect's progress along the vast expanse of sheer black wall. He sang when the path allowed, swinging along crushing the ferns. But his song ceased when he steadied himself to jump a break in the ledge that gave past his toes a glint of deep-sunk water, or when he reached out with stretched and tense fingertips to pull himself up to the next higher possible portion of his path. Sometimes the song broke out loud and strong as he reached a broad space on which grew banana trees twenty feet high, and he stood and gazed at the marvelous glory that beckoned him through the leaves to mount upward and still further upward.

The missionary was young, a man of bone and muscle, who stood upright and moved with ease and energy. He wore a white shirt and trousers, too light to cumber the smooth, full muscles in their free play. His face and head were well molded, and the lines of his features were firm and true, expressing, indeed, inner qualities dependably true. He had open, glad, fearless eyes and a mouth made to laugh and sing, ready with a smile as gentle as his mother's.

He was not a man to look back, and so he did not know that a man followed him along the ledges, moving more quickly, more stealthily, gaining on him.

This man's figure was harder to define in the gloom and against the dark background. He wore no white clothes to distinguish him—he wore no clothes at all save a loin girdle of grass. His bare skin was dark, his unshod feet left the grasses unruffled. He was more noxious, more congruous with the depth and darkness of the place than the man he followed. His head was bent low; if his eyes slanted

up, it was in a line that rose no higher than the dull-white figure in front. So he ran, crouching, as one after prey. The hand that swung over the immeasurable depth where the river ran held a light spear.

His body was big and strong, great muscles bunched over the massive frame. He was a son of Anak, built to fight and slay. A human jawbone hung round his neck and tapped the rhythm of his pace upon the bones of his chest. His features were prominent, wearing now a sullen veil. There was a light in his eyes like shaded fire. His swollen, vehement lips belched forth a mutter of murder.

“Now is the hour of my slaying, now, now. Hath he not filled Takau with evil? Hath he not poisoned her love for me? Am not I, Koapena, whom she did love, left desolate? Does not the hut that I built to shelter her stay empty? But in the doorway of that hut I will hang his every white bone to rattle in my ears as I go in and as I pass out!”

He drew up to the missionary hand over fist.

The missionary reached a broad ledge, an easy pathway. He stepped lightly as far as its middle, looking ahead. The pursuer clambered on to it and stretched himself for a quick run, eager to launch his spear.

At the same moment, springing lightly as a fawn round a bend of the broad ledge before the missionary, came another figure that hesitated, and then ran to meet him, calling: “Oihee! Missionaree! Oihee!”

It was a woman’s figure, dressed in white garments, a red blossom fixed in her dark hair, waving a spray of lilies above her head, that hastened to meet the missionary.

She rapidly drew nearer the missionary, faster than his pursuer behind him, whom she could not see at once. Suddenly she caught sight of a bare arm and an uplifted spear. She stopped dead in her tracks and screamed out in a moment: “Oh, Missionaree!”

“What, Takau?” he called, leaping forward.

The spear, thrown with violence, glanced on his shoulder, was deflected upwards slightly, and flew and pierced the fluttering dress of the woman, and—the missionary saw it in sudden horror—it bit deep into the flesh of her thigh. She stood swaying and, before she could be reached, fell sideways over the ledge.

With an instant's chill on every nerve both the missionary and his pursuer, now beside him, watched her slide down, head foremost, with a sudden rush of speed, a smooth, inclined track of lava, long ago deposited on the great precipice.

There was a narrow ledge, tufted and fringed with ferns, one hundred feet below their own. The body of the woman collided with it, a stiff out-thrown arm striking first.

The body was brought up in its career with a jerk. It toppled over slowly and would have fallen from there, unimpeded, to the roaring waters below but that the arm, forced through the tangle of ferns, sustained it. Now her body, strangely twisted, swung, pendulum-like, to and fro over the abyss, straining at the stems of the ferns.

The men, the white and the black, fixed in a stooping posture, watching absorbed, saw that the roots of the ferns would hold only a short period; they could see them give with each swing, give and loosen in the soil. They waited, unbreathing, unmoving, to see her slip away suddenly, the red blossom in her hair against the white lilies in her hand to be the last brief vision in the gloom of the depths.

It seemed a miracle that the roots still held.

Suddenly the missionary roused himself. He stirred, dropping into a sitting position on the edge. He cast a quick look in Koapena's face, fixed like a mask of terror carved out of stone.

“It's a chance,” he breathed huskily. “You stay here and help—if you're needed.”

Spreading out his arm to increase the friction, he slipped over, and, feet foremost, slid after the woman. The native watcher, alone now, shook with the sudden hope, and followed with fascinated

gaze the progress of the missionary. He had not a long watch.

The white form of the missionary, braced against the smooth rock, shot downwards. Before it struck the lower ledge, the feet were tilted forward a little so that, beautifully gauged, they were driven through the entangled fringe of ferns. Even with that elastic check the body toppled forward within an inch of total disappearance.

But the check enabled the missionary to clutch at the ferns. He swung himself upright on the ledge, bent immediately, and with an easy hoist lifted the woman beside him. He peered into her face as he supported her.

“Missionary,” called a harsh, insistent voice—“Takau, is she—”





“Alive, thank God,” cried the missionary.

But the rescue was incomplete. The missionary looked right and left. The ledge he was on ran to nothing at both ends, but one end sloped up almost to meet the broader ledge on which stood Koapena. Koapena, watching the missionary, dog-like, saw as he saw. Therefore, when the missionary called out, “The far end. It’s just possible,” he understood, and ran to the spot above the last few tapering inches of the lower edge that afforded an approach possible to a man cool and strong enough to dare a great improbability.

The missionary went more warily. He had to carry Takau by one arm, pressing her body like his own in an upright position against the face of the rock. He shuffled the last narrowing yards one foot at a time, knowing a false poise to be irredeemable, yet with thoughts too inflexibly confined to his task to permit either consideration of the fact or agitation in consequence of it. His will maintained the correctness of his balance, the unflagging suppleness of the sinews of his instep. His white face, scraping the rock, was as rigid as the rock.

But Koapena was still a watcher. His senses as yet had no other demand on them than to listen to the water in the depths sputtering with anger, as it seemed, at the delay of its victim, to see the chips of rock that fell away beneath the missionary’s feet, or with the nerve-sensitiveness of a savage to feel in his own body the niceties and agonies of the work of the muscles of the other man.

“Stay,” he whispered in a harsh breath at last, his head and chest over the abyss.

His turn was due now, for which he was well prepared. He seized matted grasses in one hand, thrust his feet in the stout, twisted roots of a shrub, and sliding his body over the edge, hung there, hammock-like stretching down his free hand; he could not reach. He wriggled, strained his body; he could not reach. He allowed his feet to slip a root or two; he could not reach. He thrust his fingertips

downwards, his skin stretched tight as a drum; he could not reach.

“Missionary,” he whispered again, choking, “push Takau up.”

The missionary, though he could not see, realized the plan. He gripped Takau’s dress tightly with his fingers, and moved his arm upward, stiffly. Takau’s head rose. The missionary’s body bent sideways. Takau moved still higher.

A guttural warning came from Koapena. The missionary felt Takau’s weight leaving his arm. She slid upwards away from him, moving through his stationary, encircling arm.

Koapena had his fingers in the girl’s hair, crushing the red blossom. His great muscles drew up hugely. He lifted the girl over his body and pushed her into safety on the ledge.

“Reach up your hand, Missionary,” he gasped.

The missionary slid up his hand until it touched another and gripped instantly. He raised his other hand, took a second hold, and the rest was easy to both.

As he stood on the ledge the missionary straightened himself, and with a smile on his white lips held out his hand. Koapena gripped it and wrung it with both of his. Neither made attempt to speak, but looked eye to eye, the missionary’s steadfast and mild, the savage’s flickering and misty.

Koapena bore Takau like a child in his arms as they raced down the awkward path with the sound of the booming surf and the cries of the villagers growing rapidly nearer.

*To be continued . . .*

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

### *Lesson Notes*

There are many points to be pondered in this lesson. The first and greatest would be the lesson of love. The missionary risked his

life to save Takau, which was a display of true love for another. The missionary not only risked his life to save her, he also put his life in the hands and trust of Koapena, who had just tried to kill him. The missionary trusted God to care for his safety, even in the hands of a murderer.

A second and more abstract point to ponder is that we have this beautiful majestic nature scene that God has created, and on this canvas there are sinful man committing sin and making it dirty and unpleasant.

*Questions—What Do You Think?*

1. What thoughts run through your mind as you read the descriptions of the scenery and of the mountains as the missionary is climbing? What are you feeling as the missionary makes his climb?
2. As the author advances the story and shows you how Koapena is chasing the missionary to attempt to kill him, how do your feelings change?
3. Describe what thoughts you think went through the missionary's mind before he slid off of the edge of the cliff to save Takau.
4. The missionary risked his life to attempt to save Takau. What do you think Koapena thought about the missionary after Takau was rescued?
5. Put yourself in the missionary's shoes and go through the events in the story. How do you think you would have reacted in the missionary's situation? There is not a correct answer; just write your thoughts.

*Vocabulary*

barbarous	the screams and clamor of <i>barbarous</i> men
blemished	scowling faces that <i>blemished</i> even the scorched grass
buttresses	behind these vast <i>buttresses</i> of the firmament
collided	the body of the woman <i>collided</i> with it

congruous	he was more noxious, more <i>congruous</i> with the depth and darkness
ferns	sprays of <i>ferns</i> and lilies burst from the rare crevices
firmament	behind these vast buttresses of the <i>firmament</i>
gorge	within the <i>gorge</i> the light it shed softened gradually
guttural	a <i>guttural</i> warning came from Koapena
inflexibly	thoughts too <i>inflexibly</i> confined to his task
irredeemable	knowing a false poise to be <i>irredeemable</i>
massive	great muscles bunched over the <i>massive</i> frame
noxious	he was more <i>noxious</i> , more congruous with the depth
poise	knowing a false <i>poise</i> to be irredeemable
precariously	moving oddly and <i>precariously</i>
precipice	long ago deposited on the great <i>precipice</i>
presumptuous	the <i>presumptuous</i> , daring, white, tiny creature
sheer	along the vast expanse of <i>sheer</i> black wall
sinews	the unflagging suppleness of the <i>sinews</i> of his instep
suppleness	the unflagging <i>suppleness</i> of the sinews of his instep
tapering	the spot above the last few <i>tapering</i> inches of the lower edge
unflagging	the <i>unflagging</i> suppleness of the sinews of his instep
unreckonable	these lines of <i>unreckonable</i> vastness
vehement	his swollen, <i>vehement</i> lips belched forth a mutter

## Lesson XXXIV

Greatheart

Part 2

A New Name

In the evening of that day the missionary sat in his hut, amid a revel of cheery chatter and laughter. With him were two children, a native boy and girl, who held slates in their hands, and the restless fingers and quick, shining eyes played a new game for “the pleasure of the missionary.” They compared quaint alphabetical signs in uncontrollable merriment.

A voice pitched low came in through the door from a distance: “Missionary.”

The missionary stepped quickly to the door. Shrinking back on the verge of the expanding light cast from the hut door stood a tall figure.

The missionary turned his head.

“Run to Mother now, children,” he said.

They were gone in a moment. He called softly: “Come in, Koapena, I am alone.”

He withdrew into the hut, and turned his lamp low and seated himself. With soft footfall Koapena entered. He sat down face to face with the missionary, for it was not fear that humbled him.

He was silent awhile, searching the eyes of the missionary.

“Missionary,” he said at last, “you do not fear me, you do not fear my people, even when we are very angry. You do not fear the great rocks, nor the spirits that hiss like serpents in the waters that

run deep in the mountains. You tell us that you serve Jesus; is it Jesus that makes you braver than we are? You bear no malice. You love us all who have hated you. You are a wise medicine man. Yet you spend your time teaching little children to make marks on those flat stones”—he pointed to the slates. “Is it Jesus that makes you more kind than we are?”

Koapena paused, waiting for an answer before he continued.

“I have told you the story of Jesus, Koapena. Think of it, oh, think of it! It is true I am not brave or kind except that His love constrains me.”

“Well, Missionary, although His servants are men, He makes them more than men, too good for men. Today I set out to kill you, as I have killed many other men; I hated you, as I have hated many other men; but you saved Takau. I love Takau, and I think and think because you saved her. And what I think is this, I want to be like you—”

“No, not like me, Koapena, like my Master.”

“And I have come to ask you”—he held out pleading hands—“will He take me and make me brave and kind, without fear of the spirits themselves, and gentle in my strength, like a mother whose babe is sick?”

“Kaopena, let us ask Him.”

“That will be well, Missionary, for now I believe He will.”

The missionary knelt.

One night, not many days after, they walked together on the white sands where the great combers ran in from the sea and broke into leaping hills of foam, and talked intimately as men and brothers.

“Koapena,” said the missionary, “there is a tale told of a man named Greatheart, which I will tell thee at length, hereafter. He was given the work I am about to give thee. Greatheart said of himself:

“‘I am a servant of the God of heaven; my business is to persuade sinners to repentance.

“ ‘I have it in commission to comfort the feeble-minded, and to support the weak.

“ ‘I have a commandment to resist sin, to overcome evil, to fight the good fight of faith.’

“Jesus wants this work to be done among thine own people, Koapena; are you ready to do it?”

“I am ready,” responded Koapena, gravely and softly.

“Here is water. Let me baptize you. I have a new name to baptize thee with, Koapena. Be true henceforth to thy name in Christ—Greatheart!”

In the village the tale of the missionary’s daring spread rapidly. Many were the praises of the men, while the eyes of the women followed him big with wonder and admiration. Before, everybody had tended to respect him; after, even the hardest and the worst loved the strong, gentle man, and some almost idolized him.

So he presumed now to ask them to build him a church. The enthusiastic were ready to start at once; the incorrigible went so far as to promise assistance, many of them intending to keep their promise. A building therefore began to rise.

One day, as he held a heavy plank above his head for the missionary to nail to its place, Greatheart said nervously: “Missionary, when the church is ready, will you marry Takau and me at the first service?”

“Oh, with pleasure, Greatheart. Then does Takau agree?” asked the missionary, with the nails in his mouth.

“Yes, it is her wish.”

“My congrats, old man,” murmured the missionary to Greatheart’s puzzlement.

The marriage was a supreme event; the church was packed. Every native who could walk was present. There were marvelous singing, curious outcries—and a great collection of many baskets full of fragrant and sightly treasures. On the missionary’s suggestion, the collection was voted as a wedding present.

Many were added to the Church; the village became a better place. In his sleep the missionary dreamed now and then of a subtropical New Jerusalem.

In all this great work Greatheart played a worthy part, terrorizing the evildoer with his stern penetration and reproof, encouraging the willing, and sustaining the weak.

The missionary and he became as David and Jonathan.

They were both in constant request in other parts of the island. There were calls even from other islands. Crossing in Greatheart's canoe, they paid several visits and preached the Gospel to these poor natives also.

On one occasion they had been away a week. Anxious to return, they set off in the night and paddled hard for their own island. As the day broke they rested and looked at the dim outlines of the island. Greatheart peered uneasily. He stood up and strained forward.

“What is it, Greatheart?”

He replied at last, taking up his paddle. “A ship, anchored by the village.”

The missionary gripped his paddle. They put their full strength into their strokes. After an interval the missionary requested: “Look again, Greatheart.”

Greatheart stood up, swaying with the surge of the canoe. He sat down with a groan and snatched up his paddle.

“A bad ship; I know it.”

“A Queenslander? A slave ship?”

“Yes, Missionary.”

“Let us pray God to restrain their hands,” said the missionary, bending his back anew.

The water rippled and gurgled by them. They flew toward the land. As they drew near they heard a shrill outcry that rose above the boom of the surf. They shot through the passage in the reef, under the great bows of the brig, and through the surf shearing the



white sand.

They ran together to the village. They heard an increasing clamor, a sudden shot, and then dead silence. They reached the village.

There was a great ring of natives, men with clubs and spears. A small, solid body of sailors stood among them, holding guns and cutlasses ready to use in their hands, and carrying ropes and iron fetters.

Somehow there was a truce, for at the moment nobody moved or spoke. Something held them in awe.

Greatheart saw first a woman's body extended on the ground, clad in white, the purity of which was being stained by an issue of red blood from her chest.

Standing over her, a pistol in his hand, was a tall, bearded man, the captain of the kidnappers.

Greatheart stopped, rocking. A choking cry broke from his lips. "Takau."

The people looked round and gave a shout.

"Oh, Missionary, he has shot Takau."

The missionary stepped forward authoritatively. But before him Greatheart sprang with an imprecation, his eyes ablaze, his face working, and crouching suddenly seized the captain. He sought to crush him in his great, eager, working hands. Some of the sailors raised their guns, but the missionary leaped upon Greatheart and clutched his wrists, and held them in an overmastering grip.

Greatheart's pulses throbbed in the missionary's hand; Greatheart's breath burned the missionary's face.

"Remember Jesus, Greatheart," whispered the missionary, looking sadly into the fiery eyes of the savage.

Greatheart dropped his head and relaxed his muscles. The captain slid to the ground. Greatheart turned from his enemy and looked for his wife. She was being borne to shelter by some of the

women. He followed her, decrepit, choking, his mind and heart torn to shreds.

The missionary turned to the sailors, his face stern and white.

“Go,” he commanded, “I will take care of your captain. You cannot.”

They hesitated, turned about, and trudged abashed to their boat.

The missionary stood over the captain. Many men were round him holding their spears with itching hands. He spoke to them softly.

“Let him alone, brothers. He has broken our hearts but we will give him to his God. Who will lend me a hand?”

One of them moved a step dubiously. The missionary gave him a wistful smile of encouragement, and together they carried the captain to the missionary’s hut. But some followed with unrestful spears.

*To be continued . . .*

*“Then said Jesus, Father, forgive them; for they know not what they do. And they parted his raiment, and cast lots.” —Luke 23:34*

### *Questions*

1. When Koapena described why he wanted to become a Christian, what did he describe about the missionary that caused him to want to love Jesus?
2. What was it that Greatheart was going to do for Jesus?
3. Describe Greatheart’s feelings when he saw that his wife had been shot by the captain.
4. Why didn’t the missionary allow Greatheart, in his anger, to harm the captain?

*What Do You Think?*

5. When Koapena was telling the missionary everything he liked about him, what do you think it would have been easy for the missionary to do if he had been proud?
6. When others in your life do wrong to you, do you forgive them or do you try to get back at them? Give a few examples.

*Vocabulary*

abashed	turned about, and trudged <i>abashed</i> to their boat
brig	under the great bows of the <i>brig</i>
combers	the great <i>combers</i> ran in from the sea and broke
commission	I have it in <i>commission</i> to comfort the feeble-minded
constrains	except that His love <i>constrains</i> me
dubiously	one of them moved a step <i>dubiously</i>
fetters	carrying ropes and iron <i>fetters</i>
gurgled	the water rippled and <i>gurgled</i> by them
imprecation	before him Greatheart sprang with an <i>imprecation</i>
incurable	the <i>incurable</i> went so far as to promise assistance
overmastering	and held them in an <i>overmastering</i> grip
restrain	let us pray God to <i>restrain</i> their hands
rippled	the water <i>rippled</i> and gurgled by them
subtropical	dreamed now and then of a <i>subtropical</i> New Jerusalem
sustaining	encouraging the willing, and <i>sustaining</i> the weak
truce	somehow there was a <i>truce</i>

## Lesson XXXV

### Greatheart

#### Part 3

#### Journey

Takau was no longer among the living. She had gone to be with her Lord. A woman brought the missionary the news before he could set out to learn it.

So he gave attention to the captain. The latter stirred in his bed, opened his eyes, and watched the missionary.

“That brute nearly did me in,” he growled. “I suppose you saved me,” he sneered.

“No, not I; Jesus Christ in the heart of the one you call a brute,” was the quiet answer.

“Pshaw!” ejaculated the captain, tossing feverishly.

Later the missionary paid a visit to Greatheart, sorrowing in the hut his wife had shared with him.

The missionary walked back slowly in the dusk of the evening, oppressed with grief. As he drew near he heard a faint cry from his hut. Running to the door he was almost overthrown by a man with a club in his hand who ran out. He hastened in to the captain, fearing the worst. By the light of the lamp he saw the captain unhurt, seated in bed.

“I shall be murdered yet,” the captain roared. “Don’t you leave me again. These human beasts stop at nothing. Take me to my ship. I’ll not stay here. You’re an Englishman, aren’t you? Will you see me butchered in my bed? Oh, the ghastly brute, what eyes—”

“Stop.”

The missionary stood in thought.

“Yes, we must get you away.”

The captain began to whimper thanks.

“I will take you to the Commissioner.”

“Where?”

“To the Commissioner.”

“No, no!”

“Prepare to leave in an hour.”

“How—where’s my ship?” nervously intimated the captain.

“I have a swift canoe.”

“What? It’s two hundred miles. You’re mad. The weather’s breaking up.”

“I give you an hour.”

The missionary once more ran across the village.

“Greatheart,” he called softly at the door.

He had to repeat his call several times. At last stumbling footsteps sought the door, and a bent man with vacant eyes came.

“The boys are trying to kill the kidnapper.”

“Eh!” Greatheart’s voice was suddenly fierce.

“We must get him away to safety.”

“No.”

“Yes. Get your canoe ready in an hour to take him to the Commissioner.”

“Very well, Missionary.”

Sodden mists drew a cover over the sands and the sea, dimming the moon’s rays. With one powerful arm the missionary sustained the captain, who tottered dizzily over the sands; with the other he carried packages. From the village came unquiet stirrings, rattlings of arms, mutterings of conspirators. The captain protested in low grumbles.

“It’s certain death. Take my ship.”

The missionary dragged him onward. A tall, stooping figure came from under the spray of the billows.

“Here, Missionary, all is ready.”

“What,” cried the captain, drawing back. “Why, that’s the very brute himself. No, no!” he cried in terror.

Answering clamor broke out in the village. Greatheart stepped forward and caught him in his arms. The man screamed ringingly. Greatheart lifted him in the canoe, and the missionary launched her into the surf as the noises drew near.

Greatheart and the missionary paddled noiselessly, yet with strong strokes, and they shot away from the land. A big shape loomed up out of the mist and an English voice called nervously, “What’s that?” They found the opening and sped through far out upon the open sea, breaking up its surface of dull glass.

The mist thinned; the moon’s rays touched the boat. It was a long night, hot and stifling; the mist still clung lightly over the sea. The paddlers swung steadily at their work, sweat on their brows. Now and again they sipped at the water bottle.

The captain sipped oftener and furtively from another flask. His courage rose. He sang defiant songs. Greatheart looked at him, but said no word. As the songs grew louder and coarser, Greatheart’s features were softened in pity for the poor man. The missionary refrained from useless rebuke.

The tale of miles grew long behind them. They were spanning the sea with a line of foam.

Suddenly the ribaldry came to an end. The captain listened intently. His inflamed face paled.

“There,” he cried, “I told you so.”

There came to their ears a far-off hissing.

“Paddle, you lubbers, paddle, paddle,” roared the captain.

And paddle they did. There was a chance they might avoid the cyclone. The canoe’s wake grew creamier and more turbulent with



her speed. The faces of the paddlers ran sweat in the heat, their muscles swelled. Daylight came rapidly. The mist railed away; things became plain. The captain yelled in extremity: “Paddle, paddle, paddle!”

The hissing grew loud and angry; a white line raced behind them. The canoe fled before it, surging immensely. The paddlers’ eyes were blind with their own sweat.

A tumbling bank of waters engulfed them and they had time for no more thought. They clung to the canoe, swept before the storm as a straw.

It was days afterwards. They had no water left. No drink had cooled their burning throats for many hours; their lips and tongues were swollen and cracked. They were too weak to lift the paddles. They looked round with bloodshot, wolfish eyes on the shining, burning brass of the sky and sea. The hours were unending.

The captain lay at the bottom of the canoe, cursing and shuddering in a delirium.

The missionary knelt with his hand on the gunwale to support his wasted frame, looking for help that came not. He prayed aloud, talking as though ashes filled his throat. His thoughts came and were swept away, came again and he prayed. At the hottest hour he fell beside the captain.

Greatheart sat on the thwarts. He marked with bleared, dim eyes the missionary's collapse. Greatheart had been dreaming of days gone by, of wild battles when he was Koapena, of Takau, of her fall and rescue, of learning about Jesus and no longer being fearful, of losing her in death, and this final attempt to bring her murderer, the captain, to a place of safety and justice, because the missionary said this was the right thing to do. He, Greatheart, knew he was dying. The end would soon come. Bible truths and snips of verses came to mind: Jesus died that men might live. Jesus gave His life so that others may have forgiveness of sins and a life in heaven forevermore. "The missionary is right. I shall go to be with Takau. I must forgive the Captain first." He rose and went to the captain; his brain burned and throbbed. He stood swaying. A light came over his face as he prayed and forgave the captain for murdering his wife. Then, exhausted, unable no longer to stand, he fell backwards. The boat gave a sudden lurch, and he tumbled over the side into the sea.

Roused by the splash of waters the missionary sat up, and looking over the edge of the canoe gazed wonderingly at the bubbling disc of sea and the empty thwarts. And ere he sank back again he



unconsciously knew that Greatheart was with the Lord Jesus.

He tasted a long, cooling draught. He heard a murmur of voices. He opened his eyes and stared at the curious, sympathetic ring of white faces.

“Hush,” he said solemnly, raising a feeble hand, as he lay on the deck of the great ship. “Hush! The Lord gave and the Lord hath taken away. Blessed be the name of the Lord.”

But the sailors did not know that he referred to his friend and Jesus Christ’s servant, Greatheart, who being redeemed, was now with His Lord.

*“In my Father’s house are many mansions: if it were not so, I would have told you. I go to prepare a place for you. —14:2*

### *Questions*

1. Why did the villagers want to kill the captain?

### *What Do You Think?*

2. Why do you think the missionary refrained from rebuking the captain for singing his coarse songs?
3. What truth did Greatheart finally realize that the missionary had taught him?
4. How did Greatheart show his love for God right before he died?
5. Through this entire three part lesson, we have seen that our actions tell the true story about us and who we are. What we say does not matter nearly as much as what we do. In your life, what do your actions say about you? How do you treat others?

*Vocabulary*

brute	of the one you call a <i>brute</i>
conspirators	mutterings of <i>conspirators</i>
cyclone	might avoid the <i>cyclone</i>
delirium	shuddering in a <i>delirium</i>
draught	he tasted a long, cooling <i>draught</i>
feverishly	tossing <i>feverishly</i>
flask	sipped oftener and furtively from another <i>flask</i>
gunwale	with his hand on the <i>gunwale</i>
intimated	nervously <i>intimated</i> the captain
lubbers	paddle, you <i>lubbers</i>
oppressed	<i>oppressed</i> with grief
ribaldry	the <i>ribaldry</i> came to an end
sodden	<i>sodden</i> mists drew a cover
spanning	<i>spanning</i> the sea with a line of foam
stirrings	<i>stirrings</i> , rattlings of arms,
tottered	who <i>tottered</i> dizzily over the sands
turbulent	more <i>turbulent</i> with her speed
thwarts	sat on the <i>thwarts</i>
vacant	with <i>vacant</i> eyes

Lesson XXXVI  
The Gracious Invitation

When the heart is bowed with anguish,  
    When bright dreams and hopes are o'er,  
When in deepest night we languish,  
    Weeping, mourning, oh! so sore;  
Then, like chords of sweetest music,  
    That elate the weary breast,  
Comes the Precious Word of Jesus—  
“Oh, ye weary, heavy laden! come to Me and rest.”

Earth looks dark, and heaven distant,  
    Tears bedew our weeping eyes,  
In the spirit's utter weakness  
    Faithless fears and queries rise;  
Then, like holy benediction  
    To the soul by hardships pressed  
Comes the gracious invitation—  
“Oh, ye weary, heavy laden! come to Me and rest.”

When we're weary with the journey  
    Up life's hillocks, hard and steep;  
When, in dark and gloomy hours,  
    Ceaseless watch our spirits keep;  
From those lips of rarest sweetness,  
    To each weary soul addressed,  
Comes the gracious invitation—  
“Oh, ye weary, heavy laden! come to Me and rest.”

Sweetest words, oh, blessed Saviour!  
Are those words of love and power,  
Comforting in deepest sorrow,  
Cheering e'en the darkest hour.  
Softly, gently, through earth's tumults,  
To the soul by care oppressed  
Comes the gracious invitation—  
“Oh, ye weary, heavy laden! come to Me and rest.”

Sweetest rest for weary pilgrims!  
Sweetest rest for pining hearts!  
From the bosom of the Saviour  
Loving pity ne'er departs:  
Ever in life's cares and troubles,  
Tenderly, to souls distressed,  
Comes the gracious invitation—  
“Oh, ye weary, heavy laden! come to Me and rest.”

Not till life on earth is ended  
Must the weary spirit wait  
For that rest so sorely needed:  
Long before we reach the gate  
Of the bright celestial city,  
To the weary, saddened breast,  
Comes the gracious invitation—  
“Oh, ye weary, haven laden! come to Me and rest.”

*“Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest. Take my yoke upon you, and learn of me; for I am meek and lowly in heart: and ye shall find rest unto your souls. For my yoke is easy, and my burden is light.” —Matthew 11:28-30*

*Questions*

1. Describe why hearing the precious words of Jesus would thrill every weary soul.

*What Do You Think?*

2. Describe what you think the poem is telling you.
3. What did you learn from this poem and how can you apply it to your life?

*Vocabulary*

bedew	tears <i>bedew</i> our weeping eyes
benediction	then, like holy <i>benediction</i>
celestial	of the bright <i>celestial</i> city
chords	then, like <i>chords</i> of sweetest music
elating	that <i>elate</i> the weary breast
hardships	to the soul by <i>hardships</i> pressed
hillocks	up life's <i>hillocks</i> , hard and steep
languish	when in deepest night we <i>languish</i>
pinning	sweetest rest for <i>pinning</i> hearts!
queries	faithless fears and <i>queries</i> rise
tumults	softly, gently, through earth's <i>tumults</i>

## 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 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.