



THE EMIGRANT BOY.

SUBSTANTIALLY A NARRATIVE OF FACTS.



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PUBLISHED BY THE
AMERICAN TRACT SOCIETY,
150 NASSAU STREET, NEW YORK



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CHAPTER I.



MANY years ago, provisions were scarce in Ireland, and there was much suffering among the people, many of whom were not able to purchase even the coarsest food, because of the great price at which it was held. This was previous to the great famine in 1846, which sent so many poor Irish people over to America, in quest of sustenance.

At the time of which I write, a native of Ireland by the name of Richardson, whose extreme poverty rendered it impossible for him to support his little family in comfort, determined to emigrate to America, where, as he was a carpenter by trade, he was assured that he could make greater wages than in his native land, and that if he was industrious and frugal, besides providing well for his family, he would be enabled to lay aside something against a rainy day.

Mr. Richardson and his wife were young and hopeful, and joyfully set about making preparations for their long voyage over the waters, picturing to themselves the time when they should be the owners of a snug little home in this strange land to which they were going.

They had one child only, and his name was Willie. They loved him as parents alone can love; and his bright smiling face and merry voice were like sunshine and music to their hearts. Willie was eight years old, and was a very affectionate and obedient boy: but he little knew the great change which was about to take place in the little world of his love, when with his parents he embarked on a ship bound to New York.

The ship was large and commodious. There

were but few passengers, and these occupied themselves in various ways to beguile the tediousness of their voyage. Willie was the only child on board ; and as he was a bright, intelligent little fellow, he was much noticed and petted. Every thing seemed to indicate prosperity to our friends ; and soon the greater part of the voyage was passed, and they were rapidly nearing their destined port. Favorable winds had thus far filled the white sails of the ship, and wafted her steadily onward over the deep waters, and the weather had been uncommonly mild for the season.

But a change came : a fatal disease broke out among the ship's crew and passengers, and one of the first who was stricken by it was the gentle wife and mother, Mary Richardson. She lay moaning in agony one day, and on the next was consigned to a watery grave, there to rest until the sea shall give up its dead. Long and earnestly the fond mother gazed upon her darling Willie, when she found that her hour had come, and the last words which fell from her lips were, "My son, give your heart to the Saviour, and remember your mother."

It was sad indeed for the bereaved husband to see the wife of his bosom consigned to a rest-

ing-place in the deep ocean, and he pleaded very hard that it might not be so ; but the ship's rules could not be violated, and with a breaking heart he saw the rough board coffin lowered slowly down the ship's side. The poor man was almost crazy with grief, and in his delirium he prayed for death, little thinking that his prayer would be answered. The night after his wife's burial, Mr. Richardson was feverish and restless, and with the dawn of morning the startling fact was revealed to him by the physician, that he was suffering with the fever which had proved fatal to every one whom it had attacked. Oh how earnestly the poor man now prayed to be restored to health ; for as he looked upon his darling and friendless boy, he felt that he had something to live for.

But the overruling hand of Omnipotence directs all in wisdom, though in our ignorance we realize it not. Before nightfall the body of Mr. Richardson was buried in the deep, and the fair-haired, bright-eyed Willie was left among strangers. The dear child was too young to realize fully the great loss he had met with, but he felt that he was alone in the great cold world, and he wept long and bitterly. The passengers, who had become much interested in the little

orphan, endeavored to divert his attention from his sorrows, and through the day they succeeded very well; but when night came, and no dear mother stood beside him to hear him say his prayers, and give him the kiss of maternal love, it seemed as though his heart would break, and he sobbed himself to sleep, in his narrow berth.

The captain of the ship looked like a rough, stern man, but he had a warm, generous heart; and when they reached New York, he took the little orphan home with him, adopting him as his own son. I regret to tell you that the captain's wife was an ill-natured woman; and that his three sons, whose names we will call Eugene, Charles, and George, were rude boys; but such was really the case. As you will readily suppose, poor Willie felt very wretched in his new situation. He thought of his own dear parents who were buried in the deep, and wondered in his simplicity why the Lord had taken them from him.

The captain's wife seemed much displeased that her husband had brought the orphan home with him, and took no notice of the child whatever until bedtime, when she turned to him abruptly and said, in a tone which sounded harsh and unkind,

"Paddy, you'll have to sleep with Eugene."

Tears came into poor Willie's eyes as he followed the boys up stairs, and entered a large room where there were two beds. He had never been addressed so unkindly before, and his sensitive heart was wounded deeply.

Our little friend was much surprised to see the boys undress and get into bed without saying their prayers; but kneeling down as his mother had taught him, he folded his hands and prayed to Him who has said, "Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not; for of such is the kingdom of heaven."

As he arose from his knees he heard a suppressed titter from the bed which was occupied by Charles and George, and one of them called out,

"What have you been doing there, Paddy?"

"My name is Willie," said the child in a tremulous voice, "and I have been saying the prayers which my mother taught me as long ago as I can remember, and told me never to forget."

The wicked boys seemed ashamed of their rudeness, and said no more; but Willie's young heart ached with grief, and when at length he sobbed himself to sleep, his pillow was wet with tears.

CHAPTER II.

THE captain was a kind-hearted man, and took a great liking to the friendless orphan. He staid with his family two or three days, and during this time Willie became somewhat reconciled to his new home; for the good man frequently called him to his side, and laying his great strong hand upon his sunny curls called him his own good boy. The child also found another friend beneath the captain's roof in a worthy Irish girl, who was a servant in the family. Jane loved the little fellow from the first moment she saw him. Her warm sympathies were fully aroused when she heard his sorrowful story, and it was with a sad heart that she saw the dislike of her mistress manifested towards him, and she tried in many ways to make the poor child happy.

When the captain left home, he told his sons to be kind to the little stranger; but no sooner was he out upon the ocean, than disregarding their father's wishes, they commenced amusing themselves by ridiculing and tormenting poor Willie. The child bore this patiently for a time; but when harsh and cruel blows were added to

his sufferings, he became unhappy, and often longed for his parents, and for that happy land of which he had been taught, "where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest."

The orphan boy had always received the kindest treatment. An affectionate father had watched over him from his earliest infancy, and a loving mother had shielded him in her bosom, and taught him very early to say, "Our Father," and to reverence Him who dwells above the skies. But now rude and wicked boys were his companions, and she who should have acted the part of a mother was harsh and unkind.

Willie confided all his troubles to Jane, and at length she inconsiderately advised him to seek another home, for she could not bear to see him so unhappy. Jane was a stranger in the city, but she thought it would be easy for the child to find a good home; and disregarding the directions of the kind captain, and her own responsibilities, she gathered Willie's scanty clothing, tied it in a handkerchief, and planned to help him off secretly. After the boys were asleep, Willie arose, and softly slipping on his clothes, groped his way down the back stairs into the kitchen, where he found Jane waiting for him, with his little bundle in her hand. She

filled his pockets with crackers for his breakfast, and with many tears bade him good-by. In this manner poor Willie started out in quest of a home. It was a sad undertaking for a boy of his age; but he did not at the time realize it, although he felt very lonely and desolate, as he traversed the streets of the great city.

It was a warm and pleasant night, and the stars shone brightly in the clear blue sky. On and on our little hero trudged through the almost deserted streets, until, overcome with fatigue, he sat down to rest himself in front of a large mansion. Being very weary, he lay down upon the stone steps with his bundle for a pillow, and was soon fast asleep. When he grew to be a man, he often said that the sweetest dreams he ever had visited him that night. He thought he saw his mother once more, and that she sat lovingly beside him as in days past, and whispered to him sweet comforting words. Then his father came, and bending down his face, kissed him just as he used to; and the little orphan was happy again. He must have slept very soundly, for it was not until the streets were filled with people hurrying to and fro, that he awoke. At first he started up in amazement at finding himself in such an exposed situation; but

he soon recollected how he came to be there, and started off again, he knew not whither.

Willie walked about nearly all day, and saw a great many people; but they were all too much occupied with their own affairs to notice him, and long before night he began to grow very tired. He was hungry too, for his crackers were gone; and with a sad heart he sat down and began to think over his sorrows. He had been thus engaged but a short time before he began to cry, and almost wished himself back at the captain's. I am not sure but he would have returned had he known the way, for he began to think it was not so easy a thing to find a home among strangers as he had fancied.

Many people passed and repassed Willie, while he sat there weeping. Some did not notice him at all; others stared at him a moment; and a few asked him why he wept, but hurried on without waiting to hear his answer. Poor child, the longer he sat there the harder he cried; and at length his head began to ache severely.

Just at this time a young lady who was passing, stopped to inquire the cause of Willie's sorrow. Her voice was so mild, and she smiled so sweetly, that Willie felt assured he had found a friend at last. He told her his touching story,

how his parents died and were buried in the deep water, and that he had no brother, or sister, but was friendless and alone in the world.

The young lady, whom we will call Miss Sherman, listened to Willie in silence; then taking him kindly by the hand, she told him that if he had spoken the truth, and proved to be a good boy, she would be like a sister to him herself. You may be sure the child's heart leaped with joy when he heard this; and he was far happier than he had been for many days, as he walked by the lady's side.

Miss Sherman lived in the country, but was visiting some friends in the city at this time; and she took the little Irish orphan to the house of a city relative, where by his good behavior he soon won the love of the whole family, and especially endeared himself to the young lady who had so kindly interested herself in his behalf.

Miss Sherman soon started for home with her little Irish friend; and on the way, to make the time pass more pleasantly, she told him pretty stories, one of which was about her own brother, who had died a few months previous. The lady said she had neither brother nor sister; and she assured the orphan that if he would try to be good, he should be treated kindly in

the new home to which she was taking him. The child was much delighted with all this, and he secretly resolved to be one of the best boys in the world.

It was just sunset when the stage stopped in front of the lady's home, and Willie gazed with delight upon the neat white cottage which peeped out from among the trees that surrounded it. They were scarcely out of the stage when Mr. and Mrs. Sherman hurried down the walk to welcome their daughter. She told them who Willie was, and they received him very kindly, and made him welcome.

Mr. Sherman and his wife were pious people, who feared the Lord, and were never weary of benefiting their fellow-men. They had been blessed with many children; but the hand of Providence had removed one after another, until only one remained to cheer them in their declining days with her presence. A few months only had elapsed since their youngest child, a fine boy of about Willie's age, had been taken from their embrace, and laid in the grave. They were much pleased at the prospect of having one who in some measure, they hoped, would fill the place of their lost darling, and they received the emigrant boy with open arms.

CHAPTER III.

It is not my intention to enter into the particulars of Willie's every-day life, but to place before you an outline in which you may see how, with the fear and love of God for his guide, a penniless and friendless orphan became a good and useful citizen.

Mr. and Mrs. Sherman clothed, fed, and instructed Willie; and before he had been long with them, they became almost as much attached to him as though he had been their own son. In return for all this kindness, Willie was very obedient, and loved his benefactors so dearly that he endeavored in every way to please them.

Two years passed thus pleasantly, and our little friend had grown much in stature, as well as in the estimation of the kind people with whom he resided, when suddenly Mr. Sherman conceived the idea of moving to Ohio. He soon arranged his affairs, and with his small family started on his journey. It was early in the fall and the weather was very mild; and as each day disclosed new scenes of beauty to the travelling party, they returned thanks to Him who overrules and directs all things.

After travelling nearly a week, Mr. Sherman arrived at the place of his destination, and settled near a small village which has since become a large and populous city. Here every thing was strange and new to Willie, and as is natural, he was much delighted with the novelties around him. There were a great many boys in the neighborhood, but Willie did not become much acquainted with them until he commenced attending the winter school; and then it was with the deepest regret that he found them to be bad boys, using profane language, and regarding neither truth nor honesty. He remonstrated with them; and we are sorry to say, by doing so provoked their ill-will, and they were very rude and troublesome to him whenever an opportunity presented. Now, as Willie was a studious boy, and an excellent scholar for one of his age, he soon became a favorite with the master, who did not hesitate to pronounce him the best boy in school. This, you may be sure, provoked his wicked school-fellows, who, instead of endeavoring to merit the teacher's approbation, set about laying plans among themselves by which they hoped to bring Willie into disgrace.

The teacher had a nice ruler, and one day Willie borrowed it. When he had done using

it, instead of returning it as he doubtless should have done, he laid it in his desk. One of the boys noticed this, and as soon as school was dismissed at noon and the scholars had left the house, he slipped up to the desk and taking the ruler, contrived to hide it. He then ran out to play.

When the school was called to order for the afternoon, the teacher looked in his desk as if in search of something, and then turning to the scholars, he said,

"Which one of you has got my ruler?"

"I borrowed it this forenoon," said Willie promptly, "but I think it must be that I returned it to you, for I cannot find it in my desk."

"I have no recollection of your returning it," said the teacher; and then turning to the rest of the school, he asked if any one of them knew where his ruler was.

They all replied that they did not; but two or three of them said that the last they saw of it, Willie was putting it into his desk, and that as soon as school was dismissed he started for home on a run.

Poor Willie's face turned very red, and he was ready to cry, when the teacher looked sternly at him, and said,

"You will not be dismissed with the rest of the boys to-night, for I wish to see you alone."

Now Mr. Tilden did not really believe Willie had stolen his ruler, but he had frequently been vexed by similar tricks, and he determined to ascertain the truth. So after the school was dismissed, he sat down and talked the whole affair over, and the result was that he became fully convinced of Willie's innocence.

The evening after this unpleasant affair, one of the school-boys called at Mr. Sherman's to borrow Willie's skates, saying that a number of the boys were going to skate on the pond that evening. With Mr. Sherman's permission, Willie put on his cap and mittens and accompanied the boy to the pond, which was only at a short distance. The pond was large and deep, but the ice was so thick that no one thought there could be the least danger, and the boys glided fearlessly over its smooth surface, which shone in the full moonlight like a sheet of silver. After they had been engaged in this exciting sport for some time and were getting pretty tired, one of the oldest boys challenged Willie to a race across the pond; and away they went with great speed, arriving at the opposite side at nearly the same instant. They then set out to return, and

had nearly reached the middle of the pond, when Willie, who was a little in advance, heard a scream, and turned his head just in time to see his companion sink through a hole in the ice. Much alarmed, but with commendable presence of mind, he checked his speed and turned back shouting, "Hold on to the edge of the ice, John, and I will help you out."

In a few seconds Willie had stripped off his skates, and cautiously approached the place where John was struggling to keep his head above the water. Well knowing that he could not lift his companion out by main strength, Willie lay down flat upon the ice, and extending his hands, told the boy to take hold of them and try to spring out. After several ineffectual attempts to do so, poor John gave up in despair, and exclaimed, "Oh, I cannot; I shall surely sink and be drowned."

But Willie kept hold of him and encouraged him, and soon some of the boys, who had seen the disaster from the shore, came up, and with the aid of long poles succeeded at last in rescuing him; but not until he was so thoroughly benumbed as to be scarcely able to walk. Now this boy was the very one who had concealed the teacher's ruler, in hopes the disgrace of hav-

ing stolen it would fall upon Willie; and you may judge how thoroughly ashamed he was of his wicked conduct, when he reflected that it was principally owing to Willie's exertions, that his life had been saved.

John's parents lived near the pond; but he did not reach home until his clothes were frozen quite stiff, and for several days he was so unwell that he could not attend school. While John was confined to the house, Willie called every day to see how he did, and was so kind and affectionate that John's conscience upbraided him severely for the wrong and foolish part which he had acted; he resolved never to be guilty of such wickedness again, and as you will see he gave good evidence of being in earnest in his wise resolution.

The first day John attended school, he went very early, and taking the ruler from its hiding-place, laid it in his desk. Soon the teacher came, and in a little while the scholars had assembled, and the school was called to order. As soon as all was quiet, John arose from his seat. His face was very red, his lips quivered, and tears came into his eyes; but he said in a firm voice, taking the ruler from his desk,

“Mr. Tilden, here is your ruler; and I think

it is due to Willie Richardson, that I should tell you how it came to be in my possession."

The teacher looked surprised, and said, "Where did you find it?"

"I did not find it, sir," replied John nobly; "I took it from Willie's desk, and hid it, hoping the disgrace of having stolen it would fall upon one who was innocent. I did wrong, and I am sorry for it."

Who will not say that this was a noble hearted, courageous little boy? He might easily have restored the ruler to the teacher's desk, and kept his guilt concealed, but he preferred acting the part of a man; and though Mr. Tilden blamed him, he felt that he had done his duty; and when he had asked and obtained Willie's forgiveness, was far happier than he had been before for many days.

From this time the school-boys became much attached to our little friend; and though he usually stood above them in the class, they did not envy him his honorable position, but strove by good behavior and studiousness to become his equals.

CHAPTER IV.

THE winter school-days passed pleasantly away, and when spring threw her variegated mantle over the face of the earth, and the sweet flowers peeped up from the ground, a change occurred in Mr. Sherman's family which was the cause of much sorrow. Miss Sherman, whose health had been quite poor through the winter, grew more feeble and pale as the bright spring days advanced, and in June she obeyed the summons of her heavenly Father to leave her earthly home for one in the celestial city. Mr. and Mrs. Sherman felt that it was hard indeed to give up the last of their once large family, but they realized that He who gave had a right to take to himself again, and bowed in meekness to his sovereign will. Miss Sherman was buried in the village churchyard; and as a feeble expression of his love and respect for the dead, Willie planted sweet flowering shrubs and rose-bushes around her grave.

Years now passed, and Willie's days glided calmly and peacefully along, endeavoring to do his duty to men and to God. At the age of eighteen, Mr. Sherman thought it best to put

him to learn some trade ; and consequently he was apprenticed to a carpenter, who was noted for his piety, and the neatness and skill of his workmanship. This mechanic, whom we will call Mr. White, had two other apprentices, whose names were Justin Phelps and Martin Bond. These young men were much pleased with Willie, and although there was a great dissimilarity in their dispositions, a close friendship soon sprung up between the three apprentices.

Willie, as you already know, was a sober, conscientious, studious young man, with a frank, open countenance, which always wore a cheerful expression. But Justin was an odd genius, and seemed never satisfied unless in a frolic. His blue eyes were continually dancing with fun and merriment, and you might often see him lay down his tools and laugh heartily at some ludicrous idea which had presented itself to his mind. Justin was an active fellow, ever restless and uneasy, and was very fond of gay and rude society.

Martin Bond differed widely from his companions. He was a quiet, inoffensive fellow, who attended mechanically to his business, but often complained of weariness, and told how glad he should be when working hours were

over, so that he could have a little rest. He was in fact what we might call a lazy fellow; but he was steady, and Mr. White liked him very well.

Willie Richardson was an early riser; he was often up before the sun, and would take a long pleasant ramble over the fields, or through the woods, before his fellow-apprentices were up. At such times he would wonder how people could afford to spend that part of the day which seemed to him the pleasantest, in sluggish and useless indulgence. Surely the early riser partakes of a rich banquet which the slothful know not of. He feasts his eyes upon the beauties of nature. He beholds the eastern sky clothed in brightness, and is reminded of the greatness and goodness of the Creator; and as he gazes upon forest, hill, and plain, his heart is filled with gladness, while his ear drinks in the melody of the wood warblers, as they welcome in the morning.

When the summer was passed, and the long winter evenings came, Willie bought some of the best and most instructive books he could find, and commenced the study of them. He kindly offered the use of these books to his companions; but Martin was so sleepy and tired

when evening came, that he could not trouble himself with books; and Justin was a member of a social club in the village which met every few evenings, so that he could not avail himself of his friend's kind offer. Thus the winter passed; and when spring came, Willie had laid up a store of practical and valuable knowledge, while Justin had contracted a liking for intoxicating drinks, and Martin had grown more lazy and sleepy than ever.

Time passed on, and it was soon the last winter of the young men's apprenticeship. Willie had steadily pursued the path he had so wisely chosen, although frequently solicited by his friend Justin to leave his books, and join the social club of which he was a member.

"Do go just this once," urged Justin one evening; "the fee is only twenty-five cents, and I assure you, you will feel a dollar better than you will to stay here, and read over and over again the dull pages of that musty old volume."

"I confess it does look rather musty," said Willie, turning over the time-worn book; "but as to its being dull and dry, that's another affair entirely. Perhaps you do not know that this very book is considered by able judges to be the best work on *architecture* extant. I assure

you, friend Justin, I find it highly interesting."

"But what is the use of one's studying all the time? You stick to your books as though you were studying for some profession, and hoard up every spare moment like a miser."

"Very true, Justin, I am studying for a profession. I profess to be a carpenter, and I mean to become master of the business. This is why, instead of wasting my precious time, I devote it to the study of useful books."

"But I should think you could afford to spend one evening in a year, for recreation and amusement," said Justin, petulantly.

"I prefer the morning for recreation," said Willie, looking his friend archly in the face, "and usually take one or two hours a day for it, while some persons whom I could name are dozing in their snug beds."

Justin felt rebuked, and making no reply, soon after left the house to join his boon companions in dissipation; leaving Willie perusing the old volume, and Martin dozing in the chimney corner.

CHAPTER V.

YEARS passed away. It was Christmas eve, a cold, but beautiful night; and there was sorrow and suffering, as well as joy and mirth, in the large and populous village of M——. In one part of the village was a dark, narrow alley, in which a great many poor people lived, who at times suffered severely from cold and hunger. One of these abodes we will enter.

The room was small, and dimly lighted by a bit of tallow candle; but the fire burned more brightly than usual in the little fireplace, and the family looked, as they clustered around it, as though they were trying very hard to feel warm and comfortable. The father and husband sat in the corner leisurely smoking an old pipe, and holding his youngest child, a ragged, dirty little girl, upon his knee; while she in her childish simplicity tried to catch the wreaths of smoke, as they went curling upwards. He was a stout-looking man, and the traces of that beastly vice drunkenness were not visible in his countenance; but a look of dissatisfaction and melancholy rested upon his features as he gazed around the cheerless room, so destitute of com-

forts, and saw his pale patient wife shivering in her thin calico dress, and his four children so ragged and wretched.

Now, since this man was not a drunkard, what could be the cause of his extreme poverty? I will tell you; he was no other than our old acquaintance Martin Bond. At the age of twenty-one he married, and moved into a small house. For the first year or so, he managed to keep himself and wife decently clothed and provided with necessary food; but as his family increased he became idle and discouraged, seeming to care but little whether he lived or died. His excuse was, that when he labored all day, he was very sleepy and tired at night. Poor man, he did not know that his disease, which he had brought upon himself in boyhood, and encouraged every day of his life until it was almost incurable, was nothing but actual laziness. But such was the case, and you would have pitied Mr. Bond if you could have looked within his dwelling that Christmas night, and seen the effects of *idleness*.

Farther down in that gloomy alley was a crazy-looking tenement, in which half a dozen wretched families sheltered themselves as well as they could from the cold snows and piercing

winds of winter. In this old house, at the head of a long flight of stairs, and in a small and cheerless room, were three suffering human beings—a mother and her two children.

There was scarcely a spark of fire, and no candle or lamp burning; but the bright moonlight came through the window, and fell upon the miserable bed where the poor mother lay dying. If the moonlight had only been as *warm* as it was bright, the cheeks, lips, and fingers of the dying woman would not have looked so blue and cold; and the poor little girl would not have shivered so, as she tried to hush the babe's crying and soothe it to sleep. The babe was cold and hungry, and kept wailing pitifully, until it went to sleep at last from mere exhaustion, and the little girl laid it down beside its mother. Then she laid her cheek against her mother's, and said,

"You feel better now, mother, don't you?"

"No, dear child, I feel that I am dying; and before long you will be left friendless and alone in the world."

"Oh, don't talk so, mother," cried the little girl bursting into tears; "you will not die; I know you will not die; for if you do, what will become of baby, and poor me?"

Then the poor woman wept. Surely, what would become of her children? They would be left alone among strangers, who would look coldly upon the drunkard's children, and perhaps lay the blame of the father's wrong doings upon their heads. Oh, it was hard to leave them; and she prayed in agony of spirit. Seeing her mother's agitation, the child was frightened, and sobbed out,

"Oh, mother, do you really think you shall die?"

"Yes, daughter dear, I am even now growing very cold. How I wish your father would come."

"What makes him stay away so, mother? Where do you suppose he is, when we are all so cold and hungry and wretched here? And, mother, why is he always so cross and unhappy when he does come? I am almost glad to have him stay away."

"Hush! hush, daughter dear; remember, he is your father; and when I am gone, be very kind to him and try to win him back to virtue, and make him happy. Lay the babe upon my arm, so that I can see it once more. Don't be frightened, my dear, but lie down beside me now, for I am dying."

She kissed her infant for the last time, and then pressed her cold lips to the little girl's pale cheek. A few moments passed, and the drunkard's wife was dead. Her husband at length came home, and sad was the scene which the cold moonlight revealed to his astonished gaze. The mother lay dead, with her living infant upon her arm, its little features sharp with starvation, and her older child beside her fast asleep, with red and swollen eyelids which told of her young heart's sorrow. Struck with horror and remorse at the sight, he threw himself upon his knees by the bedside, and groaned in agony.

Dear children, could you have seen that ragged, filthy, bloated object, you would scarcely have believed that he was once virtuous and happy. His name was Justin Phelps. He had known for a long time that his wife was ill, but he little thought of her dying so soon. Ah, it was a bitter lesson to the erring man. But through the goodness of God, it led him to repentance. He signed the pledge, and from that Christmas night was a sober man.

There was another scene which differed widely from the two we have described, on that Christmas night.

In a broad and handsome street there was an

elegant mansion ; a bright and cheerful light streamed from the large windows, and the ears of the passers-by were gladdened by the sounds of music, and the joyful shouts of children. In that house dwelt a happy family. Peace and joy beamed upon the intelligent faces of the parents, while three or four lovely children played gleeefully around them. This was the house of Willie Richardson, once, as you know, a friendless orphan in a strange land. You have seen how kindly Providence cared for him, and how well he conducted in the fear of God, until the time came when his apprenticeship closed. He was then considered a thorough master of his business, and on setting up for himself was soon crowded with work. At the age of twenty-three he was married ; and as one year after another passed by, he steadily pursued the course he had chosen in boyhood, and wealth and honors thickened around him. Wherever he went, and especially among the poor and needy, he carried the sunshine of gladness. Thus you see how a poor Irish emigrant boy, with the blessing of the God whom he loved and served, became an honored and useful citizen. "In all thy ways acknowledge Him, and he shall direct thy path."

