



LIBRARIES AND OTHER S. S. REQUISITES ALWAYS ON HAND.

*M. C. F.*

**BAPTIST**  
**Sunday School Library,**

No one is allowed to have out more than one book at a time, or to retain any book longer than two weeks.

Use this book carefully and return it punctually, without injury

BIBLE AND PUBLICATION SOCIETY, CHICAGO, C. R. BLACKALL, Depository

B

69

\$/00

17

Bert  
Moore



THE

SHAMROCK FLOWER:

AN IRISH GIRL IN AMERICA.



Philadelphia :

AMERICAN BAPTIST PUBLICATION SOCIETY.

530 ARCH STREET.

# CONTENTS.



CHAPTER I.		PAGE
FORMER MISERY OF IRELAND—JOHN STANLEY'S CHARACTER AND DEATH—EMIGRATION OF HIS FAMILY TO AMERICA, . . . . .	5	

CHAPTER II.		PAGE
VOYAGE—ARRIVAL—FRIENDS IN A STRANGE LAND, . . . . .	23	

CHAPTER III.		PAGE
CHRISTIAN CONDUCT OF KATHLEEN—HER PEACE- FUL DEATH—PRECIOUS MEMORY, . . . . .	31	
BENEFIT OF THE SCRIPTURES, . . . . .	34	

THE  
SHAMROCK FLOWER.

---

CHAPTER I.

FORMER MISERY OF IRELAND—JOHN SLA-  
NEY'S CHARACTER AND DEATH—EMIGRA-  
TION OF HIS FAMILY TO AMERICA.

TWELVE years ago the little village of B., in Ireland, was enjoying more than its usual prosperity. The owner of Castle B., and of the broad estates around it, was absent with his family in a foreign land, and all his affairs were left in the hands of an agent. This man, presenting a striking contrast to those generally forming his class, and

being naturally easy and good-tempered, attended to the little wants of the peasantry around him; and if any were unable to meet their rent on the day of payment, he gave them no trouble but waited their convenience. He was a jolly sort of man, more fond of fox-hunting, horse-racing, and wine drinking than of attending to the business committed to his care. So, for the time being, he made the tenants so happy, that every mouth was filled with his praise. When the people carried in their rents, he always treated them to a glass of punch or Irish whisky, and we presume that few prayers were sent up to the patron-saint for the nobleman's safe return. Thus, even after the surrounding neighborhoods began to complain of diminished crops and increased rents, the humble inhabitants of B. still boasted loudly of their prosperity.

But alas, alas, for poor, beautiful



Ireland! How many a cloud has overshadowed her green fields,—how many a blight has fallen on her shamrock flowers, and withered the hearts of her lowly children in these last sad ten or fifteen years. Nor did the people of B. escape the general desolation. The agent having, by high living and improvidence, wasted much of the money entrusted to him, and hearing of his lordship's anticipated return, became almost distracted. In an evil hour, to escape the wrath of the lord of B., he took his own life. That one pistol shot, which sent him into eternity, scattered horror and dismay throughout all the little town. The people mourned his loss, for agents are in general the curse of Ireland's poor, and this man's place would not likely be filled by one so merciful to them as he had been. Besides this, they now began to look for receipts for money and grain they had

given him. But although he had treated them so kindly, both he and they had been very careless in this respect, and they had few or none to show. Many of the farmers had neglected to get their leases renewed, for the common people can not own their farms as in our happy country; and as the improvements had been great since his lordship's departure, they trembled at the thought of an increase of rent.

Their worst fears were more than realized, when, soon after the agent's death, the nobleman reached home with a long train of French and Italian servants. His poor tenantry flocked round the castle,—not to welcome him home, but to assure him that they had fulfilled their obligations in his absence, and to entreat him not to demand the acknowledgments of the agent. But he coolly replied that he should demand full rent of every man who could not show his

quarterly receipts for the amount. This threw the whole of the tenantry into the deepest distress. Their homes, whether stone cottages or mud hovels, were dear to their hearts, and the thought of banishment was to them worse than death. Then they fled to the priest to ask his intercession; but alas, he was not to be found. While the poor scattered flock were in such distress, the shepherd who had charge of their souls was comfortably seated at the castle, drinking a "welcome home" to the imperious oppressor.

In the height of despair, some heartless men fled to more favored parts, leaving their helpless families to beggary and starvation. Others spent their days and their last shilling at the village inn, while a few old women, who had no earthly helper, went, in their ignorance, many times a day to the open chapel, to count their beads, cross themselves with

holy water, repeat "Ave Marias," and kiss the picture of the Virgin Mother and Holy Child. There was one man, however, wiser than the rest. He occupied one of the largest farms, and many of the poorer class were employed by him as laborers. He was sober, honest, and industrious, and they, acknowledging his superior wisdom, now fled to him for counsel. They hinted that perhaps a *huge riot*, the burning of his lordship's out-buildings, or the poisoning of his carriage horses, might bring him to terms. Then a dark frown gathered on the brow of honest John Slaney, and he asked, "And where do ye think, neighbors, is the Almighty gone that he wouldn't see yer fearful wickedness? Because ye have lost yer homes on earth, do ye mane to lose a place for your souls above? Fear God more than man and go home and pray to Him, for the heart

o' this tyrant is in His hands." And he went in and closed his cottage door.

John Slaney, although a catholic in name, feared God, and as far as he knew the way, strove to obey Him. He was an honest man and the son of an honest man, and it was his boast that none who belonged to him was ever accused of a mean action. He was stern in his view of right, and often gave the village priest no little trouble on this account. He did not hesitate to avow his opinion that priests were bound to be as moral as other men, and to declare that were he a priest, "with such a power upon his head, he'd soon throw out the company at the inn, and drive the people to work." John and his father and grandfather, had all been born and reared on the same spot. The poor man's heart had grown to the place, and could not be torn away without many a bleeding wound. He looked abroad from the cot-

tage door upon his home, so beautiful and prosperous. Having been in the possession of such men for nearly a century, it was small wonder that it looked so unlike the farms around it. While others had spent their holidays and leisure hours in begging, poaching, or lounging round the inn, he and his ancestors were planting trees, trimming hedges, or training vines. Just before this great affliction he had trimmed anew the hedge-row, which in Ireland sometimes takes the place of fences. Roses, honeysuckles, and many trees and shrubs of ancient planting, now cast their shade, and sent their fragrance around the place. The potato field was in full bloom, promising a plentiful harvest,—his sheep, heavy with their snowy fleece, grazed in full view, beside his cattle, and on them he was gazing when intruded on by his riotous neighbors. He entered his cottage. True it had only the earth

for its floor, and four panes composed its largest window. The uncovered beams were dark and low, and the roof was only a thatching of straw. But oh, it was *home*, and now its real defects seemed beauties in the eyes of those who dwelt there.

The farmer hung his hat on its accustomed peg, and sat down, striving to look brave and unconcerned. But the sobs and groans of his wife and eldest daughter increased when they saw him. They filled the air with such howlings and wailings as Ireland's excitable daughters only raise over the beloved dead. But little Kathleen, or "our Shamrock flower," as John was wont to call her, sat on a low stool beside her mother, pale and tearless. Her grief was as deep as theirs, but it sprang from a cause less earthly.

"Nelly, woman," asked John, "where is your heart gone? ye that always had

full and plenty when yer neighbors were starving,—ye that never asked a thing from God in yer life but ye got it,—does it become the like o' ye, to fly thus in the face o' the Almighty when yer own day of adversity comes? It is aisy for the like o' ye," he continued, holding aloft his brawny arm, "ye that's got such an arm to lane upon, and such a sthrong heart as this"—and he struck his breast—"to care for ye and yer childer. What think ye will come o' poor Nora Phalan with her sick child, and himself run away? Sure it was hard luck for a dacent girl to live *with* the likes o' Mike, but it's harder still to live *without* him. Do ye think yer husband will let ye stharve, Nelly?"

"No, indade," said Nelly Slaney, "if hard work will kape us from stharvation; but what good is a sthrong arm if a man has no land to work on? Ye can't stay here ye know, John."



"Nor do I want to stay," replied he. "No, I'll never be the tenant o' a villain and a tyrant. Sure, Nelly dear, my seed would rot in his earth before it would come up. Ye can't get a crop without God's blessing, and I don't believe his sun will shine nor his rain fall here as in other days. Sure, I'll sell every thing we own but our beds, and I'll take ye to *Ameriky*. Oh! but that's the free land where there's justice for the poor. I wouldn't stay in B. now if his lordship would give me the farm. No! I'd never more hear the mass nor take the sacrament from a priest who strikes hands with the oppressor, and forsakes his flock in the hour of need."

"Holy Mother," exclaimed Nelly Slaney, "wasn't it only the *manest* o' the people here as wint to *Ameriky*? wasn't it mostly workhouse paupers and beggars? and more nor that, *dacent* man that ye are, John, ye have nothing to

sell, for sure Biddy Roach told me all the cattle and sheep is to be driven to the castle to-night. Blessed Mary, help us!" muttered the poor woman. John sprang to his feet, and reaching to a huge beam over head took down a heavy hammer and a box of nails. "His lordship will not stale my *crathers*, for I'll dthrive them in and nail the doors. I'll sell them to the best advantage, and then, if he's not *afeared* o' God, he may stale part o' the money, and I'll pay our passages with the rest."

Again Nelly and Maggie sent forth another howling lamentation. "Oh, poor lamby," cried Nelly, stroking the yellow hair of her youngest born, "how will ye with yer faint heart *iver* cross the angry sea? Och, och, but I'm awful *afeared* o' the tempest on the ocean."

"Och, mother, dear," replied the little girl, "sure it's not the sea that I *dthread*. Sure that can niver swallow us without

God's *lave*. Oh, it's the *dthreadful* Protestants that I fear; it must be an awful thing to live among a people cursed o' God."

"Holy Mother, *kape* the Protestants from murthering my children, or ruining their souls!" exclaimed poor Nelly, clasping her hands, and raising her eyes to Heaven.

Now, sensible and well-meaning as these people were, they really believed that of all foes they could meet this side of the infernal regions, the Protestants were most to be dreaded. The cause of this belief was ignorance. They had been told that all out of the Catholic church were a God-forgetting, a God-defying people, all doomed to endless perdition; and having never been acquainted with a Protestant, how should they know to the contrary?

Oh, how little they knew of the true Gospel; how little of the vast gulf which

lies between the churches of Christ and Anti-Christ. How differently would they have felt in that hour of anguish, could they have only known how many kind hearts on this side the water were waiting to welcome Ireland's exiled poor; how many sacrifices were made here to send bread to her hungry children; and how many prayers followed the ships that bore it; prayers, that they might also receive that bread which cometh down from Heaven, which if a man eat, he shall no more hunger. But they were ignorant of all this, and looked to this happy land as to a place of spiritual night.

John had disposed of all his little property, and made arrangements for his voyage. But his grain was ripe and waving brightly over the field, and, heart-sick and weary though he was, he must gather it in. He engaged ten reapers and began his last day's harvesting. But

ere the sun had risen high in the heavens, he began to feel that the last week's anguish of heart had weakened his arm. He left the field, entered his cottage, handed his purse to his wife, saying, "Nelly, I'm ill; when the men have done, pay them; pay them well, too, and don't let the cry o' the poor enter God's ear against us. Let me go to my bed, and if it's God's will to take *me* as well as the home, from ye, mind, Nelly, *that ye* don't speak back to the Almighty, for he has a right to do as he will with his own. Bring up the children to fear God, and to love their fellow *crathers*."

It was in vain that Nelly begged to send for the priest. "No, poor woman," he replied. "God will hear me as loves and trusts him sooner than he will him as fears neither God nor man. Trust alone in Jesus Christ and ye'll all be safe, Nelly"—and he sunk upon his pillow.

At nightfall the laborers came in; but a mightier reaper than they had been there before them, and the shadow of his dark wing still rested on the cottage. The fond and faithful man was gone,—his heart was broken,—and those he loved were now desolate indeed.

Just as the sun was sinking, poor Nelly, affectionate though unreconciled, had softly opened the door of the room in which her husband was lying. "John, dear heart," she said, "if *yer* head still aches so fearful, ye would better sit up on the side o' the bed, drink a good draught o' warm tea, and then take off *yer* clothes for the night—don't *ye* fail now, or we'll all be dead entirely."

"Ye'll have the *widdy's* God left ye, if I *goes*, Nelly; *kape* near to Him; and may the blessing of the Almighty be iver upon ye, my beloved wife, and upon the two *darlins* he has *sint* us. Amen."

These last words the good man uttered

as he raised himself in bed according to his wife's request. His eyes were lifted to the Heavens whence cometh help, and his hands tightly clasped as if in earnest and trustful prayer. It was his dying admonition, his parting blessing. When Nelly returned with his toast and tea he had fallen back on his pillow. "I'm faint, jewel," he said, "lift me up." The agonized wife bent down to aid him, when he clasped her neck with the strength of death. He was gone beyond the power of the tyrant to molest or oppress.

The sudden death of his best tenant put a check on the outrages of the cruel nobleman. When told that Slaney's grain was gathered, he said to his cruel agent, "Let it be now; the poor creatures have no protector; they will need it all."

Their passage to America was paid, and why should they remain in B. when the only heart that had beat for them lay

low and cold in the little church-yard ? They raised a simple stone cross on his grave, planted a myrtle vine, and said their last prayers beside it. They left their homes in the darkness of night, for Nelly said, "Sure, it would wring the blood afresh *oot o'* our hearts to see John's grave as we passed, and know that we were *lavin'* it forever. Och, but he was the best friend that ever we had."





## CHAPTER II.

### VOYAGE—ARRIVAL—FRIENDS IN A STRANGE LAND.

OH, the agony of fear, and helplessness of sickness, which these poor people endured on the sea! Nelly and Meggie gave voice to their woe whenever the tempests rocked the ship in their fury.

“Oh, Kathleen, jewel,” the mother would say to her younger daughter, “how can ye sit there with *yer* little fingers clasped and *yer* swate eyes looking downlike, just as ye used to do at home on *yer* blessed father’s knee? Don’t ye know, honey, that ye are like to go to the bottom o’ the sea, just now?”

“If it would be God’s will I’d like to go down there afore I loses my

soul, mother dear; may be I'd go to my father then. But *och!* this going among a people accursed o' God to *arn yer bread*, is a fearful thing. Didn't father Murphy tell us a *hoondered* times that one half our *paple* as *wint* to Ameriky, left the *Hooly Church* and lost their *sowls!* Oh Holy Mother, *kape* us from the hour o' *timplation!*"

"Father Murphy *indade!*" exclaimed poor Nelly, forgetting her fear of the storm in her contempt of the man: "I'd trust *me sowl* sooner in the hand o' the Protestants themselves, than in his. *Och!* but he was the *mane* and wicked *writch* as forsook the poor as had half stharved themsilves to make a *gintleman* o' him, and ladies of his two sisters and six *naces!* He saw *yer father*—God rest his *sowl*—pay the agent the last half year's rent, and he would no *tistify* to it for fear o' losing favor with the wicked lord!"

“Mother dear, don’t be *callin’* hard names,” replied the child, “nor be *rememberin’* other *paple’s* sins. Sure we have *eno’ o’* our own. Mind what father said, and trust Christ alone, and all will go well with us. He can *kape* us from poverty, *stharvation* and the Protestants too.”

Thus amid hopes and fears wore away six weary weeks on the sea, before the shores of a free land blessed their longing eyes. They laughed for joy, and also wept for fear, as the brave ship moored itself beside the crowded dock.

Some children, reared in Christian families, may have gazed in thoughtless wonder at the broad-frilled cap of the widow, and the outlandish garments of the girls, or smiled to hear their broken English. Could they have known their sorrow, how soon would the smile of contempt have been changed for the tear of sympathy. They stood on the

wharf watching their chests and boxes, looking up and down the the long street filled with confusion. Crowds of people pushed past them and gazed in their faces, but none asked, "Are you strangers?—can we do you any good?" They looked in vain for a familiar face, and at last went, they knew not whither, with a cartman, who promised to find them decent lodgings.

Could they but have had the husband and father, were he ever so poor, he would have found some way to earn their bread. But they were strangers in a strange land, with no earthly helper, and their money nearly gone. Nelly took a room where she could take in work, and then inquired her way by advice to the Intelligence office, to secure a place for Meggie. John had earnestly desired that Kathleen should go to school; and although Nelly herself could not read, she resolved to fulfill his wishes, no matter

how much sacrifice and toil it might cost her. The poor are often forced to struggle hard to send their little ones to school, and all the benevolent should aid them in their efforts, if only by an approving smile, or a word of welcome, in the school-room. Many an emigrant child has been driven to the streets and to destruction by the ridicule of his schoolmates. But a brighter lot was little Kathleen's. The widow's God had watched over poor Nelly, and the father of the fatherless had taken her children by the hand.

With beating hearts they made their way through a crowd of boys toward the school-room door. A few gazed rudely at them, and one boy said aloud, "A new scholar fresh from Ireland,"—but there was one little girl watching them as they came near. She stepped up with a bright smile and said, "I will take your little girl into school

with me. My mother told Meggie that I would watch for her, because she was a stranger."

Nelly was very timid, and had really dreaded making an application for Kathleen's admission, and therefore she felt greatly relieved by this delicate act of kindness. It was so unlooked for, that she could scarcely restrain her tears.

"God grant," she said, with a courtesy, "that the two roses may never wither on yer cheeks, nor the light o' heaven fade out o' yer sweet eyes, Miss;" and she returned home feeling quite easy about Kathleen.

When the teacher rose to pray, Kathleen looked amazed.

"Do Protestants pray?" she asked softly of her little friend.

"Oh, yes," replied the child smiling, "to the same God you pray to. But we must not talk now."

Then Kathleen thought in her heart

that these could not all be such wicked people as she had imagined. She was sure, at least, that her teacher and Mrs. Bell, with whom Meggie lived, and little Sallie, must be good and love God. As weeks wore away, and Meggie saw the lovely fruits of their religion in the family, she began to listen to their devotions, and almost before she was aware that they were heretics, she found her desolate heart seeking comfort in these means of grace. The lonely widow, too, was just in the state to be benefitted by Christian sympathy. "Surely," she thought, "these are not the same Protestants I used to hear about at home, and from these I could have nothing to fear." She yielded herself to their gentle influence. No bitter invectives against her priests, no ridicule of the Romish church reached her ears to steel her heart against the truth. These new friends dealt with her and her children

as with any other souls in error, and the strangers found just what they needed, in the fullness which is in Christ Jesus. Oh, what a solemn responsibility rests upon us in regard to these poor exiles, who seek for rest beneath the shadow of our vine. One harsh word, one unjust act, may drive them away from the truth, while gentleness and love may win their souls to Christ.

God had been leading Nelly and her children by a way they knew not. They are no longer widow and fatherless. God has adopted them into his own family, giving them a place in his house better than that of sons and daughters. Let us then, dear children, walk kindly in presence of such as these. Let us deal tenderly with them, whether we meet them in the kitchen, in the school-room, or in the highways of life. Who knows but God may honor some of us as instruments of leading them into the way of truth?



### CHAPTER III.

#### CHRISTIAN CONDUCT OF KATHLEEN—HER PEACEFUL DEATH—PRECIOUS MEMORY.

YEARS passed, and Kathleen had made such advances in knowledge that she was really well educated when compared with her mother and her sister. She could read well, write a correct letter, cipher in all the simple rules, and give some account of the earth with its countries, rivers, mountains, and cities. Her mother and Meggie had toiled so hard and so long to send her to school, that the good girl grew impatient to repay them. She found a place at service in a minister's family, and began her duties with great delight. She soon created for herself a deep interest

in every heart, and many efforts were made for her spiritual benefit. Her Bible was her daily companion, and her seat beside the family altar was never vacant. She listened with earnest attention to all she heard, and her friends rejoiced in the hope that she was already a child of God. A year thus wore away, when it became evident to her mistress that she was not long for earth. A slight cough, then cold chills, a sore throat and a hectic fever, told her early doom. With the greatest tenderness it was hinted to Kathleen that these symptoms, which seemed to give her no alarm, were considered almost fatal. No trembling seized her frail form, no tear dimmed her meek eye.

“I have known this for weeks in my own heart, ma’am,” she said calmly, “and if now is God’s time, I’m sure I wouldn’t wish to live beyond it. I’ve never feared death since I saw how peacefully my

father met it, and I've niver forgotten his dying counsel. It's *God alone through Jesus Christ* that I hope in for pardon; and I wouldn't be putting off death only for my poor old mother. But my father's blessing that has ever followed us in the strange land is not *run out yet*. He will see to her and Meggie when I'm gone from them."

Three months from that time this humble but lovely girl was borne to her long home. Her faith failed not in the trying hour, and she departed with words of peace half-spoken on her tongue.

This sketch is no fiction, but true in all its particulars. The name of her whom we have here called Kathleen, is a household word among the affectionate little children of a minister's family in New England. Her example is still bright before the servants in that community, and held up before those who

have taken up the toil she left when she entered into rest. Her memory is precious to her mistress, who will seek long before she find another such servant to share her midnight watchings beside the little couch of pain, or to follow up her holy teachings with such a lovely life before her children. The blessed Jesus has said: "Well done, thou good and faithful servant; thou hast been faithful over a few things, I will make thee ruler over many things: enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

---

#### BENEFIT OF THE SCRIPTURES.

IN an Irish school, the children were allowed to take the New Testament home with them at night, to learn from it their lessons for the next day. One

of the boys read his Testament to his father and mother, who were Roman Catholics, and they felt much interested in what they heard from it. The wife was soon after taken dangerously ill, and the husband requested a Protestant clergyman to visit her; whom he told, that in consequence of hearing the child read the Scriptures, they had renounced popery, and regularly attended his ministry. "I have reason to thank God and you, sir," said the man, "for teaching my son in the school. I have been all my lifetime in ignorance, sin, and misery, until I heard that book. Now, I am taught to put my trust in Christ alone for salvation." The woman, too, gave evidence in life and death of her dependence on the merits and intercession of Jesus for eternal life. Her husband and son solemnly determined, by the Divine help, to make

the Scriptures the only rule of faith  
and practice.

"This is the judge that ends the strife,  
Where wit and reason fail;  
Our guide to everlasting life,  
Through all this gloomy vale



**THE STING OF THE ADDER,**  
OR,  
**THE HISTORY OF THE STANLEY FAMILY.**

By Jennie Dowling De Witt.

18mo. 132 pages. PRICE 30 CENTS.

A TALE of truth admirably told, exemplifying in the most touching manner the evils of intemperance, in its insidious progress, blighting the beautiful promise of youth, talent, education, and position in society, and reducing a once lofty family to the depths of misery and ruin. We remember nothing of the kind more beautiful or more tragical. Would that every family in the land might read it, and ponder its lessons. Its religious character is one of the chief points of excellence.

*From the Christian Era.*

"This is a true story from the pen of a daughter of Rev. Dr. Dowling, and is designed to illustrate the evils of wine and strong drink. In the history of the Stanley family, we shall recognize the history of many other families, and our hearts will bleed over the sorrows of those relatives who have given themselves up to the evils of the cup."

*From the Michigan Christian Herald.*

"Another of the interesting series constantly issuing from the press of our Publication Society, calculated to interest, admonish and instruct the young. The history of the Stanley family is a fearful warning on the subject of intemperance, giving the results of unchecked indulgence in the use of intoxicating drinks."

*From the Western Recorder.*

"This is a neat little volume, and should be read by every husband, parent, and youth in our land. It is a tale of thrilling interest, founded on facts, in which the author has faithfully portrayed the drunkard, and the great evil of intemperance."

*From the Journal and Messenger.*

"The incidents are tragic, like all illustrative of the ravages of intemperance. They are related, woven together, and expressed with power and pathos. It will prove a very effective little book on the subject for general circulation."

*From the American Baptist Memorial.*

"It so depicts the dangers and the woe of intemperance, that we should think every youthful reader would shudder at the sight of a bottle, and shrink from touching it, as they would from a veritable adder."

American Baptist Publication Society,

115 ARCH STREET, PHILADELPHIA.

# NEW SUNDAY SCHOOL BOOKS

PUBLISHED BY THE

American Baptist Publication Society,

118 Arch Street, Philadelphia.

- DEW FOR THE DROOPING FLOWER: In Nine Letters addressed to Miss Sarah Saunders during her last illness. By JOHN POSTER. 18mo. 96 pages. 18-20 cts.
- BIBLE RHYMES on all the Books of the Old and New Testaments. By HANNAH MOORE. 18mo. 72 pages. 16-18 cts.
- WESTERN SIDE; or Lights and Shadows of a Western Parish. By a Minister's Wife. 18mo. 327 pages. 50 cts.
- Do. Do. fine Edition. 12mo. 327 pages. 75 cts.
- MISSIONARY CONVERTS in Heathen Lands. By UNCLE JOSEPHUS. 18 mo. 115 pages. 22 and 25 cts.
- THRILLING FACTS from Missionary Fields. By UNCLE JOSEPHUS. 18 mo. 131 pages. 22-25 cts.
- CURIOSITIES OF CHRISTIAN MISSIONS. By UNCLE JOSEPHUS. 18 mo. 117 pages. 22-25 cts.
- MARY BARTLETT: Or the Young Home Missionary. By FRIEND JANE. 18 mo. 60 pages. 15 cts.
- A LILY GATHERED. The Conversion of James Laing; who died in Scotland, at the age of fourteen. By R. M. M'CHRYNE. 18mo. 57 pages. 15 cts.
- PHILIP GARLAND: Or Love One Another. 18mo. 129 pages. 25cts.
- WINTER VACATION: Or how to be a Gentleman. 18mo. 49 pages. 15 cents.
- STING OF THE ADDER: Or the History of the Stanley Family. By JENNIE DOWLING DE WITT. 18mo. 132 pages. 25 cts.
- LIFE AND TIMES OF MENNO, the celebrated Dutch Reformer. With an accurate Portrait. By J. NEWTON BROWN. 18mo. 67 pages. 16-18 cents.
- ELLEN MASON: Or Prejudice Vanquished. 18 mo. 92 pages. 20 cents.
- WONDERFUL HISTORY OF A PIECE OF WOOD. An Exposure of Papal Idolatry. 18mo. 29 pages. 15 cents.
- COLMAN AND WHEELOCK: Or the Early Called of the Burnan Mission. 18mo. 136 pages. 25 cents.



# WILLIAM CAREY:

A Biography. By Joseph Belcher, D. D.

WITH A

Superb Mezzotint of Carey and his Pundit,

And other Engravings.

12mo. 306 pp. Price 80 cts.

THE illustrious subject of this Memoir, its interesting style, and the many new facts and incidents introduced combine to render it a very important addition to our Missionary Literature. It has been hailed by the public press with universal approbation.

*From the Christian Observer, (Presbyterian).*

"The personal history of Dr. Carey is a bright illustration of Divine grace, and the sketch of it given in this Memoir, offers to Christians of every class, a hallowed example of the power of faith to encourage or sustain their efforts to promote the great interests of religion."

*From the Christian Herald, (Presbyterian).*

"Dr. Belcher has executed his task not only skilfully, but with an affection, appreciation, and sympathy, which gives a peculiar charm to the work."

*From the Presbyterian.*

"We think the author of this work has done well in preparing a new biography of so excellent a man. \* \* \* It is a more complete and readable Memoir than that with which the Christian public have been so many years acquainted."

*From the Watchman and Reflector.*

"This volume is one of the most readable, as well as valuable of all our Missionary Memoirs. The engravings, which are seven in number, illustrative and well-chosen, add, with a neat typographical aspect, attraction and interest."

*From the Christian Review.*

"Such a popular account of the life and labors of the father of English Baptist Missions, has long been needed. We recommend the work to our readers, praying that it may deepen the Missionary Spirit in our Churches."

*From the National Magazine.*

"The Baptist Church has been greatly honored of God in her Missionaries. \* \* \* Dr. Carey will never be forgotten for his labors in Oriental literature. \* \* \* The book before us is one of great interest. \* \* \* It is a worthy contribution to our Missionary Literature."

American Baptist Publication Society,

118 ARCH STREET, PHILADELPHIA.

# WESTERN SIDE:

OR

## Lights and Shadows of a Western Parish,

BY A MINISTER'S WIFE.

18mo. 337 pp. Price 50 cts.

In graphic power, in depth of insight, in variety of incident and character, and exquisite touches of moral application, "Western Side," will claim the highest place among this popular class of books, as indeed, its original composition antedated them all. Our churches and ministers without exception may find lasting benefit as well as delight from its perusal. A fine 12mo. edition is now issued. Price, 75 cents.

*From the Western Literary Messenger.*

"The style of Western Side is admirably suited to its character, and as a whole the book is a faithful exponent of the spirit of the West. It contains less incident but more reflection than 'Sunny Side,' equal beauty, but more strength; and we wish some of its passages were written with a pen of iron on every Christian mother's heart in the land, that she might not by her ill-judged tenderness, unfit those whom God has given her, to serve on earth or reign in heaven."

*From the Christian Era.*

"As graphic and touching as either 'Sunny' or 'Shady Side.' \* \* \* It will awaken a deeper interest in the cause of the ministry in the new states, and we hope for this reason it may be read extensively, and produce the same effect on others that it did on us."

*From the Mother's Journal.*

"We have noticed the different 'Sides' successively, as they have been presented by their authors, and while we will give the precedence in point of importance to neither, we must say that 'Western Side' is as worthy of consideration, and of as wide spread popularity as the others. It is not only 'Western Side,' but the *other side* altogether, and is a faithful delineation of the causes of failure in the ministerial profession. \* \* \* It is written in pleasing style, full of principles and appeals."

American Baptist Publication Society,

118 ARCH STREET, PHILADELPHIA.

# Rome against the Bible,

AND THE BIBLE AGAINST ROME:

Or, Pharisaism, Jewish and Papal.

BY WM. S. PLUMER, D. D.

18mo. 129 pages. PRICE 25 CENTS.

*From the Christian Chronicle.*

"This little volume is from the pen of a most able and accomplished scholar. Dr. Plumer, of Baltimore, has but few equals as an impressive preacher, or a vigorous writer. He is entirely at home with the nature, history, and results of the papal religion, and in this book has presented the subject before the public in a masterly manner. It will do good in the family, and especially in the Sabbath School Library."

*From the Christian Secretary.*

"It shows in a clear and precise manner, what Pharisaism was among the Jews, and that Pharisaism among the Papists goes beyond it. It also shows the hostility of popery to the general circulation of the Word of God—that this opposition is unscriptural and unreasonable, and is condemned by the voice of antiquity. It concludes with an address to Romish priests, to private members of the Romish church, and to Protestants."

*From the New York Baptist Register.*

"The writer shows clearly that Catholics are scarcely more favorable to the Douay version than to any other, and that their opposition is to the Bible itself."

*From the Presbyterian Banner.*

"This little volume is admirably condensed, and filled with solid matter in the author's usual effective manner. \* \* It will repay the labor of several perusals."

*From the Presbyterian.*

"The kind of book which should be placed in the hands of general readers, who wish to ascertain the true features of Popery."

*From the Episcopal Recorder.*

"A succinct and able compendium of the Protestant view on the important topic its title indicates."

American Baptist Publication Society,

118 ARCH STREET, PHILADELPHIA.

# Grace and Apostleship :

ILLUSTRATED IN THE LIFE OF JUDSON.

BY R. W. CUSHMAN, D. D.

18mo. 144 pages. PRICE 25 CENTS.

*From the Zion's Advocate.*

"This volume sets forth in an able and lucid manner some of the prominent traits in the character of Judson, which render him a worthy example for all the followers of Christ. The accompanying address upon 'The moral Likeness of Men as a ground of Encouragement in Missionary Labors,' exhibits very clearly an important fact in human nature, and furnishes valuable hints not only to the Missionary among the heathen, but to all who labor for the conversion of men."

*From the National Magazine.*

"No man's life could more fitly illustrate grace and apostleship than that of this prince of missionaries, Judson. Though a Baptist, his name and its peculiar associations, are the inheritance of the entire church. We warmly recommend a perusal of this volume."

*From the Christian Era.*

"Such a book will quicken the faith of God's people, and inspire the saints with a more earnest desire to do the will of God according to the terms of the great commission. We heartily recommend it."

*From the Michigan Christian Herald.*

"This little volume comes to us in the chaste and pure style which distinguishes all the author's productions. \* \* The cause of religion and of missions will rejoice in the wide circulation of such a book."

*From the Western Recorder.*

"It appeared to us, as we read it through at one sitting, as the best portraiture of that wonderful man we had ever read. It is certainly an excellent little work. We received more pleasure in its perusal than from any work of the size we remember ever to have read."

*From the Southern Baptist.*

"It bears throughout the stamp of the author's affectionate nature and classic taste, but will be even more esteemed for the lofty piety which it inculcates. The work is in character with its subject; it cannot have a higher recommendation."

American Baptist Publication Society,

118 ARCH STREET, PHILADELPHIA.

## NEW SUNDAY SCHOOL BOOKS

PUBLISHED BY THE

American Baptist Publication Society,

118 Arch Street, Philadelphia.

- DEW FOR THE DROOPING FLOWER: in Nine Letters addressed to Miss Sarah Saunders during her last illness. By JOHN FOSTER. 18mo. 98 pages. . . . . 18-20 cts.
- BIBLE RHYMES on all the Books of the Old and New Testaments. By HANNAH MOORE. 18mo. 72 pages . . . . . 16-18 cts.
- WESTERN SIDE; or Lights and Shadows of a Western Parish. By a Minister's Wife. 18mo. 327 pages. . . . . 50 cts.
- Do. Do. fine Edition. 12mo. 327 pages. 75 cts.
- MISSIONARY CONVERTS in Heathen Lands. By UNCLE JOSEPHUS. 18 mo. 118 pages. . . . . 22 and 25 cts.
- THRILLING FACTS from Missionary Fields. By UNCLE JOSEPHUS. 18 mo. 131 pages. . . . . 22-25 cts.
- CURIOSITIES OF CHRISTIAN MISSIONS. By UNCLE JOSEPHUS. 18 mo. 117 pages. . . . . 22-25 cts.
- MARY BARTLETT: Or the Young Home Missionary. By FRIEND JANE. 18 mo. 60 pages. . . . . 15 cts.
- A LILY GATHERED. The Conversion of James Laing; who died in Scotland, at the age of fourteen. By R. M. M'CREYNE. 18mo. 57 pages. . . . . 15 cts.
- PHILIP GARLAND: Or Love One Another. 18mo. 129 pages. . . . . 25cts.
- WINTER VACATION: Or how to be a Gentleman. 18mo. 49 pages. . . . . 15 cents.
- STING OF THE ADDER: Or the History of the Stanley Family. By JESSIE DOWLING DE WITT. 18mo. 132 pages. . . . . 25 cts.
- LIFE AND TIMES OF MENNO, the celebrated Dutch Reformer. With an accurate Portrait. By J. NEWTON BROWN. 18mo. 67 pages. . . . . 16-18 cents.
- ELLEN MASON: Or Prejudice Vanquished. 18 mo. 92 pages. . . . . 20 cents.
- WONDERFUL HISTORY OF A PIECE OF WOOD. An Exposure of Papal Idolatry. 18mo. 20 pages. . . . . 15 cents.
- COLMAN AND WHEELOCK: Or the Early Called of the Burman Mission. 18mo. 136 pages. . . . . 25 cents.

CHRIST OUR LIFE :  
IN ITS ORIGIN, LAW, AND END.

A PRIZE ESSAY,

BY JOSEPH ANGUS, D. D.,

PRESIDENT OF STEPNEY COLLEGE, LONDON.

12mo. 336 pages. PRICE 75 CENTS.

*From the Western Watchman.*

"This book is remarkable for the originality, clearness and simplicity of its plan, the exact and profound learning of which it is the fruit, without the lumber of parade; the strength, simplicity and classic beauty of its style; the deep, yet lively religious feeling which animates every sentence, and the gentle yet irresistible march of thought by which every conclusion is reached."

*From the Watchman and Reflector.*

"This is a book of rare value to the general reader. It is a Prize Essay, its merits being sufficiently declared by the unanimous award of the committee to whom it was submitted—all members of the Church of England—after an examination of sixty-four manuscripts. The book is, of course, free from all sectarian bias, and is marked by great catholicity, as well as breadth of view."

*From the Christian Review.*

"Christ in his character, incarnation, teaching, death, offices, &c., constitutes the theme of the book. The style is clear and forcible, and we are constrained to say that we have rarely read a work more deeply imbued with the evangelical spirit. We hope our readers will avail themselves of this truly valuable contribution to our Christian literature."

*From the Southern Baptist.*

"A book like this has been long needed. The author is a Baptist of high reputation. After the inimitable narratives of the Gospel, this is the best life of Christ we have yet seen. It is an excellent manual for the use of Bible classes."

*From the Episcopal Recorder.*

"To the American Baptist Publication Society we are happy to express our obligation for this work. We think there are few works directed to the same object, that can rival it for perspicuity and skill of construction."

American Baptist Publication Society,

118 ARCH STREET PHILADELPHIA.

