



Ernie Farnell
to
Cousin Estelle



Aunt Grace telling her Story.

See page 8.

MY FIRST SUNDAY-SCHOOL.

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CONTENTS.

CHAPTER	PAGE
I. MY FIRST SUNDAY-SCHOOL	7
II. THE LOST LIBRARY BOOK	15
III. THE DEAF AND DUMB GIRL.....	26
IV. THE HAPPY BLIND BOY.....	40
V. THE SUNDAY-SCHOOL BELL.....	51

MY FIRST SUNDAY-SCHOOL.

CHAPTER I.

MY FIRST SUNDAY-SCHOOL.



COME now, little children, gather around me, and let me tell you a story about the time when I was a little girl. There! don't come too noisily. John, you may sit on this chair at my right hand. You, Ellie, may take this on my left. Bessie may have the stool at my

feet. I will take Howard on my lap, because he is the wee one. Willie, as he is the young man of the party, now about twelve years old, may take the corner of the sofa;* that is, if he will sit up straight. It does look so badly to see boys and girls lolling about. If there are two things in this world Aunt Gracie dislikes, they are to see boys lazily lounging with their hair in their eyes, and to see them roaming about with their hands in their pockets.

Now mind! if there is any lounging I'll stop right off in the middle of my story. How can you expect me to tell a thing straight when everything around me is crooked?

Well, once upon a time, when I was young, I went to Sunday-school.

* See Frontispiece.

I suppose I went there because my day-school teacher was a member of the Church, and she wished to have me in her class. Besides that, it was a very excellent Sunday-school. Do I remember my teacher? did you ask me, Ellie? Yes, indeed, I do. I ought to remember her. I was with her seven days in every week, and of course she had a great deal to do with making me the nice body I am now! I have heard this same "Miss Mary" called "the best teacher in the United States." Was I not a favored child?

She was a very strict teacher. There were no half-said lessons and no lolling upon desks allowed in *her* school. If we missed our lessons we would have to stay in all noontime to write them over on our slates.

That was somewhat trying for us, but we took care not to have to do it often.

I could tell you plenty of stories about Miss Mary's every-day school, but—

“O! please tell us.”

Not just now. I began to tell about the Sunday-school, and it is not the sign of a good story-teller to begin one thing and then run off to another.

I suppose I was about five or six years old when I began to go to Sunday-school. I took my little sister with me, who I thought was a great deal younger than myself.

How proud I was of that little sister. I thought she had charms enough for both of us, for I was not very pretty and she was beautiful.

She had the roundest, fairest, most cunning little face and the sweetest little curls you ever did see. And then she was such a delightful singer.

I told my Sunday-school teacher that day that she could sing, and proposed that she should sing a certain tune which I mentioned. She only smiled and said, "Not just now." For years afterward I could not think why she would not let her sing. My childish mind could not tell that it would be out of place for her to sing a song there.

The first day that I went to school of course everything was new to me. The first exercise was from little books with paper covers. The superintendent read one sentence, and the whole school, teachers and scholars, read the next, and so on for

about two pages. I remember well some of the verses repeated in that way every Sunday. One made a very solemn impression upon my mind. I almost seem to hear the deep voice of Mr. H., the superintendent, now as he read: "Thou knowest my down-sitting and my up-rising; thou understandest my thoughts afar off;" and then the response, which I was obliged to repeat with the rest so often: "For there is not a word on my tongue, but lo! O Lord, thou knowest it altogether."

Sometimes I felt so badly about it that I could scarcely speak the words, to think that God should know every word "altogether" that I had spoken all through the past week! I was not then a Christian

child. My heart had not been changed by the grace of God, and I knew that it was not fit for the pure eyes of my heavenly Father to rest upon. I did not know "Jesus as the way," as a poor little Hottentot girl did, who died far away in South Africa, whom "Miss Mary" told us about once. When she was sick her teacher went to see her. I think she was her Sunday-school teacher and her every-day teacher too, as mine was.

The young Africans of that part of the country always call their teachers uncle and aunt. The first thing this little girl said when she saw her teacher was:

"Aunt, I want to go home."

"What home is it you want to go to?" her teacher asked.

"The home of the narrow way," the child replied.

She had a great deal of pain, but in the midst of it her teacher heard her say, "Jesus receiveth sinners! sinners! joy! joy! joy!" and soon after Jesus received that little Hottentot girl.

I did not then feel that Jesus had received me.

CHAPTER II.

THE LOST LIBRARY BOOK.



REMEMBER very well the superintendent was the librarian also. He was a very solemn, staid kind of man. When

we went up for our books, we did not dare to make one bit of noise, nor to stay any longer than was necessary to make the selection. The first day I was so bashful that I could not get my courage up to go to the library to select for myself, so Miss Mary kindly asked me if she should do it for me. I thanked her and

said "Yes." Indeed, I felt very thankful to her for saving me the pain of going, for it would have been pain to me, and yet I wished for a book very much indeed.

And how delighted I was with the one she brought me. I have remembered with pleasure ever since my first library book. It was called "The Watch-chain." It seems to me still like one of the nicest books I ever read. It had large, clear type, three or four pretty pictures, and was about a little girl. My happiness was complete for the time.

A rule in the school was, that if a scholar lost a library book it must be replaced by a new one, or by as much money as the book was worth. A very good rule, I think.

One Sunday, after I had been in

the school some time, I took out a library book as usual, and carried it home. That is the last I recollect of seeing the book. It was lost, and I never could find it. I remember perfectly the shame I felt for having lost a library book. I felt so much ashamed that the next Sunday I did not like to go to Sunday-school. It seemed to me as though every one would know I had lost one of their books. If it had been my own I should not have felt half so badly about it. It seemed to me almost as bad as stealing. My conscience was very tender.

Three or four weeks passed away, and each Sabbath Miss Mary would ask me why I did not go up to the book-case and get a library-book. I made some excuse each time, and I

suppose the tell-tale blushes on my face made her wonder more at me, for she knew I was fond of reading and was always eager to get a book. But she did not ask me closely about it.

There had been visiting at our house a deaf and dumb girl. My father had let her stay there a good while, because he pitied her. She was very poor, besides being deaf and dumb. I had a little table, a plaything which my brother had bought for me. This deaf and dumb girl seemed to fancy it, and asked me if I would not give it to her, saying at the same time that she would give me a pretty book for it. That proposition was a very attractive one to me, so I consented and the bargain was made.

When I showed the book to some

one, perhaps it was to my dear precious mother who is now in heaven, she said, "I wonder if she got the book honestly."

This was all she said, but it was enough to make my conscience feel a little troubled. I could not help thinking, "If she did not get it honestly the book is not mine, and I am a receiver of stolen goods." But I hushed down that little inner voice by telling it, "Well, anyhow, I paid for the book."

A day or two afterward I found the little table which I had given for the book among my playthings. I wondered how it came there, and took it back to the girl. She did not seem to care much about it, but took it and set it on a table in her own room.

A few days after this she left our house, and after she was gone I found the toy table among my playthings again, or somewhere about the house, I forget which.

I recollect thinking to myself, "Well, the table may be my own now certainly, because the girl is gone and did not take it with her." "But," a little voice said, "she did not give it back to you; she may come back and ask for it."

"O she wont do that! she has gone too far away; anyhow, she did not seem to care much for it."

"If the table is yours, the book can't be yours too," said the voice.

I did not exactly know how to fix that, so I ran out to play.

It was just about this time that I lost my Sunday-school library-book.

When I was sure, after four weeks' time, I think, that I could not find it, I thought,

"Now I will not say anything about it to anybody, but I'll just take the book which the deaf and dumb girl gave me and give that to the librarian in place of the one which I have lost."

So when Sunday came I never said a word to my mother nor older sister, but tucked the book under my arm and under my little shawl, and carried it into the Sunday-school room. I did not wish Miss Mary nor any of the girls to see it; the reason, I suppose, was, I was not certain I was doing right. True, I was not sure I was doing wrong either. But the Bible tells us to be "fully persuaded in our own minds." The right

way for me would have been to ask my mother or sister what was right, or at least to have asked Miss Mary.

My chief trouble was for fear that Mr. H., the librarian, would ask me if it was mine. I really did not know what I should tell him; I had a great horror of lying, and had been taught that equivocation was just as bad.

When the time came for the class to go up and select their library-books I was among the rest. I looked through the case as if I was searching for a book, and when my turn came to have the librarian take down the number into his book I handed him this, telling him very quickly that I had lost a book, and had brought this one

to put in its place, asking, "Will it do?"

He could not be interrupted long then of course, so he said, "Yes, I guess so." I then gave him the number of another book I had selected for the week's reading, and went to my seat with the other girls.

I felt relieved; he had not asked me the dreaded question.

But before the close of the school I saw him coming over toward me. My heart went pit-a-pat.

He came and sat down beside me. My face turned as red as a rose of June. He opened the book, and turning its leaves said:

"This is a very good book, indeed, quite suitable for our library."

I remember the book as well as if

all this had happened yesterday. Its name was "Nathan W. Dickerman."

His first words made me feel better, but his next brought back all my confusion. "Does it belong to you?" I hardly know what kind of a reply I made, but think I mumbled out, "Yes, sir," and said to myself, "It kind of belongs to me, I believe." He said no more except "Very well," and left me.

Some how or other, whenever I would see that book in the library I would glance quickly away from it, as from something I did not wish to see. I suppose it was a trouble to me, or a fear of trouble, at times, all the time I attended that Sunday-school. What a pity I had not made up my mind distinctly what was right in the beginning.

"How could I tell?"

As I told you before, I could at least have asked my mother. Now I will let you rest a while before I tell you any more of my story.

CHAPTER III.

THE DEAF AND DUMB GIRL.



AND now you wish I would tell you more about the deaf and dumb girl, do you? I will try. I do so much love to please good little children. I do not know, Willie, that you lolled on me once during all the first part of my story, so I am the better pleased to go on.

What! hands in the pockets! I'll stop just here.

Ah! "only to get your knife out!" Then I'll go on,

This deaf and dumb girl had rather a singular history. A person living in a large city one day received a note from a stranger. She did not know anything about the person whose name was signed to it; but a few days after she received it a woman came to her house, bringing a child with her. She said she was the same person who had written the note. She had found out by some means that the lady was a person who loved to do good, and she asked her if she would not please take care of the child.

The lady thought it rather strange, but told the woman to leave the child for a few days, and she would see what she could do.

The woman gave no name for the child, and said nothing about it, ex-

cept that she was its aunt, and that its father was a Spaniard. She left two dollars and a half, promising to send more if the lady would keep her.

After a few days the woman came back. The lady told her she had concluded to keep the child, and the woman left two dollars and a half more. This was the last that was ever heard of the child's aunt.

The good lady under whose care she was placed tried to teach her what she could. But it is very hard indeed to teach one who is deaf and dumb. The mind is really in prison, more so than the mind of the blind is. You cannot tell them anything and they cannot ask any questions.

The lady had made some visits to the Deaf and Dumb Asylums, and

had learned some of the ways in which children there are taught, and she thought she would try to see what she could teach the little girl so strangely placed under her care.

I went once to an exhibition of the Deaf and Dumb Asylum in a large city. There were three hundred and two little deaf and dumb boys and girls brought by their teachers into the large hall where the exercises were held.

The girls were clothed simply and tastefully in white, and the boys in gray suits. Some of their faces were uncommonly pretty, and their manners graceful.

The prayer which one of the ministers present offered for them was touching. He prayed: "Bless these children of silence; speak to them as

thou alone canst, in language which they can hear; speak to their hearts, speak to their consciences. May they hear thee say, 'Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden and I will give thee rest.' O that the ear of their souls may hear!" It was a sweet thought to me that they might, for Jesus's sake, thus silently talk with God.

The president of the institution told us that when the children came to them they had no knowledge of any kind. Many of them did not even know their own names. Some could not even tell the shape of one thing from another. The only means they had of teaching them anything was by the eye. He then said, "We will now show you that we have been able to teach them something." A

class of four was then called up, two little boys and two little girls.

The president made signs to them to write their names and ages upon the blackboard. They did it quite neatly. He then made signs as if he was trying to blow some very light thing away, and the children wrote "feather," "quill," "pen."

He then described a goat by signs, and the children understood it and wrote the word; then an umbrella; then a brush; then a fly.

He then put one of his hands upon the back of the other; that was telling them he wished them to write adjectives—something put on or added to a noun; and each child wrote one down. He made a circle in the air with his finger, like this O, and they wrote "forever" on the black-

board. Then he cut it in two this way, O, and they wrote "never." He put his hand very closely over his heart and looked very lovingly, and the children wrote "love."

After these little ones had taken their seats four larger ones came. Each one of these wrote a beautiful composition.

While they were writing them a little boy about thirteen years old told us a story by signs. He showed us how persons caught fish, and we could not help understanding it. We could tell just the instant when he had a nibble. The second time he drew his line up there was, without doubt, an eel dangling at its end.

He then told us the Bible stories of Joseph and his brethren, and of

David and Goliath, and did not take any more time in telling them than I or any other person would take to tell it in words.

Then another boy told us, in his expressive way, how a blacksmith shod a horse. We could see it all, almost as plainly as if the man and the horse had been there before us. He made us all laugh heartily by showing us the fable of the frog trying to swell itself up into an ox! I thought I had seen some little children, and some men too, who were something like the frog! It is dangerous to try such a thing, though. We had better not meddle with things too high for us.

Two of this class, a boy and a girl, spoke a dialogue in signs, and very few of our Sunday-school children

have I seen who were as graceful as they.

Some one in the audience asked the president to let them answer the question, "What must I do to be saved?" I was anxious to see what they knew about this most important of all questions. Their answer seemed to prove that they knew in their hearts what religion was.

A gentleman asked, "Why were you born deaf and dumb, while I can see and hear?" One boy wrote, "Even so, Father, for so it seemed good in thy sight."

The exercises were closed by one of the children giving the "Lord's Prayer" in sign language.

You see, then, that a great deal is taught to these poor "children of silence," hard as it is to do it; and the

lady taught a good deal to the poor girl who used to come to our house once in a while.

I used to talk with the girl sometimes with my fingers. I learned the alphabet, and could spell the words, letter by letter, very slowly. I do not think it would have been a very good thing for me to be with that girl a great deal. She did not seem to care how many stories she told, even though she had to tell them with her fingers; and it seemed as if she would just as lief steal anything as not.

Many persons used to get very much out of patience with her. They seemed to think it was just as wicked for her to do anything wrong as it would be for a child who could talk, and hear, and all. But my

mother and sister did not think so; and the lady who had charge of her said it was very hard work indeed to make her understand what right and wrong meant. She was just like a little child two or three years old, who could not tell what he ought to do or what he ought not to do.

“Are there many deaf and dumb children?”

Yes, there are a great many. Some time ago there were three thousand in France. A gentleman there felt very sorry for them. His name was “Abbé de l’Epee.” I wonder if you can pronounce it, and I wonder if you can remember it. Try. He thought he would try to see what he could do to help them and make them happier. He was the first one who founded anything

like the right kind of schools for them.

Persons before this had always thought such children's minds were simple, or that they had no minds at all, and that, of course, it was of no use to try to teach them anything. Parents thought it was a disgrace to have children who, when they grew to be three years old, could not speak nor hear. It was the custom to kill them as monsters, or to send them into the country where nobody would ever see them or hear of them.

But this good abbé of France thought it was not their minds at all. He found out, too, that it is their organs of hearing, and not of speech, that are wrong. If they could hear they would very soon learn how to talk.

Poor little things! he felt very sorry for them. Just to think! They can never hear the voice of care and of love from mother, or nurse, or friend. They cannot even think how sweetly sounds the gentle music of the flute, or the soft notes of spring-time birds. Their minds are just like eagles that have had their wings clipped before they were old enough to fly. They do not know what power they have in themselves, and they do not know of all the loveliness they lose. Truly, we ought to have the kindest feelings for all such, and we ought to remember how much more we will have to give an account of to God than they will.

A little girl once got very angry because she found out that a cat could

hear and she could not. Generally, though, the little deaf and dumb children are very patient under their affliction. Almost always, too, we find that God has been good to them in other ways, to make up for what they want in this. They often have quicker eye-sight, or a more delicate and quicker mind.

And now-a-days parents are very apt to love their little deaf and dumb children best of all, and to treat them more tenderly. I am sure children who have all their "five senses" would not object to this.

But better than these comforting thoughts is this: in heaven they will be able to hear and to speak and sing as well as any of us.

CHAPTER IV.

THE HAPPY BLIND BOY.



O you think, John, that all little deaf and dumb children are born so?"

"No, not all of them, though most of them are. Some have scarlet-fever, or other diseases, which destroys their hearing, and then, after a time, they forget how to talk.

I know a young lady who has been entirely deaf eleven years, ever since she was about eleven years old. She still remembers how to talk, but she does it rather strangely, yet we

can still understand her. She is very pretty and very cheerful, but we are afraid she will soon forget how to talk altogether.

I once heard of a little boy who had been made blind by scarlet-fever. It had settled in his eyes, and for many months he had not seen anything. It was all as dark as night now to the sprightly little fellow, who used to run everywhere.

Some one said to him one day:

“Well, my dear boy, this is hard for you, is it not?”

He did not answer for a minute, then he said:

“I don't know that I ought to say hard; God knows what is best.”

But any one could see that he felt a good deal his loss of sight, for a

bright tear stole down his cheek as he made that reply.

"Yes, my dear, you have a kind heavenly Father, who loves you and feels for you more even than your mother does," said his friend.

"I know it," said the little boy, "and it is a great comfort to me."

You see now that children can have the real comforts of religion as well as older folk.

The blind boy had a little sister. One day she said:

"I wish Jesus was here to cure Frank. He cured a good many blind men when he was on earth, and I am almost sure he would cure Frank."

"Well," said some one who heard what the little girl said, "Jesus will open little Frank's eyes to see what

a good Saviour he is. He will show him that a blinded heart is worse than a blind eye; and he will wash his heart in his own blood, and cure it, and make him see and enjoy beautiful heavenly things, so that he may sit here and be a thousand times happier than many children who are running about."

"I can't help wishing he could see," again said his sister Lizzie.

"I suppose you do; but I hope you don't try to make Frank discontented."

"Frank isn't discontented," said Lizzie earnestly. "He loves God; and love sets everything right and makes its own sunshine, does it not, Frank?"

Ah! Lizzie and Frank knew a good deal better what true religion

is than do a great many grown persons who are members of the Church.

“I don't feel cross now,” said the little blind boy softly. “When I am alone I pray, and sing my Sabbath-school hymns, and sing and sing, and God is in the room, and it feels light, and—and I forget I am blind at all!” and his face looked as if there was light all over his heart and soul.

If he had been able to see ever so much, even the very prettiest things in all the world, if he had not had this light of true religion in his soul he would not have been so happy.

It is the light and song within a person more a great deal than the light and sounds without, that give

true happiness. How very happy those little children ought to be who may have both!

"But," you say, "that story about the blind boy was not a story about the Sunday-school."

Ah, you have caught me finely now! I'll have to give up that I am not a good story-teller, because I said good story-tellers did not run off from a story once begun until it was finished. Ah, well!

At any rate I was a good girl once; for I remember just as well as I remember my A B C's, that my Sunday-school teacher, Miss Mary, gave me a book for being good. I was about ten years old then, and I, of course, felt quite pleased to have this mark of her approval. Its name was "The Bible Companion," and I

do not exactly like to tell, but I do remember very well I felt so disappointed because it was not a story-book. Yet I did not like to say so. As she handed it to me she said :

“ I thought you would rather have this than a story-book ; it will be much more useful to you.”

Of course my politeness would not let me say, “ O no ! I would much rather have had a story-book.” Besides that, I felt that she had paid me a compliment, and I did not wish to throw it from me in that style. So I suppose Miss Mary to this day thinks I greatly preferred the Bible Companion to the story-book ; and so I do, now that I have more good sense than I had then ; for I have the book still. There on the fly-leaf is

still written, in Miss Mary's free, beautiful hand:

"To [I believe I will not give you the real name,] as a reward for punctuality and diligence; by her affectionate Sunday-school teacher.—M."

It has been of great use to me since I received it. It has given me larger knowledge about the best of all books, and I have been very glad it was not merely a story-book; if it had been it would have been torn up long ago, I suppose, or else lost.

I recollect another little story about my first Sunday-school. One day one of the girls in the class had learned, as part of her Sabbath lesson, that hymn which commences with these lines:

"When I can read my title clear
To mansions in the skies."

Miss Mary asked her if she knew what those two lines meant. She said she did not. Then Miss Mary asked me if I understood what they meant. Right away I said:

“O yes! they mean, when I can know I am going to heaven.”

My teacher looked pleased with my answer; and I can remember to this day the proud feelings my little heart had because I thought I had answered so smartly.

Ah, naughty, naughty heart! Just as likely as not my mother or my sister had explained that very verse to me not long before, and all my smartness had been borrowed from them; and even if I did happen to think of it myself, it was nothing more than I ought to have done, and God gave the mind to do

it, and could take it away too in an instant.

There is not a living person who has any right to be proud of anything which he does, or which he has. The Bible asks very truly, "What have ye which ye have not received?"

A little deaf and dumb boy which I heard of once might have been excused perhaps for such a thing, because he did not know any better. When he did anything right the lady in whose care he was used to pat him on the head. That was the way she had of letting him know she approved of what he had done.

After a while, when he thought he had done anything pretty nice, he used to pat his own head!

We ought to be very careful not to pat our own heads, or people may laugh at us, and all our smart things will go for nothing!

CHAPTER V.

THE SUNDAY-SCHOOL BELL.



REMEMBER what a pure delight it was to me to go to Sunday-school. I wonder if it is as great a pleasure to the children now-a-days.

The church to which this school belonged had a bell. To me that bell was full of music. Each peal was a note of pleasure, whether rung out on the air of summer, or sweeping among the frosts of winter.

Let me give you some verses which a friend composed about the bell.

THE SABBATH BELL.

How sweetly tolls the Sabbath bell
On each returning Sabbath morn ;
Methinks no sound so sweetly fell
On human hearts to sorrow born.

Come, come, O come, from worldly care,
O child to thee they kindly call ;
Wake up thy soul, thyself prepare,
And haste within its temple's wall.

Come, come, O come, they still repeat ;
We'll listen to their solemn call ;
We'll bow before the mercy-seat,
And find in Christ our all in all.

Come, come, O come, thou weary one,
In loving tones they seem to say ;
Press on toward thy heavenly home,
And cast thy sorrowing cares away.

Sweet Sabbath bell! thy mellow notes
O'er distant hills have died away.
Not so thy music in our hearts ;
There shall it ever, ever stay.

I was sure that bell said, "Come." I felt as if it said "Come," and at its first sound I ran to put on my bonnet and cloak, and was always there before school commenced, I think, and with my lesson pretty well studied. One day, however, I did not know my Bible lesson. My teacher's mother was sitting behind me, and she thought I knew my lesson perfectly. For what do you think I did?

The superintendent was hearing the whole school together; and I made my lips move as if I was answering every question, when I was really not saying a word. You do not think that was right, do you? I think it was very wrong. It was acting an untruth. And when the lady who sat behind me said to me afterward,

"How much better you knew your lesson than some of the other girls," it made me feel very badly I assure you. I felt richly that I deserved blame instead of praise.

One time the Sunday-school bell tolled sadly.

My little sister was in the infant class. One time, in the fall of the year, just when the trees were looking so bright and beautiful, before losing all their leaves, a little boy who was a member of that class died. He was a very bright little boy, and was always ready to answer any remark which his teacher made, and he was the only one who always kissed his teacher upon first coming in. The Sunday before he died, soon after his teacher came into the school-room she said, "I was very sick last Sunday; I

did not know that I should ever get here again; I thought that I would perhaps die."

"That would not have been very sad," said little Arthur. "You would have gone to heaven."

"How do you know I would have gone to heaven?"

"Because you are a good Sunday-school teacher, and all good Sunday-school teachers go to heaven, don't they?"

"You are a little boy, but you may never be here again. If you were to die, where would you go?" the teacher asked.

"O I would go to heaven too," replied Arthur.

"Are you sure you would go to heaven?"

"O yes, I am sure."

"Why; because you are good?"

"O no, but some how I am sure."

"Would you not be sorry to go and leave your father and mother?"

"O no, not very."

"Why; don't you love them?"

"O yes, I love them, but then they would soon come to heaven too."

"But would you not be sorry to leave your sisters?"

"O they would soon die, and come to heaven too, and then we would all live there together."

This is a true conversation between Arthur and his Sunday-school teacher on the first day of the week in which he was taken sick.

The next Wednesday night his mother was wakened by little Ar-

thur's restlessness. She went to him and he seemed to have a good deal of fever. She put plasters upon his feet, and cold water cloths upon his head, and sent for the doctor. He was out; she soon sent again. When he came he said he was afraid he could not do any good to dear little Arthur.

The little boy lived only until the next night. Just before he died he stretched out his hand as if trying to catch something, and said to his sister Fanny:

"O Fanny, Fanny, hand me my crown." In a few minutes afterward the Saviour himself gave the dear little boy a crown of endless life.

On the next Sunday afternoon the body of little Arthur was brought

into our Sunday-school room. We were all there to see the last of our school-mate.

Our pastor made a few remarks. Among other things he said: "How lovely that religion is which can make our little children die so happily. It takes away all fear from them, so that the little one who was afraid even to go outside of the door in the dark can go sweetly and calmly along, all through the dark 'valley of the shadow of death.'"

He said too: "How much children love little hymns when they are on sick or dying beds! One of the ladies connected with a Sunday-school of poor children, said once that she had noticed that almost all the children of their school

who had died had asked during their sickness that the sweet little hymn commencing,

'There is a happy land,'

might be sung for them.

"And little Arthur," the pastor said, "asked that the hymn,

'I want to be an angel,
And with the angels stand,'

might be sung to him as he lay almost scorched with the terrible fever."

Little Arthur's death, and what our pastor said, made me feel quite seriously for a time. All that week I tried to be very good in school, and was very careful about everything I said; but the week after that I acted as if I had forgotten all about it, and as if there was no danger that I

should ever die. How sad it was I should be so forgetful! And here ends my story about my first Sunday-school.

THE END.

