

THE
STANDARD-BEARER:

AN

Illustrated Magazine for the Young.

—
VOL. X. 1861.
—

PUBLISHED BY THE
PROTESTANT EPISCOPAL SOCIETY FOR THE PROMOTION OF
EVANGELICAL KNOWLEDGE,

BIBLE HOUSE, NEW-YORK,

AND 1224 CHESTNUT ST., PHILADELPHIA.

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THE
STANDARD-BEARER.

VOL. X.

JANUARY, 1861.

NO. 1.

S O W I N G S E E D .



HAVE our little readers heard the words, "I wish you a Happy New Year," so often since this year of 1861 has dawned upon us, that they do not care to hear it again, even from their old friend, THE STANDARD-BEARER?

We hope not, for it is very pleasant to feel that we are welcomed by a host of bright eyes, who are as ready to read our kindly greetings as we are to give them, and who will return some of the love which prompts them.

"Love! Why, mamma, does THE STANDARD-BEARER love me?" I think I hear a little girl say: "How can it be possible to love those whom we have never seen?"

I will answer for your mamma, little one. THE STANDARD-BEARER *does* love all his readers, and that is the reason he tries so earnestly to teach them good things, and to lead them to love and trust the Saviour.

And now that you are all commencing a New

Year, will you not commence to live for Jesus—
and will you not sow seed for Him?

I have chosen this picture of a man sowing seed



because I want to talk with you a little about it.
This man is sowing seed in the earth, but I want
you to sow seed in your hearts.

Very likely most of you have had gardens of your own, and know that every spring, after the ground has been nicely dug, and raked, is the right time to sow the seed. Now, a New Year is before you; nothing has yet been sown there; so it is just the right time for you to commence to sow.

When you make your gardens you are very careful to choose just the kind of seed you want; and if you want morning-glories, you do not plant marigolds. So you must be doubly careful what sort of seed you plant in your hearts. If you want love and gentleness to grow there, you must not sow the seeds of anger and discord; or if you want plenty of industry and application, you should not drop any seeds of idleness or carelessness. If you desire a good thrifty plant of obedience, you must be careful not to let any seeds of willfulness be sown there.

Perhaps last year some of these troublesome seeds sprang up in your garden. If so, now is the time to root them all out; for you know when you make your garden in the spring, you always pull up any plants or weeds which you do not wish to have there. And this New Year you should have your garden all clear, for sowing any seeds you like.

And then after you have sown your seeds, you must ask God to water them with His grace; for the good plants will no more grow in your hearts

without it, than the flowers will grow in your garden without the rain from heaven.

Then, through all this year you will have plants growing for God's glory; and if, before it closes, He sees fit to transplant you to His garden above, where some who read our last New Year's greeting are already enjoying the sunshine of His presence, you will be glad to go, where you will bloom forever and ever.

AUNT SOPHY SPY.

—•••—
T E M P T A T I O N .



ONCE knew a dog named Tip. He was a little yellow Scotch terrier—no great beauty, to be sure, but you could have told, by one look at his coal-black eyes and erect ears, that he had more sense than half a dozen of fat, sleepy lap-dogs. A sensible dog he was, and a useful member of society. Not a rat or a mouse could show him the color of its whiskers without losing its life.

Of course he was a privileged character, and had the freedom of the house, that he might follow his business without hindrance. He certainly es-

teemed rats' meat a delicacy; but you know children are always ready for dessert after a dinner of roast-beef or turkey, and so was he. A lump of sugar was a choice morsel for Tip, and his young master often gave it to him as a reward of merit.

One of Tip's good qualities was obedience. Whether he was having a fine play with the house-dog, or taking a nap by the fire, or even watching for a mouse, away he would scamper at the first note of his master's whistle. It was a pleasure to him to obey. I will tell you how his young master used to try him sometimes. He would put a lump of sugar on a chair, and go to the other side of the room, so that when he called, "Here, Tip!" the little dog would have to pass the sugar to get to him. Tip knew that he ought not to stop for any thing when he was called, (I wish some children I could name remembered this,) and a terrible struggle it cost him to keep from stopping for the tempting sugar. Do you think he kept looking at the chair all the way, lingering as he passed it, with beseeching looks, in hopes of having leave to take the sugar first, and obey orders afterwards? Is that the way *you* would have done, little reader? No; he did quite another thing. He would turn his head resolutely away from the temptation, and go half round the room, so as to keep as far as possible from it in going to his master. And when it was safely passed, he

frisked and capered, as much as to say: "I'm so glad I did not touch it!"

He always got the sugar in the end; and don't you think it tasted all the sweeter because he did his duty first? Now, dear children, you may learn a lesson from little Tip. I hope there is not one of you who forgets to kneel down every night and say: "*Our Father.*" And every time you do so, you pray: "Lead us not into *temptation.*" Yet how often you forget that prayer, and put yourselves right in the way of doing wrong, just as if you never meant what you said!

If your mother gives you a line of spelling to learn, do not keep the doll or the story-book in your lap all the time, or you will be sorely tempted not to study. If you must not eat fruit, do not make your play-house in the orchard. If you are forbidden to talk with a naughty boy or girl, do not walk past the house where they live, but go another way. And when you are in church or Sunday-school, keep your eyes on the minister or teacher, or upon your book, for fear they will wander about the room and fill your mind with idle, foolish thoughts. These are a few of the ways in which you may avoid temptation.

The wise man says: "Avoid it; pass not by it; turn from it, and pass away." You can read in the New Testament how the Lord Jesus resisted the temptation of the devil; and St. Paul tells us

that He is able to help *us* when we are tempted. So, when we feel in danger of committing sin, we must go to Jesus and ask Him to make a way for our escape. Then we shall find it easy to shut our eyes and stop our ears when we are passing through temptation.

ANNA.

•••••

A LETTER TO A SUNDAY-SCHOOL.

THE following letter was addressed to a Sunday-school in Pittsburgh, Pa., and is published in THE STANDARD-BEARER that other schools may share with them the pleasure of singing the hymn which accompanies it.

MY DEAR CHILDREN: You remember that some time ago, when you had learned at my request that beautiful hymn, "I want to be like Jesus," we all sang it together so sweetly, and had a pleasant talk about trying to be like Jesus. I asked you what was the prettiest tune you knew, and you answered: "Greenland's Icy Mountains." Then I said I would some day write you a little hymn to that tune which should be our own special property. Perhaps some of you think I have forgotten the promise, but I have not. How could I fail to perform my promise to you when I have told you so earnestly of your duty to perform your promises, and especially the great and solemn promise you have all made to God through your sponsors in baptism? How can any Christian forget promises when the whole Bible is

full of God's promises and their fulfillment, (1 Kings 8 : 56,) and we have before us the example of the blessed Saviour, daily and hourly fulfilling His promises to them that love Him? In all the affairs of life, small as well as great, let us try to be like Jesus.

Thinking of Him and His undeserved mercy to all of us, I have written two verses of praise. Holy angels we know are forever happy in singing songs of praise around the throne of God in heaven. We do not know the music they sing, but the Bible tells us some of the words, (Luke 2 : 13, 14; Rev. 5 : 11, 12,) and we know that unless we learn and love to sing God's praises here, we will not be prepared to join the heavenly choir. The third verse is a prayer. In regard to prayer, you know, we have a *Promise*. You will find it in the Saviour's Sermon on the Mount, and in 1 John 5 : 14, 15; James 1 : 5 and 5 : 15, 16; Philippians 4 : 6, 7. This promise will be performed if you sincerely desire it. That you may always remember to whose ear your songs of praise and prayer should be addressed, and how only they can be made acceptable to God, is the earnest prayer of your affectionate teacher.

H Y M N.

Come, let us sing His praises,
Whose kindness through the week,
Demands more love and praises
Than all our words can speak ;

In hymns our thanks expressing,
Let joyful voices blend
To praise for every blessing,
Our Saviour and our Friend.

Come, let us sing His praises
Who made the Sabbath-day ;
That we may sing His praises,
And rest from work or play.
But while we sing His praises
Our hearts must join the strain ;
Unless they're heartfelt praises,
Our voices rise in vain.

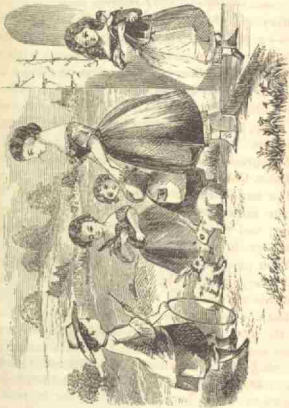
O Saviour! while we're singing,
Make all our hearts thine own ;
That every voice upspringing,
May sweetly reach Thy throne ;
Help this, our weak endeavor
To be like the shining band
That sings Thy praise forever,
In the far-off happy land.

MARY AND SNOWDROP.

"O FANNY! do come and see what Uncle Harry has brought us?" said Mary, as she ran into the room where her sister was trying to make a new bonnet for her doll.

"What is it?" said Fanny, as she commenced to put away her work quite leisurely

"Three of the most beautiful rabbits you ever saw," said Mary. "But do come, quick."



"Me go, too," said little Emma, who was dressing her doll in the same room.

But Mary was off without waiting for either of

her sisters. So Fanny took little Emma's hand, and led her carefully down-stairs out to the front of the house where the other children were.

Mary already had one of the rabbits in her arms—a beautiful little gray fellow, who looked as if he would rather be on the ground with his mother and brother. Cora stood on the steps, not quite certain whether she wanted to go any nearer the rabbits, while Louisa had just come up, with her hoop, to join with the others in admiring their new pets.

All agreed that they were dear little creatures, and that Uncle Harry was very kind to bring them.

The mother-rabbit was perfectly white, and one of the little ones was just like her, only not as large; and the little children named it Snowdrop. The gray one they called Bunny.

Their papa had a nice pen made for the rabbits, and every day the children fed them with clover and cabbage-leaves.

But one day, Bunny found out a way to get out of the pen, and Snowdrop followed his example. They seemed to enjoy running over the grass, and choosing clover for themselves, so much, that the children's papa said they had better be left out all the time.

So after that, Snowdrop, and Bunny, and Mother, as the children called the old rabbit, were not shut

up again, but were allowed to run where they pleased.

Snowdrop was very fond of running in the adjoining field, and the children were very much afraid that a dog who was often seen there might kill him. So whenever they saw Snowdrop going there, they would drive him back again.

Fanny said she had often seen his mother running after him to drive him back, and it was very odd that he was the only one of the rabbits who seemed to care to go into the field. Perhaps he thought that the clover in there was sweeter than that around the house.

Poor little Snowdrop paid dearly for his disobedience, however; for sure enough, one day, the dog spied him, and springing on him, caught him by the neck, and soon shook the breath out of him. Then, as if he was quite satisfied with what he had done, the "naughty dog," as Emma called him, threw poor little Snowdrop among the bushes, and walked away.

There the little rabbit was found by Louisa, about an hour afterwards, quite cold and dead.

The children made great lamentations over it, and Fanny said it was all because Snowdrop did not mind his mother. The gardener dug a grave for their little favorite, and the children buried it under a willow-tree.

A day or two after, Mr. Sayword, their papa, told them that he had discovered a poisonous vine in one corner of the field, and he did not wish any of the children to go in there, for fear they might touch it, and get poisoned.

"It is not very convenient for me to have it taken away to-day," said he; "but to-morrow I will have it done, and then you can play there as usual."

The children all seemed very willing to give up their play in the field for one day; and all the morning they played on the piazza without once thinking of going any where else. But in the afternoon it was Louisa's and Cora's turn to go out to ride, with their mamma, and Fanny and Mary were left at home.

Fanny found an interesting book, and seating herself in an easy-chair on the shady side of the piazza, she became so absorbed in reading, as to forget every thing else. Mary got a book, too; but she soon became tired of reading, and began to look about to see what else she could find for amusement. All at once she thought of the black-berries in the field. "I am sure they are ripe," she said to herself, "and I can have a fine feast."

So she took her bonnet, and started off. She had just opened the gate which led into the field, when she remembered that her papa had said: "No one must go in there."

She hesitated a moment; but the sight of the large ripe blackberries which hung near, was too much for her.

"I will just go in a little way," she said. "Papa said the vine was in the corner, and I will not go towards any corner."

So she closed the gate after her, and went in. She found plenty of ripe blackberries, but she did not enjoy them very much; for all the time she had an uneasy feeling because she knew she was doing wrong. She was afraid, too, that her mamma would come home and find her in the field; so she did not stay very long.

Just as she was turning to come out, she saw little Bunny run under some bushes. "Ah! little fellow," said she, "I am not going to leave you here to be bitten by the dog;" so she reached under the bushes to pull him out. She caught him, and then she came quietly out of the field, with Bunny in her arms, saying to herself:

"There, I am sure there was no great harm done by my going into the field, and if I had not gone, Bunny might have been killed just as poor Snow-drop was. I am glad no one saw me, though."

Ah! little Mary, did nobody see you? You forgot to look up. God, who says, "Children, obey your parents," saw you, and He was displeased.

That night Mrs. Sayword was awakened by hearing Mary call out:

"Mamma! mamma! won't you come here? My face and hands feel as if they were all on fire, and as if twenty mosquitoes had been biting me."

Her mamma went to her at once with a light; and sure enough, her face and hands looked just as they felt, all on fire. They were a bright red, and very much swollen.

"Why, my child!" said her mother; "you have been poisoned. Did you go in the field yesterday?"

Mary hesitated a moment, but something seemed to say to her: "Don't tell a lie, Mary." And she answered: "Yes, mamma; I did, but I did not go in the corner where papa said the poisonous vine was."

"Well, my child, there is probably more of the same vine in the field, and you have touched it, and it has poisoned your skin. I am afraid you will be punished most severely for your disobedience."

"Dear mamma, I am very sorry," said Mary, "but I did not think it would hurt me if I did not go into the corner of the field."

"I want my little girls to learn that whatever papa and mamma says must be obeyed, without any hesitation. They know best."

While Mrs. Sayword was talking, she was preparing a cooling wash to apply to Mary's face and

hands. It made them feel a great deal better; and as her mother was bathing her with it, Mary said:

“I have been disobedient just as the rabbit was, and I have got punished for it, too.”

“Yes, but the poor little rabbit could not think and reason as you can, and he had no soul, as you have. Then you know something that the rabbit did not. Can you tell me what it is?”

“Yes, mamma!” said Mary. “I know that God has said: ‘Children, obey your parents.’ Won’t you ask Him to forgive me?”

Mrs. Layword kneeled down by her little girl’s bed, and in a few words, asked forgiveness for her sin; and then, as the burning of her face and hands was allayed, she left her, and Mary was soon fast asleep.

She suffered for several days severely with the swelling of her face and hands, and many times she wished that she had considered that papa knew best, before she had gone into the field.

And after she recovered, she never went into the field without thinking of it.

M. A. H.

—•••—

WHAT TO LOVE.—Love God; for God hath loved you. Love Jesus; for He became a man and died for you. Love the Holy Spirit; for He takes away the stony heart and gives the heart of flesh. Love the Bible; for it is the book of books, and the only guide to heaven. Love God’s people; for God loves them, and they love God. Love the Sabbath; for it is Christ’s day: it tells us of Him who rose from the dead for us.

THE
STANDARD-BEARER.

VOL. X.

FEBRUARY, 1861.

NO. 2.

MY OWN BIBLE.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH.



O YOU know, my dear children, the pleasure of having a Bible all *your own*? All the treasures of the world are not worth so much as this precious book! Think that it is the *Word of God*, the word which

directs us, which consoles us, which strengthens us, which makes us rejoice. There are some people who would give a great deal to have a Bible. I have lately heard a story of a little girl who contrived a singular way to procure one.

She lived in a little village in the mountains of Aveyron; and there they have not the happiness to see colporteurs who bring Bibles to the inhabitants. She was told that at Nimes one could be bought for three francs.

This poor little girl had no money; but she had

two rabbits of her own. She resolved to go on foot to Nîmes, which is twenty-five leagues from her village, and she carried her two rabbits with her. Arrived at the city, she went to a bookseller, and proposed to him to exchange her two rabbits for a Bible, to which he consented. Rejoiced with her bargain, she returned to her mountains, happy to have in her possession the precious book she had desired so long.

Now I am going to tell you of a little boy of your own age, whose joy was also very great when he had a Bible of his own—the book of God.

His name was Amon. He was four years old when he lost his parents. He went to live with his grandparents, very pious old people, who made him read in the large, old, well-worn Bible, about the love which God has shown us in sending His Son to save sinners.

His grandfather died suddenly, and Amon was very much affected. He and his grandmother found themselves much alone; and both went to seek consolation in the old grandfather's Bible. The boy opened at the resurrection of Lazarus. The poor grandmother wept much, covering her face with her apron; but when she heard these words, "Thy brother shall rise again," she seemed comforted. Amon did not yet well comprehend all he read. Afterwards he understood that his grandmother rejoiced that she would see one day those whom she

had lost; since those who love God will rise again to be clad with a body immortal and glorious.

At ten years old he followed a shepherd, and took his flocks to pasture. He had learned to knit; and he made stockings while guarding his sheep, which gave him fifteen or twenty centimes a day. Nothing was wanting to make him completely happy but a Bible; but how could he get money enough to buy one?

He went to the Sunday-school. The teacher was a pious man, who spoke constantly of the kindness we ought to feel for each other, and the love we owe the Lord Jesus Christ, who has Himself loved us so much. Amon confided to him his desire to buy a Bible, and confessed that he earned so little that he could not hope to have one for a long time. The teacher advised him to rise earlier and retire later, so that he could do more work. He told him also of a place where he would find water-cresses, and said that if he would bring them early on market-days, he was sure the farmer's daughters would buy them to carry with their butter to the city. He added that he would keep his money as Amon earned it, and promised when he had a sum sufficient to purchase a Bible, he would take him to a bookseller to choose one. His grandmother, too, who was pleased with Amon, gave him from time to time five centimes, which increased his little treasure.

This poor woman fell sick, and kept her bed

several weeks. She could earn nothing during this time; but as soon as her rent was due, the landlord, who was a hard man, sent to demand the amount due, and gave only till the evening to procure the money. When her little grandson came home she told him what had passed. "If I can not pay the six francs which I owe," said she, "they will seize our bed, our torn covering, and this wheel which helps us to live." Hardly had she spoken these words, when Amon rushed out of the room, crying, "I have them! I have them!" He went to his teacher and said: "Sir I need my money which you have. You will be very much astonished when you know it is not to buy the Bible. It is to help my grandmother, whom they are about to drive out of her house if she can not pay her rent. Is it not better to do what the word of God teaches than to have a Bible of my own?"

The old man was moved to tears in listening. He laid his hand on the boy's head, and said: "May God bless you, and may your old age be full of glory and happiness."

Amon quickly carried his money to his grandmother, who received it with joy, when the teacher assured her it was honestly earned.

Towards the end of the autumn, a young lady in deep mourning came to settle in the village. She had lost her husband, who had been killed in battle. One day, as she walked near the place where Amon

pastured his flock, she said to her companion: "Here surely is a child who does not know sorrow!"

"Oh! yes, madam, I have known it," replied the little boy. "I have lost my grandfather, whom I loved with all my heart. My grandmother is very ill, and I can not earn money enough to buy a Bible."

"When did your grandfather die?" asked the lady.

"A few months ago; but that is not the greatest of misfortunes, since he has gone to God and the Saviour; and the Bible teaches me I shall go to join him some day."

The young lady went away, looking very kindly upon Amon. And in the evening, when she had learnt where his grandmother lived, she sent to her money, medicine, and provisions. Judge, my dear children, of the happiness of that poor woman, who thus received all she needed.

But this was not all. The kind young lady also gave Amon enough money to buy a Bible of his own! Oh! how happy he was, and how warmly he thanked her!

Do you love *your* Bible, my reader, as he did?



It is better to have one God on your side than a thousand creatures; as one fountain is better than a thousand cisterns.

THE BABY ON THE PRISON-STEPS.

NEARLY two hundred years ago, people passing by one of the prisons in England, might have seen, on any warm sunny day, a woman seated on the stone steps, with a baby in her arms.



It was a poor feeble little thing, and those who looked attentively at it used to think that it would never live to grow up to repay the care its mother bestowed upon it.

Her heart was very sad, as she sat there rocking

her baby in her arms, trying to still its feeble cry, for her husband was shut up in those gloomy walls, and it was but seldom that the keeper of the prison would allow her to see him.

But you must not think that he was a wicked man, because he was a prisoner: for in those days people were put in prison as often for loving the truth as for committing crime.

The king of England, and his Parliament, had passed a law that persons must not meet together to worship God in any other place than the churches which they established; and that no one must preach unless they gave him permission.

Many of the people thought this law unjust, and would not obey it: so they had meetings of their own where they could hear the word of God truly explained by godly men. These meetings made the government very angry, and the people who were found attending them were put in prison. This baby's father was one of those who had been found at these meetings, and so he was in prison with many others.

After many mouths of imprisonment, during which time the baby and his mother were constant in their visits to the prison, the father was released, but he was obliged to leave the country, and so for many years was separated from his family.

Still the little puny baby lived and grew, though very slowly. Almost as soon as he could speak, he

would go to his mother, with any money which had been given him, and say: "A book! buy me a book!"

His mother taught him from the Bible, and he early learned to love the Saviour. When he was only seven years old, he commenced to write verses. His mother had some doubt whether some verses which she found in his handwriting were really his, so to prove that he could write them, he composed an acrostic on his name. I will give you the last verse that you may know of whom you have been reading; for if you take the first letter of each line you can form his name:

"Wash me in Thy blood, O Christ!
And grace divine impart;
Then search and try the corners of my heart,
That I, in all things, may be fit to do
Service to Thee, and sing Thy praises too."

Not very good poetry, you will say, but then you know he was only seven years old, and he wrote better verses afterwards, as you all know, if you have read his name, for it was the same Isaac Watts who has written so many of the hymns you learn and sing.

It was not until he was quite old that he wrote those, however, for his early years were chiefly spent in study. Indeed, his father did not approve of his verse-making, for after he was permitted to come home, he took charge of his son's education.

One day he was about to punish him for making verses when he should have been studying, when Isaac stopped him by saying :

“ O father! do some pity take,
And I will no more verses make.”

He kept his word, and wrote very little until he left school.

His health was always delicate, and though he studied for the ministry, he was able to preach but little—most of his time was spent in writing. He had a delightful home in a small village, a short distance from London, in the house of Sir Thomas Abney. He went there to spend a few weeks, and he remained there thirty-six years. For the delicate infant, whom no one thought would live to be a year old, lived to be seventy-five years of age.

And his mother, by her tender care of him, was probably the means of sparing the life of the greatest hymn-writer the world has ever known. And I dare say you will find that some of the hymns you love best to sing, were written by him. Such as, “ There is a land of pure delight ;” or, “ When I can read my title clear ;” as well as many others, which you will find in your hymn-book. He was quite an old man when he wrote the “ Divine and Moral Songs for Children,” which have been published in every form, from little paper books to handsomely illustrated volumes, bound in gilt.

I wonder if he thought of the time of which his mother had told him, when she used to sit with him in her arms on the prison-steps, when he wrote the cradle-hymn :

“Hush, my dear, lie still and slumber!”

Very likely he had been walking in the beautiful garden attached to the house where he lived so many years, when he wrote the hymn :

“How doth the little busy bee?”

or had just returned from the streets of London when he wrote :

“Whene’er I take my walks abroad,
How many poor I see.”

He has been for many years now singing the praises of God, in far more beautiful strains than he ever thought of here, and still his words are used in the devotions of thousands, who hope to join him in singing the new song in our Father’s house above.

M. A. H.

—•••—
Be you to others kind and true,
As you’d have others be to you;
And neither do nor say to men
Whate’er you would not take again.

THE CANDLE-FLY.

SOME years ago, a missionary in the island of Jamaica, went to visit a sick brother, and remained with him so long that nightfall came on ere he resumed his journey. Twilight is very short in that country; and he found he must return home in the dark. In one part of the way which he had to travel, he knew there were frightful precipices by the side of the road; and how was he to escape them in the dark? A friend offered to lend him a pony, but after some hesitation, he resolved to go on foot, and trust his own legs, rather than those of the proffered steed. It was pitch dark when he set out, but by and by the atmosphere around him became illuminated by a beautiful fly, called, in that country, the Candle-fly. This insect gives out a brilliant light, having, as it were, balls of fire on each side of its head, and also one under its body; so that it is almost as useful to a benighted traveller as a good lantern. This beautiful creature hovered about our missionary friend till he had passed the dangerous part of the road, and he again felt that he was safe. It then flew away, and he saw it no more. Oh! how thankful he felt for this kind and timely help from the hand of his God! How heartily ashamed, also, that, in the prospect of danger, he had forgotten to seek protection and guidance from Him who is ever

watching over His people to do them good and to keep them from harm! Though he had forgotten God, God had not forgotten him. He who has all creatures at His command, by the aid of an insect, directed His servant in the right way and led him on safely to his journey's end. In many an after-hour of trouble and of fear has that missionary's heart been cheered by the recollection of the "Candle-fly."

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GOD IS GOOD AND KIND.

How very kind is God to me!
 Look where I may, His gifts I see;
 The food I eat, the clothes I wear,
 Are tokens of my Maker's care.

He guards me both by day and night;
 It is His sun that gives me light;
 And while in sleep my rest I take,
 He keeps me safely till I wake.

He gives me friends and teachers kind,
 Who seek to train my infant mind,
 His holy name to know and love,
 And raise my thoughts to things above.

Lord, let Thy tender love to me
 Draw forth my heart in love to Thee;
 Love that shall lead me to obey,
 And serve and praise Thee day by day.

THE LOST SPECTACLES.

FRANK was sitting by the window, reading a very interesting book, which had been given him only a few days before, when he heard his grandmamma say in a very tired tone, "Oh! dear! I wonder



where they can be?" and then she lifted every thing on the table for the twentieth time, as if she were looking for something.

Now you may think that Frank hid down his

book at once, and said: "What have you lost, Grandma? Let me look for it."

But he did not; he went on reading, just as if he had not heard her speak. The thought never came in his mind, that he might save his grandmamma a great deal of trouble, by giving up his pleasant story for a little while.

And yet she had been working for him, nearly all the morning. She had heard him say, that he wished he could have some nice cakes to put in his pocket the next time that he went skating, and so she had been into the kitchen to make him some, for she loved to make good things for her grandchildren.

When the cakes were made, she had taken the paper, and was going to seat herself by the window to rest and read; but when she put her hand in her pocket for her spectacles, they were not there. She had looked for them up-stairs, and in the kitchen, but she could not find them, and now she began to think her pleasant plan of reading the paper must be given up.

Very likely if she had asked Frank to look for them, he would have left his book willingly. But elderly people seldom like to ask any one to do for them what they think they can do for themselves, though if a service is offered, they generally like to receive it.

But what Frank did not think of, his little bro-

ther Charlie did. He was busy too, trying to put a new puzzle together; but when he heard his grandmamma asking for her spectacles, he left it at once, and said: "Let me find them for you, grandmamma, papa says I have very sharp eyes."

Then off the little fellow ran, without waiting for an answer, down into the kitchen, up in Grandma's room, in mamma's room, looking for the lost spectacles. At last he found them in the nursery, where grandmamma had stopped for a few minutes to play with baby. Away he ran down-stairs, screaming, "Here they are, grandmamma," followed by Hatty and Lonisa, who were as much interested in finding them as he was, and had left their play in the nursery to help him.

The smile of pleasure and the kiss of love with which Grandmamma received them, quite repaid the little fellow for the time he had spent in looking for them. And I am sure that Charlie enjoyed Grandmamma's nice cakes that evening for tea, much more than Frank, who never took the trouble even to inquire what she was looking for.

Are you so happy as to have grand-parents still living, my child? Then try like Charlie to watch to see what you can do for their comfort. They love you dearly, and are constantly trying to do something to make you happy, and the return you can make them is but small at best. Be always ready to wait upon them, in any way.

But above all, never give them a disrespectful look or word. Remember that the commands "Honor thy father and thy mother," and "Children, obey your parents," apply to your grand-parents as well as to your parents.

Then if, as is usually the case, they go to their heavenly rest before you, you will have always the pleasant memory, that you tried to make them happy.

AUNT SOPHY SPY.

THE MINUTES.

We are but minutes—little things !
 Each one furnished with sixty wings,
 With which we fly on our unseen track,
 And not a minute ever comes back.

We are but minutes—yet each one bears
 A little burden of joys or cares ;
 Take patiently the minutes of pain—
 The worst of minutes can not remain.

We are but minutes—when we bring
 A few of the drops from pleasure's spring ;
 Taste their sweetness while yet we stay—
 It takes but a minute to fly away.

We are but minutes—use us well,
 For how we are used we must one day tell ;
 Who uses minutes, has hours to use,
 Who loses minutes, whole years must lose.

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STANDARD-BEARER.

VOL. X.

MARCH, 1861.

NO. 3.

FINGER-MARKS.



MASON was employed to thin whiten the walls of a chamber. The fluid used was colorless till dried. Being alone in the room, he opened a drawer, examined a pocket-book, and handled the papers, but finding no money, placed all things as they were, forgetting that twelve hours' drying would show the marks of his wet fingers. But these tell-tale finger-marks, which he little thought any one would ever see, exposed his guilt.

Children, beware of evil thoughts and evil deeds. They have all finger-marks which will be revealed at some time. If you disobey your parents, or tell a falsehood, or take what is not your own, you make sad finger-marks on your character. And so it is with any and all sin. It defiles the character. It betrays those who engage in it by the marks it makes on them. The marks may be almost if not quite colorless at first. But even if they should not

be seen during any of your days on earth—which is not at all likely—yet there is a day coming in which all finger-marks or sin-stains on the character will be made manifest.

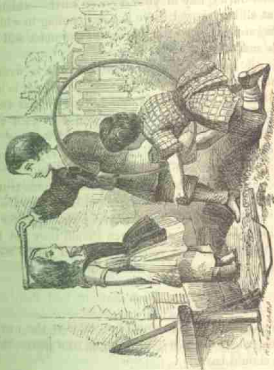
Never suppose that you can do what is wrong without having a stain on your character. It is impossible. If you injure another, you, by that very deed, injure your own self. If you disregard the law of God the injury is your own. Think of it. Ever bear it in mind, children, that every sin you commit leaves a sure mark upon yourselves.

Your character should be a coating of pure truth. Let truthfulness ever be made manifest. Beware of sin, "and be sure your sin will find you out," for it makes finger-marks which, even should they not be seen by those around you on earth, will yet be seen to your condemnation at the bar of God.



WHAT, then, *is* the world? "This is the world to you, whatever takes the place in your hearts that God should have."

*"Whatever passes as a cloud between
The mental eye of faith and things unseen,
Causing that brighter world to disappear,
Or seem less lovely and its hope less dear;
This is our world, our idol, though it bear
Affection's impress, or devotion's air."*



BAD HABITS.

"Just see, grandma, how I have grown!" said little Ella Bates, as she came running into the parlor where her grandmamma was knitting. "Mamma has been trying on my last winter's dresses, and

they are all ever so much too short for me—look at this one, how short it is.”

And the little girl turned herself around that her grandmamma might see. “To be sure, it does look as if the dress had suddenly shrunk,” said her grandmamma. “I wonder if it has.”

“Oh! no, grandma, it is I who have grown,” said Ella. “George measured me yesterday, and I was away above the mark he made on the wall last spring.”

“Yes,” said George, who was reading on the sofa, “but you could not make yourself as tall as Willie Jones, though you did stand on tip-toe.”

“O George! that was only for fun, you know I wouldn't cheat.”

“I hope not,” said her grandmamma, “but I wish there were some other things little people could grow out of, as well as their clothes.”

Ella looked puzzled for a moment, and then she said: “Oh! I know what you mean, grandmamma; you mean bad habits—that is funny. Mamma says that they used to call a coat which she wore when she was a little girl, a habit.”

“Yes, but that is not the kind of habit I mean,” said her grandmamma; “I mean things that you do not put off with what you wear; for example, I wish that a little girl I know could leave off with her short dresses, a habit she has of always wanting a light in the room when she goes to sleep, and of

feeling afraid when she wakes in the night, though she knows that God can take care of her in the dark as well as in the light."

"Oh! I know whom you mean, grandma; I wish I didn't feel so much afraid," said Ella.

"You can't help outgrowing your clothes, but you can only outgrow your habits by making a strong determination to do so, and by praying to God to help you," continued her grandmamma. "Then I wish the little foot that has outgrown a very nice pair of galter boots, had also outgrown a very sinful habit of stamping and kicking, when any thing displeases its owner." Ella blushed and looked down, but did not say any thing.

Her grandmamma drew her closely to her and kissed her as she said: "You can think of a great many bad habits I am sure that you would like to outgrow; ask God to help you to overcome them, and to help you to grow into good habits; to make you kind and gentle instead of passionate; to make you obedient and truthful, that you may be His child forever. But now run to mamma; she wants that short dress, I am sure."

Ella obeyed, making up her mind to begin to grow out of her bad habits directly, while her grandmamma prayed in her heart that God would help her to do so.

MY NEW BIBLE.

AN aged convert from heathenism, a native of one of the Hervey Islands, some years ago received as a present a copy of the Bible. A few pages or chapters only had been given him before this, and he was greatly pleased in becoming the owner of the volume. After receiving it he said: "My brethren and sisters, this is my resolve: the dust shall never cover my new Bible; the moth shall never eat it, the mildew shall not rot it. My light! My joy!"

Dear children, is not this a good resolution for you to make? Among the gift-books bestowed by kind friends, every one of you has, I suppose, a Bible. Once it was your "new Bible," and it can not be very old now. Will you not resolve that from this time you will never neglect that Holy Book? It would be a sad sight to see the dust gathering undisturbed upon it day by day, and moths making it their home, as it lay unnoticed in some corner of your shelf. Will you think of this, and remember always that the Bible is the only book from which the way to heaven can be learned? And will you every day read some part of it, keeping in your mind that it is God's Book? Then will you find it so full of words of mercy and love from Him, that your life, even if you should live to be aged, will not be long enough to exhaust its precious store.

and however worn and soiled its pages may become from use, it will never be to you *old*, but always a "*new Bible*."

Then will you become acquainted with Jesus, the children's Friend. And I am sure it will not be long before you can say of that blessed book: "My light! My joy!"

UNCLE PAUL.

—•••—
REGINALD HEBER.

"O MOTHER! I am so glad you have come downstairs," said Harvey Reed, as his mother entered the parlor one Sunday evening after having left his little brother and sister safe and happy in bed. "Father has gone to church, and there is nothing to prevent us from having a nice talk together."

Mrs. Reed smiled as she took the easy chair which her son had drawn close to the fire for her, and said: "What shall we talk about to-night, my boy?"

"Why, mother," said Harvey, "I have just been reading in my library-book about a boy who was so very good, and always did and said what was right, but then he died when he was a boy. What is the reason that all the good boys die? Sometimes I am afraid to try to be good, for fear I shall die."

"O Harvey!" said his mother, "I don't like to hear you talk so; just as if it were not best to serve the Lord, whether you live one year or twenty. He

says, 'My son, give me thine heart,' or love me *now*; there is no promise of any future. But you are mistaken in saying that all good boys die: some of the best and most useful men who have ever lived commenced to serve God when they were children. You remember the story of Samuel in the Bible. He was a child when God first called him to be a prophet, and I have just been reading about a great and good man, who was very young when he learned to love the Saviour. Do you remember what hymn we were singing just before the children went to bed?"

"Oh! yes, the one that Sophie loves so much,

'From Greenland's icy mountains,'

said Harvey.

"Well, do you know who wrote it?" asked his mother.

"I believe it was Bishop Heber, but I don't know much about him," said Harvey.

"He was a Bishop appointed by the English Church to go to Calcutta. He was a very devoted Christian man, and lived to do great good. If he had done nothing else in his life but write that missionary hymn, that would have been worth living for—a hymn which has been sung by millions, always exciting to renewed missionary efforts."

"Yes, but, mother, was he one of those very good boys?" said Harvey.

“Indeed he was, and some of the anecdotes which are told of his childhood prove that the grace of God dwelt in his heart at a very early age.

“When he was a little more than two years old, he had the hooping-cough, and the doctor thought it necessary to take some blood from his arm. When his mother told him, she added: ‘I hope you will not object.’ His answer was: ‘I will do whatever you please, mamma.’

“His nurse screamed out that they were going to murder her child. ‘Poor nurse,’ said he, ‘let her go down-stairs.’

“When the operator took hold of his arm, he said: ‘Do not hold me.’ He was told that if he moved he would be much more hurt. ‘I will not stir,’ said he, and he steadily held out his arm through the whole.

“The next year he was travelling with his parents through a mountainous country, and a severe storm arose. His mother was much frightened, and wanted to get out and walk. But Reginald said, as he sat still in her lap: ‘Do not be afraid, mamma, God will take care of us.’

“Not long after, he had a severe attack of illness, and the physician said: ‘If he were not the most tractable child I ever saw, I should have no hopes of his recovery, but I think he will get well.’

“He was ill very often during his childhood, and once, when he was getting well, he begged to be

allowed to learn the Latin grammar for employment."

"Whew!" said Harvey, "I think he must have been a good boy to like studying Latin."

"Perhaps," said his mother, smiling, "that is more a proof of his fondness for study than of his goodness, though I think a boy who wishes to please God, will always be careful to learn his lessons well."

"Reginald Heber learned to read the Bible well when he was only five years old, and was very fond of studying it. One day he entered the room when some friends were discussing with his father about where a particular passage in the Old Testament could be found. His father referred it to him, and he at once named both the book and the chapter."

"When he was about seven years old, a party of his young companions were amusing themselves in the room where he was reading, by proposing riddles. His attention was attracted by the question, 'Where was Moses when his candle went out?' 'On Mount Nebo,' was his instant reply, 'for there he died, and it may be said that his lamp of life went out.'

"He not only loved the Bible, but he loved to pray, and he was frequently overheard praying aloud in his own room, when he thought no one was near. In this way he gained control over his temper, for no one but God can keep us from getting

angry. It was a common saying among the servants, that Master Reginald was never in a passion.

“He was kind to animals as well as people, and though he loved to study natural history, he never would hurt any living creature. Once, when his sister had a squirrel given to her, he persuaded her to set it at liberty and took her to a tree, that she might see the little creature’s delight at being free.

“His father was a clergyman, and taught him at home for several years, but when he did go to school, his influence was always on the side of right. All the boys respected him, and his example was of great use in the school. Boys sometimes get the idea that to be good and gentle, will seem unmanly and wanting in courage. But Reginald Heber was a courageous and manly, as well as a Christian boy. While he was at school he read an account of the manner in which an African traveller had parried the attack of a wild bull. He thought he would try the experiment on a bull which was grazing in a field adjoining his teacher’s garden. Accordingly he advanced towards it, holding his hat before his face and making all sorts of gestures, expecting the bull to run away from him. But, on the contrary, the animal ran furiously at him, and he only escaped by jumping over some rails into the garden. The bull followed him, but fortunately, on the other side of the rails was a pool of water, and not being able

to turn quickly around on the narrow path which separated it from the rails, as Reginald had done, the animal plunged into the water, while the boy made his escape. Does not this prove that he was not deficient in courage?

"Neither did his religion make him gloomy, for he was such a lively, entertaining companion, that all his school-fellows sought his society. At the age of fourteen his mother had the great delight of having him kneel with her at the table of the Lord, with the full belief that he 'fed upon Jesus in his heart.'

"He early made up his mind to be a minister and preach about Christ, and though he had great talents, he looked upon them as gifts from God, to be used for His glory. When he was at the University he wrote a poem on Palestine, which he delivered in public amid great applause.

"On his return home, his friends all came to congratulate him on his great success, but he slipped quietly from the room. After a while his mother followed him and found him on his knees alone, thanking God for his talents, and that by means of them he had been enabled to give pleasure to his parents.

"When he was ordained, he entered with all his heart into the work of his parish, although the church was not large, and his parishioners were mostly poor."

Mrs. Reed paused, and taking up a book which

lay on the table near her, said: "Here is a picture of his first church."



"It is a pretty church, though," said Harvey, "but please go on and tell me about his going to Calcutta."

"He was forty years of age when he received the appointment of Bishop of Calcutta, and though he might have had high offices in the Church, if he had remained in England, he preferred to go and live among the heathen. He said he should feel re-

paid for going if he could be the means of the conversion of *one* of those poor ignorant idolaters.

"After his arrival in India he never spared his strength, but was at work all the time. He would rise at four in the morning to visit the schools, and after spending the day in study, again visit or preach in the evening.

"He was very useful, and it was a great loss to India when, only three years after his arrival there, he was called to receive his reward on high.

"He had been attending a confirmation, and after his return from church, he conversed pleasantly with his friends for a little while, and then retired for the purpose of taking a bath. Two hours afterwards his servant becoming alarmed at his remaining in his room so long, went to him, and found him dead in the water. Thus suddenly did the Lord call his servant home. Nearly all his life had been spent for Christ, and he needed no preparation for meeting Him. And do you think, when Bishop Hall saw 'the King in His beauty,' that he was sorry he had commenced to serve Him when he was so young?"

Harvey made no reply, but his mother saw that he was deeply affected by her story, and she silently prayed that he might now be led to decide to be "Christ's faithful soldier and servant to his life's end."

THE MILLER AND THE CAMEL.

AN ARAB PARABLE.

THE Arabs repeat a fable of a miller, who was one day awakened by having the nose of a camel thrust into the window of a room where he was sleeping. "It is very cold out here," said the camel, "I only want to get my nose in." The miller granted his request. After a while the camel asked that he might get his neck in, and then he gained permission to have his fore-feet in the room, and so little by little crowded in his whole body.

The miller found his rude companion was now become exceedingly troublesome, for the room was not large enough for both. When he complained to the camel, he received for answer: "If you do not like it, you may leave; as for myself, I shall stay where I am." So is it with sin. It comes and knocks at the heart, and pleads only for a little indulgence, and so goes on increasing its demands, until it becomes master in the soul. Every evil habit is small in its beginnings, and makes its approaches to the soul in such a way as to be scarcely suspected. What then shall the young do but guard against sin, beware of its very appearance, and above all, pray for the aid of the Holy Spirit, that by His grace they may be enabled to keep their heart with all diligence, and to guard against the entrance of any thing that may defile or ruin the soul?

THINGS TO BE REMEMBERED.

LITTLE knees should lowly bend
At the time of prayer:
Little thoughts to heaven ascend
To our Father there.

Little hands should usefully
In employments move:
Little feet should cheerfully
Run on works of love.

Little tongues should speak the truth,
As by Scripture taught;
Little lips should ne'er be loth
To confess a fault.

Little ears should listen to
All the Bible says:
Little bosoms throb to do
What the Lord will please.

Little spirits should be glad
Jesus died to save:
Oh! how cold, and dark, and sad
Else would be the grave!

Little children sinners are:
But the Saviour says,
All that seek Him now by prayer,
Shall obtain His grace.

Little infants dying go
To the world above:
And our souls shall join them too,
If we Jesus love.

THE
STANDARD-BEARER.

VOL. X

APRIL, 1861.

NO. 4.

E A S T E R .



PON Good-Friday, dear children, your little hearts were sad, because on that day the dear Saviour died for us. He had lived thirty-three years in the world, doing good, making blind people to see, and lame people to walk, and sick people to be well again, and on Good-Friday he died. His arms, which a short time before had held little children, were stretched upon a cruel cross! Those hands which had been laid so lovingly on the heads of little children, were pierced with nails! That voice which blessed little children, and said, "Of such is the kingdom of heaven," was hushed in the stillness of death on that day. And on that day He was taken down from the cross and buried, as you know, in a grave in a garden. Oh! it is right to be sad on Good-Friday, for it is the anniversary of a Saviour's death!

But at Easter we are glad! and why? because on Easter morning Jesus was alive again! His loved disciples, who had witnessed His agony on the cross, and had seen Him laid in the dark grave, now saw Him alive again. "Christ is risen!" they said one to another, and oh! how glad they were. Little children can hardly understand how glad is the doctrine the doctrine of the resurrection of the body is, though they say they believe in it every time they repeat the Creed. Once, as I was walking through one of the crowded streets of a great city, I saw a strange sight: a single family following in solemn procession a tiny coffin. The man whom I supposed to be the father, walked alone, carrying the coffin; two little boys came next hand in hand, then two little girls, and then the mother. They were neatly but strangely dressed. The woman and the little girls wore caps instead of bonnets; so I knew they were foreigners; and because they had no friends with them, and no minister, I knew they were strangers. My heart was touched. They looked so sorrowful, I could not help speaking to them, and taking the woman's hand, I said: "Oh! tell me, is that your baby?" She looked at me, and the tears streamed down her cheeks, but she did not answer me, for my language was strange to her; but she pointed to the coffin, and then looking up to heaven, she crossed her arms upon her bosom, as if her babe was still resting there, and made me understand that she believed in the de-

trine of the resurrection of the body, and that though it had pleased God to take her baby from her for a while, she hoped to have it again on that great Easter morning, when Christ's trumpet shall sound, and all that are in the graves shall come forth. Yes, the dear ones we have laid there in so much sorrow shall rise again. We know they will, because Christ rose from His grave. Then let us each year we live strive to love this Saviour and the sweet Easter season more and more; and with loving hearts, let us gather the earliest spring flowers—the fragrant hyacinth, the pretty crocus, and the violet, and bring them into His church, as emblems meet of the great doctrine of the resurrection.

S. S.

ROSA.

“WHAT a happy face my little daughter has this morning!” said Mrs. Gay, as Rosa came skipping into the breakfast-room to say “good-morning” to her. “I think she must be going to be good to-day.”

Rosa smiled and nodded her head, as much as to say, “Indeed I am,” as she kissed her mamma and took her seat at the table.

After breakfast and prayers, Rosa took her little brother Herbert out on the piazza and garden to amuse him, until her mamma was ready to have her come to study and sew. She generally liked best to

read or play paper-dolls by herself, at this time, instead of amusing her little brother; and she was often very unwilling to play with him, when her mamma wished her to, and would look cross, and make Herbert cross, too; for there is nothing so easily caught as crossness; it is about as bad as the measles. If one child in the family gets it, the rest get it too.

But this morning Rosa felt particularly good-tempered, and she pleased her mamma very much, by proposing of her own accord to take Herbert out.

"We are going to have a happy day," said Mrs. Gay, and she went smiling about the house to see that every thing was in order, before she called Rosa to her lessons.

Now it happened that Herbert too was unusually good-tempered this morning; perhaps he caught it from Rosa, for good-temper is just as catching as crossness, and he was a very pleasant little play-fellow.

Seeing that Rosa was so ready to amuse him, he made him willing to do as she wanted to; and when they had run about on the gravel-walk, and they were tired, he was quite willing to sit down on the piazza-steps, and look on while Rosa drew pictures on the slate.

This was what Rosa loved to do, more than any thing; and she was just in the midst of drawing the most interesting little group of girls, when her mamma rang her bell for her to come in to her lessons.

"I will just finish this little girl first," she said to herself. But when that little girl was finished she commenced another, and so she went on drawing, just as if the bell had not rung.

In the mean time, her mamma sat in her pleasant sitting-room, waiting for her. At last, she went to the window and said: "Rosa, did you not hear the bell?"

"Yes, mamma, I am coming in a minute; I just want to finish this," and she went on drawing.

Her mamma waited a minute, and then she said: "Come, Rosa, I can wait for you no longer; you must put down your slate at once."

Rosa knew that she must go then immediately, but she was very cross about it. She threw down her slate, muttering to herself: "That is always the way, I can never do any thing I want to, without being called to do something else."

And she went pouting into the house with all her bright, smiling looks gone, and frowns in their place.

Her mamma said nothing to her just then, but went quietly on with her sewing, while Rosa slammed her books about, and showed in every way how cross she felt. But though her mamma said nothing, she felt very unhappy, and as sad as you do, my little reader, when a dark cloud comes and covers over the bright sunlight, and the rain falls to prevent your taking the ride you hoped to have.

Mrs. Gay hoped that Rosa would get over her ill-

temper in a little while, and then she could talk to her about the sinfulness of thus giving way to her passion. But she did not. She opened her book, but she did not study; and when her mamma spoke to her, she answered her so improperly, that Mrs. Gray told her that a little girl who could speak in that manner to her mamma, could not be allowed to be in the room with her. "Go out on the piazza, Rosa," said she, "and sit there until you can come in with a better temper."

Rosa went very slowly, and seated herself on the settee that was there. She knew that her mamma would not allow her a book or slate to amuse herself with, and Herbert had gone to take his morning nap, so she had nothing to do but think what a silly child she was, to lose the pleasant walk with her mamma, which she always had as a reward for being good, just for the sake of drawing for a few minutes on the slate.

She thought she was all alone there, but she was mistaken, for her papa had not gone to the city that day, but had been seated ever since breakfast on the other side of the piazza, just hidden from her sight by the corner of the house, and he had been all that had passed.

About ten minutes after Rosa had come out, she began to think that she had acted very foolishly, as well as wickedly, her papa called her to him, and without making any reference to her conduct he said he had a story to tell her.

"When I was a little boy," said he, "I went to stay for a few weeks in the country, with my uncle. He lived on a farm, and had plenty of chickens, and sheep, besides horses and cows. I used to love to



help take care of the animals very much, and my aunt sometimes let me feed the chickens, and once in a while, I was permitted to go to bring the cows home from pasture. This was my great delight ;

and then I used to watch Letty, as she milked the cows.

"There was one old cow named Brindle, who was very cross, and never liked to stand still to be milked. Sometimes Letty had to follow her all about the barn-yard, before she could finish milking her.

"But one night she stood very still, and Letty did not have to move once while she was milking her. The pail was nearly full, and I was just saying, 'Why, how quiet Brindle has been to-night!' when she lifted her hind-leg, and in a moment the pail was kicked over, and all the milk spilled upon the ground."

"Why, papa," said Rosa, "what a foolish cow!"

"I think so too," said her papa, "and yet I know a little girl who has been just as foolish. This morning she came down-stairs happy and good-natured; she helped her mamma very much, by taking care of her little brother; and all this was like Brindle's good pail of milk. But just because her mamma called her to her lessons before she was ready to come, she was cross and ill-natured, and upset all her good behavior, just as foolishly as Brindle upset all her good milk."

Rosa smiled—a little bit of a sad smile it was—she said:

"I am very sorry, papa; but what is the reason that every time, when I think I will be good, and mean to be good, I am naughtier than ever?"

"I do not think you are every time, my dear, be

cause you are sometimes very good, and make us very happy; but I have no doubt that often when you mean to be good, you forget that you can not keep yourself from doing wrong, and so do not ask God to help you to do right. Now this morning, for instance, did you ask Him to be with you all day, and help you to please Him?"

"No, papa," said Rosa, "I did not, for I felt so happy when I got up to see such a beautiful morning, and I was in such a hurry to go out to the garden to pick some roses for mamma before breakfast, that I forgot all about prayer."

"And so you were naughty afterwards, to teach you that you never can do right without God's help. But now go and ask Him to be with you for the rest of the day, and if you are truly sorry for being naughty, you know what else to do."

Rosa ran quickly up to her own little room for a few minutes, and then to her mamma to ask her forgiveness, and she was soon studying industriously. She finished all her lessons and sewing before dinner, and in the afternoon saw her mamma go out to walk with Herbert, without fretting, for she knew that she had deserved to be punished.

"Never, my child, forget to pray,
Whate'er the business of the day;
If happy thoughts have blessed thy sleep,
Or startling dreams have made thee weep,
With prayer, my child, begin the day—
Never may you forget to pray." H. A. B.

P H Œ B E .

I KNOW of no one who looks to God for "daily bread" more trustingly than my old friend Phœbe. "They that watch for providences meet with them," and she has had many to record.

Upon one occasion, when she and her husband were both advanced in years, he was for a long time seriously ill. Phœbe denied herself every thing but the barest necessaries of life; but between the doctor's prescriptions and the nourishing diet indispensable to an invalid, the little money she had laid by was soon spent. She parted with such articles of her scanty furniture as could be spared, but found herself late one Saturday afternoon with but a shilling in her purse. Phœbe has an eminently hopeful heart—"the Lord will provide," being her motto—but upon this occasion, worn out with watching and labor, she was discouraged.

She was wearily proceeding with her Saturday's cleaning while her husband slept, when a neighbor whom she had greatly obliged came in and offered to take her place.

"I will finish your work for you, grandmother," she kindly said, "if you will take a walk. I'm sure you need the air; it will do you good."

Phœbe very reluctantly yielded to her neighbor's importunities, and snatching up a beautiful piece from the floor, said she would take it with her.

that it should not be in the way. When she found herself alone, however, apostrophizing it with, "I may be hungry myself, but I will not see thee starve; I will find a boy to give thee to."

What was it made her turn her steps towards the river, which was but a few minutes' walk from the house? Was it not the guiding of that providence in whom she trusted? As she reached the landing, accompanied by the little dog, a boat drew up to the wharf, and a man who jumped from it startled her by calling out: "What will you take for your dog?"

"I was going," said Phoebe, when relating the circumstance, "I was going to say a shilling, but something made me think better of it, and I told him a dollar." He immediately bought it, and learning that she had another at her house, became the purchaser of that also.

Phoebe resumed her watch by her husband's bed with a heart chanting the praises of the God who had dealt so bountifully with her.

Sn.

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"Bad Thought is a thief! He acts his part,
Creeps through the window of the heart;
And if he once his way can win,
He lets a hundred others in."



THE STRONG AND THE WEAK.

"I TELL you I will not carry your books again this morning," said Warren Fisher to his brother Frank, as they were getting ready to go to school. "I have acted as your waiter long enough, and I am not going to do it any more. If you are well enough to play ball, you are well enough to carry your own books."

Warren was fastening his own books together on the table in the entry as he said this, and as soon as he had finished he started off alone, without waiting to see if his brother were ready to go too.

For a moment Frank felt like sitting down to cry, for he had just recovered from a long and severe illness, and was still quite weak. But he was afraid some one might see him, and he did not like to be thought babyish. So he went to work to gather up his books, saying as he did so: "I dare say I can carry my books myself."

The boys were staying with their uncle in the country, that Frank might have the benefit of country air, and at the same time go to school; for there was an excellent academy for boys near his house.

They had attended it now for a little more than a week, and until to-day Warren had always good-naturedly strapped Frank's books with his own. But this morning something had occurred to put him out of temper, and he had not felt like being obliging to his brother. He forgot how he had felt when Frank was so ill, that no one thought he would get well; and how he said then that if his brother were spared to him, he would think no trouble too great to take for him.

His aunt, who was in the dining-room, heard his unkind words, and was just going to the door to call him back to wait for his brother, when she remembered that his uncle was going to ride in the direction of the school-house, and so Frank could go with him.

She waited, therefore, until Frank was ready to

follow his brother, and then calling to him, told him to wait a few minutes and he should have a ride to school.

"Oh! thank you, Aunt Mary," said Frank. "I'll run to the gate and wait, and then I shall be all ready to jump in when uncle comes along."

He did not have to wait very long, and as the old horse was unusually spry that morning, he reached the school-house almost as soon as Warren did.

Warren had felt uncomfortable ever since he had left his brother, and he was not at all sorry to see him drive up to the door with his uncle. But he felt a little fearful that Frank might have told of his unkindness. His fears were set at rest, however, by the pleasant manner in which his uncle said:

"Well, Warren, what made you hurry away so fast? You might have had a ride to school if you had waited a little." So he tried to be unusually kind to his brother to make up for his cross words.

That evening after the boys had finished their lessons, and Frank had gone to bed, Warren's aunt asked him if he had ever heard of the Rev. Robert Hall.

"Warren thought a moment, and then said: "I think I have, Aunt Mary. Didn't he say a great many funny things?"

"Yes, as well as a great many good things. And have you ever heard what a great sufferer he was?"

"Oh! yes, I remember now seeing some where that when he was asked what his idea of heaven was, that he said, 'a place of perfect rest,' and he gave that answer because he had so little rest here."

"You will not wonder that he said so when I tell you that he never slept through the entire night. Often after having had two or three hours' sleep by the aid of laudanum, the pain in his back would oblige him to rise from his bed, and putting on some warm garment which was made for the purpose, he would lie down upon the hard floor, which was the most comfortable place for him, and spend the rest of the night in reading."

"But did he suffer so much all his life, Aunt Mary?" said Warren.

"Yes, he was ill, even when an infant. Until he was two-years old he could neither walk nor talk, but he used to be carried about in the arms of his nurse. She used to take him often into the graveyard near his father's house, and judging from his actions that he wanted to know what was on the tombstones, she taught him the letters and words, and in this way he learnt to read and to speak at the same time.

"As soon as he was old enough to go to school, he used to take his books into the same graveyard, and there lying down upon the grass with his books around him, he would read and study until nearly dark.

"When he was about six years old, his father sent him to a school nearly four miles from home. The severe pain which he had even then in his back made him often lie down on the road on his way to school; and so his brother and his young companions used to take turns in carrying him on their backs, while he would amuse them by telling them stories. Do you not think they were very kind?"

Warren said, "Yes," and he felt his cheeks burn as he remembered how differently he had behaved that morning.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE BUTTERFLY AND THE BEE.

METHOUGHT I heard a butterfly
Say to a laboring bee,
"Thou hast no colors of the sky
On painted wing, like me."

"Poor child of vanity, those dyes
And colors bright and rare,"
With mild reproof, the bee replies,
"Are all beneath my care."

"Content, I toil from morn till eve;
And scorning idleness,
To tribes of gaudy sloth I leave
The vanities of dress."

THE
STANDARD-BEARER.

VOL. X.

MAY, 1901.

NO. 2

ROAD-SIDE FLOWER.



DARE say you have walked over them a dozen times without knowing they were there. No, I don't mean the dandelions — you could not help seeing them; nor the white clover with its sweet smell and so many bees about it, but the little whitlow-grass, the tiniest thing that blooms. The whole plant is scarce two inches high, and its specks of white flowers

may easily pass unnoticed in the dust of a bleak March day.

"A homely weed with a homely name, just fit for a dusty road-side," you exclaim, as you run away to gather crocuses and snow-drops in the garden-bed, or to find the first sweet violet in its shady covert.

Well, I do not wonder at your preference, but I

will tell you why this little flower has a charm for me. If you examine it, you will see in it the grace and beauty which our Father gives to all His matchless works. It always makes me think of some homely little human flowers I have found in life's hard pathway that had a loveliness about them which proved *He* planted them.

I noticed in a broad entry of the Alms-House, a little girl about nine years old, propped up in an old rocking-chair, so as to get a breath of the south wind from a window near. She was sewing on some bits of calico for amusement, and her mother was beside her. In this she was better off than many alms-house children, but you should have seen the great bare room she slept in, with half a dozen sick women in it, scolding or complaining night and day.

Little Mary Anne had disease of the hip-joint, and I need not tell you she had much pain to bear, but more than one person told me how sweet and patient she was. No wonder I thought of the bell-flower by the road-side with the fierce March wind blowing over it. We soon became friends, although her mother was a Roman Catholic, she was thankful for little books and tracts, which her little girl loved to read.

How I felt the contrast, when after my first visit to Mary Anne, I went to see a little girl just the same age, who was suffering from the same disease.

Julia had kind parents and young companions eager to amuse her and provide her with interesting books. When the weather was fine, her brother and sister drew her round the garden in a little wagon, or she was lifted into the carriage to go with her mother for a longer ride. Her quiet, cheerful room was furnished with every comfort, and on the table by her bed were books and flowers and playthings, and a glass of lemonade. Don't you think she was as happy as a little invalid could be?

When I told Julia about Mary Anne, her sympathy was excited, and she took from among her treasures some little gifts for the alms-house invalid. A paper doll and some dresses which she sent her, often amused the little girl when not in too much pain, but nothing pleased her so well as "Scripture Facts," and a tract about a lame boy.

One day the matron told me Mary Anne was very ill, and I found her in dreadful pain, and scorched with fever. She did not care for the orange I brought her, and could not talk with me. The noise of women quarreling in the house was torture to her, and when one of them came to do her some kindness, she implored her not to say such words again as she had done just now. When her mother told me that she was going to die, the poor child rolled her head on the pillow, with a face of agony that touched my heart.

I spoke softly to the mother, not wishing to oppress the child by talking to her, and told her of a dear little boy who had died of a sickness like her own, not long before—how little Robert loved the Saviour, and loved to read of Him and pray to Him, but that when taken ill he felt afraid to die, because he knew he was not good enough to go to heaven. But when his father told him that the Lord Jesus was punished in his stead when he died upon the cross, and that for His sake God would forgive his sins and take him straight to heaven, the little boy had no more fears, but was full of joy in all his pain, and that now he was gone to live with the dear Saviour, where he would never be sick nor sorry any more.

As I talked thus, poor Mary Anne ceased her restless tossing, and fixed her bright eyes on me, as if she would drink in every word. When I told her how Jesus loved and pitied His poor little suffering children, a look of peace overspread her countenance, and so I left her in His hands. She died the next day, and I believe He has taken her to Himself.

I have not room to tell you more at present of these road-side flowers, but perhaps you know some yourself.

“Take heed that ye despise not one of these little ones.”



THE RAIN.

"RAIN, rain, rain! How I hate the rain! Will it never stop?"

The words were spoken by little Agnes, as she stood watching the fine drops pattering with a sound as of many fairy feet against the window-panes, and then sliding one after another down the polished glass.

"I don't see what it wanted to rain for to-day. Now I can not go to the May party, nor wear my

new white dress that sister says is so becoming to me, with the blue ribbons on the sleeves, and all. What a shame it is that it rains!"

"Rain, rain, rain! How I love the rain!"

It was a tiny, faint voice that spoke; you would have been obliged to put your ear close down to the ground to hear it; and there you would have seen the smallest white violet nestling in the velvet grass, and looking through a rain-drop up to the sky.

"Dear, good rain, how kind you are!" said the violet. "It was so dark and dusty down there under the ground, that I was afraid I should be choked before I could find the way out. Then I heard you tapping, tapping among the pebbles, and saying: 'Come out, little violet; the May sunshine is getting warm, and I am sent to show the way up to the light, among the other timid buds of spring.' Then you washed away the dust from my head, and I sprang up, and here I am alive, and so happy! Good rain, kind rain, I will be very sorry when you go away."

"Ah!" said the rain to the violet, "but do you not remember what else I said? Did I not tell you that you were needed to teach some little people who ought to be wiser than you, that the prettiest white dress is only becoming when it is worn with a humble and thankful spirit, as you wear yours?"

Now I am going down into the earth again, to call up other flowers. And when the sun is bright and warm, and little Agnes comes out into the fields a-Maying, be sure that you deliver to her this message: Learn from a violet to be thankful for every thing God sends; and whatever dress you wear, be always clothed with humility."

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THE STRONG AND THE WEAK. *

(CONTINUED.)

WARREN begged his aunt to tell him more about Robert Hall, so she went on:

"When Robert was about ten years old, he commenced to write essays, mostly upon religious subjects, and he often invited his brothers and sisters to hear him preach. He continued to make such progress in his studies, that his teacher begged his father to remove him to some other school, as he was obliged to study all night to keep up with him. He was accordingly sent to another school, where he still surpassed all his companions. When he was twenty-one years of age, he became a preacher of the Gospel, and was the means during his life of leading many people to love and serve the Saviour.

"When he first began his sermons, he would speak slowly and without much animation, but as he became more interested in his subject, he would raise his voice, and his manner became more and more

impressive. Then some of his audience would lean forward as if to catch more perfectly his words, and then one after another would rise to his feet, until at the close of his sermon most of his audience would be standing.

"Yet with all this great power as a preacher, he was very humble; he never wanted to be praised or complimented, and he always discouraged pride in others. On one occasion a young man having preached a sermon before Robert Hall, was anxious to get his opinion of it. He tried in various ways to induce him to say something about it, but Mr. Hall kept silent, hoping that he would rightly understand his silence. At last, when he became very earnest in his questions, Mr. Hall said: 'There was one very fine passage, sir.' 'I am rejoiced to hear you say so,' said the young man: 'pray, what was it?' 'It was the passage from the pulpit into the vestry.'

"That was good," said Warren, "I guess the young man wished that he had kept quiet."

"Mr. Hall's love of truth was very great. Once while he was spending an evening at a friend's house, a lady who was visiting there, went to put her little girl, about four years old, to bed. In about half an hour she returned, and Mr. Hall heard her say to a lady who was near him: 'I put on my night-cap and lay down beside her, and she soon dropped to sleep.' He turned to her and said: 'Excuse me, madam, but do you want your child to

grow up a liar?" "Oh! dear no; I should be shocked at such a thing." "Then never act a lie before her."

"At another time he was invited to dine at the house of a lady, who took great pains to have every delicacy of the season, yet when they were seated at the table, she apologized for the plainness of the fare.

"Mr. Hall listened to her apologies for some time in silence, and then rising from the table, he said: 'I hope the next time I come to see you, you will give me something fit to eat.'

"Notwithstanding his great sufferings, he was always cheerful, and never murmured at the pain which his heavenly Father sent upon him."

"Did he live to be an old man, Aunt Mary?" said Warren.

"He was sixty-six when he died, and during the last ten days of his life he suffered intensely, but he was constantly thinking of the mercies which surrounded him. 'How thankful I am, that I have so many comforts,' he would say. 'What would I do if I were in a state of poverty?' At another time he said: 'I do not want to complain; oh! I hope I have not complained.'"

"Did his brother who used to carry him to school live to grow up?" said Warren.

"He lived to see what a great and useful preacher his brother Robert was, though he died a good many years before him. No doubt he was often

very glad that he had been so kind and gentle to him when he was a child, and that he was willing to be a *waiter* for him."

Warren drew a little stool close to his aunt, and sitting upon it, he leaned his head on her lap as he said :

"I know why you have told me this story, Aunt Mary ; indeed I have been very sorry all day that I spoke so crossly to Frank this morning, and I mean to carry his books all summer for him to make up for it."

"I hope that will not be necessary," said his aunt, smiling, "for I hope he will soon be quite well ; but just now, you must acknowledge that that heavy Latin dictionary is a pretty good load for him. But now it is time for bed, so good-night, and I will give you for your text to-morrow the first verse of the fifteenth chapter of Romans."

Warren found it after he went to his room, and learned it to say at prayers the next morning. These were the words :

"We that are strong ought to bear the infirmities of the weak, and not to please ourselves."

M. A. H.

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LITTLE child, give your heart to Jesus to keep else the world will run away with it.



SIDNEY AND HIS PET.

I SUSPECT all boys and girls are fond of pets. Johnnie has his black and tan terrier, the smartest dog of his size to be found. Philip is very proud of Bruno, his white Newfoundland. Harry has a

speckled hen with nine chickens; and as for the girls, what with dolls, and birds, and kittens, there is no end to their pets. While I am writing, three little damsels enter, each with a pet in her arms as big as she can lift. Maggie has a doll "life size" as she says, while Susie and Ida are hugging fat Maltese kittens. But my hero's pet was neither a dog, nor a hen, nor a kitten, and, of course, the hero being a boy, it was not a doll. There is no use in my asking you to guess what it was, for, as the printer has put it into the picture, you know beforehand, that Sidney Bell's pet was a calf. A red calf with white legs, and from a white spot in the forehead, named Star. Probably, no calf of your acquaintance receives as much attention as fell to the lot of Star, or Starry, as the children called her. In the first place she had never been taken away from her mother, and although quite too old to be made a baby of, old Madam Crummie indulged her in many a babyish trick.

Then Mary and Lizzie, Sidney's sisters, made her long visits, on which occasions they always presented her with huge bunches of clover, or bits of cake.

Old Mike, who had charge of the stable, took great pride in her, and was always ready to give Sidney clean straw for her bed. But all was nothing compared to Sidney's attentions. He was faithful to the condition his father made when he presented the calf to him, which was that he should

take the entire charge of her. And he was so gentle and kind, that Star learned to run to meet him when she heard his foot-step, and would rub her head against him with every mark of delight.

After hearing this, you will hardly believe that Sidney at last became dissatisfied with his pet. Not because he was tired of her, but because as many older persons do, he saw something which he thought he should like better than his own possession. A new scholar came to the school which Sidney attended. He was older than most of the boys, and soon attracted their attention by boasting of his treasures. He said his father let him have every thing he wanted, and told of his gun, his fishing-pole, and his money. Sidney was fascinated with this foolish talk, and was always to be found in company with Ward. One day he invited him to go and see his calf, but when Ward saw her, he spoke so contemptuously of "a boy having a calf," that Sidney really felt ashamed of his pet. "You ought to see my colt," said Ward, "that's the thing for a boy to own. Calves are only fit for girls!"

The next day Sidney paid a visit to the colt. He was a pretty creature, sorrel in color, with a black tail.

After this he was possessed with the idea of having a colt. He took no more comfort in Star, and if it had not been for the little girls, the poor thing would have been quite neglected. Sidney at length

proposed "trading" his calf for Ward's colt. At first Ward pretended to decline the offer, saying that his colt was worth twice as much as the calf; but the truth is, the bad boy was plotting this all the time, for he knew that his colt was lame for life, and of course quite worthless. I am sorry to say that Ward's father was not an honest man, and encouraged his son to cheat Sidney. If Sidney had not known that he was doing wrong, do you think he would have planned all this without asking his father? In fact, he did intend to, but Ward laughed at him and called it "babyish;" so he took the chance when his parents were out of town, and his sisters were visiting a friend, to put a rope around poor Star's neck, and lead her away to her new master. When he was about to lead the colt home, he noticed that he was lame, but Ward assured him that he had "only just hit his knee, and would be well in a day or two."

Perhaps Sidney shed a tear or two when Star rubbed her head against him for the last time. At any rate, I know he felt a good deal like crying when he walked home with a lame colt hobbling after him. He was met at the gate by his sisters, shouting the sad news that Star was stolen, but they were speechless with amazement when they saw the colt and heard what Sidney had done. Old Mike was very angry, and declared the "ugly craythur shouldn't set hoof in the stable," and frightened Sidney by telling him the colt's lameness was incur-

able. Poor little fellow, he was tied in a shed for the night, while his new master went to bed, the most unhappy boy in town.

When his parents came home and heard the story, they were much grieved that their son had shown so little confidence in them, but Sidney was so sorry about it all, and so well convinced of his fault in listening to a tempter, that his father consented to try to recover the calf. Fortunately, Ward's father had reasons of his own for not wishing Mr. Bell to know of his own part in the matter, so he pretended to be displeased with his son, and ordered him to return Star to her former master. There was great rejoicing over her when she returned to her old home, and now you can guess why Sidney gives Star so much clover, and why he pats her head, and watches the little horns grow with more fondness than ever.

M. S. S.

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TOO LIVELY.

With a class of sturdy boys to meet each Sunday morn :
There were three who bore the name of Will, and two of
them called John,

Two Henrys, an Augustus, a Joseph, and a James ;
So if you count them up you'll find a half a score of names.

Well, when I came to school one day, I spied a vacant
place,

And I missed one gay "Good morning," as I scanned each
pleasant face ;

So I asked about the absent boy, (it always was my rule,
 "Why, Johnny, where is Henry? And why is he not at
 school?"

Now Henry was his playfellow at games of top and ball,
 His comrade in all boyish sports and pleasures great and
 small;
 And I'll tell you how John answered me, his reason was
 so queer:
 "I don't know where he is, but he's *too lively* to come
 here."

What! are the birds too lively as they sing on every spray?
 Are the countless flowers too lively in their beautiful array?
 Are the sunbeams e'er too lively as they tremble through
 the trees?
 Is the rivulet too lively, or the gentle summer breeze?

Can the sailors be too lively, as they mount the taper mast?
 Can the soldiers be too lively as to meet the foe they hate?
 Are the saints on earth too lively when they sing in Jesus'
 praise?
 Or the angels too exultant when they shout their heavenly
 lays?

Then, my boys, I would not have you lay your joyful
 spirits by,
 When you come to learn of Jesus and the world beyond
 the sky;
 No! let your highest energies be offered to the Lord,
 And your brightest flow of gladness in the Saviour's praise
 be poured.

THE
STANDARD-BEARER.

VOL. X.

JUNE, 1861.

NO. 6.

THE WHEEL OF PRAYER.

A TRUE STORY FOR THE CHILDREN.



MY DEAR CHILDREN: In the Steppes of Tartary the various tribes live in tents, and roam from place to place with their flocks, in quest of pasture. No man calls a foot of the land his own; all have an equal right to any part of it. They neither plant, sow, nor reap. They live chiefly on milk and flesh—horse-flesh being always preferred. One day, when on a preaching tour among them, as I almost daily was, I was informed that a Calmuck princess had pitched her tent near by. Feeling this to be a fine opportunity of informing her of the true God, and of Jesus Christ whom He had sent into our world to save sinners, and that it might be the only opportunity I could have, or she enjoy, I rode to her tent, and received an invitation to enter.

I found her at prayer. "At prayer!" you exclaim. Yes, children, at prayer. You are surprised, and ask me if she was converted to Christ. No, my dears, she was not; she had never heard of Him, and though a praying princess, was an ignorant heathen. But you ask me, How did she pray, and to whom? That is just what I was going to tell you. In the back part of the tent stood the household or family god—a rude carved image of wood, and painted black. It had eyes, but saw not; ears, but heard not; hands, but handled not; feet, but walked not; and a mouth, but spake not. Such was this heathen princess' god. Before his face she placed a wheel, in the rim of which were cut a multitude of niches, into which were stuck small written prayers, purchased from the molla, or priest, at a great price. She sat on the floor of the tent turning the wheel round, so as to bring each prayer right before the idol's eyes, allowing it a short time to read the prayer before she turned up another.

What a lesson—a heathen princess at prayer! And what a rebuke, it is to be feared, it administers to some children of Christian parents, and to some, it may be, who attend Sabbath-schools! Children, dear children, do you pray? True, her god was no God; her prayers, being offered to an idol, were sin. Yet how her conduct reproves and condemns those children who know the true God, yet pray not to Him! If her praying to an idol was sin, how

great theirs, who knowing the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, pray not to Him. Surely their silence is more sinful in His sight than were this heathen princess' prayers to her idol; and does not her conduct rise up to condemn theirs? Children, will you not now, all of you, pray to God? All good children do; only wicked children neglect prayer. And God says it is only such as call upon Him who shall be saved. Children, your prayers to God cost you nothing, but this heathen princess' cost her much. She had her god, her wheel, and her prayers to buy from the moola at a high price. You have none of these to purchase. Neither your prayers nor your praying cost you any thing. How true that the yoke of Christ is easy and His burden light! Praying to Him costs us nothing! Shall a heathen be found praying to an idol which can neither hear nor help her, when it costs her so much; and will not you, each and all of you, pray to the true God when it costs you nothing? I hope you will. I pray God you may! J. G.

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O God! give me grace so to number my days, that I may apply my heart unto wisdom. Help me to live as I ought. Prepare me to die at any time. So that, living or dying, I may be Thine, through Jesus Christ my Redeemer. Amen.

HELEN AND THE TULIPS.

"Get away with you, you dirty beggar-boy! Do you like to know what right you have to look over the fence at our flowers?" The speaker was a little boy, not more than eleven years old, and though people sometimes called him handsome, his face looked very harsh and disagreeable just then.

He stood in a beautiful garden, just in the suburbs of the city; and it was June time, and the tulips were just opening themselves to the sunshine. Oh! it was lovely to look at them, as they bowed gracefully to the light wind their necks of crimson, of yellow, and carnation.

A white paling ran in front of the garden, and over this the little beggar-boy so rudely addressed was leaning. He was very thin, very dirty, very ragged. I am afraid some little children would have turned away from him, and yet God and the angels loved him.

He was looking earnestly on the beautiful blossoms, as they swayed to and fro in the summer wind, and his heart grew happier as he leaned his arm on the fence-railing, and forgot every thing in that long look. Ah! it was seldom the beggar-boy saw any thing good or beautiful, and it was sad his happiness should be thus rudely disturbed.

The blood rushed up to his face, and a glance fell

of anger flashed into his eyes. But before the boy could speak, a little girl ran out from the arbor, and looked very eagerly from one child to the other.



She was very fair, with soft hazel eyes, over which dropped long shining lashes. Rich curls hung over her bare white shoulders, and her lips were the color of the crimson tulip-blossoms.

"How could you speak so crossly to the boy, Hinton?" she asked with a tone of sad reproach. "I am sure it doesn't do us any harm to have him look at the flowers as long as he wants to."

"Well, Helen," urged the brother, slightly softened, and slightly ashamed, "I don't like to have beggars gaping over the fence. It looks so low."

"Now, that's all a notion of yours, Hinton. I'm sure if the flowers can do any body any good, we ought to be very glad. Little boy"—and the child turned to the beggar-boy and addressed him as kindly as though he had been a prince—"I'll pick you some of the tulips, if you'll wait a moment."

"Helen, I do believe that you're the funniest girl that ever lived!" said the child's brother, as he turned away, and with a low whistle sauntered down the path—feeling very uncomfortable; for her conduct was a stronger reproof to him than any words could have been.

Helen plucked one of each specimen of the tulips—and there was a great variety of them—and gave them to the child. His face brightened as he received them, and thanked her.

Oh! the little girl had dropped a "pearl of great price" into the troubled waters of the boy's life.

and the after-years should bring it up, beautiful and bright again.

Twelve years had passed. The little blue-eyed girl had grown into a tall, graceful woman. One bright June afternoon, she walked with her husband through the garden, for she was on a visit to her parents. The place was little changed, and the tulips had opened their lips of crimson and gold to the sunshine, just as they had done twelve years before. Suddenly they observed a young man in a workman's dress, leaning over the fence, his eyes wandering eagerly from the beautiful flowers to herself. He had a frank, pleasant countenance, and there was something in his manner that interested the gentleman and lady.

"Look here, Edward," she said, "I'll pluck him some of the flowers; it always does me good to see people admiring them;" and, leaving her husband's arm, she approached the paling, saying—and the smile round her lips was very like the old, child one—"Are you fond of flowers, sir? It will give me great pleasure to gather you some."

The young workman looked a moment very earnestly into that sweet face. "Twelve years ago, this very month," he said, in a voice deep, and yet tremulous with feeling, "I stood here, leaning on this railing, a dirty, ragged, little beggar-boy, and you asked me this very question. Twelve years ago you placed the bright flowers in my hand, and they

made me a new boy—ay, and they have made a man of me, too. Your face has been a light, ma'am, all along the dark hours of my life, and this day that little beggar-boy can stand in the old place and say to you, though he's a humble and hard-working man, yet, thank God, he's an honest one."

Tear-drops trembled in the kind lady's eyes, as she turned to her husband, who had joined her, and was listening in astonishment to the workman's words. "God," she said, "put it into my child-heart to do that little deed of kindness, and see now how great is the reward that He has given me."

Children, go and do likewise.

HETTY AND HER BROTHER.

A GREAT many of Mrs. Gray's friends shook their wise heads when they heard that she was going to take her children to the country for the season, the last of April.

"You will find it very cold," said one.

"It will be very cheerless during the rainy days we always have in May," said another.

But little Hetty Gray only jumped and capered about with delight, and told her little brother Willie that she was very glad that mamma went to packing, just as if she knew it would be pleasant to go, though so many people said it would not.

It was a bright, sunny day when they drove

to the cottage which was to be their home until the cold winter came. The leaves were just bursting out from the buds where they had been shut up all the winter; the cherry-trees were white with blossoms, and the little birds sang a joyous welcome, as if they were glad to see some one to share all these beautiful things with them.

Hetty and Willie were delighted, and they could hardly wait to be lifted out of the carriage, they were so impatient to run on the smooth, green grass, and pick the yellow dandelions, which were doing their best to make the lawn look pretty.

The children could not run very far that night, but the next morning, after their early breakfast, their mother gave them permission to go into the grove near the house, and there, with thick shoes on to keep their feet dry, they ran about and picked the wild flowers which were every where opening to the warm sunshine.

What charming bouquets of wild violets the children were constantly bringing to their mamma; she declared she could hardly find vases for them all, if they brought any more, though it did make her feel very happy, to look up from her work and see the little beauties about her.

Every day Hetty picked as many flowers as she could find place for in the house, and every day there seemed more to pick than there had ever been before.

"O mamma!" said she, "I do love to be here now; I never knew there were so many wild flowers before."

"That is because you have never been in the country at this time of year before; there are seldom many flowers in the woods in the summer; the spring is the time for wild flowers. Then they burst forth as if they were very glad to welcome the sunshine after the cold winter. But while we are enjoying all these beauties, we must not forget who it is sends them to us."

"No, mamma," said Hetty, "every day I thank God for letting me come to the country."

"And while we see every thing so bright and cheerful around us, we must be happy too. Cross looks and unkind words should never be seen or heard where God has made these sweet flowers grow."

"I think, mamma," said Hetty, "I have never loved Willie as much as I do now, here in the country."

And her mother thought, as she kissed her little girl, that she spoke the truth, for she had noticed each day how ready she was to give up to him. Though he was such a little fellow, and only four years old, she was always glad to take him with her when she went for a walk, and was always ready to walk slowly, and help him up the hill, or over the stones. And so the children were happy all the

time, and when the rainy days came, they did not find them gloomy at all, for they had their picture-books and slates for amusement; and when their mamma told them that the rain would make the strawberries and the vegetables grow, they were always glad to see it. They had been in the country about four weeks, when one morning as Hetty and Willie were standing by the gate, they saw a carriage stop at a house near them, and a lady and little boy get out of it.

They ran to tell their mamma, and she said that the lady had come to live there.

"And may we play with the little boy sometimes, mamma?" said Hetty.

"Yes, I think so," said her mamma, "for I know his mother very well."

Hetty and Willie ran off to the gate, hoping to see the little boy again, but they were disappointed.

The next day, however, they took a walk past the house where the little boy lived, and they saw him playing in the garden. As soon as he caught sight of them, he ran to the fence, and for a moment the children stood looking at each other, too shy to speak; at last the little boy said: "Are you Hetty Gray?"

"Yes," said Hetty, "and this is my little brother Willie."

"Well, my name is Ernest, and my mamma said, when I saw you, I might ask you to come and play with me."

Just then his mamma came to the window and asked the children in. Hetty said she must ask mamma first. So she ran home to get the desired permission, and soon came back, saying, that "Mamma said that they might stay half an hour."

They had a very pleasant play together, and when Hetty went home she told her mamma that she liked Ernest very much.

The children played together very often after this, and the only trouble they ever had was about poor little Willie. Ernest had never been so happy as to have any little brother or sister, so he had always been in the habit of pleasing only himself. He thought it was very tiresome to be always obliged to have such a little fellow as Willie with them; to walk because he could not run fast, to let him swing first, because he was the youngest, and to play only what he could play. Sometimes he tried to persuade Hetty to leave him at home, but she loved her little brother too much to grieve him, and so Ernest found that if he wanted Hetty for a playmate he must have Willie, too.

But one day he came running over to find Hetty to come and try the new see-saw, which his mother had had made for him.

"Leave Willie home for this once, can't you?" said he, "he can't see-saw, and he would only be in the way."

Hetty hesitated; she did not want to go without

Willie. "I'm afraid he will cry if I leave him," said she.



"Oh! no, he won't; see, he is playing with his wheelbarrow, and he will not miss you at all. You will not be gone very long."

Hetty looked, and saw that he was playing very

nicely, so she yielded to the temptation, and went without him. She thought she heard him calling to her as she went in the gate of Ernest's house, but she ran on without looking round.

The see-saw was in a field at the side of the house, and Hetty seated herself on one end, and Ernest on the other. They were very nicely balanced, and up and down they went, Hetty in her delight at first forgetting all about Willie. But after a while she thought, as she always did when she enjoyed any thing, how much Willie would like this, and then she remembered how she had run away from the poor little fellow. She was ashamed to tell Ernest how badly she felt, but she begged him to stop the see-saw, for she wanted to go home.

"What! are you tired so soon?" said Ernest, "I thought you liked to see-saw?"

"So I do," she replied, "but I want to go back to Willie now."

"I wouldn't be tied to a baby like that," said Ernest, "let him play by himself for once."

"He isn't a baby," said Hetty indignantly, "and I want to go right home to him."

Ernest found she was determined, so he jumped off the see-saw, and Hetty lost no time in running home to Willie.

His little wheel-barrow was lying in the garden-walk, but he was no where to be seen. She ran into the house to ask if her mamma knew where he

was. She found him sitting on her mother's lap, who was reading a story to him.

His eyes were very red, as if he had been crying very hard. As soon as he saw her, he cried out: "O Hetty! what made you run away from me?"

Her mamma looked very grave, as she said: "I heard poor little Willie crying very hard, and when I went out to see what was the matter, I found him lying under the tree at the gate, sobbing out: 'Hetty has gone away.' I brought him in and comforted him, but I was very sorry that my little girl had left her brother. How did it happen?"

"Why, mamma, Ernest came and wanted me to see-saw, but he did not want Willie, and I thought Willie would not miss me, because he was playing with his wheelbarrow, and I meant to come back very soon."

"Did not want Willie! and would his little sister leave him to play with any other child? I thought you loved him better than Ernest. God gave him to you to love and take care of. Perhaps if Ernest had a little brother, he would know how much you love yours, and not want you to run away from him."

"Dear mamma, I am very sorry, and I don't mean to leave him again," said Hetty, as she put her arms around Willie and kissed him, "and if Ernest wants me to play with him, he must have my little brother too."

And Ernest found this out, for he could never tempt Hetty away from Willie again. After a while he learned from her example to be loving and gentle with him, and when God sent him a little brother, he said to his mamma: "I mean to love him, just as much as Hetty loves Willie."

M. A. B.

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A KIND WORD.

DELIA has a pretty little dog, and its name is Jenny. The other day she was teasing it, and Jenny growled and snapped at her, just as some children do who have a little temper of their own and don't like to be teased.

"Why, Delia," said I, "you hurt Jenny, don't you? Are you not afraid she'll bite?"

"Oh! no," said Delia: "no matter how much I tease her, if I only pat her so," (suiting the action to the word,) "and say, 'Jenny, dear, did I hurt you?' or speak kindly to her, she'll lie down and begin to lick my hand." And sure enough, Jenny did exactly as Delia said.

Was not Delia learning a valuable lesson from her dog? Yes; and one which I hope she will profit by—the good effect of a kind word. J. P.

THE
STANDARD-BEARER.

VOL. X.

JULY, 1861.

NO. 7.

LUCY AND HER LITTLE SUNBEAM.



LUCY sat, one afternoon, watching her sick mother. The room was very still and dark. The shutters were closed, and the curtains half-drawn; for sick people, you know, can not bear the strong light.

The poor child was very tired and weary, and her little face, that was generally so bright, looked now as though it were in a long shadow. She had been reading aloud for more than an hour to her mother, until at last her head began to be quite tired, and her eyes very heavy. She was sitting in her low chair, by the bedside, and as she watched the long shadows on the floor, some sad thoughts came into her head. "How I wish that poor, dear mother was well again, as she used to be," thought Lucy. "It seems *so long* since she was able to go out of doors, or even to sit by the window in the sunshine! I do wonder if it will always

be just so! I'm sure it must be very tiresome here for her. And then—O dear! I am not half so good and patient as I ought to be; I get cross so often; and I'm afraid I am not a bit of a comfort to mother, though I am her only little girl!"

And Lucy heaved a long sigh, and let her head fall wearily on the bedside. That dark room, with its four walls, seemed like a very gloomy world to her, and she forgot how *many* things there were to make her bright and happy. I don't know what else Lucy might have thought, but, all of a sudden, her head started up, and with a very bright voice, she exclaimed: "O mother dear! just see that beautiful streak of sunlight coming in through the blind. There! it has flown across the floor, and is trying to hide itself under your pillow!"

Her mother looked up with a sweet, quiet smile, and Lucy thought the sunbeam was looking out of her very eyes, as she answered: "Yes, Lucy, it is very beautiful. It does me good to look at it. You are out in the merry sunshine every day, and can hardly tell what a dear little messenger this stray sunbeam is to *me*, in this dark room! It makes me thank God, my child, for all His goodness to me. Do you know, Lucy, that *you* are my own little sunbeam? How could I do without you!"

"O mother!" and Lucy's head sank lower than ever. "I wish I *could* be your sunbeam! I was

thinking only just now, how dull it was for you here, and how I wished I could make it brighter and pleasanter for you! Don't you get tired of me sometimes, mother?"

"Lucy, my child, you are my dear little comfort — my own precious daughter — and I want to tell you how much you have helped to make me happy and cheerful all the time I have been sick. I thank God every day for having given you to me. And Lucy, when He takes me home to Himself, you must try to be a comfort to others, just as you have been to me. Ask God to keep a bright spot in your heart; to put the sunshine of His own smile there; and then, however dark and sad things may seem about you, you will be happy and useful, and perhaps a stray sunbeam may get into somebody else's heart from yours!"

Neither Lucy nor her mother said any more just then; and Lucy looked towards the window where she had first seen the light shining in. "It was only one little bit of a ray," thought she, "but it made the whole room look different. It seemed like a bright thought coming in all of a sudden, to keep me company. Well! I *will* try to be a sunbeam myself; I never thought of it before. I am sure I *can* be more like one, if I try. I am afraid I often wear a cloudy face instead of a sunny one. God must love the sunshine, for He made it; and the little Bible-verse I learned the other day, says,

'God is light.' I will think of that when I begin to feel selfish and cross, and perhaps it will keep the sunshine in my heart."

And so Lucy did try, day after day, at home and at school, to be like the "sunbeam." Sometimes it was quite easy, and then again it was *very hard*; and there would be a fight between the clouds and the sun; and sometimes, I am afraid, the clouds *did* get the victory. But Lucy was in real earnest, and kept asking God to help her, and to put His light in her heart. And so, although she did not know it, she grew more and more like the sunbeam, and carried light with her wherever she went. She only knew that *she* felt very happy, and so she tried to make *others* happy too. She had such a bright smile, and such a cheerful voice, that people were really ashamed to be dull or gloomy when she was near.

One day, not very long after the time when Lucy saw the little sunbeam come in at the window, she stood in her mother's room, by the same bedside, but her face was very pale and sorrowful. She knew that her dear mother had left her, and as she looked for the last time on her sweet face, so peaceful and still, she thought how God had taken her mother to be with Him in the land of glory. And Lucy knelt down, and prayed that God would make her fit for heaven, so that *she* too might be glad when the angel of death came to take her home. When she

rose from her knees, the sunlight was streaming softly in at the western window, and Lucy's heart was light and happy, for she remembered how Jesus is called the "Son of Righteousness," and she felt sure that He would shine into her lonely little heart, and fill it with His love!

A. S. K.

DOCTORING AN ELEPHANT.

An elephant had a disease in his eyes. For three days he had been completely blind. His owner, an Engineer officer, asked my dear friend Mr. Webb if he could do any thing to relieve the poor animal. The doctor said he would try nitrate of silver, which was a remedy commonly applied to similar diseases in the human eye. The huge animal was ordered to lie down, and at first, on the application of the remedy, raised a most extraordinary roar at the acute pain which it occasioned. The effect, however, was wonderful. The eye was in a manner restored, and the animal could partially see.

The next day when he was brought, and heard the doctor's voice, he lay down of himself, placed his enormous head on one side, curled up his trunk, drew in his breath just like a man about to endure an operation, gave a sigh of relief when it was over, and then by trunk and gestures, evidently wished to express his gratitude. What sagacity! What a lesson to us of patience!



ABOUT DOGS.

PERHAPS my readers will wonder at my writing about dogs. They may say that dogs bark and bite, and are ugly creatures. This is true, but children

sometimes quarrel, and scratch and strike, and say words much more naughty than the barking of dogs. Are these children ugly creatures? Yes, they are a great deal more ugly than any dogs, for they know better. But just see this picture! Who can look at it without saying: What a noble-looking animal! How grandly he stands up! He is carrying his master's cane. He has been down into the water and brought it out. How happy he looks! how bright his eyes! Why, he looks for all the world as though he could talk! No doubt, if he could speak, he would tell us how happy he was. Pretty soon he will hand the cane to his master, and then bound away after something else. I do not wonder boys, and girls too, become so fond of dogs. They are very kind and faithful creatures. I once knew a large dog that used every morning to take a little girl to school. He always carried her basket in his mouth, and always walked close to her. If she stopped, he would stop also. If any carts or wagons came along, he would put himself between her and them, and then protect her. When they reached the school, he would hand her the basket, and then trot away home again. About three o'clock in the afternoon he went for her and took her home. Now, was not that very kind, and was it not making himself useful? No wonder that the little girl loved her dog.

I knew a little boy once who had a very bright

and pretty black dog. As this little boy had no brothers and sisters to play with, he made a companion of his dog, and they were always together, day and night; for Trip would always sleep in the room with his master. If he rode on horseback, which he often did, the dog would mount up behind him, and placing his paws on his shoulders, would look about, and seem to enjoy himself wonderfully. Every now and then, by way of expressing his delight, he would lick the boy's face and frisk his tail. This dog was taught to drive the cattle from one pasture to another, and to do a great many useful things. He used to amuse himself by lying in ambush and pouncing unexpectedly upon the pigs, geese, or chickens; he never injured them, but scared them nearly to death. This sort of sport he enjoyed amazingly. He had a special fondness for pulling the tail-feathers out of the old roosters. Of course there was a great uproar when he did it. Sometimes he tried his hand at old hens with chickens; but not fancying the storm about his ears, he very soon took to his heels. I might tell a great many stories, showing how very kind and useful dogs are. I often think they are very much like children. If they are well brought up, they are always pleasant and well-behaved; but if they are neglected, they are apt to snarl and bite, and make themselves very disagreeable.

THE WOLF AND THE LANTERN.

A TRUE STORY.

In the mountain-valleys of Switzerland, which stretch along the Jura, are several thrifty villages, clusters of picturesque-looking, comfortable houses, half-hidden among the orchards and under a thick interlacing of leaves. Cherry trees abound there. Indeed, they seem to be the favorite roadside tree in Switzerland. Oftentimes the traveler follows long avenues planted with them on both sides; and, if it is summer, he can enjoy the delicious, cool fruit, which he is at liberty to pluck as he goes along.

These Jura villages are generally inhabited by an industrious, frugal people, nearly all of them watchmakers. And it is there, away up in the mountains, that the pretty Swiss watches are made. Even children—boys and girls—are employed in manufacturing them, and sometimes become very skillful.

Some years ago there lived in one of those villages a worthy watchmaker. In his early youth he had served as a soldier under Napoleon; but, weary of that sort of life, he had retired to his native village and begun to make watches. He was rich only in his children. They were, every one of them, a joy to him and to his pious wife.

The watchmaker and his family were respected by every body in that neighborhood. For miles

around he was known as a good, upright, God-fearing man—a man who could never be capable of one single dishonest act in his trade, or of any compromise with his conscience. And, with the good-will of his neighbors and friends, the benediction of God seemed to rest upon his household. Strict punctuality in keeping his engagements was the rule of the Jura watchmaker. His word was as good as gold. When he had promised to deliver your work on a certain day, no ordinary thing could prevent him from doing exactly what he had promised, even at the cost of his own convenience. His family was admirably trained in that respect. All his children knew that, whatever might fall upon them, never could it be reproaches against their father's want of honest, upright tenacity in keeping his word with his employers.

About four miles from the village of Reuand, the town of Loele is situated. It was there that the watchmaker had to go, once a week, to deliver his work, and to get more, as well as the gold he wanted to gild the different pieces of the watches. Now, Saturday was the day fixed when that long walk was taken by the watchmaker across wild, lonely pine-woods and down deep ravines. As his heart was all right within him, he never failed to enjoy each time more the opportunity he then had of admiring the beautiful works of God. Pious hearts are truly the richest ones. They turn every circum-

stance of life and every duty to enjoyment, out of which gratitude grows.

One Saturday morning, however, the watchmaker told his wife that he should not be able to go to Lode that day, though somebody *must* go. He was sick, and several of his children were sick also. What was to be done? After a moment's debate with her not yet very bold courage, little Jenny said: "I will go, papa, if you will let me. I know I shall be very careful and not lose my way or the *ducats* (gold coins) either."

Jenny was a child upon whom one could safely rely. There was no cheat and nothing artificial about her. She was always busy about somebody's comfort. At home she helped her mother in the care of the younger children; and as soon as the hour came for her to be in the shop, she was at her place there. Her offer to go and carry the work to the city, then bring back the gold which should be needed for the following week's use, was, therefore, no sudden impulse called into earnestness by a wish to have a good time through the woods, but simply her wish to oblige her father and relieve him from anxiety.

It was decided that Jenny should go; and very soon after breakfast she started. Her mother had strapped her up very carefully, besides giving her some bread and cheese for her dinner on the way. She had on a pair of one of her brothers' trowsers,

and very short skirts, for the snow lay deep on the ground, and nothing was to impede her march. When she was all ready, she kissed her parents, said good-by, took into her hand a small lantern, in case she might require it on her return home late in the afternoon; and thus equipped, with a brave cheerful spirit, she began her lonely walk. At first it was pleasant enough. The sense of responsibility adds a relish to every act of ours upon which it rests. Even a very young child knows that. Jenny suddenly grew ten years older in her own eyes, when she thus found herself going all alone to the city, and for her father, too! The pine-trees were very beautiful, with their wide-spreading branches all covered with snow; and not a sound was heard in the crisp, bracing air. Jenny walked bravely, stopping now and then only to shake her cloak; but as she went along, she did not forget *who* was near to her. She prayed to God in her heart that no harm might happen to her. She was very much afraid of wolves, and therefore she mostly prayed to be kept from being attacked by them. And a prayer imparts courage and confidence, Jenny became fearless, walking on and on, till at last she reached Mr. B.'s shop in the city.

She delivered the watches and her father's message, and then she sat down to rest till the man had weighed the gold she wanted. The precious parcel, small as it was, was securely tied, and Jenny proud

ly grasped it very tight in her hand; and then she turned her steps homeward, not forgetting to pray, as she had before, that she might not lose herself in the ravine, or, worse than all, be eaten up by a wolf!

Jenny soon found out that she was very much fatigued by her long walk. It was snowing again, and the wind blew so cold in her face, that it ached all over. However, she tried not to mind it, and, thinking about her Father in heaven watching over her, she took courage again. Night falls very suddenly in winter over those mountain-valleys. It was almost dark; and yet Jenny had not gone half the distance to her home. She stopped to light her lantern before her fingers became too much chilled, and then she placed her little parcel in her bosom to have it quite safe. Then closing her lantern well, she held it under her cloak, and went on. By and by she had safely gone down the deepest ravine, and soon found herself in the woods again. She felt quite alone, and rather afraid, but she kept praying and repeating in her mind some verses of a hymn which she had lately learnt.

She was about half-way through the woods when she heard distinctly, and coming near towards her, a strange noise, as that of some animal on the run! Jenny started. What could it be? And what should she do *if it were a wolf!* Would God keep her from harm? She looked forward, trying her best to find out what it was. But she saw nothing

at all. Only the noise came nearer, and—there, right before her, within not more than ten feet, perhaps, a large wolf stood looking into her face! Jenny was so terrified that she did not even scream. She stood also silent and motionless. She did not know what to do! She thought of God's power to keep her from danger, even while danger was so near, and at the same time, with a remarkable presence of mind, swinging the lantern violently before the animal's eyes. The wolf evidently had never before seen such a thing; for, drawing back and growling fiercely, he bounded away between the trees.

Jenny thanked God with all her heart for His protection; and, though she longed to be home again, warming her benumbed limbs by a bright wood-fire, instead of being in the snow-covered forest all alone, yet she was sure that He who had kept her so well would keep her to the end. And to this very day, old as she now is, when she finds herself in any danger, she always remembers the wolf and the lantern, so far away in the Jura mountains. LENTO.

DOCTOR SPARROW.

WHEN Martin Luther saw once a sparrow, he exclaimed: "Thou art my dear doctor of divinity, for thou teachest me God's power and goodness, and wisdom, and His wonderful providence."

Every morning Doctor Sparrow
 To my quiet dwelling comes,
 Where he makes a hearty breakfast,
 For I give him nice soft crumbs;
 In return he often preaches
 Little sermons unto me;
 And if you could only hear them,
 "Words in season" they might be.



Dr. Sparrow is not handsome;
 Very plainly is he drest;
 Far from home he never travels,
 Nor can build a pretty nest.
 He is not a clever songster,
 And has fewer friends than foes;
 But his life is free from sadness,
 And a care he never knows.

And yet Doctor Sparrow daily
 Has his every meal to seek,
 For he can not on the Monday
 Get enough to last the week;

And sometimes in depth of winter,
 When the snow is on the ground,
 Any tasty little morsel,
 Is with difficulty found.

But the sparrow's wants are always
 By his Maker's hand supplied ;
 And the lark, and thrush, and goldfinch
 Are provided for beside ;
 Oh ! if God thus kindly feeds them,
 Keeps them ever in His view,*
 Will you not believe, my reader,
 That He surely cares for you ?

Look at Doctor Sparrow's garments,
 Sober-colored, but how trim !
 Mark his coat, so smooth and glossy,
 Such a perfect fit for him !
 Twice a year he gets a new one,
 Without any bill to pay ;
 Will not He who robes the *sparrow*,
 Clothe His *children* day by day ?

Smile not at the doctor's lessons,
 Nor be with their teacher vexed,
 For God made the humble sparrow,
 And Christ chose it for his text : †
 Be contented, gay, and trustful ;
 Look to heaven in time of need ;
 Are you not of much more value
 Than the sparrows God doth feed ?

XTRA.

* Matt. 10 : 29. † Luke 12 : 6, 7.

STANDARD-BEARER.

VOL. X

AUGUST, 1861.

NO. 8.

ROAD-SIDE FLOWERS.



J

JOHNNY L.— was another Alms - House child. His hip - joints were both dislocated by disease, and he lay year after year on his little bed, in a room full of sick men, so different from himself that he was lonely, though in a crowd. Johnny was thirteen years old.

His father was dead, and his mother and little brother living at a distance. He often spoke of the happy time when they all lived at home, and he used to go to Sunday-school. He kept the little Testament which had been given him there, and loved to read it. His little possessions were all contained in a small mahogany box near his bed; and one of his

chief pleasures was writing to his mother. Alas! she might have been with him, still at home, if her love of drink had not made them poor. Yet he spoke of her with much affection.

An alms-house is a sad place for a child to live in. Sometimes poor Johnny was kept awake at night by the ravings of a drunkard, in a fit of *delirium tremens*, and profane, wicked conversation daily sounded in his ears. No one was unkind to him, but nearly all were so engrossed with their own pains and troubles, that they seldom thought of him. It was wonderful to see a thing so pure in such companionship; but it was the Good Shepherd Himself who carried this poor lamb in his protecting arms.

When we went to see Johnny, he always looked so cheerful, we could scarcely realize how much he suffered, except as his thin hands and pale face told the story. He never uttered one complaint. I once took two "ministering children" to see him. They carried him a little basket, with cakes, apples, books, writing-materials, and a box of water-colors. Johnny did not know very well how to thank them in words, but the little he said meant a great deal. Some little girls, in a distant place, also kindly sent him books, candies, and toys. The books were prized the most, but none so much as his little old Testament. He loved to hear us speak of Jesus and of heaven. When he was able, a kind young

man who lived in the house would carry him into the room where service was held on Sunday afternoon.

Some time had passed since we had seen Johnny, when we went one day with various tokens of remembrance for our little friend. In the hall, we met the young man who had been kind to him, and he told us, with tears, that Johnny was no more, and that he had said he did not fear to die, because he trusted in the Saviour. The funeral was to leave his uncle's house, close by, in an hour; so we went to pay our last tribute of love to his remains. Every thing was clean and quiet. His relatives, though poor, had provided a neat coffin. How tall he looked in it, and how sweet and calm his thin white face was! It was very still and solemn then; but we felt glad as we thought of the glorious, wonderful exchange he had made, from an abode of misery and sin to a mansion of holiness and perfect bliss. So we bade farewell to little Johnny.

ANNA.

DISAPPOINTMENTS.

"I AM very sorry for your disappointments, little Maggie," said her grandina; "but perhaps it will not rain to-morrow, and then you can go to the city, and have just as nice a time as you would have had to-day."

"Yes; but I wanted to go this morning, because Mary Gray is going away, and I can't see her to-morrow. Oh! dear, why need the rain have come to-day?" and little Maggie's tears almost kept time with the rain-drops which were falling on the flowers and trees outside of the window where she was standing. There was this difference between them, however: the rain-drops had come to be a blessing, and already the flowers were holding up their heads, as if refreshed, and the trees were looking brighter, while the little brook went murmuring on its way, as if glad to be able to run to the river once more. But Maggie's tears did not do any good. On the contrary, the faster they flowed, the more miserable she felt, and it made her grandma uncomfortable to see her so unhappy.

"You will meet with many worse disappointments than this, my child, if you live many more years; but it will help you to bear them, if you will remember that they are all sent by a loving Father, to teach you some good lesson, and will in some way work for your good. Many a person has lived to bless God that he has been disappointed."

"Why, grandma," said Maggie, "I don't see how that can be."

"I will tell you of two people who were blessed by being disappointed. Once, when your grandfather was absent from home, I was taken very ill, and my sister wrote to him to hurry home. He re-

ceived the letter a short time before the boat left for the city where we then lived, and he determined to try to get on board of it. But the wheel of the carriage in which he was riding to the boat came off, and he was delayed; so that by the time he reached the wharf the boat had gone. He was very much disappointed, for he had to wait twenty-four hours before another boat left. That very disappointment, however, was a blessing to him, and to all of us. For the boat which he missed took fire that night, and almost every passenger on board perished. Now, don't you think we felt thankful to God for that disappointment?"

"Oh! yes, grandma, that was a happy escape; but it is not likely my disappointment to-day will turn out in that way," said Maggie.

"No, perhaps not; but if it teaches you to bear disappointments with patience, it will not have been sent in vain. But I want to tell you a story which I read the other day. A vessel was wrecked at sea, and one sailor alone floated on a spar to a rocky island. He had been for hours in the water, and was very cold. So he immediately tried to make a fire to warm himself, and he thought, too, if any vessel was passing, his fire might be seen, and thus he would be saved. He collected all the sticks and dry leaves which he could find, and succeeded in lighting them by rubbing two sticks together. But he could not get them to burn brightly: the sticks

were damp, and instead of the bright flame which he wanted, only a dull smoke would rise. He tried again and again, but without success; and at last in despair he rested his head upon his knees, and he was so weary that he fell asleep. He slept for some



hours; for when he awoke, the sun was nearly down, but his sticks were still smoking; and off in the distance he could see a ship, evidently sailing toward him. He watched, and watched, hardly believing his eyes; but it came nearer and nearer. He tied his cravat to a stick, and waved it, and then a small boat was let down from the side of the vessel, and he was soon on board, telling his story. But the most wonderful part of it all was, that the very smoke which had discouraged him so much, had been the means of his being saved; for some of the sailors on the ship had seen it, and thinking it very

unusual to see smoke on an uninhabited island, the captain had ordered the ship to be steered near enough to see if any one was there."

"But couldn't they have seen a fire as well?" asked Maggie.

"No; they said the smoke ascended higher than a flame would; and besides, it was some hours after the sailor had tried to light his fire, and it would have burned out, if it had burned brightly. The sailor learnt by it that God knew what was best for him, and the sooner we all learn this lesson the happier we shall be."

Grandma's cheerfulness, and stories, and good advice altogether, had by this time, quite restored Maggie's good-humor. And her sunny smiles came back long before the sun and blue sky gave token that the rainy morning was to be followed by a clear afternoon.

"THE GRIT BARE-LEGGED LADDIE."

SIXTY years ago, a stout, bony youth of eighteen years old, who had been known among his neighborhood as "a grit bare-legged laddie," called on a poor village-schoolmaster, and said:

"I would like to attend your evening-school, sir."

"What do you wish to study?" asked the teacher.

"I want to learn to read and write," replied the lad.

The teacher looked into the lad's face with a somewhat scornful glance, shrugged his shoulders, and said :

“ Very well, you can attend.”

Now, if that bony lad had said to the teacher, “ I mean to become a great inventor, to be the companion of rich and noble men, to hold conversation with kings, and to write my name among the great men of the world,” I dare say the teacher would have called the boy a fool, for cherishing such wild dreams. Yet that poor bony lad, who at eighteen did not know the alphabet, did all those things before he died.

Who was he? His name was George Stephenson, the great railway pioneer.

It was not the fault of young George that he was ignorant; it was only his misfortune. His parents were too poor to send him to school. He was the son of the fireman of a pumping-engine in a colliery. His birthplace was a cottage with a clay floor, mud wall, and bare rafters. He had to help earn his living from his earliest years, first by herding cows, and barring up the gates of the mine at night. Next he was put to picking stones from the coal, and after that to driving a horse, which hauled coal from the pit. By and by he was made assistant fireman to his father. When he was seventeen he was made plugman of a pumping-engine—a higher post than his father's, and had climbed, as it seemed

to the top of his ladder. What hope was there for youth who could not read at seventeen?

But George had hope in his breast. His engine was a lesson-book to him. He took it apart, and put it together again, studied its parts, and loved it; and when he was told that there were books which told about engines, he made up his mind to go to school.

To school he went, and soon learned all that the village masters could teach. When twenty years old, he was made brakeman, and began to think about inventing better engines than he saw about him.

Thus working, thinking, reading, he kept on, voiding all bad habits, until he built a locomotive that traveled at the rate of four miles an hour on a track-way. This was a great affair at that time.

His next work was a railway eight miles in length, and from this point he went on, until he was known as the great railway pioneer of the world.

George was often laughed at by men who thought themselves much wiser than he. One day he was proposing to build an engine to run twelve miles an hour. A grave-looking gentleman, thinking to put him down, said:

"Suppose one of these engines to be going along a railroad at the rate of nine or ten miles an hour, and that a cow were to stray upon the line, would not that be a very awkward circumstance?"

"Yes," replied Mr. Stephenson, "very awkward, indeed—for the cow."

Thus, by his own industry, did the "grit bare-legged laddie" climb to a very high place among men. Great men, and even kings, sought his advice; wealth flowed into his purse; his name was honored, and his character respected. At a ripe age he died, and went to his eternal reward.

Let this sketch of the "grit bare-legged laddie" cheer on the boys and girls to patient effort in the path of duty. Learn something every day. Press forward! Be good, and you will prosper.

THE LITTLE BROTHER.

HELEN FRENCH and her little sister Lizzie went one Saturday to dine at their Aunt Mary's. They went early in the morning, so as to have a long day for play, and staid until quite late in the afternoon. They always loved to go there; for though their Cousin Sarah was the only little girl, she had two or three brothers, who always played nicely with them, going out to the woods with them in summer, and drawing them about on their sleds in the winter.

As Helen and Lizzie were coming home together, after their happy day, Helen said:

"I wish we had a brother like Cousin George; don't you, Lizzie?"

"Yes," said her sister; "or like Cousin Arthur."

"I think I like him the best," She hesitated a moment, and then in a low voice she said: "Don't you think if we prayed to God to give us a brother, He would?"

"To be sure," said Helen; "and I think He will, for I asked Him to, last night."

"Did you, Helen?" said Lizzie; "then I mean to ask Him, too, to-night, and I guess He will."

Just then they reached their own gate, and they did not talk any more. They thought the house seemed very still, as they went up the piazza-steps, and they wondered that their mamma was not watching for them at the parlor-window, as she usually did, after they had been away.

"Where's mamma?" was their first question, as they entered the house.

"She is in her room," was the reply of the girl who opened the door; "and as soon as you have taken off your things, she wants you to come there; only you must go very softly, for she is not very well."

"Mamma sick!" said both the little girls in a whisper; and the joyous smiles faded from their faces, for they remembered how lonely the house seemed once when she was sick in her room, and how sorry they felt to see her suffer so much. So they went softly up-stairs to their room, feeling very doleful indeed; but the smiles all came back again when they opened the door, for there sat their dear Aunt Kitty, with her bonnet off, and her

knitting in her hand, looking as if she was going to stay with them a good long time.

"O Aunt Kitty!" said both the little girls, as they tried to see which could hug her the hardest, and get the most kisses, "how very glad we are to see you, and when did you come?"

"Why, I came this morning, just after you went away, and I am going to stay a week, and we are going to have such a nice time."

Then she helped them off with their bonnets and their capes, and after she had put them nicely away, she said:

"Now, don't you want to go down to see your mamma?"

"Oh! to be sure we do," said Helen. "But she is sick, and we must go very softly; and I am very glad you are here to take care of her; she'll get better soon, now, I guess."

The little girls held fast to their Aunt Kitty's hands, as they went down to their mamma's room, as if they were afraid she would go away from them if they did not. They opened the door very softly, and went in; but it was very hard for them to keep quiet then; for there, by the side of the fire, sat their own old nurse, with a little tiny baby on her lap.

"Why, nurse," said Lizzie, "whose dear, little baby is that?"

"It is your little brother," said their mamma.

"whom God has sent for you to love and take care of."

"A little brother!" said Helen in a glad tone; "O mamma!" and she looked at Lizzie and nodded, as if to say, "I told you so;" and Lizzie nodded back again. They were thinking how God had answered their prayers.

The little girls were never tired of admiring their brother. His tiny fists, which he kept in his mouth so constantly, as if he wanted to make them even smaller; his little feet, and black hair and eyes, were perfectly beautiful, they thought.

But after a few weeks had passed, and they could not see him to smile at them, they thought themselves the happiest little girls in the world. Every day they saw some new reason for loving him; and when nurse carried him out in the street, and they walked beside her, they wondered if every body knew that baby was their little brother.

The summer came; but it was a sad time for them, for the darling baby grew thin and pale, and their mamma looked anxious and sorrowful. As she held him on her lap, he leaned his head wearily on her arm; and his smile was very feeble, when his little sisters spoke to him, and tried to make him play. Every day they used to draw him in his little carriage up and down the broad piazza, and he used to look at them with his bright eyes, and make a little mournful sound, as if he would say: "I love

you, little sisters, but I am too sick to play with you."

He was a gentle little fellow, and their mamma said he could teach them all to bear suffering patiently. They used to pray every day that he might get well, and they thought he would, although he grew weaker and weaker, and so thin.

But one morning their Aunt Kitty came and led them into their mamma's room, just as she had done when they first saw their brother. But now he was lying in his cradle stiller than they had ever seen him before, even when he was asleep. As their mamma put her arms around them, she said, "Your little brother is with the angels now;" and then they knew that he was dead, and that he could never play with them again.

They were very still all that day, and many times they went softly to the cradle to look at the little form there, and it made heaven very near to them to think that one from their home had gone there.

The next day, when they saw their little brother's body carried away to be laid in the grave, they knew that his soul was with Jesus.

It seemed very strange that night not to pray to God to make their little brother well again; but their mamma told them that God knew better what was best for him than they did, and so He had taken their darling to be with Him, where he was happier than he ever could be in this world. And so they were all comforted.

The next Sunday Helen was not well enough to go to Sunday-school; but Lizzie went, and in the evening when they were singing,

"There is a happy land
Far, far away,"

she jumped down from the sofa where she was sitting, and running up to Helen, who was by her mamma, said in a joyous tone:

"O Helen! we shall have our own little brother again; my teacher said so to-day. Jesus will call the same body out of the grave again, and his soul will go into it, but He will make it a more beautiful body."

Her teacher had been telling the children in Sunday-school that day, how Jesus would some day call every one who had ever died out of the grave, to live with Him forever; and then Lizzie had thought how glad she would be to see her own little brother again.

Then their mamma talked with them a good while about that happy time, and her own heart was comforted to see how entirely her little daughters believed all that God had told them in the Bible; and they read together those beautiful words:

"We shall not all sleep, but we shall all be changed, in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, at the last trump: for the trumpet shall sound, and the dead shall be raised incorruptible, and we shall be changed."



WHAT A LITTLE CHILD MAY LOVE.

I LOVE this world so beautiful,
 I love the flowers and trees ;
 I love the softly murmuring brook.
 I love the cooling breeze ;
 I love the birds that sing so sweet,
 I love the gentle shower ;
 I love the little twinkling star,
 I love the twilight hour :
 I love my Saviour best of all,
 I love to sing His praise ;
 I love to listen to His call,
 "Ye children, seek my grace ;"
 I love to hear of heaven, my home,
 Where all is bright and fair ;
 I love to think the time will come
 When I may enter *there*.

SEYMOUR A. A.

THE

STANDARD-BEARER.

VOL. X.

SEPTEMBER, 1861.

NO. 9.

THE TWO HENRYS.



OTHER, Henry said this morning, that when he came home from school this afternoon he would swing me. Isn't it almost time for him

to come?"

It was little Emma Reed who said this, as she sat on the piazza by the side of her mother, watching for her brother's return. Her lessons were said, and her sewing finished as neatly as possible, and she was now longing for some one to play with her.

In a few minutes her brother appeared, looking as if he too were glad that his lessons were over for that day, and as he came in the gate, Emma ran to meet him, saying: "Oh! I am so glad to see you, Henry, now you'll swing me, won't you?"

But Henry took no notice of the little eager upturned face. He brushed quickly past her, and

throwing his bag of books down on the piazza, he said :

"Mother, Willie Turner wants me to come over and play with him this afternoon ; may I go ?"

"O Henry !" said Emma in a disappointed tone.

"This morning," said his mother, "a little girl gave her brother a ball which she had given up some of her play to cover for him, and I heard him say, as he thanked her for it, that when he came home from school he would swing her. Now don't you think that little boy should keep his promise ?"

"Well, but mother, I did not know then that Willie Turner would ask me to come to his house this afternoon ; and then he has just got such beautiful little rabbits to show me, too. I will swing Emma to-morrow."

"But, is it right to disappoint your sister, in order to please yourself, and besides, there is your promise."

Henry stood a moment, as if he were trying to make up his mind, and then he said : "I will wait until to-morrow to go to see Willie Turner's rabbits, and stay at home with Emma this afternoon. I will just run to the gate and tell Willie, for he is waiting there," and off he bounded to the gate.

In a few minutes he was back again, and he and Emma went off to the swing, and soon his mother heard them talking and laughing as gayly as if it had been no effort for Henry to give up his desired

pleasure. But she knew that it had been an effort of self-denial, and she could not but hope that it was made, because he was trying to follow the example of that Saviour, "who pleased not himself."

After a while Mrs. Reed put away her work, and took a plate of peaches which had been sent by a kind friend to the children, and they ate them together, under the shade of the great apple-tree where the swing was. And then Emma helped Henry prepare his fishing-line, for he expected to use it on Saturday, and so the time passed happily away until ten-time. After tea Henry had to study his lessons for the next day, and there was no more time for play.

That evening, when Henry's mother went into his room to take his light after he had gone to bed, as she usually did, he said to her:

"Mother, I think I was a great deal happier this afternoon, than if I had left Emma and gone to Willie Turner's, though I wanted to go terribly."

"I do not doubt it," said Mrs. Reed, taking her seat by his bedside; "we are always happier when we deny ourselves for the sake of others; it is true in small things as in great. I have just been reading about one who found much happiness even in the midst of great sacrifices."

"Do tell me about him, mother," said Henry. "I'm not sleepy at all, and I love to have you tell me of the people you read about."

"His name was the same as yours," said his mother, "Henry Martyn. Indeed, I thought of him when I gave you the name, and hoped that you would be like him. He lived in England, and when he was a very young man, he determined to go to India, to tell the heathen people there of the Saviour whom he had learned to love. Very few missionaries had gone at that time, and it seemed more of an undertaking then than it does now. Most of his friends tried to dissuade him from going; they



thought his talents were too great for him to go to live among such ignorant people. But none of

these things moved him ; and he left his home and all his friends for a home among the heathen. He lived in India several years, studying the language, and preaching as well as he was able to the people. Then his health failed, and he was urged to return to his native land. But he had become interested in the people of Persia, and he determined to go there and try to teach them the Gospel. There he studied the language, and commenced translating the Bible into the Persian. There was one converted Arabian who was faithful to him, and assisted him in his translation, but from most of the people he met with great opposition, and he was obliged to move from place to place, to escape from persecution. His health, too, was so much broken down, that his friends urged his immediate return to England. But he would not go until he had completed his translation of the New Testament. As far as this world's happiness is considered, nothing could be more self-denying than his life. For he was absent from all his friends, with no one to speak to but the natives of the country ; he was feeble and often suffering, yet his last record in his journal speaks of joy and peace, far beyond that which can be conceived by those who know nothing of the happiness which Jesus can give. His joy arose from the feeling that he was denying himself for the sake of his Saviour, who was with him, and, he felt sure, loved him. He was seized with a fever, which in his

weak state soon ended his life. He had been dead some time before any of his friends knew of it. His lonely grave is there, among the people whom he loved to tell of Jesus, and some kind friends have placed a simple stone over it to mark his resting-place. But his most enduring monument is the translation of the New Testament into the Persian language, which he just lived to complete. And now, my son, I have kept you awake long enough, and we must say good-night."

As his mother leaned over to kiss him, Henry said: "How very small my self-denial seems after hearing of Henry Martyn. I don't think I will call it so any more."

"And yet," said his mother, "the least act of self-denial, if done for Jesus' sake, is owned by Him. It is like the cup of cold water given for Him, you know."

Little children can not do much for Jesus, but He loves them, if they do what they can, just as much as if they should do some great thing.

M. A. H.

CHRIST AN EXAMPLE TO CHILDREN.—"Let all children remember," says Dr. Dwight, "if ever they are weary of laboring for their parents, that Christ labored for his, if impatient of their commands, that Christ cheerfully obeyed, if reluctant to provide for their parents, that Christ cared for himself, and provided for his mother amid the agonies of the crucifixion. The affectionate language of this divine example to every child is—'Go thou and do likewise.'"

SAGACITY OF CATS.

As Pussy and her two kittens were playing round our portico one day, it happened that one of the little creatures fell into a cistern. There was no one near to see it, and Kitty would soon have been drowned, if her sensible mother had not come straight into the house, and by her cries and expressive gestures, said us plainly as she could: "Come and help me." We followed where she led us, and Kitty was soon out of danger. What would you do if a playmate fell into the river when you were walking near it? You must not stand crying on the shore, but run as fast as you can for the nearest aid. Many lives have been lost, just for want of Pussy's *presence of mind*.

But I must tell you another story, more remarkable than this. My friend, Miss S., was roused at two o'clock one winter morning, by her cat, scratching and mewling at her chamber-door. Such a strange disturbance surprised her, and she opened the door to see what was the matter. The cat ran to the head of the stairs, and back again, two or three times, as if inviting her to follow, which she at length did, while Puss ran before, evidently eager to show what it was. My friend followed her down the kitchen-stairs, and there she found the floor in a flood of water, a foot deep. The bath-room pipes had frozen in the night, and burst, and as the kitchen was one step below the ground floor, it was the only

room under water, but if it had remained undisturbed a little longer there would have been a river in the hall and parlors. This cat had no kitten to save from drowning, nor was she in danger herself, so I think it a remarkable case.

Do you not like to watch the habits of birds, animals, and insects? David, and Solomon, and Job, were all great and highly-gifted men, but they did not disdain the study of nature, and in their writings they often draw beautiful lessons from the animal creation, of the wisdom and goodness of God.

ANNA.

—•••—

THE BOY WHO GAVE UP TO HIS BROTHER.

"HURRAH! hurrah! our school is going to have an excursion next Thursday. Hurrah! hurrah!"

These joyous words fell, or *shot* rather, from the lips of Archie Taylor one Monday afternoon as he rushed into his mother's cottage after school.

"I'm glad for you, Archie," said little Amy, clapping her fat hands and entering heartily into her brother's joy.

"So am I," added Mrs. Taylor. "I am glad your teacher is so kind to his scholars. But ~~how~~ *where* are you going, my dear?"

"We are going in two big wagons, mother, to River Point. We are to catch fish and have a chowder and a clam-bake. Wont it be nice? Oh!

I'm so glad—but where's the milk-pail? It's time to milk old Spotty."

With these words Archie took the bright tin milk-pail, and whistling Yankee Doodle—Archie was a great whistler—hurried to the little pasture back of his mother's cottage, and was soon at work relieving quiet old Spotty of the six quarts of milk which she usually paid her mistress for the good keeping she received.

"Oh! I'm so glad for Archie!" said Amy to her mother, after her brother left the house.

"It will be very pleasant for him," replied Mrs. Taylor, "for what with milking Spotty, taking care of the pigs, doing up the other *chores*, and going to school, he don't get much time to play. I am very glad his teacher is going to give the school this treat."

A few minutes later a stout boy, four years older than Archie, and covered with flakes of cotton, came into the cottage, wearing a very bright face. This was Archie's only brother. He worked in a neighboring cotton-mill. His name was George.

"Mother," said he, "our fellows are going on an excursion next Thursday. Mr. Jones has chartered a little steamboat to take all hands down the river to Can's Island, where we are to have a glorious clam-bake. Mr. Jones is a brick, an't he?"

"No, not a *brick*, my son. If he were, he wouldn't be worth much," replied Mrs. Taylor, who didn't like her children to use cant words.

"Well, you know what I mean, mother—he's a noble-hearted gentleman."

"That is true; though a *brick*, instead of being noble-hearted, is nothing but a bit of burnt clay. But I fear you can't go, my son."

"Can't *go!*" exclaimed George with anger flashing in his eyes and burning in his words; "can't go! Why not, pray?"

"Be calm, George, and listen," said his mother. "You said your excursion is to be on Thursday, didn't you?"

"Yes, but what of that?"

"Well, Archie is going to River Point that day, and you know that both of you can not go from home the same day, because my arm is too lame to do the chores."

"Then let Archie stay at home—I won't," said George, fiercely.

"What's that you said?" asked Archie, entering the house at that moment, with his pail of milk frothing over the top like a syllabub.

George told Archie his story. The latter looked blank, and said:

"I'm the youngest, and I told mother first. You ought to let me go, George."

"Well, I work hard in the mill all the time, and you, who don't earn any money, ought to give way and let *me* go," replied the other.

Here their mother called them to tea, and bid-

ding them sleep over the matter before deciding upon any thing, she kept them from getting into a quarrel. Still, the tea was taken in quiet, and with less pleasure than was usual in that humble cottage.

That evening, when Mrs. Taylor, who, by the way, was a poor but pious widow, offered family prayer, she asked God to teach her children *each to prefer and seek the happiness of the others, and to make it a rule of their lives to sacrifice their own pleasures for the good of others.*

This prayer set both the boys thinking. It was hard for either to give up, yet both felt it to be his duty to do so. Archie was the first to yield. It cost him a mighty struggle, but on Tuesday afternoon when George came home from work, he went to him smiling all over and said:

"George, you may go on Thursday. I'll stay at home."

These kind words touched George's heart. His selfishness melted like snow in the warm south wind. His eyes filled with tears, and he replied:

"No, no, Archie. You may go and I will stay at home."

The brothers now had a very pleasant dispute, for both were resolved to do right, and so both disputed with great good nature. At last they agreed to leave it to their mother. She said:

"George shall go, because he works hard for us all the year. Archie will stay at home with me."

This decision, which was certainly a wise one, settled the question.

On Thursday, George went down the river. Archie staid with his mother and Amy. He felt bad when, as he was getting a pail of water from the spring, the shouts of his schoolmates rung merrily across the meadow as they rode past his home. He felt too sad even to look at them. But the joy-bird soon began to sing in his breast. His mother cooked a chicken for dinner, after which she took him and Amy for a stroll along the brook which ran past their cottage. The day soon passed. George came home in high spirits, and when Archie laid down to sleep that night, thinking that he had given up his own pleasure for his brother, his heart was the happiest in that humble cottage-home.

The next day when his teacher found out why Archie staid from the party, he praised him before the whole school; and ever after it seemed as if George loved him as he had never done before, for he was always doing something to give him pleasure.

I wish every boy, and girl, too, in a family, had Archie's spirit. I wish each one of them would learn to give up to the others. I wish every brother and sister would say: "I won't be selfish. I'll find my pleasure in helping to make my brothers, sisters, and schoolmates happy." What happy homes such a resolution would make! Good-by to

family quarrels then—wouldn't it be good riddance? Really, I've a great mind to form a "Give-to-my-brother-and-sister society." Wonder if any body would join it?

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THE PERILS OF ELEPHANT-HUNTING.

An English officer, Major Rogers, was once out trying to shoot elephants in the woods or jungles of India, when an elephant, hitherto unseen, made a charge at him. There was no help for it except

to run, for his guns were all fired off, and for one hundred yards the Major kept just ahead, feeling at every step the animal's trunk trying to seize him round his waist. A turn round a tree gave him a momentary advantage, which he made the most of by springing up into the branches. One foot higher, and he would have been out of the elephant's reach, but before he had time to draw up his legs, the elephant had got him firmly clenched in the coils of his trunk. Still Rogers pulled against him, thinking it better to have his leg wrenched from the socket than to fall back bodily into the animal's power. The struggle, however, did not last long, for to the delight of the pursued and the chagrin of the pursuer, the Wellington boot that the former wore slipped off, extricating the leg, and saving the life of poor Rogers. The dilemma, however, did not end here; for the elephant, finding himself balked of his prey, after destroying the boot, took up his quarters beneath the branches, and kept its expected victim in the tree for twenty-four hours, when the *tappal*, or country postman, happening to pass by, Rogers gave him notice of his position, and, on this being intimated to the nearest village, the elephant was frightened away by drums and yellings. Had this occurred in a deserted part of the jungle, poor Rogers would have been starved to death in the tree.

LITTLE BIDDY IN THE STORM.

I dare say you know that most of the poor people in Ireland are Roman Catholics. But perhaps you do not all know that some of the Christian people of England have sent missionaries to teach them the Word of God, and have built schools for their children, where they are taught they can only be saved by believing in the Lord Jesus Christ, and that they must not pray to the Virgin Mary or to saints, but to *God only*.

Among the many little Roman Catholic children attending these schools, is a quiet little girl about eight years old, named Biddy; her mother is a widow, and they are very poor. They live in a little hut on a mountain-side. One night during last winter a violent storm of wind arose. It continued increasing; the cabins were shaken to their foundations, and the larger houses suffered very much.

Little Biddy and her mother sat over the turf-fire. At every fresh gust they thought the thatch would blow off. Then little Biddy thought of God, and His care of His people; and she took her little Bible and went away into a corner to read and pray. Now and then she would say, "Mother, do you think the storm is blowing down anything?" and then she would pray again. She went on praying until she was almost worn out, and then her mother brought her over to the fire and warmed her. When the morning came and the storm was over,

the poor widow ventured out. She saw the cabins of her neighbors dreadfully injured, but her own perfectly safe. As she said herself: "The Lord had answered Biddy's prayer: not a straw was moved out of the thatch, nor had any harm happened during the day or night."

Thus we see how God hears the prayer of faith and protects those that trust in Him, even though it be a little child. Remember this when at any time you are in trouble or sorrow. Think of little Biddy, and, like her, make God your refuge. Perhaps another day I may be able to tell you something more about the children who attend these schools.

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HOW CAN THE FLOWERS BLOOM?

How could little flowers bloom,
If the sun were gone?
Ah! their tints and sweet perfume—
Ah! there would be none.

How can a young sinful heart
Bring forth flowers of love,
If the Lord do not impart
Sunshine from above?

Love, and gentleness, and peace,
Are the Saviour's flowers!
He Himself brought forth these,
In this world of ours.

Oh! how patient and how kind
Jesus used to be!
He will put His gentle mind,
If I ask, in me.

THE
STANDARD-BEARER.

VOL. I.

OCTOBER, 1861.

NO. 19.

TRUST.



“COME Emily, don't you want to take a walk this lovely afternoon?” said Walter Bond, as he came in from school, and found his sister busily engaged in dressing her doll.

“Where do you want to go?” said she as she pinned Miss Dolly's sash.

“Why, I thought it would be pleasant to go round by

the mill-pond, and perhaps——”

“No,” said Emily, interrupting him, “I do not want to go, then, for I don't like to pass the mill,” and she went on dressing her doll more busily than ever.

“But wait a minute before you say that you do

not want to go," said Walter; "I was going to say that perhaps papa will go with us."

"Oh! if papa will go," said Emily, "I will go any where with you."

So Walter ran off to find his papa, to ask him to go with them; and while he is gone, I may as well tell you why Emily did not like to pass the mill.

The miller had a dog which was very fond of jumping out and barking at people as they passed, and though no one ever heard of his biting any one, Emily was very much afraid of him. The week before, Walter had persuaded her to go to the pond with him, but she had no sooner reached the mill than the dog ran barking out, frightening her so that she ran screaming away, which of course only made the dog run after her and bark the louder, until the miller called him in. Walter had laughed at her and called her a little goose, for being so afraid; so she had determined never to go there with him again.

Dolly was just put in her cradle for her nap, when Walter came back to say that their papa was waiting for them at the gate.

"Oh! how glad I am," said Emily, as she ran for her hat, and she was at the gate almost as soon as Walter.

"How nice to have you to go with us, papa," said she as she took his hand, and they walked on together.

It was a rare treat for the children to have their papa at home with them during the day, for though they lived in the country, he was obliged to go to the city every day, to work for them, as he used to tell them sometimes, when they begged him to stay with them. Though Walter said, he did not think it was very hard work to sit at a table and write, as his papa did in the city.

But he was at home with them this day, and they were both very glad of it.

"Emily does not seem to be afraid of any thing to-day, papa," said Walter; "why, you should see her when she is alone with me, it is as much as I can do to get her to pass a cow or a house where they keep a dog, and the other day she jumped so when a wasp knocked against her hat, that I thought her eye was out at least."

"Now, Walter," said Emily, "you know I came very near being stung that time. But of course, when papa is with me, I know that he will take care of me, and I never think of being afraid."

"But, suppose I should tell you that I can not take care of you?" said her papa, smiling.

"Oh! I know you can," said Emily, "and so I always feel so safe!"

"Would you never feel afraid if I could be with you always?"

"No, never, papa!"

"But your heavenly Father is with you all the

time, and He can take better care of you than I can," said her papa.

"It don't seem as if He were with me, papa, because I can not see Him, as I can see you."

"But all these things, the trees, the flowers, even the very animals you are afraid of, are the things



which He has made, and they show you that He is here. Besides, He tells you that He takes care even of the little sparrows, so certainly He will take care of you."

Emily was so much interested in talking to her

papa, that she did not notice that they were near the mill, until the dog flew out at them. Then she ran screaming to her papa, who spoke sternly to the dog, and lifted his cane as if to strike him. The dog stood still a moment growling, and then slunk off as if he were ashamed that he had not been able to frighten them any more. Walter, who had stood back to see the fun as he said, enjoyed the scene very much, though Emily said she thought he was frightened, too.

However, the dog did not make his appearance again, and they went on their way and had a very pleasant walk.

That evening, as Emily sat on her papa's lap after tea, he said to her:

"Did you feel afraid of the dog this afternoon, after you had clung to me?"

"No, papa; when I felt your arm around me, and heard your voice, I knew the dog could not touch me."

"In other words you *trusted* me. Now can you not trust your Heavenly Father in the same way?"

"But, papa, I can not go to Him as I can to you," said Emily.

"No, you can not go to Him with your body, but you can with your heart, by praying to Him. When you feel afraid, just think a prayer in your heart to Him, and He will take care of you. I once knew a little girl, who was just as timid as you are, but she

learned to trust her Heavenly Father, so that if she saw a cow in the road in front of her, which she had to pass, it was just as natural for her to pray in her heart to God to take care of her, as it was for you to run to me this afternoon. Then she would walk by the cow, trembling a little, to be sure, but trusting in God to take care of her. On her way to school, she had to pass a house where there was a dog who barked at almost every one who passed, something like the one you saw to-day. As she came in sight of the house, she used to pray that he might not hurt her, and she very seldom saw him, so you see her prayer was answered. And now I want my little Emily to trust God in the same way, and He will love you and care for you always."

Emily thought that she would like to trust God as that little girl did, and that night she prayed to Him to take care of her, as she had never prayed before. And He did take care of her, for she slept all night calmly and peacefully.

H.

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Lord, I am sick—my sickness cure;
 I want—do Thou enrich the poor;
 Under Thy mighty hand I stoop,
 Oh! lift the abject sinner up!
 Lord, I am blind—be Thou my sight;
 Lord, I am weak—be Thou my might:
 A helper of the helpless be,
 And let me find my all in Thee!

LITTLE RILLS FROM A COUNTRY SUNDAY-SCHOOL.

On the first Sunday in August, in a quiet little village of Western New-York, the Sunday-school of old "St. Mark's" assembled for the fifth anniversary of its Missionary Societies. The day was very warm, but the little ones, with happy faces, were all there. The chancel and pulpit were tastefully decorated with wreaths and flowers, and a goodly number of parents and friends were present to enjoy the exercises.

Each class in the school is a little Missionary Society, and has its treasurer, name, and motto; and now for the fifth time, they all meet to give an account of the pleasing labor of the past year, and present their offerings. All is ready, and the festal hymn is sung, the prayers concluded, the secretary's report read; and all eyes turn with interest to the twenty-five little ones occupying raised seats near the pulpit, and facing the congregation: these are the "Lambs of the Flock," and here comes the first little rill of gathered pennies, with a cup of cold water for their emblem, and the text that all know should go with it. Then follows "The Little Branch," with its beautiful emblem, a tender vine with clusters of grapes, and presenting with it as ingatherers for the Lord, a *golden* cluster of \$10. Next come "Little Helps," and their motto, "Little by little," beautifully illustrated by a large piece

of coral; nor must we forget "The Beacon-Lights," with their light-house and reflecting-lights, and the "Model Workers," with their bee-hive and store of *honey* our missionaries stand so much in need of now. But look! what comes next? a tent, yes, a little white silk tent, pitched on a mossy bank; these are "The Cadets," young soldiers for Christ's grand army; we hope there will be no deserters among them, but that like the good and great Havelock, they will prove faithful to God and their country. Sad but sweet memories well up in all hearts, as the class that bears the name of the gentle Caro C——, presents its offerings, with the text—so well remembered since the day we laid her little form in its snow-wreathed grave—"She is not dead but sleepeth;" the emblem a miniature garden with a dividing wall covered with a little vine, and a pure white rose on the other side, and the touching lines:

"The rose that climbed our garden-wall,
Has bloomed the other side."

St. Mark's Class comes next; the Bible its fit emblem, and its motto, "If any of you lack wisdom, let him ask of God;" and here is the class of "Young Fishers," with their little ship the "Caper-naum," bringing in on this her fourth voyage, a fair cargo, consigned to Home Missions. Following this, come the offerings of the "Robert J. Parvis" Class, presented in a basket of beautiful flowers, in

the centre of which nestles the "Book of Common Prayer;" then the "Little Treasure-Seekers;" surely their emblem must be the pure word of God, and their motto, "Lay not up for yourselves treasures upon the earth," etc. The "Young Reapers" come next, with their sheaf of ripe grain, and the motto, "God reaches us good things by our hands."

The "Major Anderson" or Christian Soldier Class, its motto, "Not ashamed of Jesus — nor afraid of man," brings up the rear for the boys, and presents, through its active little adjutant, in a miniature Fort Sumter, a heavy stock of ammunition for the relief of Home Missions.

The "De Lancey Society," blessed with a faithful "Ruth," is the next to send up the offering, sufficient for another year to educate one of Africa's benighted children. The Bishop Heber Class sends up its verse and offerings, and the "Young Men's Bible-Class," with the motto, "If God be for us, who shall be against us?" closes up, giving us the watchword for another year.

One hundred and twelve dollars have thus been contributed to the Lord's Treasury; the work has been pleasant, no one has felt it a burthen; and this little sketch is written in the hope that other schools having no such organization, and giving little or nothing for the cause of missions, will go and do likewise.

MARY'S MISTAKE.

"GOOD-BY, my little Mary; take good care of dear papa and Henry while I am gone," said Mrs. Eldon as she kissed her little daughter who clung to her neck, as if she did not want her to go away from her.

But the carriage was at the door, and it was almost time for the train to come, so the little clinging arms had to be untwined, and after one more kiss, Mary saw her mamma drive off, and she was left alone.

She tried hard to be a brave little girl and not cry, though I am not sure but the tears which came into her eyes might have fallen, if little Rappie, her pet kitten, had not rubbed herself against her, as if to say, you must forget that you have me to keep you company, now. So Mary took her little kitty up in her arms, and the tears never got any farther than her eyelids, for as she laid her cheek against Rappie's soft fur, they were all wiped away. Then Mary remembered that her cousin Hattie was coming to spend the afternoon with her, so she and kitty hurried into the house to get ready for the little visitor.

Now, you must not think that Mary was babyish, for this was the first time that her mamma had ever gone away from home without her. And as she had no one but her papa and brother Henry to keep

her company, you may be sure she felt very lonely. Her mamma had gone to see her grandmamma, who was very ill, and Mary knew that she could not take her with her, so she tried to be very cheerful, that she might not grieve her mamma, who she knew felt sadly at leaving her. Her brother Henry had not come from school yet, and her papa had gone to the cars with her mamma, so she was all alone with kitty, but she busied herself dressing her dolls and getting every thing ready for Hattie, until she came. Then they were too much engaged in play to think of being lonely. At the tea-table Mary felt so grand seated in her mamma's place, and pouring out her papa's tea, that she almost concluded it was a fine thing to be left alone after all. To be sure it was not very pleasant to have Henry look at her and smile as he did, and toss his head from side to side, as children often do when they wish to show that they think each other proud. But then he did not dare to say any thing to tease her when his father was present, and as Mary tried not to look at him, her happiness was not much affected by it.

After Hattie had gone, and Mary went up to bed, she missed her mamma again, for then she always used to come to put out the light and give her the last good-night kiss. But just as Mary was considering whether she should put out the light herself, her papa walked in, and said he was going to

play mamma now, just as Mary had played it at tea-time. So Mary jumped into bed, feeling quite happy, and then her papa leaned over to kiss her good night, saying as he did so: "What a happy thought it is, that though papa and mamma may leave their children sometimes, God never does. He is always with them. I hope my little Mary will love Him so much, and try so hard to please Him, that she will always be glad to think that He is near her."

Then her papa put out the light and went away, and Mary was alone in the dark, but she did not feel afraid, for she went to sleep thinking that God was always with her.

It was quite late when she awoke the next morning, and she sprang out of bed and began to dress in a great hurry, for she remembered that her mamma was always down-stairs before the prayer-bell rang, and she was going to take her place now.

Her mamma had taught her never to leave her room without praying to God, for she did not know what temptations to sin she might meet, before she would have time to go to her room again, and only the Spirit of God could keep her from sin. This morning she said her prayer very quickly, for she was afraid the bell would ring before she could get down; indeed, she kept listening for it all the time, so though she repeated the words, her thoughts were very little on her prayer.

The bell had not rung yet when she descended to the dining-room, and though her father was not there, Henry was, and to her dismay was seated in her mother's chair by the coffee-pot.

There was a mischievous twinkle in his eye, as if he meant to tease her, and if she had been wise, she would have waited until her papa came in, when he would have made it all right.



Without stopping to think a moment, however, she walked right up to him, and taking hold of the corner of the chair, said in a very dignified manner: "That's my seat, Henry, and I'll thank you to give it to me."

"Your seat," said Henry, "I should like to know who made it your seat. It's mamma's, and I have as good a right to it as you have."

"It *is* mine now, for papa said I was to take mamma's place while she was gone, so get up," said Mary now very angry.

But Henry showed no intention of leaving the place, but folded his hands, looking very good-natured, but also very determined. "I'll see if I can't get you out," said Mary, as she tried to tip the chair over, but Henry was the stronger, and she could not move it.

I can not tell how the quarrel might have ended, for Mary was working herself into a great passion, if their papa had not entered the room just then. He looked surprised and grieved, when he saw his children disputing, but he only said: "It's time for prayers, little daughter, will you give me the Bible, and Henry you may ring the bell."

The children obeyed, and then took their accustomed seats, Mary wondering if her father knew of their quarrel. She was sure that he did, when she heard him read, "Beloved, let us love one another; for love is of God;" and then when he prayed the all anger and clamor might be put away, and they might all be willing to give up to each other, she felt as if she would have given any thing if she had let Henry alone when she came down-stairs. But she knew there was but one way to be happy

now, so as soon as she arose from her knees, she went to her papa and said :

"I was very angry with Henry when you came down-stairs, but I am very sorry."

His papa took her on his lap, and beckoned to Henry to come too, and then they kissed each other, and Henry said : "I did wrong to tease you, and I don't mean to do so again, that is, if I can help it."

"You can always help it my son, if you choose, and it is very unmanly as well as unchristian to take pleasure in teasing. But here is the breakfast on the table. Mary, can you play mamma again?"

Mary smiled, and took her seat at the head of the table, opposite to her papa, and gave him as good a cup of coffee, he said, as he had ever tasted. Henry behaved very well, and did not give her any more teasing looks, so Mary was very happy.

Her grandmamma got better in a few days, and her mamma came home. Her papa told her that their little Mary was a very nice little housekeeper. But Mary could not be satisfied until she had told her of her quarrel with Henry. She could not bear to have her mamma think her better than she was.

M. A. H.

"I *szvea* complained of my condition but once," said Sadi, "when my feet were bare, and I had no money to buy shoes; but shortly I met a man without feet, and I became contented with my lot."

CHARLEY'S BIBLE.

My little Bible! mother's gift!
You're very dear, indeed;
I love between your purple lids
My Saviour's words to read.
And long before I could do so,
I now remember well
The pretty stories out of it
Dear father used to tell.

How Jesus, once a baby, sat
Upon His mother's knee,
Before He cured the lame and blind,
Or walked upon the sea.
And he would speak of Bethany,
Where two sweet sisters lived,
And of the trembling woman, who
A cure from Christ received.

Then, though I was a little boy,
Oh! how I wished that He
Who did so sweetly talk to them,
Would show Himself to me!
It made me long to read His Book,
So o'er the page I bent;
And till I could make out the words,
I never was content.

May I its meaning every day
Still better understand,
Until God fits me by His grace
To dwell at His right hand.
And I will try to send His Word
Where it has not been given;
For it will be a pleasant thing
To send such news from heaven.

THE
STANDARD-BEARER.

VOL. X.

NOVEMBER, 1901.

NO. 11

THE CATERPILLAR AND THE ROSEBUD.



KITTY SEYMOUR was a little girl who was very fond of flowers. She loved them so much that she was willing to take a great deal of trouble in order to have them. Her eldest sister took all the care of the flowers in the garden, but she allowed Kitty to have one bed for her own. In this bed she planted what seeds she liked, and had the plants she chose, and all the flowers which they bore were her own, and she could pick them or leave them on the plants just as she liked. But in return for this, she was expected to keep the bed free from weeds, for her sister said she would not have one bed in the garden overgrown with weeds, when all the rest were clear.

But Kitty loved her flowers too well to be unwilling to do any thing to make them grow; so every pleasant morning in summer she was up at sun-rise, and in the garden with her sister, pulling up the weeds, or tying up the vines, or picking off the various insects which liked to eat the plants. Then she always had flowers enough to make a pretty bouquet, to take to her teacher or some friend at school.

Her teacher was very fond of roses, and Kitty had one rose-bush which bore flowers most of the summer, so that she could almost always find one rose at least to put in her bouquet. One morning she went to her rose-bush, sure of finding one, although it was the last of August, for she had been watching a bud for several days. But she was disappointed. A caterpillar, who had been up before her, had selected it for his breakfast, and had already half eaten it.

"I declare it is too bad," said Kitty, as she called her sister to look at it. "The only bud on the bush too. Why could not he have been contented with the leaves? I don't see what use caterpillars are any how."

"You had better ask the little birds what they think of them," said her sister. "I rather think Mr. and Mrs. Robin, and all the little Robins, enjoy their caterpillar breakfast quite as much as you do your toast and eggs."

"Well then, I wish Mr. Robin had taken him before he had eaten up my rosebud," said Kitty.

"But as he didn't," said her sister, "I advise you to keep the caterpillar a little while, and you will have something more beautiful than your rose would have been."

"Keep this caterpillar?" replied Kitty in astonishment; "why, I wouldn't have the ugly thing. I don't see how any thing pretty can come out of that."

"Very well," said her sister, "then I will keep him for you, and in the meantime I will try to find you a rose to take the place of the one he has spoiled."

Kitty soon chose a rose from one of her sister's bushes that she thought would do, and her bouquet was complete. Then her sister went into the house and brought out a small box. She covered the bottom of it with fresh earth and placed a few fresh rose-leaves upon it. Then she cut off the branch of the bush with the caterpillar upon it, and putting it in the box, she tied over the top a piece of thin book-muslin.

"There, Mr. Woolly Bear," said she, you may enjoy yourself as much as you like now for a few days."

"Woolly bear?" said Kitty, "what a funny name for a caterpillar."

"Yes," said her sister, "don't you think it looks like a woolly bear, with its thick brown hairs? I al-

ways used to call them so when I was a little girl like you."

For Kitty's sister was a good many years older than she; in fact, was quite a young lady. But she loved her little sister dearly, and was always glad to have her with her.

Well, the little box was placed just outside of the window, and Kitty forgot all about the woolly-bear. One afternoon, about a week afterward, her sister called to her to come and look at him. Kitty could not see him. She looked under the leaves, but he was not there.

"Why, sister Mary," said she, "he has gone."

"No," said her sister, "he is still there."

"But where? I can not see him."

Her sister pointed to a little brown thing on one side of the box, which was so much the color of the earth in the bottom of the box, that Kitty had supposed that it was a piece of earth. But now she noticed that there were little hairs sticking all over it, and that it was fastened to the box.

"Why, sister Mary," said Kitty, "is that the woolly bear?"

"Yes. He has spun for himself that covering, and if you could look behind that you would see only a little black thing which would seem entirely dead. But if we leave it here, after a while it will burst that covering, and come out a beautiful butterfly."

"How wonderful!" said Kitty. "I remember now that I have heard that butterflies were first caterpillars, but I never half believed it."



"Whenever I see a caterpillar," said her sister, "creeping along, and only able to go so slowly, I think, 'Ah! you little know what a beautiful form you will one day be changed into, and how you will fly off so swiftly, sipping the honey, from flower to flower,' and then I think that perhaps that is the way the angels think of us, wondering that we do not think more of the glories which we may one day behold in heaven."

Kitty sat holding the box in her hand all the while her sister was talking.

"How very still the caterpillar is," said she. "It seems as if he must be dead."

"So he is dead to all appearance," said her sister,

"but he will live again. Don't you remember when we went to see little Cousin Willie, after he was dead, how very still he lay in his little coffin, and then we saw him placed in the ground, and how you cried when the earth was thrown upon him? Well, he is buried just as this caterpillar is. But just as, after a while, a butterfly will come out of this silent form, so little Willie will rise out of the grave, as much more beautiful than he was before, as the butterfly is more beautiful than the caterpillar."

"And then if I am buried in the ground, shall I rise too?" said Kitty.

"Yes, every one who has ever lived will rise again from the dead. But now we will put our box away, and wait for the butterfly."

The cold winter had passed, and the snow was nearly melted from the ground, when one day Kitty's sister called her again to look in the little box. There, nestling on the dead branch, was a little butterfly, with bright red wings covered with black spots.

"O how beautiful!" exclaimed Kitty; "and is that really the ugly caterpillar?"

"Yes," said her sister, "the caterpillar which you thought so ugly has been changed to that beautiful butterfly."

Just then the butterfly flew from the box, and

went fluttering all about the room, as if it were glad to escape from its prison.

"Will little Willie fly up just so to meet Jesus?" said Kitty.

Finally it alighted on the plants in the window, and sister Mary said it might stay there, for it was too cold yet for it out of doors. The warmth of the house had brought it out sooner than if it had been out in the air.

"Yes," said her sister, "all who are buried in the grave, and little Willie too, will arise when Jesus calls, to meet Him; so shall they ever be with the Lord."

"Oh! I am so glad," said little Kitty. "I don't think I shall be so afraid to lie in the grave now."

M. A. H.

ROADSIDE FLOWERS.

NO. III.

I SHALL not tell you any thing to make you sad, this time. The little boy of whom I am going to write, is still alive and well. When I see the cheery, broad-faced dandelion "fringing the dusty road with harmless gold," I always think of Johnny Schwab. The way I came to meet with him was this. A German woman whom I found one day without a Bible, seemed to wish for one, and promised to ask her husband for money to buy one.

When I took it to her house, a little boy opened the door, and then ran to tell his mother. But she said she had no money, and could not take it.

"If you are not able to buy it, I will give you the Book."

Using the child as her interpreter, she said she did not like to take things without paying for them. I then told her she might pay one third of the value for it; but here a new difficulty arose. She said she was a *Roman Catholic*. I told her that *her* Church believed the Holy Scriptures as well as mine—to which she assented—and that she ought therefore to possess them. And then I tried to tell her, in bad German, what a beautiful and precious book the Bible was. She grew more and more interested, and showed me all the books she had. She went to her own Church with her children, but they also attended a Lutheran Sunday-school. She had a Lutheran Prayer-book in German, and a well-thumbed copy of "Union Hymns." The little boy begged his mother, in German, to take the book. He was about nine years old, and his face beamed with sweetness and intelligence, through its covering of dirt.

"Can you read?" I asked, putting the Bible into his hands.

He opened at the 19th of St. Luke, and read pretty well.

"Why did Zaccheus climb the tree?" I asked him.

"To eat the mulberries," was his confident reply. The sycamore is called a mulberry in the German Bible.

"No, that was not it. It says he climbed up to see the Lord Jesus. He was too little to see him on the ground, in such a crowd, just as you would be. Now you can read how kind the Saviour was to him, and how He went home to Zaccheus' house."

"Do you go to school?" I asked him.

"No, I never went. My brother and sisters do; but I be reading and studying all the time."

"What is your name?"

"Johnny Schwab."

His mother said: "He has a little book about John." I thought she meant *Saint John*, and said, "You can read of him in this Bible," but the child explained that it was the memoir of a good boy who died, named "John Harnsen," and that he knew it by heart.

"Would you like to have this Bible, Johnny?"

He simply answered, "Yes," but his large black eyes told better than words, how gladly he would take it. He looked at his mother for permission, and I waited in eager suspense. She regarded her bright boy with a mother's pride, I could see, and she consented.

The boy began to read again, and she left us to ourselves. The chapter now selected was the 2d of St. Matthew. How his interest grew as he read the history of Christ!

"Now, Johnny," I said, "this Bible is your *own*; you must take care of it, and read it *every* day."

"I will; and I'll get mother to cover it."

"You must never let any one take it from you, but keep it till you are a man."

All this he promised, hugging his new possession with childish joy, but little knowing what a priceless treasure it might prove.

"The entrance of thy Word giveth light, it giveth understanding to the simple."

ANXA.

MISSIONARY CHICKENS.

WILLIE and Fanny Munson came home from Sunday-school one morning full of delight, to tell their mother that there would be no service in the church in the afternoon; but that Mr. Shaw, their minister, was going to have service for the children in the Sunday-school room, and that Mr. Hinman, a missionary from Africa, was going to tell them about his school there.

As Willie and Fanny were little children, their mother decided that it would be better for them to stay at home from church in the morning, so that they would not feel tired for the afternoon. They had their library-books to read, and their hymns to learn for the next Sunday, so the morning soon passed away; but when the rest of the family came

home from church, the children could hardly wait until dinner was over, they were so impatient to go to hear the interesting stories which they knew Mr. Hinman would tell them.

And, judging from the crowd of little folks which Willie and Fanny found in the Sunday-school room, they were not the only impatient ones. Certainly Mr. Hinman could not complain of inattentive listeners that afternoon, for every pair of eyes in the room was equally fixed upon him, as he told of the little children whom he taught in Africa, and how they loved to hear of Jesus, and how they would beg their parents to pray to Him too. And then he told the children that the missionaries were trying to build a church for them, and he asked them if they would not like to give some money to help to build it. After Mr. Hinman had finished talking, their own minister, Mr. Shaw, told the children that they might bring to their teachers, every Sunday morning, all the money they could earn for building the church, and then, before Mr. Hinman should go back to Africa, it could all be given to him.

Most of the children looked very much pleased that they might help to build a church, and began to think of the various ways they could earn money. One little girl thought she would hem towels for her mother, and another one thought perhaps her mother would pay her for taking care of the baby. One little boy resolved to ask his father to pay him for

weeding the garden, and another knew he could earn money by going of errands.

"I know what I'll do," said Willie to his sister, as they were walking home together. "I'll ask papa to let me keep hens, and then I can sell the eggs and the chickens. I can get a good deal of money in that way."

"O dear!" said Fanny, "I wish I knew what to do."

"Why, you can sew, can't you?" said Willie.

"I can't sew well enough to hem any thing but towels," said Fanny, "and mother hasn't any more of those to hem, and besides, it takes me so long to hem one."

"Well," said Willie, "why can't you have some hens too? Yours and mine could live in the same coop, and we could take care of them together."

Fanny could hardly help hugging Willie right there in the street, she was so grateful to him for thinking of such a thing.

But she knew Willie did not like such displays of affection, where they could be seen by all the boys coming home from Sunday-school, so she contented herself with a little skip of joy, and a "Oh! thank you, Willie; what a good boy you are!"

When they reached home, they were both so eager to tell about building the church, and what they wanted to do, and they both talked at once and so fast, that it was a wonder their mother ever

understood what they had to say. She couldn't if she hadn't heard them talk just so a great many times before.

Their father and mother both thought the plan of keeping hens a very good one, and they said Willie could use the chicken-coop at the end of the garden, and so could Fanny.

The children each had fifty cents with which to buy their hens, but their grandmamma, who was visiting them, said that they had better keep their money to buy food for their hens, and she would give each of them enough money to buy two hens and a rooster. Of course there had to be a great many hugs and kisses of joy and gratitude after this, before they all settled quietly down to tea.

The next morning, Willie was up very early, and off to farmer More's, to see if he would sell him any hens. Fanny charged him to get one of hers white and the other speckled, and he meant to have both of his black, he said. Breakfast was not ready yet when Willie came home, bringing four hens and a rooster. Farmer More's son was going in a wagon, right past the house, and he had brought him and his treasures home.

The children's feathered family were soon quite at home in their new quarters, and the hens laid so many eggs that Willie's mother said she would have to make puddings and cake all the time to use them up. There was sometimes a little doubt which hen

laid the eggs, but Willie and Fannie never quarreled about them, but divided them equally; so that every Sunday they each had the same sum of money to carry to their teacher. After a while, the eggs were not so plentiful, but in due time the hens each brought out a little brood of chickens, much to the children's delight. Missionary chickens, Fannie called them, and they grew and lived as only missionary chickens could be expected to—not one died. To be sure they had the best of care, for every morning Willie and Fanny were up bright and early,



feeding them. They never neglected them, and at the end of the summer, when their father bought the chickens from the children, they had each a purse full of money to take for the church in Africa.

NAPET IN THE BURNING HUT.

LITTLE Napet, an African boy, heard of Jesus and loved Him. One day in early spring, he was sent to drive the pigeons from the corn-field. There was a little straw hut in the corner of the field, and there Napet sat down to watch for the coming of the birds. Feeling a little cold, he kindled a fire just inside of the hut. A spark set the hut in a blaze. The fire spread so quickly that Napet was surrounded by fire in a moment.

Some women in the next field, seeing the fire, ran to his help. They could not see him, only from the burning hut his voice was heard, saying :

"O my Saviour! I must die. I pray Thee let my body alone be burned, and save my soul from everlasting fire. Take me to Thy heaven, for Thy great mercies' sake."

Napet's voice was heard no longer. The fire burned on. The women stood trembling at the fate of the burning child. Very soon, however, the hut was burned to ashes. They were about searching for the boy's bones, when, to their surprise, Napet rose up, and rushed into their midst unhurt!

"What saved you?" cried the astonished woman.

"After my prayer," said Napet, "God put it into my mind to lie upon the ground and cover myself with the ox-hide which was in the hut. I did

so. The fire was not hot enough to burn through the hide, and so I was saved."

"Had you any hope, then, of escaping death, Napet?" asked the missionary, a day or two afterward, when hearing his story.

"No; I believed that I must die," said the boy.

"Did you hope then that your soul would go to heaven?"

Napet's face grew bright with joy as he replied, "Yes! I was sure our Saviour heard my prayer, and would take me to heaven because He died for me."

Happy Napet! He was happy even in the midst of the fire! I wonder if all my *Advocate* family would be as happy in a burning hut as Napet was. And look here, children—if any body ever asks you what good missionaries do, tell them the story of Napet in the burning hut.—*Mission Advocate*.



"I WAS a groveling creature once,
And basely cleaved to earth;
I wanted spirit to renounce
The clod that gave me birth.

"But God has breathed upon a worm,
And given me from above,
Wings such as clothe an angel's form,
The wings of joy and love."

THE
STANDARD-BEARER.

VOL. I.

DECEMBER, 1861.

NO. 12

JOHNNY'S CHRISTMAS PRESENT.



RANK RIPLEY was going to school one morning, feeling very happy indeed. One reason was, that he knew all his lessons, but the greatest reason of all was, that in two days it would be Christmas. He always had a very happy time on that day, because, in the first place, he had plenty of kind friends to make him presents, and then he

always went with all his cousins—and he had a great many—to his grandfather's, to dinner, where they had a grand time.

As he went whistling along, thinking of all these things, he passed a house where a poor woman lived, who sometimes worked for his mother. She was a widow, with only one child, a lit-

tle boy, who was lame. He was about Frank's age, but he was much smaller, and looked so pale and delicate, that he seemed two or three years younger.

On this morning, as Frank passed the house, the little lame boy was at the window, looking so sad and lonely—for his mother was out at work—that Frank was almost tempted to stop and talk to him a little while. But it was almost school-time, and he had a long walk still before him; so he had to be satisfied with giving him a smile and a nod, as he hurried past.

"Poor Johnny!" said he to himself as he walked along, "he must have a very stupid time, alone all day with no one to speak to him. I wonder if he is glad Christmas is coming? No, I suppose not, for he has no one to give him presents, and no grandfather's house to go to."

And then what his teacher had said in Sunday-school the day before came into his mind: That Jesus came into the world to make every body happy, and those who wanted to be like Jesus would try to make every body happy too. And then his teacher said that little children had so many things given them on Christmas-day, and so much done to make them happy, that they very often forgot that they ought to make somebody happy too; and he wanted each of his scholars to try if they could not add to some one's happiness on the next Christmas-day.

Frank thought of all this as he walked along, and

he tried to think of something that he could do for Johnny. But he had not made up his mind what it should be when he reached the schoolhouse, and then there was so much for him to think about, that he forgot Johnny until he passed the house again on his way home; then he remembered his morning's thought.

"I wonder what I can give him?" he thought again. "I might buy him a sled with that gold piece Uncle Charles gave me, but he couldn't use it, nor skates either, nor marbles, nor a kite. He might like a book. I'll ask mother; she'll know."

But his mother was out when he reached home, so he had to leave the question unsettled, and after putting away his books, he went out to feed his rabbits.



Frank loved his rabbits very much, and he used to spend a great deal of time with them, as he had

no brothers or sisters to play with. They were very tame, and would run to him when he came near their pen, as if they were very glad to see him.

As he was feeding them, the thought came into his mind, perhaps Johnny would like some rabbits to play with. He could have a pen for them at the side of his mother's house, and when he was alone, he could bring them into the house for company. Then Frank began to look among his rabbits—for he had several—to see which he could spare the best. But he loved them all, and he could not make any choice. In fact, it would cost him more self-denial to give Johnny two of his rabbits, than any thing else. But he could not think of any thing which it seemed to him Johnny would like as well. So when his mother came home he told her his plan. She was very much pleased to have her boy so thoughtful for another's happiness, and she was sure Johnny would be delighted.

After Frank decided to give the rabbits, nothing gave him so much pleasure as the thought of making Johnny the present. Early on Christmas morning he went to his rabbit-pen, and chose two pretty little white fellows, and putting them in a basket, with something for them to eat, started for Johnny's house. He found him seated at the window, waiting for his breakfast, which his mother was preparing.

His eyes had never sparkled so before as they did when Frank opened his basket, and showed him the rabbits, and told him they were for him.

"Did you ever see any thing so pretty, mother?" said he. "Now you won't feel so sorry to leave me every day, for I shall have these dear little rabbits to keep me company."

"Indeed, Master Frank," said Johnny's mother, "I can not tell you how much I thank you. I was just telling Johnny how sorry I was that I had no present for him; but I had to buy coal last week, and I had no money left. But I could not have bought him any thing so pretty as these little rabbits."

Frank went home with a very light heart, and though he had a great many presents, none of them gave him as much pleasure as his gift to Johnny.

The next day he persuaded some of the school-boys to help him make a pen for Johnny's rabbits, out of some boards his father gave him. When school commenced again, and he passed Johnny's house every day, Johnny almost always brought the rabbits to the window, to let him see that he was not alone now, and he looked very happy.

This was the way that Frank on that Christmas day joined in the angels' song: "Peace on earth, GOOD WILL TOWARD MEN."

M. A. H.

THE SIEGE OF LEYDEN.

LEYDEN, an old city of the Netherlands, is particularly interesting from the fact of its having borne a most conspicuous part in the terrible war of the sixteenth century, against the supremacy and tyranny of the Church of Rome. The heroism and bravery of her inhabitants, their indomitable will, and long-suffering in the cause of freedom, is worthy of all praise, and should often be recalled and seriously reflected upon, especially by boys, because we naturally look to the boys of our country as the future champions and protectors of our government and religion, and it is well to strengthen and encourage their minds, by the contemplation of the agonies and privations which the heroes of past ages have endured, in order to secure these privileges to the world.

More than two hundred years ago, Leyden was besieged by the cruel Spaniards. The poor people had already suffered long and patiently, but unimagined agonies were before them now. Perhaps it will be well for me here to say that the war they were engaged in was a religious war.

Philip II., King of Spain and the Netherlands, was a cruel, heartless, and deceitful man; but I believe he honestly thought that every human being ought of course to belong to the Holy Catholic Church, and he was determined that all under his

rule should, whether they would or not, and the poor Netherlanders were just as determined to worship God according to their conscience, without any reverence to his majesty the Pope of Rome, and so they had war. In 1574, Leyden was besieged, as I said, by the Spaniards, against most fearful odds—the Spaniards numbering nearly eight thousand, while within the town there were scarcely any troops, and but five companies of the Burgher guard. But the inhabitants were stout-hearted, and trusted in God and their tried friend the Prince of Orange, who assured them, from time to time, through letters sent by carrier-doves, that if they could hold out for three months, he hoped by that time to send them relief. Three months on an allowance of food! Three months added to all they had suffered of anxious waiting, seemed unendurable to them, and yet they never thought of surrendering. They held out the three months, but their provisions were exhausted. For some time, they had lived on cats and dogs, and horses, but now even vermin could scarcely be got. They were actually starving, when the Spaniards sent letters to them, begging them in mercy to themselves to surrender. But no! They were fighting for a principle, for religious freedom, and they counted their lives as nothing in comparison of this great end. They would not surrender. And what was the Prince of Orange doing for them all this time? perhaps you will say. Oh! he was

doing all that human energy and ingenuity could do. He could not bring a superior force and fight off the Spaniards; but he conceived the great idea of opening the dykes upon them and drowning them. But even this gigantic project depended somewhat upon casualties, and except a great tempest should arise, even though the dykes were destroyed, the sea would not flow with sufficient force to effect the purpose. Even the Spaniards, who were terribly frightened when they first saw the water coming upon them, felt this and took courage, and pronounced the project a failure. In the centre of the city of Leyden was an old tower, very high, called the tower of Hengist, and every day, and many times a day, the watchman would climb this tower, to watch the coming in of the waters, upon which so much depended. Oh! how discouraging was the scarcely perceptible flow, still they would not surrender, but trusted as ever in that Almighty arm which ere long was ready to save them. The Prince, before opening the dykes, had made every possible provision for the rescue. He had more than two hundred vessels, well manned with experienced sailors, and provisions for the famishing city. As the water rose sufficiently to sail the ships, he took rampart after rampart, but the nearer they approached Leyden, the more shallow became the stream, until the entire flotilla lay motionless. All hope seemed to have left them, when the merciful wind

shifted to the north-west, and for three days blew a gale. The waters rose and bore afloat the armada, to the consternation of the Spaniards, who were no sailors, and were for several successive days driven in retreat from post to post, till the fleet arrived at a place called North Aa, where they encountered the last barrier, the Hirk-way. The barrier was easily enough destroyed, but unfortunately an east wind arose, which sent the waters back, and the fleet again lay motionless, almost in sight of the walls of Leyden. And this was the most trying moment of all to the poor starving inhabitants. Words can not tell with what hopeless anxiety they watched from the tower the retreating waters, for starvation was doing a fearful work in their midst. Women and little children were dying by hundreds in the streets; even the hides of animals, chopped and boiled, were greedily devoured, while the very gutters were searched for precious morsels. Despair took possession of their minds, because relief seemed impossible. Still they spurned the thought of surrendering.

But I must pass over the horrible, though intensely interesting details of this scene, to the joyful conclusion of all their troubles. The tempest, after many wearying days of waiting, came to their relief, and in another day the fleet was afloat again, and fighting in desperate conflict every foot of the way with the now thoroughly frightened Spaniards.

The following night was pitch dark, and full of anxiety to all, besiegers and besieged. Strange sounds were constantly adding, if possible, new horrors to the scene. At last a terrible crash was heard. The wall of the city fell. Thus, at the very last gasp, and when relief was just at their doors, were they exposed to the entrance of the enemy. But God, the Friend in whom they trusted, was also their deliverer. The Spaniards, instead of taking advantage of the opportunity thus mysteriously laid open to them, were panic-struck, and fled in the darkness, and the rescuing fleet entered Leyden. Oh! what a joyful event was the entrance of that fleet! The quays were crowded with the half-famished but now exulting population. Bread was thrown from every vessel in among the crowd, and many of the poor creatures choked themselves to death in their greediness. Before, however, any regular distribution of food was made, the wretched people formed themselves into a procession, with the admiral at their head, and marched to church, and offered to God a thanksgiving, and then they sang a hymn. How touching must have been the praise coming from that famishing, perishing multitude! And what a simple and beautiful proof it was of the sincerity of their trust in God, their Almighty though unseen Friend!

COLD WATER.



"How beautiful the water is!
Didst ever think of it?"

No, I dare say you have not. It is a blessing so liberally given that we forget to admire and thank the Giver. I can not speak now of the mighty ocean, girding the world, of the great lakes and seas in both its hemispheres, nor of the grand rivers spreading their meshes of silver all over the land. My little sheet of paper will not hold such big ideas. But every young reader can draw me many pictures in which water forms the centre of the pleasing

landscape. The shady woodland stream, making fairy music in its rocky hollows, where you have fished for minnows with a crooked pin; the clean, cool spring-house, surrounded by huge willows or buttonwood trees, where you played at keeping house, with your boy and girl companions; the ever-gushing fountain-pumps by the road side, at which you have stopped, when riding, that the horse might get a refreshing draught; or the broad, shallow mill-pond, in which you had the stolen luxury of wading, while the cows stood dreaming just knee-deep under the drooping beech-trees near the shore, and whole fleets of yellow ducklings floated in the middle, till you wished *you* were a duck for but one summer-day.

Are they not all beautiful?

I think all animals love the water except cats and naughty children. I once heard a class of infant scholars sing a ditty, in which were the lines:

“This is the way I wash my face;
This is the way I wash my hands.”

suiting the action to the word, as they marched down the school-room. But one urchin carefully avoided touching his face in the performance, moving his hands up and down to the music, about an inch off, in a very ludicrous way, no doubt just as he did when really set to wash his face. It made every body laugh.

The other day I watched two cat-birds taking their morning bath in a pool of rain-water, on the metal roof below my window. It was such a pretty sight! At first one stepped cautiously into the edge of the pool, and then hopped back again. Then he drank a little, and the other followed his example. This was repeated once or twice, after which they went a little further in, and gave a splash or two with their wings. Next they dipped their heads, and now, getting into the spirit of the thing, they dashed and played until they were thoroughly soaked, when, throwing the bright drops from their wings, they went up into our great walnut-tree, to sing their matin hymn.

I have seen a fine picture of Landseer's, called, "Three Members of the Temperance Society," representing three noble-looking horses, just released from work, and drinking at a trough.

Nobody need try to convince horses, ducks, or cat-birds that champagne or punch, or all the wines and liquors in the world, could be compared with pure, cold water. They are more grateful to our Heavenly Father for this priceless gift than some of their human fellow-creatures. I presume that most of my young readers have never tasted an intoxicating drink. Oh! if all of you, girls as well as boys, can only say this as long as you live, what misery you may escape, and what influence for good you may exert upon all about you!

I was so much pleased the other day when half a dozen young soldiers, drummers and fifers, all under eighteen years of age, told me they had never tasted ardent spirits, and that they were resolved they never would. Now, I want you to find the collect for the twentieth Sunday after Trinity, and learn it by heart, and *pray* it too. And may God make your duty plain in this matter.

ANNA.

—•••—
YOU CAN NEVER RUB IT OUT.

ONE pleasant afternoon a lady was sitting with her little son, a white-haired boy, five years of age. The mother was sick, and the child had left his play to stay with her, and was amusing himself with printing his name with a pencil on paper.

Suddenly his busy finger stopped. He had made a mistake, and, wetting his finger, he tried again and again to rub out the mark, as he had been accustomed to do on his slate.

"My son," said his mother, "do you know that God writes down all you do in a book? He writes every naughty word, every disobedient act, every time you indulge in temper, and shake your shoulders, or pout your lips; and, my boy, you can never rub it out."

The little boy's face grew very red, and in a moment tears ran down his cheeks. His mother's eye

was on him earnestly, but she said nothing more. At length he came softly to her side, threw his arms round her neck, and whispered: "Can the blood of Jesus rub it out?"

Dear children, Christ's blood can rub out the evil you have done, and it is the only thing in the universe that can do it. "The blood of Jesus Christ, his Son, cleanseth from all sin."

THE PLAIN OF BETHLEHEM.

LISTEN! across the star-lit plain,
Where the flocks sleeping lie,
Comes floating, soft and sweet, a strain
Of heavenly melody.

Listen! with wonder and with fear
The startled shepherds gaze,
And lo! bright angels hovering near,
Their song of gladness raise.

Listen! "All glory be to God,
His mission we fulfill;
Peace in the earth be spread abroad,
Peace, and to men good-will."

Listen! how sweet the accents are,
How lingeringly they cease:
To God be thanks that they declare
Christ comes, the Prince of Peace.

A LITTLE PRAYER.

THE following little prayer, in the form of a song, we hope will be committed to memory, and often sung, by our young readers :

O THOU who in Jerusalem
 Didst little children take,
 And laid them in Thy bosom,
 And on them blessings spake.
 And looked and smiled upon them
 So sweet and joyously,
 And said to their fond mothers,
Of such My Kingdom be :

We're told Thy heart's a fountain
 Of grace to children dear—
 A sea of love, an ocean,
 Of which we love to hear.
 O dearest Saviour! hear us ;
 Thy love on us bestow,
 That we in life may serve Thee,
 At death unto Thee go.

Oh! love us, love us, Jesus!
We little children be :
 See us bowed at Thy footstool,
 Our eyes raised up to Thee.
 We would lie in Thy bosom,
 And there be blessed by Thee.
 Heirs of Thy kingdom make us.
 Amen! so let it be!

JOHN GRAY.

