

THE
STANDARD-BEARER:

AN

Illustrated Magazine for the Young.

VOL. XIII. 1864.

PUBLISHED BY THE
PROTESTANT EPISCOPAL SOCIETY FOR THE PROMOTION OF
EVANGELICAL KNOWLEDGE,
BIBLE HOUSE, NEW-YORK.

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THE
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VOL. XIII

JANUARY, 1864.

NO. 1.

“HAPPY NEW YEAR.”



IT is only a few days since shouts of “Merry Christmas” resounded through every dwelling in the land where there were young voices to echo it, and children’s hearts to be made glad.

And now, as these sounds die away, comes “Happy New Year,” seeming a part of the same chorus.

At Christmas, you know, we were all so happy, because we were reminded that Jesus gave Himself to be our Saviour on that day; and now, with the New Year, we may rejoice, because we can give ourselves to Him to be His children forever. We can not see Him, it is true, but He can hear what we say just as well; and not one of the little ones who can read these words, or listen when they

are read, is too young to belong to Jesus. Go, then, to the place where every day you pray to Him, and tell Him that you want to be His child, and that you will give yourself to Him forever. He will hear you, and love you, and bless and take care of you always. But Jesus' little child must not like to be naughty, to get angry, or be unkind, or disobedient; and so, whenever you are tempted to give up to any of these bad tempers or wishes, ask Him to help you to send them away, and He will. So, if you are Jesus' little children, you will be happy little children, and this will be a HAPPY NEW YEAR.

M. A. H.

—•••—
THEODORE AND FRED.

TRAMP, tramp, tramp, was heard on the stairs, and Mrs. Benson, thinking her husband had returned early, went into the hall to meet him, but found that the noise, after all, was only made by her two little boys, who were hurrying up, almost out of breath, and quite rosy with running.

"Fanny's going to have a tea-party, mamma," both exclaimed, "and she wants us to come. Mayn't we? Please say yes." Then sitting down on the top-step, Theodore and Fred awaited an answer. No wonder they were tired, having run all the way from Fanny's house the instant her invitation was given.

"Me too, mamma, me go too," cried dear little Charlie, as, peeping through the balusters, he had listened to his brothers' request; then running into a closet, he dragged one of Theodore's old hats from the shelf, and, pulling it down over his soft light curls, looked up so mischievously out of a pair of very bright brown eyes, that his mother could only kiss him, though she knew the hair which had just been curled would all have to be done over. Then turning to the two children, "Yes, you may go," she said, "if you will promise to behave well;" and "Don't stay later than seven" came after the good-by kiss.

After reconciling Charlie to being left behind, by promising him a walk in the garden, Mrs. Benson looked out of the window and saw her two older boys run off in great glee to the tea-party.

It is true it was no unusual thing for Fanny to have tea-parties, and invite her cousins Theodore and Fred: but they always were most delightful affairs; and this one being the first of the season, the children having only recently returned from the country, promised to be very entertaining.

"What kind of animals were in the country where you were, Fanny?" asked Theodore, rather abruptly, after they had been seated some time at the tea-table.

"Cows, and horses, lambs, chickens, and the dearest tiny kittens you ever saw. I wanted to

bring three of them home, but mamma did not think it was best."

"We had *bears* at the White Mountains—didn't we, Fred?—live black bears. Papa and mamma saw two large ones, and some cubs. I wouldn't have been at all afraid of them, as long as they were tied;" and Theodore was very much pleased with Fanny's look of astonishment.

"Don't you remember the splendid long rides we used to have with Mr. Penn?" remarked Fred. "Many a time we went out with four horses, Fanny, and a monstrous wagon, that would hold twelve ladies and gentlemen, without counting the children. Then we had any quantities of rides to the barn, and Mr. Penn was so kind, that once or twice he took a couple of the children, and nobody else, in the wagon with four horses."

"I shouldn't be surprised if the poor sick soldier missed us," said Theodore. "We used to carry him papers, and he was always so glad to hear about the war. His dog was a good old fellow. It knew Fred and me. One day we saw the cunningest little squirrel, with a great bushy tail, sitting on a log, and we tried to step very softly, so as to catch him, but he ran off too soon."

"I had grand hay rides in the country," said Fanny.

"So did we," added Fred; "and we weren't at all afraid to ride on the top, no matter how fast

the oxen went. Hark! there's the door-bell. I shouldn't be surprised if it were Uncle Allen. Yes, it is, it is!" Then all the children clapped their hands.



"A tea-party! won't you invite me?" and Uncle Allen took a seat, after kissing all around. "What were you chattering about when I rang the bell?"

"Let me see—oh! now I remember—about the rides we had with Mr. Penn, and bears——"

"Rides with bears, Freddie! What terribly exciting ones they must have been. Did they spring into the wagon out of the woods?"

How all the children did laugh! and Theodore, who was just drinking, almost choked, as he imagined how a bear would look sitting on the front seat with Mr. Penn.

Then all about the kittens, hay rides, soldier, bears, and squirrel, had to be told over. The children enjoyed telling the stories, and their uncle seemed very much interested.

"You must have spent a most delightful summer; and how much you all have grown!" said he, as they left the table.

"I had my birthday up in Conway," said Theodore, standing very straight; "and mamma gave me a watch, with a chain something like yours; but it's broken now. I've grown ever so much, too, this year, for papa measured us."

"I wonder if you have all grown in another way?" said Uncle Allen.

Theodore looked down. He knew his uncle meant whether they had grown good.

"I don't believe I ever shall be *very* good," said Fred.

"Nor I, either," remarked Fanny; "it's such dreadful hard work. Something provokes me, and I'm angry in one second."

"Didn't you plant an apple-tree in your garden last spring, Fanny?" asked Uncle Allen, without seeming to notice either remark. "Let us go and see if there be any apples on it."

Theodore, Fanny, and Fred looked up in utter amazement. Was their uncle crazy?

"It won't bear apples for ever so long; papa told us so," said Fanny. Then, taking their hats, they all ran down the piazza-steps into the garden.

"How very slowly it has grown!" said their uncle, as he looked at the little tree.

The children were very much disappointed, for they thought it was growing nicely.

"Shouldn't you think it would be discouraged with growing so slowly, and stop altogether, if it could?" And Uncle Allen, seating himself on the swing, took Freddy on his knee.

"But it will be a large tree by and by, if it keeps on growing slowly; and if it stopped, that would never happen," said Fred, looking up.

Uncle Allen made room for Fanny on the board, while Theodore hung on to one rope, and then he said: "I know something besides little apple-trees that will, by and by, be what God intended them to be, if they keep on growing little by little every day, and not feel discouraged because they can not grow into what they want to be all at once."

"I know, too," said Fred; but he would not tell what he knew, and only looked up at Fanny, nodding his head.

"You mean us, don't you, uncle?" said the little girl. "You mean we will be very good by and by, if we grow a little better every day?"

"Yes, darling; and as God makes the little tree grow, how much rather will He help little children to do right, if they only ask Him!"

"I mean to, uncle," said Theodore; and then he ran away.

Freddie leaned his head on his uncle's shoulder, and whispered, "I'll try," very gently.

Fanny did not say any thing, but she meant very much.

"I wonder who wants a high swing?" said Uncle Allen, after kissing Fanny and Fred.

"I do," "I do," "I do," cried all three children.

Just then the church-clock struck seven. Theodore's merry face grew very grave. He did want to stay a little while longer, Uncle Allen gave such grand swings; but determining to commence growing better that night, taking little Fred's hand, "Mamma told us to come home at seven," he said.

"That's right," replied their uncle, as he bade them good-by; "always obey your mother. Come here to-morrow, and I will give you both twenty high swings."

Out of the gate went Theodore and Fred, not without a few longing looks at Fanny, who was high in the air; but when, on their return home,

they told their mother about it, she called them her dear good boys; and they went up to bed with her loving kisses on their cheeks, feeling far happier than if they had remained after seven and had a hundred high swings.

K. M.

E P I P H A N Y .

At the time when Jesus was born there were men living in a country which was a great distance from Bethlehem, who used to spend a great deal of time in studying the stars. They had probably never heard of the true God, but used to worship the sun, moon, and stars, and even fire; for in those days the Jews were the only people who prayed to God.

One night these men were looking in the sky, when they saw a new star, and it seemed to move in the direction of Judea. At once they thought it must mean that some great person was born—perhaps a mighty prince; and they determined to go and find out. They followed the star until they came to Jerusalem, and then they walked through the streets, saying: “Where is He that is born King of the Jews? for we have seen His star in the east, and are come to worship Him.”

No doubt the people wondered very much when they saw these strange-looking men in their city,

and heard what they said. And there was so much excitement, that Herod, the king, heard of it; and he sent for the wise men to come to him, for he was troubled, because he did not want any one else to come to take the kingdom from him. He asked the men who used to copy the words that had been written about Christ—for you know in those days all the books had to be copied, as no one knew any thing about printing—where Christ should be born? At once they told him that more than a hundred years before a prophet had written that Christ should be born in Bethlehem. So when Herod heard this, he told the strangers—wise men, as they were called—to go to Bethlehem, and when they found this Prince to come and tell him, that he might worship Him too. But he really wanted to kill Him. The wise men went to Bethlehem, and they followed the star until it stopped over a house, perhaps the very stable where the shepherds had found the infant Saviour. The strangers must have been very much surprised not to have found a person whose birth was of so much consequence that a star had been sent to announce it to them, in a splendid palace. But they believed that the infant whom they saw was He, though He was poor and lowly, and they worshipped Him, and presented Him the gifts they had brought—gold, and sweet, costly spices. Then God told them not to return to tell Herod of the infant they had found; so they

did not go home through Jerusalem, but went another way.

Before Jesus came into the world, as I have said, only the Jews had been taught about God, and they only had the Holy Scriptures; but now the other nations, who were called Gentiles, were to learn about Him too.

These wise men were the first Gentiles who came to find the Saviour, and our Church commemorates this event on the sixth of January, which is the *Feast of Epiphany, or Manifestation of Christ to the Gentiles.*

You will notice that on the second Sunday of January, the Collect, and Epistle, and Gospel for the First Sunday after Epiphany will be read; and then I want you to remember what that feast is to call to our minds.

The Epiphany season, as it is called, lasts several weeks, and it is a special time of thanksgiving for us, because you know we are all Gentiles, and the Saviour is offered to us. We know more about Him than those wise men did. Let us come to Him with as much faith as they did.

In many of the churches it is the custom at this season for the people to give their offerings, to send the Gospel to the heathen, or those Gentiles who have not yet learned of Jesus. In this way we may follow the example of the wise men who brought gifts to the infant Saviour; for He has graciously

told us that if we give even a cup of cold water to any one in His name, we give it to Him.

M. A. H.

S N O W .



Snow is the January treasure—God's New-Year's present for the dark ground, kindly sent down from the skies. How still and white it lies in the coun-

try over the fields, covering the wheat with its pure cloak, and shielding even the grass from the deadly frost! Strange as it seems, snow is a warm protection, kindly sent to cover the earth through the biting cold of winter. Closely wedged together lie the tiny flakes, point fitting to point, point *melted into point; they are well packed.*

That wide field of snow is covered with single flakes, each in its own place, each doing its own duty. What if each flake should say: "I am too small to do any good; why, I can not cover a single blade of grass." That is not the way any thing great is accomplished. "Every little helps" is a sure and safe motto. Let it be in the mouth and in the heart of every child. What a lovely world this would be if even the children did all the good in their power! They would be like the snow, a pure, beautiful mantle to shield from all that can injure, pain, and destroy. How the sick would be waited upon! How the poor would be fed and clothed! How the sorrowful would be cheered! *How the ignorant would be taught! How the old would be spared many weary steps! How the blind would be read to! How the babies would be amused!*

Go, then, do the good that is in your power, if it be but a little. Remember the snow-flakes, and be found busy at your places; and what a blessing will come upon the world!

Each little human heart is cold and dark without something pure and good sent down from above. At all seasons, at all times, this blessing can be won. Will not my little readers seek the good gift for their own hearts? Will they not pray for the pardon Jesus loves to bestow, and the holiness the Spirit gives? Do not forget that sweet promise: "Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool." (Isaiah 1 : 18.) And, at the same time, offer that prayer: "Wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow." (Psalm 51 : 7.)

OLD WINTER'S ARRIVAL.

Old Winter came forth in his robe of white,
He sent the sweet flowers far out of sight,
He robbed the trees of their green leaves quite,
 And froze the pond and the river;
He spoiled the butterfly's gauzy vest,
He ordered the birds not to build their nest,
He banished the frog to his four months' rest,
 And he made all the children shiver.

Yet he did some good with his icy tread,
For he kept the corn-seeds warm in their bed;
He dried up the damp which the rain had spread,
 And rendered the air more healthy;

He taught the boys to slide, and he flung
Rich Christmas gifts o'er the old and the young;
And when cries for food from the poor were wrung,
He opened the purse of the wealthy.

We like the Spring with its fine, fresh air,
We like the Summer with flowers so fair,
We like the fruits we in Autumn share,
And we like, too, old Winter's greeting:
His touch is cold, but his heart is warm;
So, though he may bring to us wind and storm,
We look with a smile on his well-known form,
And ours is a gladsome meeting.



THE COAL-MINE BOYS AND THEIR MISSIONARY- BOX.

A boy led a gentleman that went to see the mine into a spacious, gloomy-looking cavern in the mine, where the frail candle glimmered feebly in the dark space around them. "Here," the boy said, "we have our prayer-meetings," showing the gentleman the seats cut out in the coal where they used to sit when the Bible was read; "and here," said he, "is our missionary-box," exhibiting a chest cut out of the solid coal, into which they used to put what money they could spare. See how the way is made when there is the will.

VALUE OF A FEW KIND WORDS.

"MY SON! IF SINNERS ENTICE THEE, CONSENT THOU NOT."

TWELVE years ago, on a beautiful Sabbath afternoon, when all around was quiet and solemn, a little boy was slowly wending his way to the Rev. J. H. Evans's North London Sabbath-school, Calthorpe street, when he was overtaken by several lads of his own age, belonging to the same school. They all tried to persuade him to accompany them for a ramble in the fields. They told him they would be sure to be back by the time school was over; no one would know any thing about it, so that there could be no harm. That little boy was the child of pious parents, and had been early taught to reverence the Lord's Day; yet notwithstanding all the admonitions he had received, he listened to the temptation, and was just about to yield, when a gentleman who had overheard all the conversation which had passed between the little boy and his schoolfellows, turned round, and with a kind voice addressed the little fellow: "*My son! if sinners entice thee, consent thou not.*" He said no more, but passed on. The boy resisted the temptation, went to school, returned in the evening to his home without the stings of a wounded conscience.

Years have passed away since that Sabbath; the little boy has grown into manhood, but the advice which was then given has never been forgotten. Often, when tempted to commit sins greater than that of playing the truant, the words of the gentleman have recurred to him, and again urged him to pursue the path of right and duty. He has grown up to be useful to others; he is a member of Christ's Church on earth, is employed in the Church, is a ragged-school teacher, and being also a temperance man, is a teacher of a Band of Hope, all of which is the result of that gentleman's kind admonition.

THE
STANDARD-BEARER.

VOL. XIII

FEBRUARY, 1864.

NO. 2.

KITTY AND "ALMOST."



KITTY had a birthday present which pleased her very much indeed. What do you think it was? A sandal-wood work-box from Uncle Curtis, with scissors, thimble, needles, and every thing it was proper for a complete work-box to have. It gave a great spur to Kitty's love of sewing. She did not like a needle and thread before; now she did.

And Kitty undertook to hem a dozen towels. A dozen towels was a pile to be sure; but she well knew it was only a stitch at a time, and a stitch at a time is perfectly within the compass of a small child to do. Kitty was on the first towel, doing it all herself, even to turning the hem, and had hemed half of one end when she took it to her papa.

"Papa," she asked, "is not that hem even?" Papa took his eyes from his newspaper, put them

on the hem, then looked at his little Kitty, as much as to say: "Do you think it is, Kitty?"

"Don't you think it is almost even?" asked Kitty, guessing his meaning, and blushing.

"What is almost even?" asked papa, stroking his little girl's hair.

"What is almost even?" repeated Kitty with a look of surprise in her blue eyes.

"Yes," answered he.

Kitty thought a moment, and her father waited for the thought.

"It is uneven," replied Kitty.

"Yes," said papa, "almost even is uneven. The hem is uneven."

"Then it must be picked out and done over," said Kitty, with a disappointed hitch. "I want to do it right."

"Of course," replied her father.

"Papa is setting himself up to be a great judge of hems," thought Kitty. She did not believe her mother would be so exact. However, since she asked him, she could not do less than act on his judgment.

Kitty went back to the window-seat, picked out her stitches, which nobody allows to be pleasant work, and carefully began the second time. She did not dare to go beyond two inches before coming to show it. Her father took the towel in his hand and examined the hem. "This is even," he

said ; "the stitches are in a straight line ; the work is done right." And Kitty, I am sure, was more pleased than if she had succeeded at first, and much more than if her father had thoughtlessly said, "Very well," when it was done ill. "Kitty," said her papa, taking her small hand in his, "there is a straight line running through life, and on one side of it is the wrong side, on the other is the right side, and every thing is on one side or the other. There is no such thing as almost right. Almost right is always wrong ; almost good is bad ; almost true is an untruth—a lie ; as almost even is uneven."

"Yes, papa," added Kitty quickly, "and an almost perfect lesson is an imperfect lesson ; I told the girls so. Because if you miss once, you lose your place."

"Exactly so," said papa, "and as God is a truth-loving God, He likes to have things called by their right names. He wants us to see the truth, and to speak the truth ; and in order to do so, we must be exact in our words and expressions."

THE PASSIONATE BULL.

THERE was a bull which belonged to a farmer who lived in Wales. He was a very quarrelsome, ferocious sort of a fellow, and no one dared to go into the field where he was kept. The field happened to be close by a railway, and nothing made

him so angry as the trains which ran rapidly by. Often he would stand at the fence, bellowing at them with all his might.



One day, as a train came past, he was more than usually savage, and broke through the fence! Away he dashed; but the train was too fast for him, and he only just touched the last carriage with his horn.

Annoyed and sulky, he returned into the field, and gave way to his anger by trying to upset a telegraph-post.

Later in the day another train appeared. He saw it in the distance, and away he galloped over the field to meet it. Again he dashed through the fence, and this time met it full in view. The engine-driver blew his whistle, but all to no effect. With head down, tail in the air, and eyes closed, he

madly charged the engine. Alas! rage, be it ever so great, will do nothing against a power greater than ourselves. The animal was caught by the buffer of the engine, and sent spinning through the fence back into his field. There he lay, moaning most piteously, greatly hurt, while the train went on its way, nothing worse. He never came near a train again! I thought, when I heard this, what a lesson it teaches to angry, passionate children. Are they not often like this bull, rushing violently at what will only injure them? In fact, when I was at school, I remember a boy who, when he had worked himself up into a passion, would actually go and dash his head against the wall. You hurt yourselves more than any one else when you get into a passion. God is angry with you, and keeps your heart very unhappy. Other people look on, and think how foolish you are. Oh! for that meek and quiet spirit of Jesus, which is never angry, violent, or passionate!

ASH-WEDNESDAY.

In ancient times, ashes were used as a sign of mourning. When Job lost all his children and riches, he sat in ashes as a token of sorrow. The King of Nineveh, when Jonah told him that the city should be destroyed, "proclaimed a fast, put on sackcloth, and sat in ashes." And so the first

day of Lent, which is a time set apart by our Church for sorrow and repentance for sin, is called Ash-Wednesday.

These forty days of Lent commemorate the time when our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ spent forty days and forty nights in the wilderness. He had only the sins of others to bear; we have each our own to confess.

Children are apt to think that though they may have plenty to do with the merry time of Christmas, the solemn days of Lent have no interest for them, and yet even little children have committed many sins for which they need forgiveness. And though the season of Lent may be a serious and solemn time, it need not be gloomy. If Jesus had not died, it would be, because then our sins could not be forgiven.

But now, although it may make us sad to remember how we have disobeyed the commands of One who has always been so kind and loving to us, yet when we also remember how He has promised to forgive us because Jesus died for us, we shall only feel happy and thankful that, after we have confessed our sins, we may obtain mercy.

I am always glad when I see children willing to leave their play, and go with their mother to church during these days of Lent; for though I know that they can not all understand every word that is said there, yet if they come because it is the place to

pray to God, and feel that He is there, He will send down upon them some of the blessings which He has promised to those who call upon Him. "If we confess our sins, God is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness."

H.

HELP ONE ANOTHER.

It was only a few days after Christmas, and two little boys, Henry and Charlie, were playing very happily in the nursery with the presents which they had received.

Charlie had had a farm-yard containing all sorts of animals, and hens, chickens, and turkeys, besides a most wonderful peacock. These he was arranging on the floor, and surrounding them with a fence, so that they could not fly away, he said. Henry, who was two years older, had a paint-box, and he was very busy drawing and painting a troop of soldiers with bright red coats and blue feathers.

Their mamma was seated near the fire, writing a letter to their papa, who was far away in the army, and had not been able to spend Christmas with them, telling him how good and happy his little boys were; and every little while she would look lovingly on them, and wish that their papa could see them too.

She had not quite finished her letter, when Char-

lie became tired of playing with his farm-yard; for all little boys get weary after a while of the most beautiful toys. But he knew he must put all his animals carefully away before he went to play with any thing else, for there was a little baby sister sleeping in the next room, who would awake pretty soon, and, if she saw them on the floor, she might break some of them; for she did not know that toys were of any use, except to be pulled to pieces. So he put the house and trees in the box, and then the beautiful peacock, and the other animals, the turkeys, and hens, and chickens, and was just going to lay the fence in, when he missed his white rooster. "O dear!" said he, "what shall I do? I can't find my rooster. Henry, have you seen him?"

"No," said Henry, as he put some more red paint on his captain's coat.

"I can't find him," said Charlie. "Won't you come and help me look for him, Henry?"

"Oh! you can find him yourself," said Henry; "I want to finish my soldiers;" and he went on with his painting.

"O dear!" said Charlie again in a despairing tone, as he commenced for the third time to look under every article of furniture in the room, but with no better success than before.

"Do come and help me, Henry," again pleaded Charlie. But his brother never laid down his brush, or paid the least heed to his request.

His mamma heard him though, and she would have helped him before, only she had been waiting to see what Henry would do. She laid aside her pen and joined her little boy in the search, and she soon found the missing rooster lying close against the corner of the hearth-rug, as if he had hidden there on purpose. Charlie's smile of pleasure and kiss of gratitude quite repaid her for having left her writing.

Henry did not feel very happy, however; he knew that he had been disobliging, and he did not take half as much pleasure in his painting as he had before; and very soon he put away his box, to wait until another day to finish his soldiers. His mamma's letter was finished by that time; so she took a new book out of her writing-table drawer, and calling her little boys to her, she said she would show them a picture. They were always ready to look at pictures, as all little boys are; so Charlie climbed into her lap, while Henry took a little chair by her side.

"Why, mamma," said he, as she held the book so that they could both see the picture, "how did that dog fall in the water, and what is the other one doing to him?"

"Those two dogs," said their mamma, "were playing together on the grass near the edge of a stream; they came a little too near the bank, and one of them rolled in. The bank was so steep that



he could not climb up, and he began to whine most piteously. The other one came to the edge, and stretching his neck over as far as possible, seized the ear of the dog who was in the water; he, in his turn, gave a spring, which, with the help of his companion, brought him safely on to the bank."

"What a kind dog!" said Charlie, "to help the one in the water."

"Yes, he was, indeed," said his mamma; "and now I wish that all little boys would be as ready to help each other."

Henry knew what his mamma meant, and he wished that he had helped Charlie find his rooster. "But, mamma," said he, "I would help Charlie if he should fall into the water."

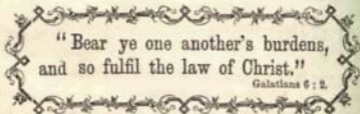
"I do not doubt that you would, my dear boy; but I want you to help him in little things as well as in great troubles. I read a story the other day about the kindness of birds to each other. A grouse—which is a large bird, which men shoot for food—was caught by the leg in a trap which had been set for some other animal. The trap was not looked at until late the next day, when a quantity of plants upon which the birds feed was found near it, which another grouse had brought for his *companion who was in the trap*. There was so much, that it must have taken the bird many hours to gather it. Now, if animals who can not be taught half as much as little boys, can help each

other, I am sure you should. You do not often have the opportunity of doing great things for people, but you can often help a little, and that is the way Jesus wants to have His children show their love to each other by helping one another."

Just then the nurse came in with their little sister who had been awake some time, and wanted to see her mamma, and so the little boys ran out to skate on a small pond near the house.

A little while after their mamma looked out of her window and saw Henry stop his skating to fasten Charlie's skates on, and then she knew that he was trying to be a kind and helpful brother.

M. A. H.



—•••—
GOLD-APPLE WORDS.

'A word fitly spoken is like apples of gold in pictures of silver.'—PROVERBS 25 : 11.

There are some words, the Bible says,
Like apples of pure gold,
In silver baskets set secure,
Of wealth and price untold.

A word that's "fitly spoken"
Is this gold-apple word;
It is a word that fits the case,
Where'er its sound is heard.

It is a word in season given,
And of all price above;
A word of hope, of counsel,
Of comfort, or of love.

The little Jewish captive maid
Spoke golden words like these,
When Naaman, her master,
Was ill with foul disease.

"Would God, my lord was with the man
Of God, for he would cure."
These were the "fitly spoken" words,
And brought a blessing sure.

How many kinds of words there are
A little child can speak;
Cross words, and angry words, as well
As words of sad deceit.

And words untrue, and wicked words,
And words of angry tone,
And cruel words, and jealous words,
In naughty temper shown.

But precious words of truthfulness,
A little child may say;
And sweet and gentle loving ones,
How beautiful are they!

And solemn words a child may learn,
Of prayer to God to raise;
Using the words the angels do,
In songs of holy praise.

A wicked man, a murderer,
To prison had been sent;
His doctor came, for he was sick,
And urged him to repent.

He tried to make him see his guilt,
And to confess his crime;
"O, wretched man!" said he, "repent,
While God has given you time."

He spoke, too, of the wrath of God,
Of judgment, death, and hell:
At length, a pious clergyman
Was shown into the cell.

He sat beside that wretched man,
And whispered tenderly
Into his ear: "Oh! think of Him
Who died for you and *me*."

That little word—that little *me*—
Sank in the sinner's heart;
That such a holy man as this
With him should bear a part!

That such a holy man should class
Himself with such as *he*!
This was the "fitly spoken" word,
The simple little *me*.

A widow poor, with little son,
Was fretting sore and sad,
In case they should be pinched with want;
Thus spake the little lad:

"Our heavenly Father is not dead;
To Him, dear mother, pray:
The widow and the fatherless
Are in His care alway."

Oh! these were "fitly spoken" words
To this poor widow's ear;
Her little son's "gold-apple" words
Had filled her heart with cheer.

Those "gracious" words our Saviour spoke
Were of this precious kind;
Sweeter than honey from the comb,
Or gold three times refined.

They need not drop from rich or great,
The noble, wise, or clever;
From little lips and lisping tongues,
They sweeter sound than ever.

Dear Christian child, the words of truth
And love fit everywhere:
That they may "fitly spoken" be,
Ask God in daily prayer.

WHICH DO YOU PREFER?

KIND words and kind deeds are more precious than the diamonds which flash in the diadems of queens. Diamonds only please the eye, but kind words and acts charm the hearts of those who utter and do them, and of those also who hear and see them.

Little Minnie had a kind heart, and she scattered smiles, gentle words, and loving deeds all over her pathway. She was kind to every thing as well as to every body. One day she saw an unlucky bee struggling in the meshes of a spider's web. Pausing before it, she said :

"Poor little bee! how frightened you are! But that great ugly spider shall not eat you for his dinner to-day."

Then with gentle fingers Minnie lifted the struggling bee from his prison, and away it flew with a buzz, which said to Minnie's heart: "I thank you, Miss Minnie, for my freedom."

"How silly you are to trouble yourself about a bee!" growled Minnie's brother Tom, as he sat watching her while taking his bread and milk. "Served you right if you had got well stung for your pains."

"I am glad I did it," said Minnie, as she skipped out of the room with a heart full of sunshine and a face sparkling with enjoyment.

Which do you prefer, my reader—Minnie or Tom?

THE
STANDARD-BEARER.

VOL. XIII.

MARCH, 1864.

NO. 3.

GOOD FRIDAY.



THE children who read THE STANDARD-BEARER know much about Jesus. They have often read or heard the story of His birth. They have been told about His childhood, and what He did when He became a man. How He labored and suffered, and finally was crucified. The day on which he was crucified is called Good Friday, and is kept by Christians, that we may be reminded of what Jesus has done to save us. We hope the children will read the following beautiful hymn upon this subject :

CHRIST CRUCIFIED.

Luke 23 : 26, 46.

Sad sorrow, when the Blessed One,
The Lord of earth and heaven,
God's only, well-beloved Son,
To cruel death was given.

Nailed to the cross in agony,
The mocking crowd below,
Come to behold a Saviour die—
Oh! deep and solemn woe!

Yet thanks to God, that death is made
His greatest gift to men;
There sit upon His head was laid,
And all atoned for then.

And I may come, and such as I,
Sinners, his love to crave;
He hears, for Jesus' sake, our cry,
And pardons, and will save.



KIND MOTHERS.

THERE is no kinder mother in the world than the pretty little bird you may see in the picture crouching among the long grass, with her little ones all around her, as if they were afraid some enemy would find them. Truly, these gentle birds have many enemies. They make their nests on the ground, in the corn-fields or hay-fields, and they have to guard against dogs, and hawks, and cats, and foxes, but most of all against men; for though partridge-shooting does not begin till the first of September, their nests are often destroyed before that time by the haymakers or the reapers, whose long scythes mow down the sheltering grass in which they have fancied

themselves safe, and sometimes kill the poor mother bird while sitting on her nest. But the partridge is such a devoted mother, that she will often remain on her nest and die rather than leave it.



One day a lady, walking in the hay-fields near her own house, was shown by the haymakers a partridge's nest, with a number of eggs still warm. The poor mother bird was dead. The cruel scythe had cut off her head as she sat on her nest. The lady took the eggs carefully in her handkerchief, and put them, while still warm, under a hen, and in a short time afterward a brood of young partridges came out of the eggs, and were well cared for by

the good hen who was their nurse. But they were wild little things, and seemed to know somehow that their parents had been accustomed to be free in the fields. They staid with the hen while they needed her care, and then they flew off to join their companions in freedom.

One of these birds has been known to have been found sitting upon its eggs, and being taken by a laborer, to have made no attempt to escape, allowing herself to be carried away with her eggs rather than leave them.

After the eggs are hatched, the mother partridge has great trouble in keeping her little ones safe. The carrion crow sometimes tries to seize one for his dinner. One day a person walking through a field saw two partridges fighting with a crow. The battle was so furious that none of the birds noticed the man till he had time to come up and seize the crow, and so let the partridges gain the day. When he looked among the long grass near which the battle had been fought, he saw the young partridges hidden there. The crow had been trying to seize one of them, and the parent birds, timid by nature, were bold enough to fight in defense of their little ones.

Sometimes the enemy of the partridge is so strong that they can not fight with him, and then they try many curious plans to draw him away from their nest. A gentleman one day saw a part-

ridge come out of a ditch and run along shivering with her wings as if she were wounded. While he was watching her, a boy who was following him saw the little partridges, that were too young to fly, running for shelter into an old fox-hole, while the mother pretended to be wounded, and ran slowly before the gentleman to lead him away from where the young ones were hid.

A farmer discovered a partridge sitting on its eggs in a grass-field. The bird allowed him to pass his hand down its back, without moving or showing any kind of fear. But if he offered to touch the eggs, the poor bird immediately pecked at his hand. She would let him touch herself, but not her eggs; she had more care for them than for herself.

A gentleman was one day riding over his farm, while the ploughmen were ploughing the fields. He saw a partridge slip gently off her nest, so near the foot of one of his plough-horses that he thought the eggs must be crushed. This, however, was not the case. The nest had escaped for that time, but it was plain that the next time the plough passed, it would bury nest and eggs in the furrow. The gentleman had the curiosity to come back to see what would happen, and when he returned with the plough, the nest was there, but both birds and eggs were gone. He looked all round the field to see what had become of them, and had the pleasure of finding them all safe under a hedge. In about twenty minutes, the time which had been taken

for the round of ploughing, the parent birds had removed twenty-one eggs from the nest to the hedge, a distance of forty yards.

A gentleman who was training a young pointer was crossing a field, when the dog ran on a brood of very small partridges. The old bird cackled, fluttered, and ran tumbling along just before the dog's nose, till she had drawn him to a considerable distance, when she took wing, and flew still farther off, but not out of the field. "On this," says the gentleman, "the dog returned to me, and which place the young ones lay concealed in the grass, which the old bird no sooner perceived than she flew back again to us, settled just before the dog's nose again, and by rolling and tumbling about, drew off his attention from her young, and this preserved her brood a second time." Partridges have been also known even to fight with a kite or a hawk in defense of their nestlings.

If such a timid bird as the partridge gets hold of defense of its young, it shows us how strong is a mother's love. A loving mother will venture anything, dare any thing for her little ones. Do you ever think, children, of all the anxiety and care you have given to your mother—how she has watched over you, and cared for you, and perhaps toiled hard for you, when you did not even know that you needed her care? And are you grateful to God for kind parents, and anxious to repay their love by loving them and obeying them?

MARGARET MILLER DAVIDSON.

WHILE at Saratoga, last summer, I went one day into the beautiful cemetery there, and, as I was strolling about, I came across a plot of ground surrounded by a circular iron railing, in the centre of which stood a handsome monument, many feet high. On one side this monument was the following inscription :

THE BROTHERS OF MARGARET MILLER DAVIDSON HAVE
ERECTED THIS STRUCTURE AS A TESTIMONY OF THEIR AF-
FECTION. SHE WAS THE DAUGHTER OF J. R. OLIVER AND
MRS. MARGARET DAVIDSON, AND DIED AT SARATOGA
SPRINGS, NOV. 25, 1862, AGED 15 YEARS AND 5 MONTHS.
SHE HAS SCULPTURED FOR HERSELF A MORE LASTING
MONUMENT, AND WHEN THIS SHALL HAVE CRUMBLED
INTO DUST, HER NAME WILL CONTINUE TO BE THE "GOOD
MAN'S GLOWING THEME."

On another side of the monument there is a harp, with broken strings, inwreathed with laurel, and beneath it these lines from the pen of the sweet songstress herself :

A FEW SHORT YEARS HAVE ROLLED ALONG
WITH MINGLED JOY AND PAIN,
AND I HAVE PASSED ~ A BROKEN TONE,
AN ECHO OF A STRAIN.

Margaret Davidson died young, and yet, young as she was, she had lived long enough to show what a Christian child can be; and by the sweetness of her disposition, and the excellence of her character, had made all who knew her, love her. More than all this, she had early learned to love God, and although, like all children, fond of play, she would at any time, even when very young, leave her play, and eagerly listen to her mother as she told her of the wisdom and benevolence of God. Then her young heart would swell with rapture at the thought that He whose power was vast enough to create this beautiful world, also made her happiness His daily care. She was very fond of natural scenery, and feelings of gratitude and affection toward her Creator entered into all her delight at the wonders of creation. She early commenced writing poetry, and would sometimes talk in rhyme without being conscious of it. One time, during a violent thunder-storm, as she sat at her mother's feet, she exclaimed:

“The lightning plays along the sky,
The thunder rolls and bursts from high;
Jehovah's voice amid the storm
I hear—methinks I see His form,
As riding on the clouds of even
He spreads His glory o'er the heaven.”

At another time, when her mother had reproved her for some trifling act of disobedience, and had

sent her to her own room that she might pray to God to give her a proper frame of mind, she returned in the course of an hour or two, and, with eyes full of tears, placed these lines in her mother's hand :

"Forgiven by my Saviour dear,
For all the wrongs I've done,
What other wish could I have here?
Alas! there yet is one.

"I know my God has pardoned me,
I know He loves me still:
I wish forgiven I may be,
By her I've used so ill.

"But give me strength, O Lord! to trust
For help alone in Thee;
Thou knowest my inmost feelings best:
Oh! teach me to obey."

This shows what a tender conscience she had, and how anxious she was to do *right*. She was always actuated by this motive, and although for many months before her death, she suffered much from illness, her patience and sweetness never forsook her. She desired to live only that she might be useful to others. "Mamma," said she one day, "should God spare my life, my time and talents shall for the future be devoted to a higher and holier end; but I feel that I can do nothing for myself. I have cast my burden upon Christ—He

will not fail me. I can trust Him." And he did *not* fail her. When the last trying hour came, she was supported and comforted, and joyfully went to that Saviour whom she had loved and trusted. Her whole life was so pure and holy, and so unselfish, that she seemed like an angel who had come to gladden us for a while, and then returned to her heavenly home. Many years ago, as I stood by her grave for the first time, I said to myself:

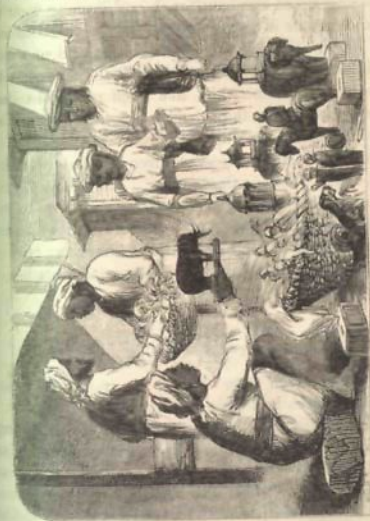
Beautiful spirit! thou art where
 All weariness is o'er;
 No days of pain, no nights of care,
 Shall e'er afflict thee more.

Beautiful spirit! surely thou
 To mortals here wert given,
 That we from thee might learn to know
 The blessedness of heaven. c. c. J. D.

THE INDIAN TOY MERCHANT.

HERE is a picture of children in India buying toys, for children in that far-off land like to play as well as children here, though I do not know that they play in the same way. As it is a warm country they generally play out of doors in the shade of the large trees. Here they arrange their toys and make themselves very merry. I suppose they make some sort of baby-houses, and perhaps they

have dolls. But I do not think they dress their dolls as children do in this country. Nor do they



have such nice little dishes with knives and forks to play with. Instead of tables and chairs they spread mats on the ground, and they sit or lie on them.

They have elephants and horses as well as dogs and other animals. You see the toy merchant is holding up an elephant for the children to look at. No doubt he is trying hard to induce them to buy it. You see other elephants on the ground with castles on their backs. They look very natural; for in that country the live elephants often have these castles on their backs, in which persons sit while they are making journeys. But these children in India are heathen children and know nothing about the Bible or the Saviour. Christians in this country are sending missionaries to them to tell about Jesus and the glorious heaven which He has prepared for all that love Him. I hope my readers will do what they can to help these missionaries.

H.

M Y J E S U S .

THE children were talking about their favorite books. Each had their favorite. "*This* is mine," said Maggie, clasping her hands over the family Bible, "because it tells all about my Jesus."

"*My* Jesus too," said Willie.

"And mine," said cousin Ellen.

"Mine," whispered Judy, the little negro girl at the door.

"Mine, I hope," added uncle John, just made a judge.

Yes, the little black can call Jesus hers; the little white child can call Jesus his; the judge on his bench and the beggar on his crutch can call Jesus theirs: for Jesus died on the cross alike for all; and if we repent and believe in Him, we are of *one* family, the blessed household of Jesus Christ.

THE GUIDE-BOARD.

MANY years ago, a young man in the then "Far West" was going from home to a neighboring city, intrusted with an important commission, on business that required immediate attention, and must be executed within a specified time. He was to perform the journey on horseback, and alone, over wild and unfrequented roads, in a thinly-settled part of the country.

After pursuing his solitary journey for some time, another path suddenly diverged from the one he had been travelling. He knew not which to take. Here was a dilemma of which he had not dreamed. He looked in vain for some friendly little cabin or lonely traveller like himself. No such vision cheered his sight. Around him was the silent, impenetrable forest; before him lay the two paths, one of which was to conduct him to the city. Which should he choose? Much, very much depended on his decision. Should he take the wrong road, the delay in reaching his destination would involve the

forfeiture of certain valuable claims. To return and inquire the way was equally impracticable.

What should he do? It was the turning-point in his life. He had been taught, when a child, by his mother to say, "Our Father who art in heaven," and it occurred to him that he might now find relief from his anxiety in prayer. It was impressed upon him that by these means he was to find a solution of his perplexity. Although not a Christian, yet the remembrance of his mother, long since in heaven, and of her prayers, encouraged him.

With trembling faith, he lifted up his heart to his mother's God for guidance and direction, believing that He would hear and answer him, and in doing this, he thought he must lift his eyes also to heaven. As he earnestly looked upward, his attention was caught by an object half concealed by the foliage of trees. He drew nearer, and regarded it more closely. It was a *guide-board*. Imagine his joy and surprise as he read in plain, bold characters the single line it bore. It said to him as plainly as if a voice from heaven had spoken: "This is the way; walk ye in it." Before he called, he had been answered, and, while he was yet speaking, God heard. Hastily resuming his journey, he reached the city, transacted his business in due time, and returned.

But the circumstances of that lonely journey made a deep impression on his mind, and he knew no rest

until he had said: "*My Father, thou art the Guide of my youth.*"

Many, like that young man, are now standing where two paths diverge. Which will you choose? *If the wrong*, it will result in the loss of a title-deed to a kingdom more glorious than the empire of the Cæsars in the zenith of its splendor. Hesitation is equally disastrous. Choose, then, without delay. If you choose the right path, it will lead you to a city "*whose builder and maker is God;*" "*to an inheritance incorruptible and undefiled, and that fadeth not away.*" *May the Spirit of grace guide you into the path leading to that city, through that blessed One who is the Way, the Truth, and the Life.*

MINNIE'S PRAYER FOR THE LITTLE BOATS.—During a visit to her uncle and aunt to a place near the seaside, little Minnie was awakened one night by the howling of the wind. The house was on high ground, and every angry gust that swept by seemed to make it rock. The sound of the tempest was really terrific. Much alarmed, she clung close to her mother. But her thoughts soon travelled to those whose dangers were greater than her own, and she said: "*Mamma, if you will pray to God for the great ships, I will speak a word to Him for the little boats!*" Did some frail craft live out that stormy night?—some fisherman ride safely over the dark and furious waters in answer to Minnie's prayer? "*The day shall declare it.*"

E A S T E R .

EASTER is called a holy day, because it is a day set apart by the Church to commemorate the Resurrection of our Lord from the dead. On Good Friday He was crucified. When He was taken down from the cross they placed Him in a new tomb. On Sunday morning He arose from the grave. And this day we call Easter. The following hymn commemorates this great event:

THE RESURRECTION.

Matthew 28: 1-8.

The Lord is risen! with sealed stone
The sepulchre was closed;
The soldiers watched, and friends were gone;
'Twas night, the world reposed.

'Tis morning; God's good hour is come,
Angels roll back the stone;
With holy joy Christ leaves the tomb,
His glorious work is done.

The Lord is risen! and all complete,
Redemption's blessed plan;
Now, God in Christ the want can meet
Of ruined, helpless man.

O blessed morning, happy day,
For sinner's solemn need;
The soul's dark grief is rolled away,
The Lord is risen indeed!

THE
STANDARD-BEARER.

VOL. XIII.

APRIL, 1864.

NO. 4.

THE PICTURE OUTSIDE.



AMMA, where is this little boy going with a Bible under his arm, and a flag in his hand? Will he climb those mountains?" and Harry laid THE STANDARD-BEARER on his mother's knee.

"What a very silly question!" exclaimed brother Frank. "Just as if mother, or any one else, knew where that picture of a boy was going!"

Frank was twelve years old, and often very much annoyed with little Harry's remarks; but Frank's mother was older than twice twelve, yet she did not seem to think the question silly, as she said:

"I'm very glad you asked me that, Harry, for

though unable to tell exactly where this little boy is going, I will tell how both my children can be very much like him, and at the same time two of the happiest boys in the world. But first look at the picture carefully, and see if you can not find out what I mean."

Harry examined the pink cover very closely. "I can not carry a Bible all around under my arm like that little boy," he said. "I might carry it if 'twas a very little one, so as to go in my pocket."

"You'd be sure to lose it the first day," said Frank, "just as you did mother's knife and my ball. Your pocket is any thing but a safe place."

"No, I don't think it is very safe," said his mother. "But what do you think of carrying the Bible in your heart? You might learn a few verses every day; then by and by they would form chapters; and if you loved those holy words, and showed forth that love in your life, of you it might be said: 'The law of his God is in his heart; none of his steps shall slide.'"

"Oh! I should like that very much," said Harry. "I mean to begin to-day. There's 'The Lord is my Shepherd,' and 'The Sermon on the Mount.' Those I know already, and I will learn ever so many more. But about that flag, mamma; we surely could not carry that in our hearts."

"Let us ask Frank the use of a flag, and then we will see what can be done with it."

"A flag is useful in battle, mother. When soldiers see it they think of what they are fighting for."

"Don't you think, then, it is well for Christ's little soldiers to have a lamb upon their banner? They need not see it, but they can think of it, and remember they are fighting against sin, the world, and the devil, under Jesus, 'the Lamb of God which taketh away the sin of the world.' It will help them to remember the great love Christ showed for them while dying on the cross, and how all sins can be washed away in that Lamb's precious blood. Then as they think of that dear Saviour, when, amid scourging and reviling, 'like a lamb before his shearer, so opened He not his mouth,' they can strive to grow more like Him, and ask to be kept gentle and forgiving. And though not permitted to carry the story of the Lamb of God throughout the world, they can aid those bearers of good tidings whose feet are already upon the mountains."

"By denying ourselves and giving our money to help them," said Frank.

"And by praying for them," whispered Harry.

Then as the mother kissed her children, out of a full heart she prayed that they might indeed carry Christ's law in their hearts, and prove themselves His faithful soldiers unto their lives' end. K.

THE SUGAR TOY; OR, THE FIRST SIN.

THE Christmas after Louis Livermore was three years old, he hung up his stocking in the chimney corner. There was another little stocking by it, for he had a sister Etty, who was a year old.

Various were the toys and sweets found in the stockings. Louis's mother placed his and Etty's in separate parcels, on paper, upon the piano cover. She gave him his choice of a piece, and allowed him to take one at a time, reserving the rest. Louis chose the largest piece of barley-sugar—a simple kind of candy. It was a sugar pipe. He intended to play with it a long time, but when he put it to his lips—as Anne his nurse did when she blew soap-bubbles from a clay pipe—he found it was very sweet, and flavored with wintergreen; and the end of it was, that first the stem and then the bowl disappeared very suddenly. Louis had never been allowed so much candy at once in all his life before, and it made “a great impression on him,” as people say.

Two or three days had passed, and Mrs. Livermore neglected to put away the sugar toys. Louis had eaten all but three of his, but his sisters' were scarcely touched. Their mother did not think it well the little child should have them.

One morning she had been busy in her own room for an hour or more, and it crossed her mind that

she had not heard Louis's voice in the nursery for some time; so she went in to see. The baby was fast asleep in her little crib alone.

Louis's mamma looked in at the sitting-room as she passed by, but there was no trace of him there. "Louis," she called; but no little voice answered, "Here, mamma;" so she went on to the kitchen, noticing that the door of the passage was ajar.

Just as she turned round to come back, she saw her little boy standing in the door before her, his face and hands and clean white linen apron sadly smeared, and in one hand the remains of the other pipe, belonging to his little sister. He looked very much frightened and guilty when he saw his mamma there, and stood perfectly still, with his large eyes very wide open, and the remains of the pipe in his hand.

Mrs. Livermore said nothing for a moment, when she saw Louis standing there so abashed and frightened.

She felt sad, very sad, for Louis knew very well that the toy belonged to his sister, that he had eaten his own on Christmas day, and that it was *wrong to take what was another's*. His mamma led him back to the sitting-room, and noticed what she had not done before — that a chair was pushed up close to the piano, and the table-cover drawn down very much in front. He had never attempted to climb before, but running away from Anne in the

kitchen, he had pushed open the sitting-room door and climbed to the piano, and when his mother came into the room he was hiding under the table, and had pulled the cover down, so that no one should see him.

Mrs. Livermore found out all this, little by little, and Louis, like a little culprit, kept saying: "Louy naughty, mamma."

"Yes, very naughty," she said; "it makes mamma's heart ache," for, she thought, "this is the commencement of actual wrong-doing. How far it may go; who can tell what sins my child may live to fall into?"

She sat down on the low bed, and took the little boy in her lap. On the dressing-table by her was a picture Bible, from which she had often told him stories. She drew it toward her, and opened at the first picture. It was Adam naming the animals in the Garden of Eden. Louis liked this picture, especially on account of the animals.

"What is that, Louis?" asked his mamma, pointing to it.

"God's garden," said the little fellow—that was his own name for it.

"And what is the man's name?"

"Adam."

"Now, I am going to tell you a story about him," said his mother. "God made this beautiful garden, you know, with the trees, and loveliest

flowers, and oranges, and grapes, and apples, and all kinds of fruits. Then he made a wife for Adam, because he felt lonely. Do you think God allowed them to pick the flowers, and all the nice fruit?"

"No," said Louis, who had been taught the past summer never to touch the flowers and green berries in the garden.

"Yes, God let them have it all for their own, all but one tree, which was His. That one He told them not to touch, or to eat any of the fruit. Do you think they did?"

"No," said Louis again. He was very much interested, and he really thought they had enough without the tree.

"Well, Louis, they did. They did not mind God. They took what did not belong to them, and then they hid under a tree, just as you went and hid under the table when you heard mamma come."

Louis had entirely forgotten for the moment, in listening to his mother, that he was in disgrace. Now he looked down on his soiled apron quickly, and the same look of shame came over his face again.

"Then God punished them," said his mamma. "He took away the nice garden—the Bible says, He 'drove them out'—and would not let them live there any more, and made them work hard for all they had to eat; and ever since then, whenever

people do wrong, they have to be punished, to keep them in mind not to do so again."

"I sorry, mamma. I never do so no more." Louis began to fear what was to befall him. "Please forgive Louy."

It is very easy to feel afraid of punishment; it is another thing to be really sorry for having done wrong. Louis was too young to understand this, but his mother knew that if she did not begin to teach him that God was displeased with those who do wrong, he never would come to understand it.

"Go and ask Anne to bring me your animals," said his mother; and Louis trotted across the hall, and presently came back, followed by Anne, bearing a box, which held a toy garden of mimic animals.

"Now, Louis, mamma is going to take your elephant, and bear, and monkey away from you, and keep them on this high shelf in the closet a long, long time, to punish you for taking your sister's toy, and to remind you not to do so again."

Louis looked on very sorrowfully, while his mother raised the lid, to pack the animals and trees closer, and then standing on a footstool, she placed them on the highest shelf of the dark closet. He could just see one corner of the box by standing on his tip-toes.

"And now mamma will forgive her little boy, if he will try and promise not to do so again."

"Yes, mamma," and Louis stretched out his lit-

the fat hands toward the box, for he thought if he was forgiven there was to be no punishment.

"No, Louis, you would forget if I gave it back to you now, and might do wrong to-morrow again."

And God's loving-kindness in His punishments, in the struggle we have to regain our confidence and love toward Him when we have turned away, and the chastisements that fix the sin upon our memories, flashed through her mind as it never had done before.

"You have not asked God to forgive you yet," she said directly.

"God does not know," said Louis quickly.

"Yes, dear. God was in heaven, but He saw what Adam did in the garden. He is there now, but He knows how naughty you have been, and He can not love you until you ask Him to forgive you."

There was a struggle in the rebellious little heart, before the child could be brought to kneel, and ask his Heavenly Father to please forgive him, and love him again; but when he did kneel, it was with a simple earnestness and trust that brought tears to his mother's eyes, and a prayer to her heart that he might never forget his first wrong-doing, and its lesson — that all sin is hateful in God's sight, and brings punishment, even when forgiven. — *Children's Magazine.*

ONE OF THE COLLECTS.

"SUPPOSE we hide behind the nursery-curtains, and surprise mamma by learning our Collect perfectly before she comes up-stairs. Won't you, Arthur?" and little Effie looked up very longingly for a "yes."

Her brother was on the point of saying "no." It did seem such a babyish way for a boy of his age to study; but perhaps Effie might learn best that way; so, like a kind brother, he drew two footstools behind the curtains, and opened his little sister's Prayer-Book to look for the Collect.

"Be sure not to make a mistake, Arthur," said Effie, "for you know it takes me ever so long to learn one. Oh! I hope the words aren't difficult, and I hope it won't grow dark soon, and that mamma won't come up till we know it."

"And I hope you will stop talking this minute, little pussy, for here is the Collect, and I know to-morrow will be the second Sunday after Easter."

"You read it first," said Effie. So Arthur began: "Almighty God, who hast given Thine only Son to be unto us both a sacrifice for sin, and also an example of godly life; Give us grace that we may always most thankfully receive that His inestimable benefit, and also daily endeavor ourselves to follow the blessed steps of His most holy life: through the same Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen."

Effie thought it was a very beautiful one, only she did not know what "ensample" and "inestimable benefit" meant.

Arthur said that the first meant pattern; but he did not exactly know how to explain the other.

Then Effie shook her head, and replied that it was of no use for her to try to study any thing she did not understand.

Arthur was provoked. His sister was such a baby; but the more he thought of the Collect, the more he determined to be very patient; so after considerable thinking he said, that Christ's sacrifice for sin was an "inestimable benefit," because it did us more good than we could tell about. After that explanation, the lesson went on very smoothly, so that the surprise was ready by the time their mother appeared.

"I'm so glad I've finished with that Collect," said Effie, as they were seated before the fire after tea, "so very glad; for now I can learn my hymn, and that is much easier."

"I should be very sorry to think that my little girl had *finished with it*," replied her mother, as she took the child upon her knee. "But first tell me about school to-day; I have scarcely seen you since morning."

"There's not much to tell about, mamma, except that I don't intend having any thing more to do with Fanny Carpenter, and all the girls in our

room say I'm right. What do you think she did to-day? Took my beautiful new jumping-rope and tossed it high up in a tree, just because I wouldn't lend it to her. It spoiled all my recess too, for none of us girls could reach it, and she has treated me like that ever so many times. 'She's just as hate——'

Here two fingers were pressed against the angry little lips; and then as if the story of Effie's wrongs was forgotten, the mother asked for the Collect once more, and when "an ensample of godly life" was reached, the child was requested to explain.

"Arthur said it meant pattern, mamma, and that we should live as Jesus did. But I never could be so good, never in the world."

"What am I doing here?" asked her mother, turning to a piece of beautiful worsted-work at her side.



"Making a screen," replied Effie, quite willing that the subject of conversation should be changed. "How beautiful it is, and almost done! I showed it to Minnie Dale this afternoon, and she thought it was magnificent."

"Did you tell her it was easy work—that I looked at the pattern once or twice, and then did it in a few moments?"

"Tell her that! Of course not, mamma. You keep looking at the pattern every minute, so as to copy each stitch, and it has taken you a long time. Oh! I know now what you mean, and why you began talking about the screen. You want me to copy the pattern Jesus has set; but I *can not* play with Fanny again, after all she has done;" and the little head fell back on the mother's shoulder, and while in the child's heart was a struggle, in the mother's arose a prayer.

Effie thought of Fanny's naughty behavior, till it seemed as if she could not have any thing more to do with her; but when she thought of Jesus and "of His most holy life," of what had been done to Him, and how He had forgiven His enemies, what Fanny had done to her seemed very trifling. Then looking at the screen, she remembered how patiently the pattern had been copied. And she would follow the pattern Christ had set, beginning that night by forgiving Fanny, and Jesus would help her whenever the work seemed too hard. Then the lit-

the head was raised, and as a bright smile told that the struggle was over, the mother thanked Him in whose strength her little one had conquered, and prayed that her child might ever "follow the blessed steps of His most holy life, through Jesus Christ our Lord."

K. M.

 AN EVENING PRAYER.


Lord, I have passed another day,
 And come to thank Thee for Thy care;
 Forgive my faults in work and play,
 And listen to my evening prayer.

Thy favor gives me daily bread,
 And friends, who all my wants supply;
 And safely now I rest my head,
 Preserved and guarded by Thine eye.

Look down in pity, and forgive
 Whate'er I've said or done amiss;
 And help me, every day I live,
 To serve Thee better than on this.

*Now while I speak be pleased to take
A helpless child beneath Thy care,
And condescend, for Jesus' sake,
To listen to my evening prayer.*

THE SECRET REVEALED.

A PRISONER, who held a high position in the world, and was a great favorite with the king, was one day brought before the judge, charged with a very great crime. He took his place at the bar with the utmost coolness, and looked at the judge and jury and the crowd of spectators as calmly as if he were surrounded by his friends in his own house. The trial began, witnesses were called up, and gave clear evidence that he was guilty, but still he remained as calm and unmoved as ever. There was not the least emotion visible on his countenance, but, on the contrary, his face wore a smile. At last the jury came in, and whilst every body held their breath, pronounced the verdict of "Guilty." In an instant every eye was turned toward the prisoner to see the effect which the sentence would have upon him. And, just then, he put his hand into his bosom, and laid on the table a *pardon*, a full, free pardon for all his crimes, sealed with the royal signet. That was the secret of his peace; that was what gave him coolness and confidence in the dreadful position of a prisoner before his judge.

Now just such peace and calmness may we have in the judgment-day, before the great white throne. Jesus our Saviour has died to pay all our debts, and to take away the sins of the whole world, and He tells us all, that He will give us a full, free pardon, sealed with the signet of the King of kings, if we will go to Him in faith, and ask Him for it. And therefore, if we go to Jesus *now*, and tell Him that we want this pardon very much, that when we stand before the great white throne, we may not be condemned, and cast into prison, He will give it to us. But if we do not go to Him, and do *not* get this pardon, then the Judge will deliver us to the officer, and the officer will cast us into the dark and dismal prison of hell.



A BOY'S THOUGHT.

"I SUPPOSE I shall have to be very good now, grandmamma, because we have this baby; for mother won't want *her* to be naughty, and she will very likely be so if I am." So said a little boy, looking up earnestly into his grandmother's face. And every one must allow what his grandmother says, that "it is a very good little piece of reasoning." It is well for the young always to remember that they can not be good or naughty for *themselves* alone; they will always influence some one or other to be like them.

THE
STANDARD-BEARER.

VOL. XIII.

MAY, 1864.

NO. 5.

ASCENSION-DAY AND WHIT-SUNDAY.



LITTLE more than a month after the joyful feast of Easter comes Ascension-Day, which commemorates the ascending of our Saviour to heaven. He remained on this earth forty days after He rose from the grave. We do not know what He did or where

He went during *all* those days; but we have accounts of His meeting with His disciples several times, when He spoke many sweet words of promise and affection to them.

At last the time came when He must leave them; so He led them out a little way from Jerusalem, and while he was yet talking with them and blessing them, He was taken up from them, and a cloud received Him out of their sight. How surprised these disciples must have been at this sudden de-

parture of their beloved Lord! They could hardly believe that they were not to see Him soon again. They remained there, looking steadfastly toward heaven, as He went up, when suddenly some one spoke to them, and, turning, they saw two men in white apparel—angels—standing by them. They asked the disciples why they stood gazing up into heaven; for the same Jesus whom they had seen go should come again in the same manner.

When will that be? When He comes to judge the world, and "every eye shall see Him." Yes, every eye which reads these words will see Jesus coming in the clouds of heaven. Does this thought make you feel afraid? His coming can not be terrible to those who love Him. If your father or mother has been away from you, are you not glad when you know either of them is coming home? But if you have done any thing in their absence which you know they would not approve, the thought of seeing them is not quite so pleasant; and so, perhaps, when you think of Jesus' coming, you remember the many times you have sinned against Him, and that makes you feel afraid. But it need not, for He will forgive your sins, and remember them no more if you will ask Him. Those who feel that Jesus has forgiven them, love Him so much, that they are joyful at the thought that some day He will come to take them to live with Him.

WHIT-SUNDAY.

The disciples were on the Mount of Olives when Jesus left them for His throne in heaven, and when they found that He was not coming back to them again, immediately they returned to Jerusalem. One of the promises which Jesus had made to them was that *He would send the Holy Ghost to be with them*, and He told them to remain at Jerusalem until the promise should be fulfilled. And so they waited; and all who loved their ascended Saviour met together, continually to pray to Him.

One day, while they were all thus assembled, there was suddenly a great noise like a mighty rushing wind, and then there appeared flames of fire, shaped like tongues, upon each of the disciples. All at once *they began to speak languages which they had never learned*, so as to astonish all who heard them. This was the gift which the Holy Spirit had bestowed upon them. Many who were there went to tell others in Jerusalem, and multitudes came to hear men speak all the languages which were known in the world, without having been taught.

And all who came were amazed. But Peter immediately began to preach to all these people; he told them that Jesus, whom they had crucified, was now exalted on the throne of His glory in heaven, and He had given to His disciples this power. Then the Holy Ghost came upon those who listened, not

indeed to make them speak other languages, but to make them utter words in their own language, which it had never seemed probable that they would. "What must we do to be saved?" they cried. Peter told them they must repent, and they received his word gladly, and did repent and believed that Jesus was indeed their Lord and Saviour. So on that day there were three thousand persons added to the number of those who loved Jesus, which was only one hundred and twenty before.

Ascension-Day comes on Thursday, and the second Sunday after, we commemorate this great event of *the descent of the Holy-Ghost, and the day is called Whit-Sunday.*

It was necessary that the disciples should be able to speak many different languages, so that they could go to different nations to tell the people of Jesus. In these days the Holy Spirit comes to make people sorry for their sins, and to help them to please Jesus. It comes even to little children.

Whenever a boy is sorry for having done wrong and is willing to confess his sin, it is the Holy Spirit has made him so.

When a little girl tries to be obedient and gentle and loving, because she wishes to please Jesus, says kind words when she used to say cross and angry ones, we know that the Holy Spirit has come into her heart. May every one of our little readers be thus blessed by the Holy Spirit.

HELEN'S DISOBEDIENCE.

"HELEN! I want you, Helen!" resounded in quick, decided tones through the large garden of an old farm-house, in one of the beautiful southern counties of England; "be quick, Helen, and come, for I want you."



The command was repeated two or three times, sounding fainter in the distance as the lady who uttered it went to another part of the grounds, looking for her little daughter. Perhaps Helen did not hear. Yes, Helen heard, for she was seated in her favorite spot under a large acacia-tree, whose branches jutted out, forming a pleasant retreat. She was just then deeply occupied in reading an interesting book.

Helen Evans was a little girl of about twelve, who, having been from childhood rather delicate, and for that reason unable to attend school regularly, had been, on the same account, rather more indulged than it is well for children to be. She loved her mother tenderly, but she was often self-willed, and forgot for a time her dear parents' claims upon her affection and obedience.

It was early summer, just the time of hay-harvest, when every one belonging to a farm-house is very busy. Helen, instead of being allowed to wander away by the river-side, with her book and her faithful dog, (as was her usual custom,) had been told to remain in-doors to assist her mother, as the servants were preparing food for the hay-makers. This was a trial to her, for she was a studious child, and loved nothing so well as reading. At length, however, such light services as she could render were finished; the breakfast-things were washed, the parlor dusted, and the hearth swept up; her father's lunch set ready for him on his return from the field, and Helen was dismissed to her amusements. With a slight feeling of displeasure at having been kept so long from her favorite occupation, she retired to her tree, and was soon engaged with her book.

Scarcely half an hour, however, passed before she heard her mother's voice calling her. "How tiresome!" said Helen to herself; "I suppose now

they want me to shell the peas for dinner. I never get time to read. Well, I shall not go yet; I shall finish this chapter first." So Helen did not answer her mother's call; and when she ceased to hear it, she thought that she had escaped easily for a little time. She went on reading, or trying to read, but soon found she could not fix her thoughts; and after two or three vain attempts, she shut the book and began picking the flowers with which the bank was covered. But there was a tumult in her thoughts; conscience told her that if she had to give up some of her studies, her dear mother also was obliged to work harder than usual, and often looked pale and tired at the close of the day.

"I will go and see if I can help her," thought Helen; and she rose, and walked quickly toward the house. Her mother was not in the kitchen; so she went to the parlor, which was occupied by her sister Miriam, an invalid. The latter looked up as she opened the door. "Why, Helen, where have you been?" she said. "Mother was looking everywhere for you just now. She is gone for a ride to the hayfield, with father and the boys, and she wanted to have taken you, because you have been so useful this morning; but she could not find you."

This time Helen *could* not answer. Her heart was full; so she shut the door hastily, and, running up to her own little room, cried long and bit-

terly. She was disappointed that she had lost her ride; but that was not all—the thought troubled her heart. “I would not answer my dear mother when she called me, because I fancied she wanted some little service; and all the while she was planning a pleasure for me, which I lost through my own bad conduct. Oh! I will never be so ungrateful again.”

The little fact now related may appear trivial; yet things that seem small have sometimes a deep and lasting influence on the character. It was so in the present instance. Helen never forgot the pain it occasioned, and the remembrance of which, even many years after, would bring tears to her eyes. She was a reserved child—quite unable to open her heart to any one who might have directed her to the Lord for strength; and her parents, though setting a godly example, and ruling their household in the fear of the Lord, never talked to their children of that Saviour who is so ready to help all who call upon Him. So her resolutions made in her own strength were too often broken, and then Helen's little heart was broken too. Yet, in the course of time, a principle was formed within her of carefulness, lest her conduct toward those whom she loved should at any time be such as might plant a thorn in her own bosom. And when she became a Christian, she often felt thankful that, by means of this principle, she had been kept

from many things that would have wounded her conscience, and caused bitter regrets.

And, looking back on the years in which she had been "feeding on ashes," Helen would think: "I have behaved to my heavenly Parent as I once did to my earthly parent. I refused to come at his call, because I thought it was a call to duty and service, to self-denial, and giving up all that made life pleasant; and now I find it was a call to happiness, for 'His ways are ways of pleasantness, and all his paths are peace.' Oh! how much have I lost through my own folly! How have I grieved the heart that felt nothing but love for me! Oh! that I could bring back those wasted years, and employ them in loving, grateful service! But it can not be; and I can only mourn in humble penitence over the past, and thank my Saviour that He made me hear His voice before it was too late."

THE SPRING.

"OH! I'm so glad that I'm in the country!" said little Josie Gay, as she opened her eyes early on the first morning after her arrival at the pleasant farmhouse where she expected to remain for several weeks. And she looked toward the window at the foot of the bed, and thought how much more beautiful it was to see the sunlight glancing on the

waving leaves, than on rows of brick houses, and how much more delightful it was to listen to the sweet warbling of the birds, as they flew from tree to tree, in search of a breakfast for their little ones in their warm nest, than to the shrill cry of the milkman or the rattling of carts—sights and sounds to which she was accustomed in her city home.

She was too eager, however, to know more of these new scenes, to lie still in bed very long thinking about them, but she tried to move about her room very quietly, that she might not awaken her brother Harry who was sleeping in his mother's room, the door of which was open. But the bright sunshine and the singing of the birds must have awakened him too; for in a moment he came running into her room to tell her to look out and see the chickens being fed. They were so much amused at this that they stood at the window watching them until their mamma came in, and told them they must hurry and get dressed, or they would not be in time for their own breakfast.

Josie's brother Harry was a little younger than she, and he had been sick; so her mamma had taken board at this farm-house near the sea-side, that he might have the benefit of change of air. Their papa could not leave his business to accompany them, and Josie had felt so sorry to leave him at home alone, that she had offered to stay with him. But he assured her that he would be much happier

to have her go and enjoy the pleasures of the country.

After breakfast, and their morning reading and prayers, Mrs. Gay went with the children to walk on the beach, which was not far from the house. Here they found plenty of amusement; first, they watched the waves as they came tumbling one over the other, each seeming eager to be the first to dash its white foam on the sands, then they looked for shells, now and then raising their eyes to see what progress the vessels which were sailing in the distance were making.

Harry, who was not very strong, was the first to get tired. He came to his mamma, who was seated on some rocks not far from where they were playing, and said he was so thirsty.

"I do not think, darling, that you can get any water to drink," said his mamma, "before we return to the house. Can you not wait until then?"

"I suppose so," said the little fellow in a disconsolate tone, as if he had been required to do a very hard thing. But there was no help for it, and the party turned their steps homeward—though, instead of returning by the road, as they had come, they turned off into a lane, on one side of which was the beach, on the other a green field. The children ran on a little in advance of their mamma; but when they reached the end of the lane, she saw them stop and look through the fence, as if they had found something which interested them.

"O mamma!" said Josie, as she ran back to meet her, "there is such beautiful clear water on the other side of the fence; if we only had a cup now, Harry might have a drink." Mrs. Gay quickened her steps to keep pace with her little girl, who, taking her hand, drew her eagerly forward.



"I'm so thirsty, mamma," said little Harry, as they came up to the fence where he was still standing. And as Mrs. Gay looked into the clear bubbling spring, she did not wonder that the sight of it had recalled the thirst which the little boy had apparently forgotten.

"I wish we had a cup," said Josie in a mournful tone. Her mamma smiled, and took from her pocket a small box, which she opened, and displayed to the eyes of the delighted children a small metal cup.

"Here," said she, "is something your papa gave me as a companion for our walks; though I never expected to find such beautiful clear water to drink from it."

The next difficulty was how to get it filled. Josie found, however, that by stooping down and putting her arm through the fence, she could just reach the spring. So her mother gave her the cup, and held her hand, while with the other she dipped up the water.

Though Harry was so thirsty, he insisted upon mamma's taking the first drink, and she pronounced the water deliciously cold. Josie filled the cup several times after that, until the children had drank as much as their mamma thought was good for them, and then they turned their steps homeward, much refreshed by their visit to the spring.

The next morning, after breakfast, the children went to their mamma's room, as usual, to say their Bible verses. Harry was learning the fifth chapter of Matthew, and it happened that his verse on that day was the sixth: "Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness, for they shall be filled."

"Harry," said his mamma, when he had finished repeating it, "do you know what it is to be very thirsty?"

"Oh! yes, mamma; don't you remember yesterday, how much I wanted a drink? I thought about it all the time, as we were running along the lane; and when we came to the spring I was so glad!"

"But has my little boy ever desired to be good, as much as he longed for a drink of water yesterday?" again inquired his mother.

Harry was silent; he could not say that he had, and yet he remembered many times when he had wished that he need not be naughty any more.

"This verse," continued his mother, "means that they are blessed or happy who long for righteousness, or to be good, just as much as they wish for food when they are hungry, or drink when they are thirsty. You did not know yesterday that you could have your thirst satisfied before you reached the house, which would take some time: but what does your verse say?"

"'Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness, for they shall be filled,'" again repeated Harry.

"Yes, they shall be filled. They do not have to wait—there is no doubt about it. Now, Josie, can you tell me who gives them this goodness?"

"Jesus," said the little girl.

"Yes," said her mamma, "He is the fountain of

all goodness, and He only can take away all sin, and make us holy. To try to make ourselves good would be just as useless as it would have been for Harry to have dug in the sand yesterday in search of a spring of water to quench his thirst." Then Mrs. Gay found this verse for Josie, who had not yet learned one :

"For my people have committed two evils; they have forsaken me the fountain of living waters, and hewed them out cisterns, broken cisterns, that can hold no water."⁴

"Now," said her mamma, after Josie had learned it so that she could repeat it perfectly, "I want you, when you see that beautiful spring, which we found yesterday, to think of Jesus, the Fountain of living waters, and to come to Him to make you holy, just as eagerly as you go to the spring to quench your thirst. You may be just as sure that you will receive what you ask for as you are of finding water in the spring."

Almost every time the children and their mamma went out after that, they passed the spring, and stopped for a drink, and sometimes they would say, "We remember what you said, dear mamma," and then their mother would pray softly in her heart they might not only remember, but come to Jesus to be made holy and fit to live with Him forever.

M. A. H.

WHITE ROBES.

Who are they in heaven that stand
Clothed in white at God's right hand?
In their robes so fair and bright,
They are shining like the light.

Harp of gold and palms they bear;
All are good and happy there;
Much I wonder what their name—
Who are they, and whence they came?

They who now are praising God,
Once the path of sorrow trod;
Now by Christ their Saviour led,
Crown of joy are on their head.

They shall never weep again,
Never know a grief or pain;
All is bright and shining day;
God has wiped their tears away.

May I with them also stand,
Robed in white at God's right hand,
And with joy forever sing
Praises to my God and King.

THE
STANDARD-BEARER.

VOL. XIII.

JUNE, 1864.

NO. 6.

NOT PLEASING ONE'S SELF.

"I'll call for you, Jenny, at three o'clock precisely; so, don't forget to be ready;" and with a merry "good-by," Nellie Lee handed her books to the coachman, and stepped into the pretty little barouche which for the past fifteen minutes had been the admiration of all the school-girls.

"Are you going with Nellie to Coney Island this afternoon? I wish I were you!" said Susie Grant, as she watched the carriage till it was out of sight.

"It's just the afternoon for a ride. Come to school early to-morrow, and tell me all about it."

Jenny said "Yes," and then ran down the Institute steps very quickly. Only one hour before three, and then wouldn't she be happy! She would not forget to take a shawl, although her mother was not at home to remind her of it. She would take the new blue and green plaid, one her uncle had brought her from Europe—it had come just in time—and in the evening she would write a letter to

her parents, describing the ride. Nellie said they were to come home by moonlight! Jenny would scarcely wait to have the front-door opened, so anxious was she to prepare for the drive. First of all, little Archie must be sent out to walk, for his heart might nearly break if he saw his sister ride off behind those pretty black ponies. So taking a little coat and cap in her hands, Jenny went into the nursery.

Archie was lying on the floor, evidently in no pleasant mood. He did not want to take a walk—wouldn't put his cap on—wanted sister to tell him a story about the three bears.

Jenny took the little boy in her lap. How red his cheeks were, and his hands seemed burning! May be he was going to have scarlet fever, or some other dreadful disease, and both father and mother away! or it might be that he had been sitting too near the fire; Nurses were very often careless. So Jenny told about three bears, six lions, and a dozen tigers, till the little head sank on her shoulder, and then she laid Archie in his crib.

The nurse did not seem to think there was much the matter—only a little cold—and Jenny's younger sister, Clara, would help take care of him; so after putting on her hat and cloak, Jenny took the new shawl on her arm, and went down-stairs to wait for the carriage. When Alice Fay passed, Jenny opened the window to tell her about the drive.

But how was it that, after taking her seat again, a part of one of Alice's Bible verses, the one she recited last Sunday, came to her mind? "For even Christ pleased not Himself." Almost unconsciously she began to wish that Alice had not passed. It was evident that a struggle was going on in Jenny's mind, from the way she looked out of the window, then up to the clock, and then began to fold her shawl very slowly, and at last left the room.

Clara would enjoy the drive very much, and she knew Nellie would like to have her; and in a few minutes Clara was in Jenny's place at the window, watching for the carriage. She had refused at first to take her sister's place; but Jenny declared that she could not enjoy a drive while neglecting her duty, which was to take care of Archie, as his mother would do were she at home.

Still it was no easy duty to perform; for the afternoon was lovely, and Alice so disappointed. But it was with a smile that Jenny pinned her own new blue veil on Clara's hat, and handed the precious *blue and green shawl into the carriage, with many a playful injunction not to let it fall out on the way; and it was not till the black ponies trotted off that the tears came. But they were soon brushed aside, and Jenny stationed herself by Archie's crib. The fever seemed to be gradually passing away, and before long he awoke in a very cross mood. Nothing would please him but stories, and so Jenny told*

them. But this time they all seemed to be about long drives and beaches, where the waves foamed high. It was very tiresome work, for Archie kept saying, "More, more," whenever Jenny stopped. She might have been spending the afternoon very differently; but every few minutes "Even Christ pleased not himself" came into her mind, and it made her feel very happy to think that she was more like *Him* now than if she had gone to ride.

Clara came home in a state of great excitement. They had had such a charming time, and were so sorry that Jenny had not been with them. So Archie was quite himself again. What a pity that she had remained at home! But Jenny did not appear to regret it. She only laughed, and said that Clara would have to write the letter now. And so, after Archie was put to bed, and all the lessons learned, Jenny took up a little apron which needed mending, and Clara began a letter that told about a delightful ride in what seemed to her the easiest of carriages, and behind the fastest pair of beautiful ponies; of a long ramble beside high waves; and how, after a clam supper, they rode home by moonlight. Jenny added a postscript, to say that Archie had not been very well, but was now a great deal better, and that she was learning to be quite a house-keeper. Then, after many loving messages, and longings for both father and mother to be home again, the letter was sealed and placed on the man-

tle. Susie Grant remarked the next day, that Jenny was very foolish "to lose such a ride, just to humor a child;" but Jenny shook her head, and referred Susie to Clara for the promised long account.

When Alice Fay heard of the good her Bible verse had done, she felt very happy.

"We all need such verses, especially school-girls," remarked Jenny.

"And we'll try to remember it always; won't we?" said Alice.

And *we* will try to remember it always; won't we, dear reader?

K. M.

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THE DOVE'S VISIT.

I KNEW a little sickly child;
The long, long summer's day,
When all the world was green and bright,
Alone in bed he lay;

There used to come a little dove
Before his window small,
And sing to him with her sweet voice,
Out of the fir-tree tall.

And when the sick child better grew,
And he could creep along,
Close to that window he would come,
And listen to her song.

And he was gentle in his speech,
And quiet at his play:

He would not for the world have made
That sweet bird fly away,

There is a Holy Dove that sings
To every Christian child,
That whispers to his little heart
A song more sweet and mild.

It is the Spirit of our God
That speaks to him within ;
That leads him on to all things good,
And holds him back from sin.



And he must hear that still small voice,
Nor tempt it to depart ;
The Spirit, great and wonderful,
That whispers to his heart.

He must be pure and good and true,
Must strive and watch and pray;
For unresisted sin at last
Will drive that Dove away.

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AUNT GRACE'S STORY.

"Now, mamma, my lessons and work are all finished," said little Annie Nelson, as she folded up the towel which she had been hemming. "May I go and put my garden all in nice order for Aunt Grace to see? Dear Aunt Grace! I am so glad that she is coming this afternoon!"

Her mamma smiled as if she were glad too, and readily gave the desired permission; and away the little maiden flew to the sunniest corner of her papa's large garden, where was a bed which was her especial property. It took her some time to root out all the weeds which the last night's rain had brought up, and to tie up the pinks and roses which had been blown down; and all the time she was thinking of the nice stories which Aunt Grace always told, and the sweet songs she sung, and the pleasant walks they would have together.

She had scarcely finished her work when she was called to dinner. Then she had to feed her rabbits, and by the time the carriage drove to the door, which had been sent to bring her aunt from the cars, she was all ready to receive her.

Aunt Grace was as glad to see Annie as Annie was to see her, for she loved the little girl dearly, and was always ready to amuse her or to hear her talk of what interested her. She was quite ready, therefore, after she had taken off her bonnet, and talked a little while with Mrs. Nelson, to go with Annie to see her garden and pet rabbits.

She was charmed with the neatness and beauty of the garden; and as for the rabbits, she declared, to Annie's great delight, that she had never seen prettier ones. The mother rabbit pricked up her ears as if she understood all that was said, and was pleased at the praise of her four children.

"You love them very much, don't you, dear Annie?" said her aunt?

"Yes, indeed I do," replied the little girl; "and I do not know what I should do without them;" for Annie had no brother or sister to play with.

"I read a story the other day of a little girl who loved her rabbits just as much as you love yours, but she sold them to get something which she liked better," said Aunt Grace.

"Sold her rabbits!" exclaimed Annie in astonishment. "Oh! how could she do that? Please come into the house, and tell me all about it." And she sprang from the ground where she had been seated, and took her aunt's hand to lead her to the house.

She was disappointed, however, to find, when

they reached the parlor, that it was tea-time; and then her papa and mamma wanted to talk to Aunt Grace. So Annie could not have the story that night.



The next morning, while Annie was learning her lessons, her aunt was engaged in her own room, writing letters.

She had finished them, however, by the time the lessons had been said, and was all ready, with her work in hand, to tell the story, while Annie sewed.

"The little girl of whom I promised to tell you," said Aunt Grace, when Annie had taken her seat by her side, eager for her to commence, "lived in France, and her name was Lizette. Her parents were poor, and she was obliged to work most of the time to help them support the family. Some-

times she was employed in the vineyards, where the grapes are cultivated to make wine, and sometimes in the wheat-fields; and when she could find nothing else to do, the neighbors hired her to take care that their cows did not stray from the pasture-lands.

“When she was about twelve years old, one of their neighbor’s sons, who had been a soldier, came home. He had lost one of his legs; so he had been discharged from the army; and as he was still weak from the effects of his wounds, he was not able to work much; and Lizette used often to see him, as she passed his father’s cottage, sitting under the trees, reading very intently, and always the same book. One day, while she was taking care of the cows in a field not far from his house, he came toward her, supported by crutches, with the little book in his hand.

“‘Would you not like me to read something to you, my child?’ said he.

“‘Yes, thank you,’ said Lizette, pleased to have something to pass away the time, which was rather tedious when she had nothing to do but look at the cows as they were feeding near her.

“‘Listen then,’ said he; and he seated himself on the grass by her side, and commenced to read the story of the shepherds when the angel came to tell them of the birth of Jesus; for the book which had so excited Lizette’s curiosity was no other than the New Testament.

"Lizette had never heard it before, and she thought it very beautiful. She asked him where he got such a delightful book. He told her that he had bought it, when he was in the army, of a man who had a great many more to sell. Then Pierre (for that was the soldier's name) read a great many more beautiful stories to her, until it was time for her to take the cows home.

"He often came to read to her after this, for he had learned to love the Saviour, of whom the book teaches, and he longed to have her love Him too.

"At last Lizette began to wish that she had such a book, and that she could learn to read it. She told Pierre of her wish, and he offered to teach her to read; but he told her that she could not get such a book nearer than Nismes, which was fifty miles distant. However, Lizette said she was sure, if she could learn to read it, she would find a way to get the book. So, whenever she was taking care of the cows, instead of working in the fields, Pierre would come and teach her to read; and she was so anxious to learn, that it was not long before she could spell out some verses quite nicely. Then came the time for gathering the grapes, and she was too busy to have any time for reading. But when the vintage-time, as it is called, was passed, she began to think again of her wish for a Testament.

"If she had only money enough to buy one, she would not mind walking to Nismes to get it. But

she had none of her own, and her father could hardly get enough to feed and clothe his family. She had two rabbits which a neighbor had given her, in return for some kindness which she had rendered when that neighbor's child was sick. Lizette wondered if she could not sell them to some one at Nismes, and so get money enough to buy a Testament. To be sure she loved her rabbits very dearly; they were all the pets she had; but then how delightful it would be to have a Testament of her own! When Pierre told her that he had no doubt that she would be able to sell the rabbits if she took them to Nismes, she hesitated no longer, but at once asked her father's permission to go. She had been such a good girl, and worked so industriously for so long, that they were very ready to grant her request. So, early one morning, with bread and cheese enough to last her for food for the journey, and carrying her two rabbits, she set off."

"But, Aunt Grace," said Annie, "did she really walk fifty miles?"

"Yes," replied her aunt, "she really walked fifty miles, and all to get a Testament."

Annie blushed, and wondered if her aunt had seen how ill-natured she had looked only that morning when her mother had called her from her play to read a chapter in the Bible, as usual, before commencing her studies; and the recollection came into her mind of the many times she had thought

it a trouble to have to learn the few verses which her Sunday-school teacher gave her every week. Ah! she was afraid that she could not make up her mind to exchange her rabbits for a Testament. She did not love God's word as Lizette did. These thoughts all crowded into her mind as her aunt paused to answer a question from her mother; but she was ready to pay attention to the story again when her Aunt Grace resumed.

"Lizette found no difficulty in getting a lodging for the night, as she proceeded on her way; for the poor are generally kind to each other, and the French peasants particularly so. On the morning of the third day after she left home, she arrived in the city of Nismes. She had fed her rabbits well on the journey, so they looked as pretty as ever; and as she passed through the street they attracted a good deal of attention; for they could be seen quite plainly through the wicker-basket in which she carried them. At last she met a little boy who was taking a morning walk with his mamma.

"'O mamma!' cried he, 'what beautiful rabbits! How I wish that I could have them!'

"His mother stopped Lizette to look at them. 'Will you sell these rabbits, my little girl?' said she.

"'Oh! yes, madam,' said Lizette; 'that is what I wish to do.'

"'What is your price?' said the lady.

"Lizette at once named the sum which Pierre had told her she would have to pay for the Testament. The lady took out her purse, and gave her the money; and to the great delight of the boy, he was allowed to carry the rabbits home, while Lizette went on her way to the bookseller's, as much pleased as he.

"She easily found the place, and bought a Testament as much like Pierre's as possible.

"She often stopped to rest, on her way home, for she wanted to read in her precious book. How Pierre rejoiced with her when she showed it to him! And when she could read well enough to read it to her parents, they did not wonder that she was so anxious to get a book which told them such wonderful things. Through the winter, when there was not much to do, Lizette went from house to house, in the neighborhood, reading to the people; and many persons there learned to love the Saviour, after hearing of Him from her Testament.

"Now tell me, Annie," said Aunt Grace, in conclusion, "don't you think Lizette was well paid for selling her rabbits?"

"Yes," said Annie, "I suppose so; but then I am glad that I have a Testament, and can keep my rabbits?"

Aunt Grace smiled, as she put her arm tenderly around the little girl, who had now finished her work, and was leaning on her aunt's lap. "God

has been very good to you, my darling," said she, "in giving you so much to love, and His Holy word besides ; and now He wants you to love Him, and to try to learn His will in the book which He has given you."

M. A. H.

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MY GARDEN.

THE various flowers that in the garden grow
Not only please me, but instruct me too ;
And while with fresh delight their forms I see,
Each has some lesson, some advice for me.

- "Be modest and retired," the violet says ;
"Seek not for every man's admiring gaze ;
Better with me in lowly sweetness hide,
Than be a vain, obtruding child of pride."
- "Be thankful and content," the stonecrop cries ;
"See what a little can my want suffice :
E'en on this barren roof I grow and thrive—
Thus on a little learn, like me, to live."
- "Boast not of beauty," says the blushing rose ;
"To-morrow's setting sun my life will close ;
My leaves will scatter in the evening wind ;
Like me, at least, some fragrance leave behind."
- "Judge not in haste," the strawberry exclaims ;
"Wisdom examines e'er it harshly blames ;
To careless eyes I seem a barren root,
But search beneath, and you shall find some fruit."
- "See," says the sunflower, "how, from morn till night
I turn toward the sun of life and light ;

So turn, from youth to age, with love and fear,
To Him who makes thy comfort still His care."

"See," says the clinging ivy, "though but weak,
A stronger form to twine around I seek ;
Seek thou the help of God, so freely given,
That thou, although so weak, may'st climb to
heaven."

Thus the fair flowers that in my garden grow
Not only please me, but instruct me too :
Thus while with fresh delight their forms I see,
Each has some lesson, some advice for me.

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A WELCOME LETTER.

WE have received the following letter from our unknown young friend, and feel very grateful for it. We will send a copy of THE STANDARD-BEARER to some child who is not able to pay for it.

"NEW-YORK, February 22d, 1864.

"I am a little boy that loves to read THE STANDARD-BEARER.

"Perhaps there are some little boys or girls that would like to read it too, but haven't any kind mamma or papa to get it for them; so I send you a little money of my own, and ask you to please send it to one that don't have it, and so make it happy and also your little friend, N. W."

THE
STANDARD-BEARER.

VOL. XIII.

JULY, 1864.

NO. 7.

“THERE IS MY CLOSET.”

A YOUNG girl was showing her friend the comforts of her pretty room. By the window was a *rocking-chair*. On a table stood a convenient writing-desk. Her books were arranged on hanging shelves. A wicker-work basket filled a corner; and through the braided cover gleamed a bright thimble and scarlet pin-cushion. She opened her bureau-drawers for inspection, and disclosed the advantages of her large wardrobe. Together they sat on the little sofa, and admired the pictures, the Parian statuette on the mantle, and the ottoman by the register.

“*There,*” said the young girl, rather timidly, “is my closet.” Her companion saw at the foot of the white bed a large chintz-covered chair, and by its side a light table, whereon were placed a reading-stand, holding an open Bible, a “Daily Food,” and a tiny book of hymns. Here she “searched the Scriptures;” here she prayed in the dim morning

light, and again at eventide. Dearer than any other spot in her room was that "closet."

The friend went home thoughtful, for in her own comfortable room was no "closet." Sometimes she prayed at night, when, half asleep, her conscience would not let her weary eye-lids close; but she knew nothing of that daily "tasting that the Lord is gracious" in the quiet corner. She had not "from a child known the Scriptures, which were able to make her wise unto salvation." But ere long another "closet" was established; the young girl's friend cried, "Oh! that I knew where I might find him!" and He was found, precious to her soul, also in the very part of the room dedicated to His especial worship.

Have you a "closet," dear child, into which "when thou prayest thou mayest enter"? If you have not any little sacred place where you love to resort when you wish to tell Jesus your sorrows, then set apart a "closet" this very day. Choose one particular chair, where you may daily kneel.

There were two little boys playing in the newly-fallen snow one bright morning. They lived in two cottages on the same lawn, and were always together. They parted with smiles. Before the pure snow was a day old these two boys fell ill; their throats were sore, and a crimson flush spread over their cheeks. Before the twilight of the next day one little boy could no longer play with the glit-

tering snow; "he was not, for God had taken him."

The other child lingered longer. He asked for his companion; they dared not tell him that he had gone "over the river." These boys, "lovely and pleasant in their lives," were not long divided. The snow was never trodden by their feet again.

In the home of the boy who was summoned last the parents were sitting, "dumb in the shadow of their great affliction," when their pastor entered to "*weep with those who weep.*" They spoke of the boy's kindness, of his loving heart, of his gentle ways.

At length the father said: "I think he loved the Saviour, for he always prayed; every night, after he went to his room, we heard him praying." That was their greatest comfort. They forgot his library, his pony, his skates, his little boat, his boyish treasures, but they remembered his "closet." If you should suddenly be called to go out of your father's house, dear child, would it be said of you that at night you were always heard praying to Jesus?

A lad was visiting a happy mother, who had a beautiful nursery, large and airy. It was full of sunshine from its southern windows. The children had toys of every description, and a complete play-house in one corner. Adjoining this room was a large closet, lighted by a window at the top. There were no playthings there, only an easy-chair, and a

Bible on the broad arm. This was the children's "closet." Here they learned the way to heaven. The mother daily told them there "the words of the Lord Jesus." They loved the hour when they might "enter the closet, and when they had shut the door, pray to their Father who seeth in secret."

These children learned a habit which was never broken. During their after-life they were never without "closets." Has not Christ a right to one little corner in the house? You have a drawing-room for visitors, a nursery for the little ones, a dining-room for the family; will you not give this "Elder Brother" one closet for Himself? It is not necessary to appropriate any particular room to this use; only reserve one place where you may regularly resort to find your God.

A child who was constantly interrupted in her room was in the habit of praying in a corner of the hall, through which she often passed. In this shadowy nook she "knocked, and the door was opened."

You can surely find one secluded spot in the house for your own "closet." It is not enough to kneel there only when some new trial overtakes you. Run often to that familiar place, and "find grace to help in time of need." When your heart is full of joy, slip away to that well-known "closet" and "tell Jesus."

THE SISTERS.

ROSA and Emily were two little sisters who loved each other dearly. There was not two years' difference in their ages, and they studied the same lessons, played the same plays, slept together, and indeed you would seldom see one without seeing the other.

They had another sister, Lilla, who was much older than they were. They thought her quite grown up; and so I suppose she was, only she was not so old but she loved to play with them sometimes in the winter evenings; and when they were tired of play she told them stories, or read to them until their bedtime; indeed, when it became dark, she never did any thing but amuse them, until their nurse knocked at the parlor-door, and they had to say good-night to their papa and mamma and sister.

But one evening Lilla complained of headache, and was obliged to stop reading before she had finished the story; and it was not finished in a long time, for Lilla was very ill after that—too ill for many days to do more than kiss her little sisters and smile, when they came into her room. They prayed to God every day to make her well, and he heard their prayers, for after a while she was able to sit up for a short time every day, and

enjoy the flowers and strawberries which they brought her from their gardens.

How delighted they were one day when their mamma told them that sister Lilla would like to have them read to her! Rosa said she was the oldest, and she must have the pleasure of reading first, and then Emily said it would be her turn next, and they both ran to ask their sister what book she would like to have them choose. The book was soon found, and Rosa took her seat by her sister, saying: "How glad I am that I can read to you now, for you have read to me so often in the evening, and when I have been sick."

After that, every day, for a week, Rosa and Emily came regularly to read to their sister, first a chapter in the Testament or a Psalm, and then one of their own story-books which they could understand. But after a week had passed, it was no longer a new thing, and they began to get tired of always going at the same time. They were interested in their play or in their gardens, and did not like to leave them; and so they came every morning a little later and a little later, until one morning they did not come at all. Rosa had heard the clock strike, and knew it was the time that she generally went to read to her sister, but she and Emily were in the garden, and their little kitten was there too, as full of fun and frolic as she could be, and Rosa could not bear to go in.

"I am sure," she thought to herself, "sister Lilla

is able to read for herself now. I saw her with a book in her hand yesterday; and it is a great deal pleasanter out here in the garden than in that dull room;" and so she kept on with her play.



Emily too heard the clock, and though it was not her turn to read, she liked much better to have

Rosa play with her than to play alone, so she said nothing about it. Her thoughts were very much like Rosa's, but neither little sister said them out loud, for they knew that they were wrong, selfish thoughts, not such as would please the Saviour, who went about doing good.

At the dinner-table that day, their papa asked: "How is Lilla?"

"She is not as well," said their mamma; "she has a severe headache, the effect of reading too much, I think."

Poor Rosa! she did not feel very happy when she heard this, and was glad when she could leave the table, she was so fearful that something would be said about her neglect of duty. But the reproach of conscience was all she heard, and that spoke loud enough when she went into her sister's darkened room, and saw her lying on her bed, suffering too much even to open her eyes. Neither Rosa nor Emily enjoyed their play very much that afternoon; and when the evening came, the time when sister Lilla used to read to them, it seemed as if they had never missed her so much before.

"I mean to read to sister every day now until she gets well, and never think it a trouble again," said Rosa to Emily, as they sat on the piazza together, waiting for their nurse to come and put them to bed, for they had not felt like playing.

"And so do I," said Emily, "for we must still

take turns. Don't you remember how much Lilla read to us when we were sick last winter, and never seemed to think it a trouble, or care to go out, though mamma would often want her to?"

The little girls kept their word. To their great joy, the next morning their sister's headache was well, and she was able to have Emily come and read to her as usual. Neither the kitten nor the most interesting play could keep either of the little girls from their sister's room again, when they thought they could read to her, or do any thing for her amusement. Thus they made her very happy, and when she was well again and could tell them stories and read to them, they enjoyed it all the more because they had given up their own play once in a while to wait upon her.

All little children have a great deal done for them by grown-up people, and they should try to make some small return for it by waiting upon them when they are tired, or by keeping quiet when some dear one has a headache, or, like Rosa and Emily, do all they can to make the long hours in a sick-room a little less tedious.

Those who want to be like Jesus, who pleased *not himself*, will try to make every one happy, but most of all those who have made them happy.

M. A. H.

THE BIG CHIMNEY.

It stands close by a large factory, on the banks of a beautiful little river. The chimney is of brick, and is about sixty feet high. All round its base a projection of broad square stone forms a convenient seat. Behind it rises a steep hill, covered with oak and chestnut trees, above which the spire of our parish church is seen. In front is the clear, deep water, with a little wooded island in the middle, and on the left is a little stream tumbling over the rocks, and then spreading into a broad, smooth mill-pond. In summer you will always see ducks and geese and little yellow goslings paddling round the margin, and cows standing in the water to get rid of the flies, or lying under a queer old beech-tree which kneels down on the overhanging bank to look at its own image in the pond.

In winter the scene is beautiful too, when the hills are all white, and the stream a sheet of ice, except where the dark green water comes boiling out from the great mill-wheel, rushing on some distance before the ice can bridge it. On the coldest days the big chimney is so sheltered that you feel like stopping there to gather breath for a fresh encounter with the rough north-wester. Altogether this is an attractive spot.

"Mother never lets me go nigh the big chimney," said Victor Brown, the other day.

Victor's mother is a poor widow who supports her six children by going out to work; so of course *they are left alone at home much of the time.* But she brings them up in the fear of God, and they are trained to strict obedience, whether she is present or absent. *By the grace of God, they will grow up good and useful men and women.* When I have told you a little more about the Big Chimney, you will see why the Widow Brown does not let her boys play near it. Pass the chimney when you will, in school hours or work hours, or even on Sundays, you will find a knot of idlers clustered round it, playing marbles or "shinny," or else lounging on the seat I have described.

One night, so late that all good boys were safe in bed, I saw a couple of big fellows, surrounded by half a dozen little ones, who were trying to talk as largely as their seniors, and mixing up their talk with horrid oaths, at which the large boys laughed aloud, as if it were a very good joke.

Last Hallow Eve about twenty of the worst boys in the neighborhood met there, to plan such a raid of wicked mischief that I would not tell you all they did. Some of them were arrested and punished—not the ringleaders, but the younger boys, their pupils in evil words and deeds.

One afternoon, in coming from church, Sunday as it was, I found a crowd of all ages assembled for a game of marbles. All was excitement. Some were

angry, some laughing at them, and nearly all swearing. Some of our Sunday scholars were there, in their best clothes, as if they had set out to go to church. We stopped to tell them of their sin, and a teacher who was with me drew two of her little boys aside, and asked them whose *Sunday-school* that was. They stared at first, but when she said, "It is the Devil's Sunday-school," they looked down and walked away toward their home. I hope they will profit by this lesson.

The other day, on the way to Sunday-school, I saw a lad of eighteen in his shirt-sleeves, lying at full length upon the chimney-seat. He had always been an inattentive scholar, but now he had grown too manly to come at all, though he would have found there more than one young man of his age, full of youthful life and spirits, yet full of interest in the lessons and the school. Well, as Alick did not know how to kill the time, he had taken up his post to waylay any boys who passed, and entice them to hang about the chimney instead of going to church and Sunday-school. He would not look me in the face, but after I went by he called to one of my scholars, who was near, to "hurry up and go along to school," in such a jeering tone, that poor James had not moral courage to pass on. So he staid with his tempter, to sin against his conscience and break God's holy day.

But no more of these sad stories. Boys! there is a "Big Chimney" in every neighborhood. See what the wise man says about it in Proverbs 1: 14, 15.

ANNA.

THE SAVED BOY.

"TELL us a story, grandfather," said a little child. Grandfather looked at them and said mysteriously: "He sent from above, he took me, he drew me out of many waters."

"Why, what is grandfather talking about?" exclaimed a little girl. "We asked him for a story, and he is going to preach us a sermon."

But listen to him. "When I was a little boy, many of us were playing on a bridge which spanned a little stream near our house. We were looking over the edge into the clear waters below, at the fish, as they swam along, or rolled over and showed us their shining white sides. One little fellow, forgetting himself, leaned over a little too far, and down he went into the water! At first we were too much alarmed to scream, but we gazed horror-stricken after the lost boy. Pretty soon he came up, and he gave us such an agonizing look! But he soon went down again. By this time, a man at some distance had seen that something was wrong, and came running up.

“What is the matter?”

“Oh! little Charley is drowning! See there! There is his hand!” For he had come up the second time, just far enough to thrust his little hand above the water.

“The man plunged in, and soon the boy was safe.

“Now, children, think that in this world there are about ten hundred millions of people, and almost all of them are putting up their hands above the waves of sin in which they are perishing. Just look and see all those hands above the water — so many of them. Who is now to take hold and draw them out of those deep, dark waters?”

“In this work every Christian must do something, every day something, to make people happier, something to diminish their sorrows and anguish, something for their souls.”

An old soldier spent some time in a Christian family. While looking out of the window, little Johnny came up to him and said:

“Tell me something about Jesus.”

“I don't know any thing about him,” answered the soldier, somewhat ashamed.

Johnny, filled with wonder, said: “You so big and don't know any thing about Jesus? If you don't love him, you can't go to him when you die.”

The soldier walked out of the house and into the

reached, but he could not get Johnny's words out of his mind. "You so big and not know any thing about Jesus!" and he did not rest until he loved Jesus as his Saviour.

THOUGHTS FOR THE SEA-SHORE.

CHILDREN, did you ever roam
On the rocky sea-beach shore;
Watch with joy the billows foam,
Listen to their mighty roar;
Gather sea-weed on the strand,
Fairy castles build with sand?



Have you seen the gallant vessel
On the broad blue ocean sail,
Sails spread to catch the breezes,
Onward borne by favoring gale?

Then, I think, you'll own with me,
Beautiful's the billowy sea!

Well, dear children, there's an emblem,
Pictured by the rock and shell,
Stormy gale, and foaming billows,
Which we should remember well;
And when wandering by the sea,
Sweet has been the thought to me:

Jesus is the Rock of Ages!
And, if He is our defence,
Storms, and waves of pain and sorrow
Never more can drive us hence!
Safe, whatever may betide,
Trusting in so strong a Guide!

As the little limpet shell
Firmly to the rock adheres,
Heeding not the billows round it,
And no angry tempest fears,
May we ever cling to Thee,
Mighty Rock! on life's rough sea!

Washed in Jesus' precious blood,
Clothed in his spotless dress;
Singing as we journey on,
Christ's our Rock, our Righteousness!
Oh! how happy shall we be,
Loved and guided, Lord, by Thee!

THE
STANDARD-BEARER.

VOL. XIII.

AUGUST, 1864.

NO. 8.

"I SAID I WOULD TRY."

CHILDREN," said the superintendent of a Sunday-school one day just before school was dismissed, "I want you each to try if you can not bring one new scholar with you next Sunday. It would be but a small thing for each one to do, and yet it would double our school. Will you all try?" There was a general "Yes, sir," though I am afraid that all did not remember the promise they had made.

"I said I would try," thought little Mary Gordon as she walked slowly home—"I said I would try, but all the children I know go to Sunday-school already except Tom; but I couldn't ask him, he's such a big boy, and so bad; and besides, I'm afraid of him. No, I couldn't ask Tom."

This Tom, of whom Mary stood so much in awe, was the terror of all the little boys and girls in the neighborhood. If any boy's kite was found torn,

or his sledge broken, or any little girl's kitten hurt or drowned, Tom was sure to be concerned in the mischief. As to his attending Sunday-school or church, such a thing had never been known. He had even been heard to say, with a threatening look, that he'd like to see any one try to get *him* inside of such places. No wonder little Mary was afraid.

"I said I would try," she thought again to herself. "That was making a promise; and if I don't try, I shall break it, and that would be very wrong. Besides, he *might* come, and then he would learn how to be good and how to go to heaven, and I don't believe he knows any thing about it now. Oh! yes, I'll ask him to come."

It was not long before she had an opportunity. The next day, as she was returning from school, she saw Tom at a little distance, walking slowly along. He did not see her till she was just up to him, and as he was about passing her, she stopped him. "Tom," she said with a trembling voice and a beating heart, "won't you go to Sunday-school with me next Sunday?"

In utter amazement he gazed at her for a minute without speaking, then he said slowly: "Go to Sunday-school! Why, what in the world should I go there for?"

Taking courage from his manner, Mary ventured to look up at him, and said earnestly: "O Tom! don't you want to go to heaven?"

"Well," said Tom, "suppose I do? Going to Sunday-school won't take me to heaven, will it?"

"No," said Mary hesitatingly; "but, Tom, when I first went there I heard them singing, 'I want to be an angel,' and they sang so beautifully, it made me feel as if I wanted to be an angel too; and then I learned the way. And so might you too, Tom, if you would only come."

She had scarcely finished when Tom walked abruptly past her, and a minute after she heard him whistling as he walked down the street. Poor little Mary! She was so disappointed that the tears would come, and as she was wiping them away she heard a hasty footstep behind her, and in an instant Tom stood before her again. "Mary," he said, "are you crying because I won't go to Sunday-school?" She looked at him surprised and a little startled, and then said earnestly: "O Tom! won't you come?"

"Mary," he replied, "you are the only one that ever cared enough about me to cry for me. You needn't cry any more; I'll go with you next Sunday."

And he did go; and after that his seat was never vacant. He *did* learn the way to heaven, and walked in it; and the last I heard of him was, that he had taken his life in his hand, and gone to preach to the heathen "the unsearchable riches of Christ."

I know not where he may be now. I know not

whether, in a distant land, he yet stands up in his Master's name, and proclaims, "Come, whosoever will;" or whether, having "fought the good fight and finished his course," he has entered his everlasting rest; but I am sure, that when the trumpet shall sound, and sea and land shall give up their dead, one who might have risen to shame and contempt shall awake to glory and everlasting life.

I know not what became of little Mary, whether she is struggling in poverty and loneliness, or is surrounded by riches and honors, or whether she already has fallen asleep; but I am sure that in the last day, when the crown of life is placed upon her brow, one gem, surpassing all earth's brightest jewels, shall shine in it for ever and ever.

Would not you like to win such a gem for the crown which the Judge shall give you? Z. Z.

—•••—
B A B Y.

'Tis a very beautiful home, and no one who has ever seen it can wonder that Sarah and Janie love it dearly. From the broad piazza they can see finer pictures than hang in any grand gallery, and these pictures change in their frames.

Sometimes white sails glisten on the river, and the hills on the other side stand out bold and clear in the sunlight.

Sometimes the mountains draw a misty veil

around them, till the river seems changed to an ocean. And this picture reminds us of another river, whose opposite shore is veiled; though some have called it a boundless ocean, we know there's a *bright shore beyond, where dear ones who were once with us are dwelling, and we know that if*



we love our Father, He will some day bear us across, through the thick veil which now hides them, and then on that heavenly shore we shall live with Him and our loved ones forever.

What beautiful pictures are seen as the sun is sinking to rest, when waves and clouds vie together to see which will be brightest, and sometimes these clouds grow dark and lowering sud-

denly, as if angry upon discovering that the red and gold waters beneath them have been stealing their gorgeous tints!

Then again how lovely it is, when the moon, coming into the scene, sheds her light on river and shore! And each one of these pictures is set in a most beautiful frame; for from the piazza we see them through openings made in the trees, and the branches twining together form a green or red framework of leaves.

Yet though the piazza is very attractive, Sarah and Janie do not remain there all day, for there are so many nice places to play in, so many books to be read under trees, so many berries waiting to be gathered, and pets longing for some one to play with them, that the children are kept very busy, in a great many delightful ways.

Was there ever a more cunning dog than their last one? or a prettier calf than Daisy? or a more beautiful pony than the one which belongs to cousin George? or a handsomer cow than Hawkie? If any such are still in existence, the children would like to see them—that's all.

But chief among their pets, high above the others, towers Baby, and she is worth more than all the dogs, cows, and ponies that ever came into the world! Baby is every one's darling; and Susan, who has been nurse of all the children that have entered the family during the past quarter of

a century, seems to think no child ever equalled this last one; and where could a fitter, more experienced person be found to decide on such a subject than Susan?

Though the pictures seen through certain leafy frames are beautiful, they do not begin to attract such admiring gazes as *Baby*. But is she not a more lovely picture than any, with her merry dark eyes, tiny mouth always ready with kisses, pretty head with its soft clustering curls tossed so archly over one dimpled shoulder, and perfect little hands held so gracefully? And is it any wonder that for such a charming picture, frames of love are being constantly erected, even in strangers' hearts?

How amused we are when she tries to imitate sister Janie, shaking her pretty head so bewitchingly over each unpronounceable word. Little Janie will have to be careful, very careful, won't she, *Baby*? for you intend always to copy her closely, and if she wants to help you grow from one of the loveliest of babies into one of the best of children, she will have to be copying too — copying One whose life upon earth was intended for us to follow, and who is ever ready to help us all in growing happier and holier daily, by growing more and more like unto Him.

One afternoon, when we went strawberrying, *Baby* bade us "by-by" with a bow and very arch smile. Perhaps the little puss knew how very

warm it was in the fields, and may be the strawberries had told her that they intended to play hide-and-seek very unfairly, making us do all the seeking, instead of raising their bright little heads once in a while, to look around after us; for this is the way they played, till, tired of such a one-sided game, we gave the few we had found to Janie, who, with the assistance of Sarah, enjoyed a select strawberry festival under some trees.

One morning we started quite early, and walked to a little cove, where Georgie's pretty boat was waiting to take us across to the woods, and when we reached the other side, Sarah and Janie led us along a narrow path till they met a dear old friend, which was nothing more nor less than a merry little brook, that came tumbling over the stones as if in great haste to welcome them. What fun the children did have, jumping from rock to rock, and what exciting work it was when the stones and logs were slippery, and they knelt down to drink; for every one seemed uncommonly thirsty. How delighted we all were when somebody found a bird's nest, containing a little blue egg, which the cruel mother had left, and how very pleasant it was to know that our boat was a private concern, and that there could be no such thing as being too late for it!

After lingering a long time with the brook, we rowed to the foot of a hill, and after a short climb,

enjoyed a very fine view. We could see the beautiful Hudson extending far each way, and the hills on the other side, and snowy sails as they passed, and every few minutes a locomotive would dash snorting below us, like some fiery old dragon, rushing home to his cave in the woods. Then George gathered us beautiful white laurel, and after resting and talking awhile, we went down to his boat, and ended our pleasant excursion with a row half way across the river, and a very merry ride home.

Of course we had much to talk of at dinner that day, and the subject would probably have remained unchanged had not a little high-chair been brought to the table. Then we knew that the best part of our dessert was coming; and when Baby did make her appearance, so fresh and bewitching, in ribbons that matched lips and cheeks, hills, river, and brook were forgotten, while we made her call all our names, bow, and clasp her beautiful hands; and when we arose from the table, the centre of attraction was Baby. Then we all stood around to see her run the space between her mamma and papa. How excited the pretty pet was at the prospect of being waylaid on the road, and how merrily she laughed when springing into her father's arms, she laid her pretty head on his shoulder, feeling so very safe! And while watching her resting there, an earnest wish would come, that very, very early, without leaving earth, she might

go to that other Father with the same sweet trust and love, sure that harm could not come to her while resting on Him, knowing that He loves her as no one else can, that He will guard her from every danger, bear her through every trial, sympathize in every joy, and at last, when her life upon earth shall be ended, folding His precious one in His bosom, take her for His great love's sake to the happiest of homes in heaven. And could we wish a better, dearer wish than this for Baby? K. M.

—•••—
"GOD CAN SEE."

WHEN autumn leaves were falling
O'er valley, hill, and plain,
A childish group had gathered
In a quiet country lane.
As they shook the hedge-row branches
Ripe nuts fell at their feet,
And from the neighboring mountains
Their laughter echoed sweet.

Ere long they reached the entrance
Of a large and shady wood,
Where, clothed in gold and crimson,
The elms and beeches stood.
"Come down this mossy pathway,"
The elder children cried,
"For there are nuts in plenty
Within the forest wide."

But one among the number,
A little fair-haired child,
Drew back nor dared to follow
Her playmates gay and wild.
*She said: "Now I must leave you,
For ere I quitted home
My mother dear forbade me
Within the wood to roam."*



"O Lucy! cried the others,
Indeed you must not go,
Your mother can not see you,
And she will never know."
To this deceitful counsel
The child could not agree;
She pointed up to heaven,
And whispered: "*God can see.*"

She left her wondering playmates,
Nor cast a look behind :
Dear children, let her conduct
Be ever borne in mind.
Jehovah never slumbers ;
So wherever you may be,
In the light or in the darkness,
Remember " God can see."

—*Lamp of Love—English.*

THE SUNDAY STORY.

It was a bright and beautiful Sunday morning in early spring, when little Lucy West stood by the window watching the people as they went to church. There were little children with their parents and older brothers and sisters, all going to worship in God's house of prayer. As Lucy saw them she wished that her mamma had not thought that her cold would be increased by going out ; she would have liked so much to have gone to church with her papa and mamma. She was only six years old, yet she went with them every Sunday, when she was well, and sat very still too.

Pretty soon the bells stopped ringing, and the throng lessened in the street, and after a while every body seemed to be in church ; then Lucy turned from the window to find something to do. She must be quiet, she knew, for the nurse was rocking the baby to sleep ; so she took up the box

of Sunday pictures which her mamma had left for her, and began to look at them. She had seen them many times, and though she was never tired of them when her mamma was there to tell her about them, she did not care so much about them now, and they were soon laid aside for a book of funny pictures which she saw on the table. She never stopped to think whether her mamma would call it a Sunday book or not.

While she was engaged with this, she heard her cousin Sarah calling her, and without laying the book down, she ran to see what was wanted. Cousin Sarah was her papa's cousin, who was visiting them. She had been ill for several days, so she had been obliged to stay at home from church as well as Lucy. She had called Lucy to get her a glass of water, which the little girl did very willingly, for Lucy loved her dearly. She told such pretty stories and dressed dolls so beautifully. Sometimes she played with Lucy too, just as if she had been a little girl, instead of a grown-up lady.

"What have you there?" asked Cousin Sarah as she took the water, and noticed the book which Lucy had kept in her hand; "some good Sunday book of course."

"Oh! it's good enough for me I guess," replied Lucy, moving toward the door, as if she would rather not let it be examined.

"Good enough for you!" exclaimed cousin Sarah,

“then it must be very good indeed, because you are one of Jesus’ lambs, are you not? and on His day He loves to have His lambs read only the books which will tell them about Him, and teach them how to get ready for the beautiful home which He has prepared for them. Would you like to have me tell you a story about some lambs?”

Lucy was always glad to hear a story; so she quickly took the book back to its old place on the nursery-table, and then seated herself on her little chair close beside Cousin Sarah, who then commenced the story:

“There was once a shepherd, who had a great many lambs, whom he loved very dearly. He gave them a nice field to live in, where the grass was always fresh and green. A clear stream of water ran through it, and there were trees under whose shade they could rest when they were tired, or the sun was hot. When it was cold or stormy, the shepherd sheltered them in a warm, comfortable house, which was built expressly for them. Though the grass which these lambs had for their food every day was good, the clover which grew in the next field was better. The spring from which the brook flowed was also there, so the water was even clearer than that which was their daily drink. One day in every week the shepherd used to lead his lambs into this field, and let them eat as much clover as they wished, and, what was better than

all, he used to stay with them all the time, and feed them with his own hands. As the little lambs loved their shepherd, this made them very happy.

“But one morning, when he came to take them into the field, two of the lambs chose to stay in the pasture where they fed every day. The shepherd called them, but they would not follow him, and though he left the gate open all day, they would not go in.

“‘This grass is good enough for us,’ they said; ‘we can run about here as much as we please by ourselves, and we don’t care for the clover.’

“So, while the other lambs were happy all day with their shepherd, these little ones staid alone, and never heeded the grieved and tender looks which their shepherd often cast toward them.

“The next day they did not feel as strong as they had done before, and when they tried to run about with the other lambs they often fell down. As day after day passed they became weaker and weaker, until they were only able to walk a little way from the tree where they usually rested.

“‘Ah!’ said one of the older lambs to them, ‘you are weak because you did not go into the clover-field with us. I heard our shepherd say that lambs need to feed there when he calls them, that they may have strength for other days.’

“When the foolish little lambs heard this, they said they would be wiser next time; and when the

shepherd called them on the following day, they obeyed his will, and never again preferred their every-day grass to the once-a-week clover."

"Cousin Sarah," said Lucy, when the story was finished, "do you think I was like the foolish little lambs this morning?"

"What do you think, Lucy?" replied her cousin: "Jesus, your loving Shepherd, has given you for to-day many pretty books which will teach you of Him, and how you may please Him. These are like the nice field of clover which the shepherd of my story had provided for his lambs. You need to read these, and the Bible, to teach you how to be good all the week. Yet did you not choose a book which told you only of every-day plays, like the little lambs which chose to eat the grass which they had every day? The lambs who love their Shepherd will do just as He wishes them to do on His holy day."

That afternoon Lucy's mamma staid at home with her and the baby, and told her Bible-stories, and read to her about Jesus, and Lucy thought that the food which her Shepherd had provided for her mind on His day, was just as much better than that of other days, as the field of clover for the lambs was better for them than their every-day grass.

M. H. A.

THE
STANDARD-BEARER.

VOL. XIII.

SEPTEMBER, 1864.

NO. 9.

CARL; OR, THE FISHERMAN'S BOY.

CLOSE by the sea, upon a very rough and rocky coast, there once lived an honest fisherman, with his wife and son. *Carl*—for so the boy was called—was about ten years old, a stout, hardy boy, and withal a great lover of the sea.

Every day the old fisherman went out for fish, and sometimes he was absent during the night. Frequently he would leave home at sunset, and, taking *Carl* with him and a small lantern, he would not return till morning.

One day he resolved to go out alone, and leave *Carl* at home to clean nets and lines, and dry the fish he had already caught. So he went down to the beach, and, unmooring his boat, he set his sails, and sped merrily over the waters. During the day he was less successful than usual, and in the afternoon he resolved to moor his boat to a ledge of rocks that projected far out into the sea, and cast

his lines from them. Taking down his sails, he steered his boat cautiously, but skilfully, toward them, and, jumping ashore, made it fast by a long rope to the sharp point of a rock that hung projecting over the water. Now, that end of the ledge where the fisherman proposed to fish, was at high-water completely covered; but he imagined he had made provision for the occurrence, in having his boat all ready in which to embark.

Meanwhile, Carl and his mother were busily employed at home. Carl spread the nets upon the grass, cleaned the lines and hooks, and cut open the fish, which his mother salted and laid in the sun to dry; then he went to work upon a little boat which he himself was constructing. He had got it nicely painted, and was now busy in rigging it. The materials of which it was made, he had purchased of a carpenter in the village, with money he had obtained for fish of his own taking. Carl was very ingenious for a boy of his age, and had a surprising knowledge of sea affairs. Born directly in sight of the great ocean, and ever in sound of its ceaseless roar, it is not strange that he early learned to love the watery element, and imagine it almost his home. He had named his mimic boat "The Sea Gull." It was just large enough to hold two, and sat upon the water as gracefully as a bird. So intent was Carl in putting this little craft in sea-trim, that he had scarcely looked up for an hour,

when he heard the voice of his mother calling loudly to him. "Carl! Carl!" cried she, "come hither quickly." Carl laid down his tools and obeyed. "Do you not see that terrible storm brewing? Run, boy, out upon the rocks, and see if your father's boat is in sight, for the wind is rising, and the tempest, if it comes this way, will be very severe."

Carl looked in the direction she pointed, and for the first time noticed a change in the atmosphere around him. Just below the sun, and directly in his path, was a jet-black thunder-cloud. A few moments more, and the sun began to dip his broad burning disk into the dark sea-like sky below him. Large birds were wheeling and screaming aloft in the air, and bending their flight inland. The air, too, had suddenly grown chilly, and the sea was covered for a great distance with little flakes or specks of foam, while the water itself, reflecting back the sky, looked black and ominous.

Carl seized his cap, and hurried off to the cliffs, while his mother stood anxiously in the cottage doorway, straining her eyes, to catch, if possible, a glimpse of her husband's boat advancing over the billows toward her. Carl ascended the highest point of the cliffs, but in vain; no boat was in sight; nothing but a distant sloop, with all sails set, and headed toward the shore, as if hurrying in from the approaching storm, there being a place

near Carl's home where she could lie at anchor in safety. Long and anxiously did Carl maintain his position on the summit of the rocks, while the storm came nearer and more near, increasing every moment in fury. The heavy thunder was echoed far over the waters, and the sharp lightning almost blinded his eyes with its intense brightness. Suddenly he perceived, afar off, a small boat approaching the shore. Full of joyful hope, he ran to communicate the tidings to his mother, who had also long been patiently watching. The fisherman's wife had seen her husband exposed to many frightful storms, but, somehow, she never had felt the anxiety that she felt now. The wind rose strong and high, and it seemed as though the violence of the gale must destroy any boat exposed to its might upon the wild sea. Meanwhile, the boat drew nigh to the shore, but, to the agony of Carl and his mother, *it was empty!* A huge wave carried it high and dry up upon the beach, and they ran to examine it. A few fish, a line and net, were all that it contained. Hope was fast turning to despair, when suddenly Carl perceived that the rope, or painter, as it is called, belonging to the boat, was not coiled up in the usual place, but was dragging at full length in the wet sand. A new thought struck him. "Courage, my dear mother," he exclaimed, "I trust my father is yet safe; probably he was left on yonder rock, whence his boat was carried away by the rising tide."

He ran again to the top of the cliff, and, looking out upon the ledge, which extended far out into the sea before him, with the aid of an old glass belonging to his father, he espied, out upon the extreme edge, something white, which appeared to be waving. The truth of his father's situation flashed upon his mind. But what assistance could he render? Already had the tide covered a low portion of the rocks between him and his father, and the waves were flinging up their white surf higher and higher every moment upon the spot where his father was standing, thus cutting off all the fisherman's hope of escape by clambering over them to reach his home. Carl knew that, in severe storms, the sea always covered even the highest part of the rocks where his father was, so that no time was to be lost. He ran again to the beach, and, jumping into a boat, seized the oars, and pushed boldly out to sea, while his mother prayed God earnestly upon the beach that his brave mission might be successful. The rain had not yet begun to fall, and the sea was exceedingly rough, but Carl had a strong arm and a stronger heart. Firmly and courageously he toiled at the oars, and ere long, he reached the destined spot. He was not mistaken; there stood his father; a moment more, and relief would have come too late. Already had the water reached his father's waist, and he preserved himself from being washed away, by lashing himself to the rocks by a

fish-line. His sensations, previous to seeing Carl approaching, had been terrible. Intent upon fishing, he had not observed the near approach of the tempest, until it burst upon him with sudden violence. He turned for his boat in terror, but a huge wave had swept it away, and he had the despair of seeing his only chance for safety borne toward land by the treacherous billows. He thought of his wife and child with an agonized heart. To die thus was terrible.

He was in sight of his home, and, in the faint hope that perhaps Carl might observe it, he had waved his handkerchief unceasingly as a signal. Providence had pointed it out to Carl, and deliverance was now at hand. He sprang into the boat, exclaiming: "My brave, brave boy! thank God, oh! thank God, for this." Then, seizing the oars, he plied them with all the strength his exhausted state would allow.

The voyage home, though short, was one of imminent danger. Neither spoke a word as the measured stroke of the oars rose and fell. A few moments more, and they were safe. Springing from the boat, they hurried to the cottage, and, with many grateful tears and prayers, they were clasped in the fond arms of the fisherman's wife, who, from the cottage window, had watched their coming with a beating heart, and now blessed God for the deliverance effected by her brave and heroic boy.—*Selected.*

THE SWISS CHILDREN AND THE BASKET-
MAKER.

In Switzerland, between two mountains, whose summits are always covered with snow, is a small village which appears poor and insignificant in the eyes of the world, but which is precious in the sight of the great God, because there Jesus the Saviour is known and loved, and dwells in the hearts of many of its peaceful inhabitants.

Let us look into one of these cottages. Upon the bench near the stove, the grandfather is seated, holding little Lina on his knees, who is amusing herself by playing with the old man's long white hair. Henri, the eldest little boy, is seated at the table, near his father, reading to him from the Bible. At a little distance the mother is seated,

busy with her knitting. Out of doors, the wind is blowing hard, and great drops of rain strike against the window-panes. *No one heeds this, for all are listening to the good things they hear from the Word of God.* They are about to kneel down for prayer, when an old man enters the cottage. It is their neighbor, old Rudolf. The father gives him his hand, and says: "You are welcome; kneel down with us, and thank God for all the mercies we have this day received." Rudolf kneels down, and offers up to God a short and fervent prayer, which comes from his heart.

The mother now prepares to take her children to bed, but Rudolf, calling the little Lina to him, said: "Before you go, you must sing me one of your pretty hymns."

Lina ran to the old man, who lifted her on his knee, and then, with her childish voice, she sang a hymn she had learned at school.

When Lina had finished, the old man kissed her rosy cheek, and said to her: "I have a new sou (halfpenny) for you, Lina, to buy a cake with." She took the bright copper coin with great pleasure, and cried: "Not for a cake; may I do what I like with it?"

"Yes, do so, my child," said Rudolf.

"Thank you," said Lina, as she ran to show her mother the piece of money.

The two children were now going away, when

Rudolf called Henri, and said to him: "You, too, shall have a sou."

The little boy was well pleased to receive it, and as he ran to his mother, cried out: "I know what I will do with it."

Thus passed the evenings of winter in this peaceful cottage; but soon spring came. The rays of the sun shone into the valley, the first flowers appeared, and the inhabitants, young and old, rejoiced together. The children were taken long walks by their dear schoolmistress, and were taught by her new hymns of praise to God.

One Sabbath morning, when Henri and Lina went with their parents to the village church, the minister took for his text that passage in the Gospel which tells of the Saviour, on the Sabbath, curing a man born blind. The pastor spoke with great earnestness of the duties belonging to the Christian Sabbath; the works of love in which we may engage on that holy day, and the importance of abstaining from all unnecessary labor. Even little Lina understood, and was interested by what was said.

In the afternoon, the two children were sitting near the cottage, on the bank of a small stream, when suddenly Lina looked serious, and said: "Henri, do you remember what the minister said?"

"Yes, Lina, that we ought to love the Sabbath more than any other day, and do no work on that day, but that we may comfort any one in trouble."

"O Henri! to-day I saw blind Joseph making baskets; but perhaps he does not know that the Sunday belongs to the Saviour." The little girl stopped, and appeared to reflect for a few moments; then she continued: "Henri, let us go and tell blind Joseph that to-day belongs to the Lord Jesus."

"Yes," said Henri; "and as he is very poor, let us take him our new halfpence that Rudolf gave us. Blind Joseph is often obliged to beg his bread."

Lina joyfully agreed to this, and the two children set out for Joseph's cottage. They found the poor old man seated on a bench in his little garden, making a basket. Lina walked up very close to him, and said in a gentle tone: "Joseph, I think you do not know that Sunday belongs to the Saviour, and you must not make baskets to-day."

The blind man appeared taken by surprise, and in a rough manner said: "Who are you, and what do you want?"

"I am Henri," said the little boy, "and this is my sister Lina."

"And we are come to tell you," said Lina, again, "that the Sunday belongs to the Saviour, and that we ought to love the Sunday, because it is His day."

At these words the blind man made an impatient movement, knit his brows, and went on hastily with his work. For a time he kept silence, and the chil-

children remained quietly standing before him. If he could have seen them, he must have been touched by the expression of pity on their young countenances. At last he said to them: "That is nothing to you; go back to your home."

"But, Joseph," said Henri, "we must first give you what we have brought you;" and he put the two pieces of money into the blind man's hand.

Astonished and confused, old Joseph exclaimed: "My children, why are you come here to me?"

"We wished to bring you our money," said the two children; "and to tell you," added Lina, "that you must not work on the Sunday."

"But what can I do?" said old Joseph; "I am blind and half deaf—how could I go to church?"

Henri drew from his pocket the little Testament that had been given him at the Sabbath-school, and said: "If you will leave off your work, I will read you what the minister read to us this morning at church."

He then sat down on the grass, with Lina beside him, close to the old man. The latter involuntarily folded his hands, and listened attentively. The little boy read a part of the ninth chapter of John's gospel. It is that which relates the miracle of a man who was born blind, to whom the Saviour gave sight.

This appeared quite new to the old man, and several times a cry of interest escaped him. When

the reading was finished, the children rose, and, taking hold of his hand, bade him good-by, Lina saying: "Do love the Saviour, Joseph, and do not work any more on this day."

When they were gone, Joseph felt unable to return to his basket-work. Deep in thought, he remained silent, until the sun had gone down, when he went into his cottage, took the supper his old housekeeper had prepared for him, and then went to bed. Those words of the children, "The Sabbath belongs to the Saviour," had touched his heart and begun to agitate his conscience.

A week afterward, when the children came again to see Joseph, they found him ill in bed. They sat down by his side, gave him some cakes they had brought for him, and then Lina said to the old man: "Would you like to hear Henri read again to you from the Bible?"

"Yes, oh! yes," said the sick man; and a deep sigh escaped from him. Henri opened his Bible, and read the fifth chapter of John's gospel. Joseph listened with great attention, and when Henri had finished, said to him: "I wish I could often hear something of this Jesus; but I have only you, Henri, to read to me. Can you not come in every evening, and read in that good book?"

"Yes, certainly we can," cried the two children. "After school, we can come every evening to your house."

"But," said little Lina, with much earnestness, "don't you know who Jesus is?"

"No," replied the man, sorrowfully. "In my childhood I often heard His name, but since then I have forgotten all I heard, because I have never been to church."

"Let me try and tell you all I can about the Saviour," said Henri. The little boy then, in his simple way, told Joseph that Jesus was the Son of God; that He came down from heaven to die for us; and ended by repeating the following words of *Holy Scripture*—"God so loved the world, that He gave His only-begotten Son, that whosoever believeth on Him should not perish, but have everlasting life."

"Ah!" said little Lina, "you are ill, Joseph; come to Jesus, and He will do you good."

"But," answered the old man, with a sigh, "Lina, I am a wicked man, and I have never loved this Saviour."

"Love Him now, then," said the little girl; "He has long loved you."

Old Joseph could not reply, but tears ran down his cheeks. The children now were obliged to leave him, as it was getting late.

After that day they came every evening to see and read to their poor old friend, for he was ill for a very long time. One evening, when Henri was reading to Joseph of Jesus, the friend of those who

are weary and heavy-laden, the old man entreated Henri to go and ask the minister to come to him. The good pastor soon came, and had a long conversation with old Joseph. Peace had at length entered his soul. The Lord had given him mental sight. The eyes of his understanding being opened, he now saw something of the love of that dear Saviour who had died for him. He had first been shown his danger, as a poor sinner, and then the Holy Spirit had applied to his wounded conscience the words of Holy Scripture: "The blood of Jesus Christ his Son cleanseth us from all sin." (1 John 1 : 7.)

Some weeks afterwards, on a fine Sabbath, a spring morning, when the trees and plants were clothed in green, and the meadows were covered with fresh verdure, the bell called the villagers to *the worship of God*. *The blind man, led by Henri and Lina, bent his way to the church.* There had been joy in heaven over this repenting sinner, and there was joy in this little village.

On the evening of that happy day, when Lina said her prayers, she added in her childish simplicity these words: "Lord Jesus, I thank Thee that Thou hast cured poor Joseph, and that Thou hast made him love Thee."—*Tract Magazine.*



TRAY.

“MAMMA, was it not sly of Tray?
When he felt sure he was alone,
He to the garden crept away,
And buried a great mutton-bone.
Mamma, it is my firm belief
That our dog Tray is quite a thief.”

- “Nay, do not slander Tray's good name,
His trick had naught to do with theft :
He and all dogs would do the same,
E'en with the very freest gift ;
And in their doings we may trace
A habit of much usefulness.
- “God in His world allows no waste,
And in His wisdom has decreed
That dogs should have a curious taste
On offal, scraps, and bones to feed ;
And when with food too well supplied,
Then instinct teaches them to hide.
- “Thus dogs are nature's scavengers,
To clear all useless things away ;
And even if their memory fail,
Or better food falls in their way,
And buried still the bones remain,
Yet is their labor not in vain ;
- “For after they have lain a time
Deep in the earth and unremoved,
They turn into a sort of lime,
By which the soil is much improved ;
And thus you see Tray's careful plan
Produces benefit to man.”

THE
STANDARD-BEARER.

VOL. XIII.

OCTOBER, 1864.

NO. 10.

NELLIE'S APRICOT-TREE.



AFTERNOON lessons were just over, on a warm summer's day, in the village-school at Sunnydale; a merry group of school-girls crossed the green with Nellie Stewart, and passed into the small garden before the cot-

tage where she resided with her mother, who was a widow, and Nellie her only child. A very pretty little cottage it was, with roses and honeysuckle twining over the porch, round the lattice-windows, and up to the thatched roof. The neat garden was stocked with vegetables, and had a goodly supply of flowers too — pinks, roses, wall-flowers, sweet-williams, and violety pansies. But the children in

the garden did not seem just now to notice the flowers; they, with Nellie in the midst, were gathered round a tree nailed against the side-wall, on whose branches hung some apricots, the choicest tied up in crape bags.

"Nellie," one little girl exclaimed, as she looked at the fruit gleaming golden through the black covering, "they are just ripe and beautiful now, and next week you will have to gather them."

"I am sure they will be the best at the show," cried another; "then you will have five shillings. How proud you will be, and how rich!"

"What shall you do with it, Nellie?" then asked a chorus of voices.

But while Nellie is disclosing to her companions various plans for the disposal of the money, I must explain that the apricot-tree was her own, having been given to her some time before by the gentleman who owned widow Stewart's cottage. A neighbor who understood gardening had planted it for Nellie, and taught her how to nail the branches against the wall herself. This was the first year that the fruit had come to perfection. Though there were not many apricots, they were particularly fine; and Nellie, at the suggestion of a neighboring farmer, was about to send the choicest ten to a grand fruit and flower show, to be held at the nearest market-town. Mr. Green had promised to take *them for her, and told Nellie that he was almost*

sure she would get either the first or second prize for them—five shillings or half a crown.

After a little more conversation, Nellie's friends left her—one of them, Mary Archer, lingering behind, to ask her to go that evening to see a young companion of theirs who had been laid aside by illness for many weeks, and it was thought was drawing near to the gates of death. "You know, Nellie," said Mary, "she can not bear to have many visitors at once, so we will go alone, and I will come for you at six o'clock, for I am sure your mother will let you go."

Nellie then went home, where she found plenty to do in helping her mother until the appointed hour arrived. The two children found Margaret, the sick girl, lying on her bed in the little cottage-chamber, looking very pale and thin, but a glad smile of welcome illumined her face as she saw her former playmates and school-fellows enter. They sat down by her side near the lattice-window, through which the sun was shedding its golden evening rays.

After a little quiet talk, Margaret said: "I love to see the sun set as I lie here on my bed; I have watched it for many evenings past, and I think how soon I shall be in the city which has no need of the sun, neither of the moon, to shine in it; for the glory of God lightens it, and the Lamb is the light thereof."

"Do you think you will very soon be there?" asked Nellie, with tears in her eyes. "Perhaps you may get better."

But Margaret shook her head. "No, Nellie; the doctor told father and mother yesterday that I could not live long now—very likely not more than a week." The dying girl spoke those words cheerfully; she had no fear of death, for Jesus had taken its sting away for her. The Holy Spirit had convinced her of her state as a sinner, and she had been led to find pardon and peace through the blood of Christ, and now she was ready to depart and be with Him, which she felt would be "far better" than to live on earth, though she had kind friends whom she dearly loved.

Just as Mary and Nellie were about to leave, Margaret's mother entered the room with a plate of nice ripe plums. "My child," she said, "Mrs. Bell has sent you this present; it is very kind, for I know she depends on getting money by selling her fruit. I told her I thought she could hardly spare these, but she begged me to take them for you."

"It is kind indeed, mother," said Margaret, "and you must tell her how much I am obliged to her—I am sure I shall like them."

"And may you eat fruit, then?" asked Nellie.

"Oh! yes; the doctor says I may have as much as I like, and I enjoy it more than any thing else I eat."

"Poor child!" her mother said, tenderly stroking Margaret's soft brown hair; "I wish I had more fruit for you—it is very little that you take beside."

But Margaret's father and mother were poor and had several young children; so they could not afford to buy luxuries for her. Nellie Stewart knew this, and suddenly a thought came into her mind, which she could not get rid of, all the time she was walking home with Mary Archer. They said good-by at Mary's door, and Nellie ran on and into their own little garden, and there she paused before her apricot-tree. "How much Margaret would enjoy these beautiful apricots; and to-morrow is her birthday—the last one she will spend on earth, she told us; what a nice birthday-present this fruit would be!" And then Nellie thought of the five shillings that she hoped to gain as a prize for the fruit, and of what she intended to buy with it. Much she wished that she could keep one or two of the best for her sick friend, but she knew that less than ten could not be sent to be exhibited, and only that number had been selected for the purpose and were now just ripe. Then the thought came: "Could I not send the fruit to the show first, and give it to Margaret afterward?" But, ah! Nellie knew that Margaret did not expect to live many days—perhaps before the show was over she might be gone from earth. Nellie looked at the other apricots, and felt them to ascertain if they were

ripe—no, they would not be fully so for a week or more. "And even then," thought she, "they will not be so nice as these in the bags that have been so well attended to, and I should like Margaret to have the best. Well, I will think about it, and ask mother."

TO BE CONTINUED.

DENTIS, THE IRISH BOY.

On the opposite page is a picture of a jaunting-car, which is used very much for travelling in Ireland. It is a sort of cart with seats on each side, and a foot-board over the wheels. In the centre is a box for baggage. The passengers, of course, sit back to back. Much of the scenery in Ireland is very fine, and those who travel in this way have a fine opportunity for enjoying it. But they see, too, a great deal to make their hearts sad; for many of the people are very poor and ignorant. I will tell you a story which I read not long ago, of a boy whom a lady met as she was travelling in one of these cars.* She had been riding for some time over a road cut through the mountains, in the midst of a wild, rocky country.

* See a book entitled *The Buried Bible, and other Stories*, just published by Robert Carter and Brothers.



when the car beginning slowly to ascend a steep road, most of the passengers left it, preferring to walk, and this lady among them. At first, the only living thing they saw besides themselves was an eagle, which was flying up to his mountain-home. But as they went on, a little boy about ten years of age started up from behind a rock on the side of the road, just in advance of them. He was very ragged and dirty, but he was soon joined by a little girl, whose clothing was even more tattered than his, and whose face wore a half-starved expression. The little boy ran up to the travellers, as they approached, and the lady handed him a roll, which she happened to have with her. He seized it eagerly, and without waiting to utter a word of thanks, he ran back and gave it to the girl, who was still on the rock. She took it and eat it ravenously. Then the boy ran back to the lady to express the thanks which he had not thought of doing while his sister was starving.

"God bless you, ma'am," said he; "you've saved little Judy's life; and will you take this bit of crystal?" and taking a small piece of crystal from his mouth, he wiped it upon the sleeve of his jacket, and presented it to his benefactor. It was a kind of stone, which the poor children, who live among the rocks, find and sell to travellers for a few half-pence. They are called crystals, because they are sometimes clear like glass. The lady took the gift,

pleased at the boy's gratitude and love for his sister, and asked his name and where *he* lived.

"My name is Denis Mulligan, ma'am," he said, "and I live there," pointing to what looked like a heap of stones in the distance; but the smoke coming from a small hole in front proved it to be a hut, though of the poorest kind.

The lady then asked the boy about his father and mother, and learned that his father had just died of fever, his mother was now sick with it, and that they had had nothing to eat for two days. The lady gave him something for his mother, from a basket of provisions which she had in her hand, and promised to send a doctor to see her.

"Och! thin, may the blessed Virgin reward you," said the boy, crossing himself.

"Denis," said his kind friend, "did you ever hear of Jesus Christ?"

"And isn't it the Son of the blessed Virgin he is?"

"Where do you hope to go when you die?"

"Sure, an' if I pray to the blessed Virgin, she'll be after interceding for me, and if I do penance enough, I'll get to heaven."

"Denis, can your mother read?"

"Sure, an' she's an illigant scholar intirely."

"Then give her this," and the lady put a small New Testament in his hand, "and tell her to read as much of it as she can, particularly the parts that

are marked with a pencil. I am sorry that I can not go to see her, but the car would not wait; and now I want you to promise one thing."

"I'll do any thing to serve your honor."

"Well, Denis, it is to pray to God every night and morning, instead of praying to the Virgin, who was only a mortal like one of us. None of us can go to heaven when we die unless we believe on the Lord Jesus Christ. All the saints and the Virgin could not save us. No good works or penances can save us. There is only one way to heaven, and that is through Jesus Christ, who died that we may live. I have marked this text in this little book for you: 'Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved.' Say these few words after me, Denis."

The boy repeated them two or three times.

"Now, Denis," said the lady, "as you believe my promise that I will send the doctor to your mother, so you must believe the word of God, which says, that if you believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, you shall be saved." She then wrote on paper this prayer for him, telling him to ask his mother to read it to him until he could repeat it: "O God! teach me to believe in thy Son Jesus Christ, and save me for His sake."

When Denis's kind friend reached the town which was nearest his wretched home, she saw the doctor, who promised to go and see the sick wo-

man that very day. Very often afterward did this lady think of the poor Irish boy, and pray that he might remember what she had said to him. But she heard nothing from him until the next summer, when she was in the same neighborhood again, and rode out to the wretched hut which he had pointed to her as his home, to inquire about him. There were no children on the road as before, and as she dismounted from her horse, at the door of the little cabin, she saw only a woman seated before the turf-fire. This proved to be Denis's mother, who was very glad when she found out that this was the lady who had been so kind to her poor boy. He had taken the fever in nursing his mother, and died about a month after he had met the lady.

"But, O ma'am!" said the woman, "he made me read the prayer, which you gave him, over and over, until he could say it, and then he would repeat the words: 'Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved.' These were the last words which fell from his lips, and he said them to his little sister Judy. And he died so peaceful and happy like that we could not sorrow for him."

The lady's heart was filled with joy, that the Saviour had sent her to tell that poor boy of Him before he died, that he might go to live with Him for ever; and when his mother told her that she had found the little Testament her greatest comfort in sorrow, and that she too had learned to love and

trust the Saviour, in whom her dying boy had rested, she felt that God had blessed her indeed.

This poor boy had only heard one verse from God's Word, and been taught a few words of prayer, and yet he had learned to love the Saviour, and had been glad to go to Him. Most of my readers have heard chapter after chapter of God's Word read over and over again, and can not remember when they did not know how to pray; yet how many can say that they love Jesus, and are ready to go to live with Him now? H.

THE VINE.

ONE beautiful morning early in the spring, after their morning lessons were over, Mary, with her brothers, Harry and Ned, ran out to the garden to see if their grandpapa, who was at work there, was ready yet to help them plant the beds which he had told them they might have for their own. He was trimming the grape-vine, but he told them as soon as he had finished that he would go with them. So they waited for him, and watched him as he carefully cut off each dry and withered branch.

"Don't you ever make a mistake, grandpapa," said Harry, "and cut some branches that are not dead?—they all look dry to me."

"Not very often," said his grandpapa; "for I

know as soon as I take hold of a twig and bend it a little whether there is any sap in it or not, though



sometimes I cut a little off from the branches which are alive—they bear more fruit if they are well

trimmed. 'Every branch that beareth fruit, He purgeth it, that it may bring forth more fruit,' added the old man in a low tone, as if talking to himself.

"I know who said that," said Mary, who was rather pleased to be able to show how much she knew; "it was Jesus; I learned all that chapter once by heart."

"Then you can tell me why this vine makes one think of Him?" said her grandpapa.

"Because He said, 'I am the vine, ye are the branches,'" replied the little girl.

"Yes, Jesus calls Himself the vine, and his disciples, or those who love Him, the branches to the vine. Even little Ned here can tell of what use the branches are to this vine I am trimming."

"Oh! yes, grandpapa," replied Ned, "the fruit grows on them."

"Well, as fruit grows on these branches, so Jesus expects that fruit will be formed on the branches that belong to Him. Love to Him and obedience to His commandments are the fruits He looks for."

"And I suppose, grandpapa," said Harry, "the big branches here on this vine are like the grown-up people, and the little branches are the little children."

"Yes," replied the old man, "but even the little branches bear a great many grapes; so the little

children must bear fruit as well as the old men like me."

"But it is so very hard to be always good," sighed Harry.

"Suppose I should cut this branch off, and throw it on the ground, would there be any fruit on it next autumn?"

"Why, grandpapa," said little Ned, "it would be all withered by that time."

"That is just what Jesus said: 'As the branch can not bear fruit of itself, except it abide in the vine, no more can ye, except ye abide in me; without me, ye can do nothing.' Now the reason you find it so hard to be good, Harry, is that you try to make yourself so. But you can never do that; you must ask Jesus to help you every day, and every hour, if you want to bear good fruit. If you do not, you will have no strength to do right, any more than the branch that is cut off from the vine can have sap running through it."

By this time, their grandpapa had finished *trimming the vine*; so they ran joyfully before him to their garden-beds, and they were soon too busy in planning where they would have their seeds and plants, to talk about any thing else.

After tea, as Harry was rolling his hoop along the path by the grape-vine, he saw all the dead branches which his grandfather had cut off lying around, for they had not yet been carried away.

"I mean to ask grandpapa if I can't have a bonfire of these," said he to himself, and away he ran to find him.

Grandpapa very readily consented, and soon the children were busily engaged in picking up the branches, and carrying them away from the house, among some stones by the brook, where the blaze could set nothing on fire.

While it was burning, their grandpapa came out to see it. It was a famous bonfire, and they all enjoyed it very much. When it was all out, they walked slowly back to the house, for they were tired with their hard work; and as their grandpapa led little Ned by the hand, he said:

"We did not quite finish about the vine this morning. We said nothing about what was done with the branches which do not bear fruit."

"I can tell, grandpapa," said Mary; and she repeated slowly: "If a man abide not in me, he is cast forth as a branch, and is withered; and men gather them, and cast them into the fire, and they are burned."

"Ah! my children, may it never be said of us, that we are dead branches; but let us all, drawing our strength from Jesus, our Vine, bear fruit for His glory; then some day we shall be planted in His garden above, where all is light and joy and peace."

THE
STANDARD-BEARER.

VOL. XIII.

NOVEMBER, 1864.

NO. II.

THE THREE LITTLE SISTERS.

THIS is a true story, little reader. Bell and Annie would tell you so if they were by your side, and possibly one of them might mention that the children told about were themselves and their dear little sister Jeanie.

On the banks of the beautiful Hudson, Bell and Annie spent this summer. Not where the river rolls grandly, bearing large steamboats on its waves; but where it is narrow, and acts like a little river just beginning to run, dashing merrily over rocks, and rushing into rapids—in one place dark and sullen, in another sparkling with foam, and seeming very anxious to find its way to the sea.

The children enjoyed wandering on its rocky banks, and watching logs plunge over the falls; and when little pools of water were left on the rocks after rain, they could fancy them lakes, and the floating twigs steamboats; then suddenly, by intro-

dacing a little sand, change the lakes into puddings, and the boats into plums.

Not far from the river is a very pretty lake ; and one lovely morning, Bell went there to wait for her mother, and, while waiting, learned to row. Very soon she could manage two oars quite nicely ; and that day we went after lilies. It seemed almost a pity to pull the pretty white flowers. They were so spotless and beautiful, resting upon the water ; but we gathered them, notwithstanding, and spread over them a covering of their own green leaves lined with red. Then Bell rowed to the Echo, which answered children's voices very readily. If they spoke crossly, quick, angry words came in reply ; but if kind words were spoken, mountains and woods would repeat the same. Are there no echoes in the city, little reader ? Can you not find some in your own home ? Try to-day. Speak kind, loving words, then listen, you will hear the same come back ; and when tempted to complain of cross speeches, stop and ask yourself if they are not only the echoes of your own.

When tired of rowing, the boat was allowed to drift along the shady shore, while the children watched the glittering fish in the water, and the bluebirds flying over the lake.

One day, Bell and Annie took a walk through the Sylvan, which pretty name was given to a pine grove on the lake shore, through which a path

ends to a wooden seat. Their little friend Fannie was with them; and where the path ended, the children opened a store. What a strange variety was for sale there! Bell mounted a log that stretched into the water, and brought up leaves or sticks with the aid of a crooked branch, which were offered to her customers as fish, and while Annie made sand-pies, Fannie manufactured brooms from pine. When the firm grew weary, they retired from the business and gathered purple harebells and red berries. The children wrote letters that morning in the woods. Annie's contained some beautiful red leaves, and an account of a little frog sitting beside her, and a bird's sweet song.

Bell had a new china doll, which frequently took baths in the lake. She enjoyed playing with it very much; but there was a pretty, black-eyed, little darling that the children dressed and played with often, who knew how to walk and say quite a number of words, and who far surpassed even the wonderful dolls; for they can neither love nor sing, nor kiss nor learn cunning new speeches every day, as the children's darling little sister can.

Very often Bell and Annie are astonished to see how quickly Jeanie learns, and feel that they ought to be very obedient, kind, and forgiving, so as to help their little sister to be good.

On the mountains and in the valleys, all around the children, were sheep and lambs. Bell and An-

nie liked to watch them, and perhaps, as they looked at the timid little creatures, the children sometimes thought of the Good Shepherd, and the flock He guards so tenderly and loves so well. In that beautiful tenth chapter of the Gospel according to St. John, Jesus says His own "sheep follow him; for they know his voice." Where does the Good Shepherd lead them? In the twenty-third Psalm it is written: "The Lord is my Shepherd, I shall not want." "He leadeth me in the paths of righteousness for his name's sake."

"In the paths of righteousness." Yes, the little children that love Jesus, by trying to do right, follow the Good Shepherd and are very happy. "He giveth his life for the sheep." Watches over them by day and by night. And when we miss one of these little lambs, we know that it has gone from earth because the Shepherd called it to a heavenly fold, and that there it will be happy forever with the Good Shepherd, who hath promised to "gather the lambs with his arms, and carry them in his bosom."

K. M.

NELLIE'S APRICOT-TREE. (CONCLUDED.)

THE little girl did think about it that evening, and when she was safe in bed, and her mother came to give her a good-night kiss, Nellie told her what she had been meditating upon. "Margaret is so

fond of fruit, mother, and I feel as though I should so like to give her my large apricots. It would be very nice to get a prize for them, but I think it would be better to give them to Margaret. May I do it, mother?"

"Certainly, my child, you may do as you like with your own fruit. I am sure poor Margaret would enjoy it very much. But you must go to sleep now, and tell me to-morrow morning what you decide to do; and do not forget to ask the Lord to direct you, Nellie. It seems a trifling matter; but we know that without Him not a sparrow falleth to the ground." And with another warm kiss, her mother left her.

Nellie's resolution seemed strengthened next morning, and we find her before school-hours, going to Mrs. Gray's cottage, carefully carrying a basket, in which, amongst their green leaves, nestled eight of the beautiful golden apricots. Nellie had left two out of the ten for her mother and herself, meaning to divide some of the smaller ones, when ripe, amongst her school-friends. "I am very glad," thought she, as she went along, "that Margaret does not know that I meant to send these to the show; for if she did, she would perhaps be unwilling to have them, and it might spoil her enjoyment. I do not believe I told her that my tree had such nice fruit this year—she will be surprised I daresay."

And Margaret was surprised, ay, and pleased, and thankful too for the welcome birthday-gift. "Nellie," she said, "only the other day I was thinking how I should like an apricot. I remember I had one last year, and I did not expect to taste any again."

It required some persuasion from Nellie to induce Margaret to take the whole of the fruit brought. "I don't know how to thank you, Nellie," she said. "It is not only the fruit, but your thoughtful kindness, that I want to thank you for." But her friend's evident pleasure, the bright smile on her pale face, and her loving embrace, were thanks enough for Nellie, who ran off to school with a light heart. When her companions found out what had become of the apricots, some blamed and some commended Nellie's conduct, and Mr. Green, when he heard that the fruit had been given away, and so he was not to take it to the show after all, evidently thought that the owner of the tree had acted foolishly. But Nellie, when she remembered Margaret's smile and look of thanks, and when she heard from little Emma Gray, that her sister had enjoyed the apricots "so much, more than any fruit she had had before," felt that indeed "it is more blessed to give than to receive."

Only a few days after her birthday-visit, Nellie went to see Margaret again. Mrs. Gray met her with tearful eyes, and the child learned from her

that the Master's summons had come for Margaret *sooner than her loving friends expected*—an hour or two before, her spirit had left its earthly tenement. The bereaved mother led Nellie to the darkened room where the body of her child lay; the face of the dead was pleasant to look upon, so sweet and calm was the expression on the still, pallid features. Nellie mingled her tears with those of Margaret's sorrowing family, but though they wept at parting from one they loved so well, yet they were comforted by the thought that she was now at rest forever with Jesus, in the land where sin and suffering, sorrow and death, are all unknown.—*From Lamp of Love.* MARY.

A LAPLAND CRADLE.

This is a picture of a mother in Lapland, rocking or rather *swinging her baby to sleep in its cradle*, which is hung on the pole which passes across the hut. This is all the nursery which the mother has, for there is never but one room in the hut of a Laplander, and this has to be used as sleeping-room, kitchen, and sitting-room. It is very cold there, so the baby has to be wrapped very tightly to be kept warm. *That mother loves her baby just as well as your mother loves you, and would do as much for it.* Is there any thing your mother would not do

for you to add to your happiness? She would deny herself any comfort or gratification for your



good. Then try to repay her love and care by obedience and attention to her wishes as well as to her commands.

—•••—
THE TORN CAP.

A VERY happy little boy was Hans Muller, when, one bright Monday morning, he started for the village school for the first time. As he went out of the little garden-gate, his mother called out to him,

a loving good-by, in words which probably none of my readers could understand, though Hans did, and replied in the same language, as he stopped to be sure that the fastening was secure, so that no cattle could get in to destroy the neat garden. Then he went on his way, wondering how long it would be before he would be able to talk as he heard the boys around him talk, and to ask for what he wanted at the store without causing the clerk to smile at his attempts to pronounce words which seemed so very hard for him to say.

Only a few months had passed since Hans had left his home in Germany with his father and mother to come to America. His father had died on the voyage, but God provided them with a friend, who was a passenger on the same vessel. He had found for them the pleasant little house in the country where they now lived, and where his mother could get work enough from the people in the village to support them both.

Poor little Hans, he did not know of the treatment which he was to receive from the rude boys who were already assembled in the school-house when he entered it. He only thought how nice it would be, to be able to read from the books which he saw there, and to learn from his companions to speak their language as they did, so that after a while he could help his mother. The teacher, who had spoken to him several times before, welcomed

him kindly, and gave him a seat next to a boy much larger than himself. Hans was too busy trying to understand the strange-looking letters and words in the book which his teacher had given him, to heed the smiles which his efforts at pronunciation called forth from the boys; and though once in a



while a well-aimed paper-ball, thrown when the teacher's back was turned, did hit him, he thought it was only fun, and laughed with the rest. So when he hurried home at the noon-recess to bring water from the spring for his mother, he had only pleasant accounts of his school to give her. In the

afternoon, however, when school was dismissed, and the teacher had locked up the school-house and gone home, the long pent-up merriment of the boys burst forth. "Here, little Dutchman," called one of the boys as Hans started for home, "wait for us." "*Mynheer Hans*," called out another. At the sound of his own name, the boy turned to see what was wanting, and in a moment he was surrounded by about a dozen boys all ready to laugh at the stranger. One told him to make them a speech *in German*, another *mimicked his broken English*, while a third called out, "Say, where did you get so much cap?" and rudely snatched it from his head. Until this was done, Hans did not seem to understand that they meant any unkindness. But as he saw his cap tossed up in the air, first by one and then another, he cried out: "O mine hat! mine hat! you will tear it!" His distress seemed to add to the boys' amusement, and they continued their rude sport, until the cap fell into a pool of water; then leaving Hans to get it out as he could, they ran off to join their companions at a game of ball. Poor Hans! when, by the aid of a stick, he succeeded in getting his cap, he found it so badly torn, that it would be impossible to wear it any more. It was a glazed cap, which had been given him just after he left the ship, and was nearly worn out then. However, by using it carefully, he had made it last until now. Hans sat down on a rock by

the side of the road, and covering his face with his hands, tried in vain to keep back the tears. This, then, was the end of the day at school, where he had hoped to be so happy. How could the boys treat him so? and would he have to give up going to school, now that he had no cap? These thoughts were passing through his mind as he sat there, crying silently, when a hand was laid gently on his shoulder, and a kind voice said: "What is the matter, Hans?" He looked up, and saw one of the boys whom he remembered to have seen in the school-room standing by him. At first, Hans was inclined to shrink from him, fearing that he wanted to tease him as the others had done, so he made no answer. But Arthur—for that was the boy's name—would not leave him; he seated himself on the rock by Hans, and taking up the unfortunate cap, shook the water from it, saying as he did so: "Did the boys throw your cap in the water? It's too bad! I was afraid they intended some mischief. How I wish I had followed them as I thought of doing, but I had to stop at my grandmother's."

Although Hans could not understand all that Arthur said, he had discovered by this time that he felt kindly toward him, so he told him as well as he could all that had occurred, and that he was afraid that now he could not go to school any more. "No more! no more!" he kept repeating in a mournful voice as he looked at his cap. Arthur

felt very sorry for him. "Come home with me," said he, "*perhaps my mother will do something for you.*" But Hans shook his head; he evidently felt afraid to meet any more strangers. "Well, then, I will walk with you as far as your gate," said Arthur. At this, Hans rose, and, cap in hand, went with him, *evidently much comforted by his sympathy*; so that when Arthur left him at the gate, he *looked much less forlorn than when he had found him on the rock.*

"Mother," said Arthur, as he rushed almost breathless into the room where she was sitting, for he had run every step of the way after he had left Hans. "*Mother, can I have the cap which you said was too small for me, to give away?*" "To whom do you wish to give it, my son?" said his mother. "Oh! to that little German boy whose mother works for you sometimes. The boys have spoiled his cap entirely." And then he told her the whole story.

"*Poor child,*" said his mother, "*it was probably a great grief to him, and all caused by some boys who wished to gratify their love of fun and teasing.*" "Well, mother," said Arthur, "they didn't think he would feel so badly."

"Very likely," she replied, "but that 'didn't think,' which boys so often give as an excuse for doing wrong, is mere selfishness after all. Besides, you know the Bible says, 'Blessed is the man that

considereth the poor,' and that word 'consider' is just the opposite of 'didn't think.'"

All the while Arthur's mother had been talking she had been getting the cap which he had asked for, from a shelf in the closet. He received it, and kissed her at the same time, and hurried off with it to Hans. He found the poor boy and his mother still lamenting over the torn cap. Their delight was very great when Arthur put the nice cloth one on Hans's head, and told him that was for him; but hardly waiting for their thanks, he ran home again to tell his mother of their pleasure.

The next morning he started early for school, and called for Hans on his way. He easily gained permission from the teacher to change seats with the boy who occupied the desk with Hans, and the boys soon saw that Arthur meant to be kind to the poor German boy. They all liked Arthur, he was always so pleasant and good-tempered; so they soon all followed his example, and Hans found going to school quite as pleasant as he had hoped, and after a while was able to speak and read English as well as any of them.

Remember, boys, that it is always more manly and brave, as well as Christian, to protect the weak and ignorant, rather than to ridicule and distress them.

M. A. D.

SUNLIGHT AND MUSIC.

There is sunlight in the household,
There is radiance bright and fair ;
For a little face, all sparkling
With delight and love, is there,
There a child's glad smile is beaming,
Bringing gladness in its light,
Chasing loneliness and sorrow
From each heart by day and night.

There is music in the household,
For a child's sweet voice is heard,
With its merry song and laughter
Trilling like some spring-time bird ;
And the little feet go dancing
Up and down and everywhere,
Filling every nook with music
To affection's listening ear.

Children, let your happy faces
Still make sunlight in your home ;
Let your voices ring out music
Wheresoe'er their sound shall come —
Blessing hearts that love you fondly,
Cheering those that pine alone ;
Nor let evil passions rising
Cloud the sunshine, mar the tone.

'Mid the cloudless light of heaven
Sparkle children's sun-bright eyes ;
'Mid the strains of heavenly music,
Soft and clear their voices rise.

Saved from death, their sins forgiven,
 Blessed and ransomed, dwell they there,
 'Mid the harmonies of heaven,
 More than sunlight pure and fair.

ELLEN.

WHAT DID THE CLOCK SAY?

THE clock upon the tower of a neighboring church tolled forth slowly and solemnly the knell of the departed hour.

As the last sound died away, Willie, who was sitting on the carpet at his mother's feet, lifted his head, and, looking earnestly in her face, asked :

"Mother, what did the clock say?"

"To me," said his mother sadly, "it seems to say, gone—gone—gone—gone!"

"What, mother, what has gone?"

"Another hour, my son. A white-winged messenger from our Father in heaven, sent by Him to inquire of you, of me—what we are doing? what we are saying? what we are thinking and feeling?"

"Where has it gone, mother?"

"Back to Him who sent it, bearing on its wings, that were so pure and white when it came, a record of all our thoughts, words, and deeds, while it was with us. Were they all such as our Father could receive with a smile of approbation?"

Reader, what record are the hours, as they come and go, bearing up on high for *you*?

THE
STANDARD-BEARER.

VOL. XIII

DECEMBER, 1864.

NO. 12.

CHRISTMAS.

CHRI^STMAS, merry Christmas, comes every year. It celebrates the birth of Jesus; and the Church has kept the festival from time immemorial. We keep it on the twenty-fifth of December, and we fondly think it is the true anniversary. We do not, however, certainly know it is, but we do know that on one day about that season of the year, Christ was born, and that birthday of Jesus was the first Christmas. Mary, the mother, and Joseph, the reputed father of our Lord, lived in a little town called Nazareth. They were not rich people, but they were both of the family of David; and when a decree was passed that all the world should be taxed, they went up to Bethlehem, the city of David. It was a little town near Jerusalem nestled among hills, which made it a good pasture-land for sheep. King David, the sweet psalmist of Israel, and type of Christ, was born here, and from here he was called from tending his flocks to be

made king; and because Mary and Joseph were descended from him, they came to his city to be enrolled. They were strangers, they had no friends in the place, not one, and they went to the inn or hotel; but so many other persons had come to be taxed, that there was no room there for them. They were tired, and knew not where to go, so they turned into the stable, and there, where cattle fed, Jesus was born. The Son of the most high God, the Prince of Peace, the Saviour of the world He had made, had not where to lay His infant head. Mary had no clothes for Him, but wrapped Him in a piece or band of cloth, and laid Him in a manger on the straw. Think of it, my children, your Saviour was thus humbly born that He might be the Brother of the poorest person in the world. What condescension! He had no house, no home in this world, that He might have a bright mansion in heaven for every one who should believe on His name. He came to His own, and they received Him not. What cared they, the great ones of the town, the rulers and all the company in the inn, that two weary travellers had been refused a lodging there, and were in the stable alone with the new-born babe? Hushed in unconscious slumber, they knew not that God the Son had come to visit them; that Immanuel, the Prince of Peace, the Saviour Jesus, was born. No one perhaps would have known it but for the blessed angel, who came like a beautiful light di-

restly from heaven, to the simple shepherds who were watching their flocks on the hills. The angel and the glory surrounding him were such a strange sight, that the poor shepherds were afraid; but the angel said, "Fear not, behold I bring you glad tidings;" and then he told them that Christ was born in Bethlehem, and was lying in a manger. And suddenly there was with the angel a multitude of angels, and music—such music was never before heard—and their song was: "Glory to God in the highest, on earth peace, good will to men." And when the music ceased and the angels were gone, the astonished shepherds went to Bethlehem to see if it were true, and lo it was! Now, dear little children, are not your hearts warmed with a love that longs to do something to please this dear Saviour who humbled Himself so wonderfully in becoming your Saviour? Share then, each one of you, your little Christmas gifts with some poor child who else would have none. Your candies, cakes, toys, pennies, any thing you have received, share, and rest assured in so doing you will please Him from whom and to whom are all these things. s. s.

A CHRISTMAS AT UNCLE JOHN'S.

THE weather was growing colder and colder, the November winds had blown so hard and long that it seemed as if they were very weary of that sort of



fun, so they had quite ceased their crying and whistling, and the ground was becoming hard and firm.

"Just right for a grand snow-storm at Christmas time," said Charlie Fuller, tossing up his cap and running home from school as fast as he could to keep himself warm, "only there is no sport at all in being in this old city when there is snow on the ground."

"Never mind, Charlie," said his brother Harry; "I should not wonder at all if Uncle John would invite us to 'Oakwood' to spend Christmas — wouldn't it be splendid?"

So on the boys ran, chatting pleasantly all the way home, building all sorts of air-castles, or rather snow-castles; for just at that time they were planning, I imagine, which one would build the tallest snow-man, or who could fire a snow-ball the greatest distance. As the door of their home was opened for them, a rosy-checked, happy little face appeared, shouting: "Harry, Charlie, what do you guess? We are all going to spend Christmas Day at Uncle John's. Did you ever know any thing quite so nice? A note came to mamma from Aunt Lou, just a little while ago, and mamma and papa say we may go."

The boys hurrahed away long and loud, caught little Bessie up and gave her a kiss, voted Uncle John the best uncle in the world, and declared there never could be another such mamma and papa as they had.

The day before Christmas came at last, and off

they started for Oakwood. It was a very pretty place, about forty miles from the city, and Uncle John's house was large enough to hold twenty Charlies and Harrys and Bessies; so the children always had a very merry time there with Fannie and Ned, and dear Cousin Katie, who always told them such nice stories.

Their cousins at Oakwood were delighted to see them. They were just going to a grove not far from the house to gather greens to dress the rooms for the next day, so they should look bright and pleasant, and of course Charlie and Ned wanted to go with them. "And me too," said little Bessie. "Yes, darling, you shall go and help us," said Cousin Katie. So they were all muffled up as warm as could be, and trudged off through the snow, which was lying several inches deep on the ground. There had been a long snow-storm only a few days before Christmas, so the ground was quite covered, and the merry tinkling of the sleigh-bells could be heard in all directions. Do you see that picture on the other page? There they are, all as busy as bees gathering the Christmas greens.

Old Tom, the horse, was taken to draw the market-wagon, so it could bring the greens home. They worked away more than an hour, and finally the wagon was filled up to the top, and the party returned home.

The rest of the afternoon was spent in dressing

the rooms; and indeed they looked very pretty, quite like a fairy scene.

Long branches of evergreen were looped over the windows, on the chandeliers, and in every appropriate place, and the children busied themselves helping Cousin Katie just as much as she would let them, and were as full of fun, and happy as ever children could be. Quite late in the afternoon Cousin Katie told Ned and Charlie, that she had packed a large basket full of all sorts of good things, a nice Christmas dinner for poor old Sallie Lawson; and as they were the oldest of the children, she wanted them to carry it to her. Ned and Charlie were always ready to do a kind act, so the basket was given to them—a pretty heavy one it was too—and they started off with it to Sallie Lawson's. She was a poor old woman, who lived at the foot of the hill near their house, very needy, and a great sufferer sometimes; but she never murmured at her hard lot, but always said, "God is better to me than I deserve;" so it was really a pleasure to do any thing for her. With willing hearts and ready feet the two boys ran down the hill, and knocked at Sallie Lawson's door. Sallie opened it herself, and when she saw the two bright faces before her, and the basket the boys were bringing her, half as big as themselves, she could hardly tell them how thankful she was, for she was all choked up, just ready to cry because she was so happy. She asked "the

dear young gentlemen," as she called them, to please to walk in, and sit down; but they thought they had better not—perhaps they were a little shy of her tears. So, after telling her they hoped she would have a merry Christmas, they ran a race up the hill, to see which could get home first, so eager were they to tell Cousin Katie how happy they had made poor old Sallie.

The sun was sinking below the hills; by the time the boys reached home it was quite dark, and Christmas Eve had fairly begun. There had been a great deal of mysterious whispering, and locking of doors, and hiding of things under all sorts of places when the children were around; so they knew something was going on, and I should not wonder if they guessed what it was. About seven o'clock, Aunt Lou called the children down-stairs, and told them to shut their eyes and not open them till she told them to; and then she and Cousin Katie led the children in one by one to the parlor. "Open your eyes, now!" "Oh! how lovely, how beautiful!" they all exclaimed, as before them, on a table in the middle of the room, they beheld a large Christmas-tree, most brilliantly lighted, with all sorts of pretty and funny things hanging all over it—one, two and three presents for each child, with his or her name attached in such large letters, that they could be read without taking them off the tree. I could not begin to tell you all of the

pretty presents they had, for it would take too long a time, nor how merry they were all the evening, till, when it came time to go to bed, they were all so weary they would have quite forgotten to hang up their stockings if Cousin Katie had not reminded them of it.

Christmas morning dawned bright and beautiful; and such a time as the children had, shouting "Merry Christmas!" to one another, and the way they all scrambled out of bed and ran to the chimney-corner to see whether St. Nicholas had come down the chimney while they were asleep. And sure enough, the good old gentleman had paid them a visit during the night, and filled their stockings way up to the very top with all kinds of nice things.

After breakfast the children hurried on their hats and cloaks, and went off to a little church not far from the house, to attend the morning service. The church was prettily dressed with greens; there were mottoes and texts from the Bible appropriate for the day, such as, "For unto you is born this day in the city of David, a Saviour which is Christ the Lord," and "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men." As they were walking home after the service was over, the children began talking about it, and little Fannie said: "What is the reason, Sister Katie, that our parlors were not made just like the church?—it is so much prettier."

"Why, Fannie," said Ned, "how silly you are! Don't you know our parlors were not made to preach in?"

"Well, any way, Ned," was Fannie's reply, "if you should ever be a minister, it would be real nice to have church right in our own parlor; so you need not laugh at me at all, for I guess you would like it yourself, and I think we would all be good a great deal easier, if we had church right at home."

But the boys did laugh at her, for they thought it was a very funny idea. They took a long, pleasant walk before dinner, and after a good Christmas dinner, the children had a fine frolic up in the attic, where they played "Blind Man's Buff," "Puss, Puss in the Corner," and all sorts of games, till they were tired out. Then Cousin Katie said she wanted them all to come into the parlor for a little while before it was time to say good-night. Little Bessie clambered up on to Cousin Katie's lap, and nestling up close to her, said: "Cousin Katie, I was thinking this morning, when I heard Mr. Miner tell about Jesus Christ and the angels, how nice it would be if we could send some Christmas presents way up there, to some of those dear little angels who live up in the sky. I would like to give them some of mine very much."

"Why, Bessie," said Harry, "don't you suppose they have a thousand times handsomer presents up in heaven than we do here?"

"Do they really, Cousin Katie? I never thought they did at all!" asked Bessie.

"Tell me, children," Cousin Katie said, "what was the best and most beautiful Christmas present we any of us ever had?"

"The best I ever had," shouted Harry, "was an iron pop-gun, but I don't suppose girls would care for that, so I guess that isn't it."

"What do you think, Fannie?" asked her sister.

Fannie said she guessed a big church trimmed with evergreens was the nicest thing to have.

"I know, Cousin Katie," and little Bessie whispered into her ear: "A new heart." Her cousin kissed her, and said that would be a very nice thing to have, but there was one most beautiful present, loveliest and best of all, that we all once had, and she thought that Charlie and Ned could tell the little ones what it was.

"Jesus Christ," Charlie said, and at the same time Ned said: "*Our Saviour.*"

"Yes, dear children," said Cousin Katie, "God's only Son, *Jesus Christ*, was given to us to be our Saviour, and that is the reason we keep this day, and go to church; for this is supposed to be the day He was born into this world. Was not that the best, most precious gift we could have possibly had? And now I am going to ask you to try this year to do just one little thing. It is not hard, and it will be as easy for little Bessie as for Charlie;

and this is it, to give to that dear Saviour, in return for all He has done for you, your heart, and greater, more love than you give to any one in this world."

"Even papa and mamma?" asked little Bessie, with tears in her eyes.

"Yes, darling, even your dear papa and mamma, and Charlie and Harry; for although they are very good and kind to you, and love you dearly, Jesus loves you a great deal more."

Little Fannie was now sound asleep, and as the children were all very tired, they kissed Cousin Katie good-night, and said they would try very hard to love their kind heavenly Father better than any one else, and all went off to bed saying that was the merriest and the happiest Christmas they had ever spent.

Cousin NELLIE.

MAKE SOME ONE HAPPY.

WE have given our readers one picture for Christmas which shows them children bright and happy, just as they should be at this season, when we celebrate such a joyful event as the Saviour's birth. But here we present another picture to remind them that there are some children to whom Christmas brings no merriment or gladness. Our little readers who live in cities, meet such children almost every time they go into the street, though perhaps our readers in the country would find it hard to be-

lieve the stories of want and suffering which we could tell them. Yet no doubt there will be many children who on Christmas-day will be cold and hungry, and will have no kind friends who are able to send them toys or books or candy.



Many who love you are full of plans for making Christmas-day pleasant and happy for you. What will you do for children such as we have mentioned? Have you no money to spend in buying something to make some poor child happy? If you have not,

you have at least some leisure time and skill, which can be employed in dressing a doll, or in making over a garment.

If you do not know any child to whom you wish to send, there are many places like the Five Points House of Industry, and Home for the Friendless in New-York, or some of the orphan asylums, where such gifts will be acceptable, and will be distributed. But do not let the season pass without doing something to make some one happy. No matter if you never know the result of the gift, Jesus will know; and if you give it for His sake, He will look upon it as given to Him. In thus trying to bless others, you will be following the example of the Saviour whose birth we celebrate at this time. "For He went about doing good." M. A. H.

THE OBEDIENT BOY.

MANY boys and girls, after they have passed the age of twelve, seem to think that they know as much as their parents, and if they do not actually disobey their commands, they are inclined to question the wisdom of them. How often a child may be heard to say, "I don't see why father or mother will not let me go there, or do this; I am sure there would be no harm," or, "Other boys do so." If such words are not uttered, the thought comes into

the heart, that perhaps, after all, father or mother does not know as well as the boy what is best.

In a book written many hundred years ago, and which I am sure all my readers have seen, there is a story of a boy who, when he was twelve years old, was found in the temple at Jerusalem, with the learned men, hearing and asking them questions, and all who heard him were astonished at his understanding and his answers. Yet after giving this proof of his wisdom, he returned home with his parents, and was *subject* to them. He did not hesitate to *obey them, though he was really wiser than they*; for this boy was Jesus, the Lord of heaven and earth, in whom is hid all the treasures of wisdom and knowledge. Let every child listen to what he says: If I then, your Lord and master, have obeyed *my parents, ye ought to obey your parents*. For I have given you an example, that ye should do I as have done."

M. A. H.

"For ye know the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, that, though he was rich, yet for your sakes he became poor, that ye through his poverty might be rich."—*2 Cor. 8:9*

VISITING THE PRISONERS.

"I CAN not think at all, mamma,"

Said little Walter Vere,

"How such a little boy as I

The prisoners could cheer.

His mother smilingly replied :

"Be sure, my little man,

That those who did great deeds at last,

With little things began."

"Then say, mamma, what little thing

Can I begin to do,

That I, like Howard, when a man,

May visit prisoners too?"

Silent awhile his mother sat,

Then thoughtfully replied :

"I think the prisoners you might cheer,

In visiting Sam Ryde;

"Far very lovelly is the child—

His mother out all day;

And he, a cripple from his birth,

Can neither walk nor play;

"And you might take your little toys,

Or pretty tales might read."

"Oh! yes, mamma," said Walter Vere,

"I will do so, indeed.

"For, O mamma! I should be glad,

If Jesus said to me:

"In Samuel I a prisoner was,

And you did visit me."

