

No. 1

THE
SUNDAY-SCHOOL
CHILD
REPOSITORY.

*Happy Cottage Children.
Memoir of Mary Ann Harris.*

BRISTOL:

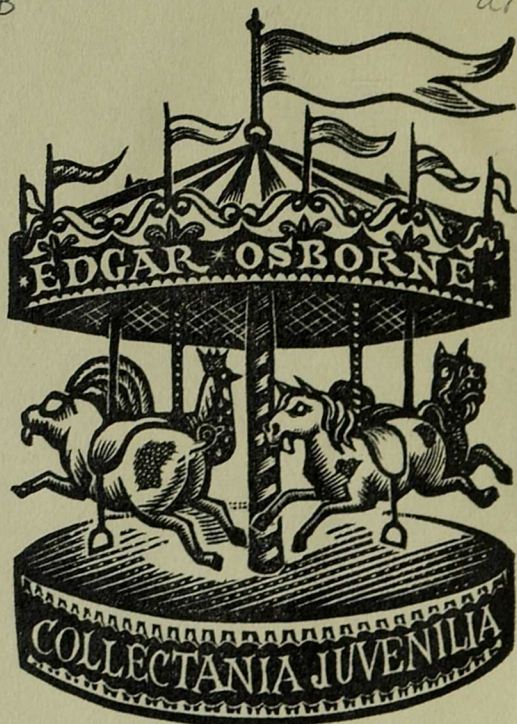
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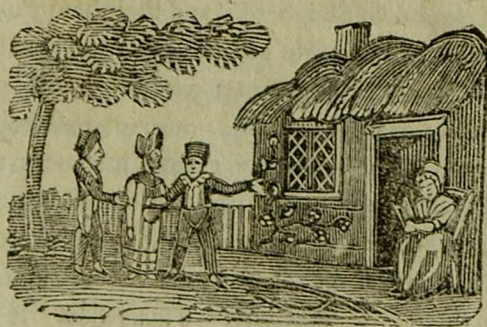
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HAPPY COTTAGE-CHILDREN.  
MEMOIR OF MARY ANN HARRIS.  
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THE happy consequences which have arisen from the care of pious Parents, and the kind efforts of Sunday - school Teachers, in the conversion of many of their young charge, afford the greatest encouragement to “train up children in the way they should go.” Many of those tender lambs have been early taken to the bosom of their dear Shepherd; and their happy experience in a state of affliction, and peaceful departure to a better world, have abundantly exemplified the power of real religion. Occasionally to record instances of this kind, and to furnish other small pieces, calculated to please and profit youthful readers, is the object of this little work; and to them it is affectionately inscribed. It is intended the work should be continued in books of this size; and though they will be numbered in succession, each will be complete in itself.

THE HAPPY COTTAGE - CHILDREN.



IN a little cottage in the county of Lancaster lived two boys and two girls; the eldest not quite eight, and the youngest but little more than four years of age. They had such kind parents, such a good teacher at their school, and they made such improvement by these means, that we call them the *happy Cottage-Children*: and we earnestly wish that the dear little ones, who may read this account, may be like them, that they may be happy also.

These children were very dutiful to their parents. Nothing gave them so much pleasure as doing those things which pleased their parents. Sometimes, when their mother had been poorly, they behaved so kindly, that she has said, it has quite done her good, and almost made her well. A great deal of pains was taken with them it is true, to show them how much they ought to *love* and *obey* their mother, and they were all very sensible that these two things are closely connected. The youngest (a boy) often said of his own accord, "My dear mother, I do love you and will obey you." When their father had been from home at any time, on his return he always asked, "Have you obeyed your mother while I have been away?" This practice caused the duty of obedience to be deeply im-

pressed on their minds; and if he found there had been any thing in their behaviour like disobedience to their mother, he talked to them about it till tears of sorrow flowed from their eyes. Sometimes, on these occasions, they asked their mother to forgive them; and at other times, they prayed to God to pardon their sin, and always promised to do so no more. One of them, when his mother had been seriously talking to him of the evil of sin, turned away from her, and with much concern fell upon his knees to pray, and said to her when he arose, "I have told God, that if he will spare me a little longer I will be a better boy."

They loved to sing and pray. In the first of these pleasing exercises they frequently united together; and in the latter, they not only joined,

but did it where none but the eye of God could see them; and they knew very well that He always saw them. One day two of them retired into the same room to pray: and it appeared, on inquiry afterward, that one of them chose the darkest corner in it, thinking it was most proper, because it was most private. The other prayed near to a window, which she set open, because she had heard that Daniel did so. They had been often much struck with the history of that eminent saint, and frequently requested their parents to read it at family worship. If their father sat a little longer than usual after dinner, one of them was almost sure to remind him that thanks had not been returned. At one time one of them said, "Father, I wish you would pray a long prayer, God is so good to us;" and

at another time, another of them observed, "I think we should pray two prayers, when we have meat and pudding too."

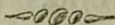
They took delight in going to the house of God. Sometimes they were overheard talking together of what they had heard and seen. This was particularly the case when the Lord's Supper had been administered. They were often much surprised that so few came to the "*bread and wine*" as they expressed it, because they knew that Jesus Christ commanded all who love him to do it. Two of them have often said, "We wish we loved God, that we might come to the bread and wine." To know whether they loved God, frequently gave them much concern; and their father was at times much at a loss how to talk with them in a suitable manner on this interesting subject.

The eldest after such conversations, sometimes said, "I think I do love God; but I am not sure whether I do or not." On the Lord's day their conduct was such as would put some grown people to the blush. To play on that day was truly shocking to them. If any one of them was too trifling, one of the others was almost sure to ask, "Have you forgotten what day it is?" "*The Lord's Day*" was a sacred sound to them.—We think that the children who read this account, would have been pleased to have heard them talk about the dear favour of sinners. His love and sufferings astonished and affected them very much; so much, that when one of the sisters was reading of what Jesus had suffered, her little brother stopped both his ears, signifying by that expressive action, that he was so much af-

fectured he could not bear to hear any more.

But we will only further add, that, *They delighted to talk about heaven.* This was particularly the case after God had taken a little brother to that happy world. The feeling manner in which they spake of their brother after his departure, at times, almost overwhelmed their parents. —We sincerely wish that all the dear little ones who read this short history of the happy cottage-children, may imitate their conduct—be dutiful to their parents—love the house of God—keep the sabbath-day holy—delight to hear of the love of their Saviour, and talk of heaven; and then when they die they will go to that Saviour whom they lov'd and worshipped here on earth, and in his presence be for ever happy.

MARY ANN HARRIS.



IT was the privilege of this child to be born of religious parents, who were anxious to train her up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord. They therefore not only endeavoured to impress on her mind the necessity of reading the sacred scriptures, with humble prayer for divine teaching, but sent her to the Sunday school at the late Countess of Huntingdon's chapel, Bristol.—From the time of her admission, until the commencement of her ill-

ness, her attendance had been regular, and the progress she made was such as to afford much pleasure to the teachers, who rewarded her with a hymn book and a pocket-bible. Besides the catechism used in the school, she had learnt the gospel by Saint Matthew; and was looking forward to the pleasure of receiving a further testimony of approbation to her diligence; but, instead of this, she was called to receive the reward which awaits all those who love the Lord Jesus. The first impressions of seriousness which were observed in this dear child, were on her reading an account of the experience and death of a little girl who belonged to Argyle chapel, Bath. Her father seeing her weep very much, inquired the cause, when she said, "O Father, I am not like this child." She was told that Jesus

Christ was equally able and willing to save her, as the child of whom she had been reading. From her conduct afterward, there is reason to believe those impressions were abiding, as she frequently requested her teacher to mark some particular passages of scripture, which she wished to pay more than common attention to.

The sickness which brought Mary Ann to the grave, began with a complaint in her bowels, which was very severe. She was asked if she thought she should die? She replied, "No, but I feel I am a great sinner." Her father pointed her to Jesus Christ as the friend of sinners, and intreated her to be much in prayer. On one occasion, when a portion of the bible and some hymns were read, she requested her father would pray with her, and on being

asked what she wished he should pray for, after pausing a few moments, as if to consider what was of most importance, she answered, "Pray for the pardon of my sins, patience under my affliction, and a fitness for heaven." She afterward appeared quite serene, and said she had no terrifying fears of death.—She lingered some weeks in a state of much bodily weakness.—An alteration having been observed in her, which indicated her speedy removal, her father took her in his arms, and observing, "The conflict will soon be over," she said, "Yes, weep not for me, it is well; come Lord Jesus."

The night previous to her departure, her father sat up alone with her. When the rest of the family had retired, he said, "My dear Ann, how shall we spend this night?"

She replied, "In reading the scriptures, and prayer;" and at the same time expressed an humble confidence, that the Saviour was interceding for her before his Father's throne. The night was thus employed, and it proved her last; for about five o'clock the next morning she requested her father to engage in prayer; and shortly after, being yet quite sensible and resigned, she breathed her last. She was 10 years and 6 months old.

During her illness she was visited by several of the teachers, and by the minister then supplying the chapel, who were much pleased with her religious knowledge and experience. During her confinement she manifested a great desire to meet once more with the children at the Sunday-school, which her extreme weakness would not al-

low ; but she has no doubt joined a goodly number in heaven who will bless God through all eternity for these useful institutions.



YOUTH ADMONISHED.

CHILDREN in your earliest youth,
 Serve the Lord of grace and truth :
 And to your Redeemer's praise,
 Spend the remnant of your days.

Time's the only space that's giv'n,
 To secure a place in Heav'n ;
 Seek salvation then to-day,
 Seek and find it while you may.

Jesus stands with outstretch'd arms,
Courts you by a thousand charms;
Glory he will surely give,
If on earth to him you live.

He his spirit will impart
To reside within your heart;
Purge you from the dross of sin,
Make and keep you pure within.

So shall you, when time's no more,
Live on Heav'n's delightful shore;
Blest with Jesus ever dwell,
Victors crown'd o'er death and hell.

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