

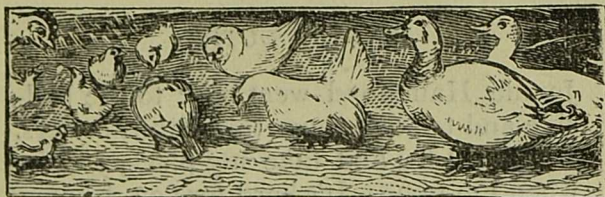
JENNIE'S DUTIES.

LONDON:  
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56, PATERNOSTER ROW.



JENNIE'S DUTIES.





## JENNIE'S DUTIES.

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**T**HERE is no light in the room, excepting that which comes from a rushlight in the corner; and a little girl is sitting before the smouldering fire, with her head in her hands, and her tears falling fast, because she knows her mother is dying, and she fears that no one in the world can save her.

“Jennie, dear,” said a feeble voice, and

Jennie Hammond went over to the bedside and took the poor thin hands in hers.

"You'll try and take my place, Jennie, when I'm gone. It's hard for you, I know, and you but twelve years old ; but you must try and be a mother to the little ones. See that you make your father comfortable too, and don't waste your time. God's caring for you in it all, Jennie, and I know you'll be good and careful."

The child promised ; and when, a few days after, Mrs. Hammond died, she set to work to be a little mother to the younger ones.

She tried to remember all her mother's ways—how early she used to get up to give the children breakfast, and start them all to school, and how she put by money for the rent and the schooling out of the father's weekly earnings, and Jennie tried to do the same.

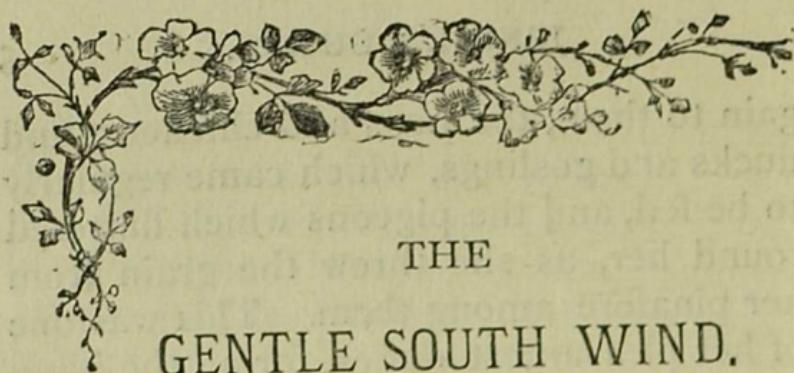
You may be sure she had enough to do, and not a minute to be idle. Not only the house and the children must be seen to, but there was the poultry which was such

gain to them, the hens and chickens, and ducks and goslings, which came regularly to be fed, and the pigeons which fluttered round her, as she threw the grain from her pinafore among them. This was one of her pleasantest duties, for all the birds and animals about her home loved Jennie, and love is pleasant, no matter if it comes only from pigeons and poultry—far more to her taste than the harder duties of scrubbing and cleaning which she had to get through.

The neighbours said that Jennie was too young to manage a house, but her father smiled and said that his little maid was "worth her weight in gold."

I wish I had space to tell you how well Jennie Hammond kept her promise to her mother, but I must tell you *why* she did her duty so well.

It was because she had learned that best of all lessons, to look to God for help in every little daily duty, to ask Him to make her diligent and faithful, loving and patient; and no one who asks this can ever ask in vain.



THE  
GENTLE SOUTH WIND.

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“GET out of that chair this minute, for that’s my seat,—I want to sit there!” and little Miss Rose, who looked more like a snapdragon than a rose just then, tried to shake her sturdy brother, who had a very cool way of pretending not to hear when he did not mean to heed, and who sat as calmly looking out of the window as if only a fly were attempting to move him.

Papa was reading in the other window, but he seemed to know exactly what was going on, and so he called the little snapdragon, though he did not use that name, to come to him at once, as he had a story to tell her.

A story was always a delight, and so

the little changeable flower, almost a rose again, went instantly and seated herself on a little stool at her father's feet.

"This morning, Rose, as I was going down town," he began, "I met a disagreeable north wind, and it snapped and snarled in a very spiteful way. It began by trying to injure the trees and break off the branches; but the branches were too strong for it, and wouldn't give way. Then it rushed at me, and blew my coat as hard as it could, and said in a gruff tone as plain as a wind could talk, 'Take off your coat quick, I won't wait!'

"But I laughed at the idea of obeying such a command as that, and so buttoned my coat up as tight as I could, and the north wind tugged and tugged in vain.

"In the afternoon as I came home the south wind met me, and such sweet manners as it had! It came up and kissed me first, and then said so gently, as it played with my hair and patted my cheek, 'Open your coat, please, open your coat!' I opened it directly, every single button, for I was glad to get all the south

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wind that I could, and it is doing me good yet. Which is my little girl like, the stormy north wind, or the sunny south?"

"The sunny south, papa," answered little Rose, cheerily, as she went up to brother Walter, and kissed and patted him, and said, "Please let me have that chair, Walter dear."

Brother Walter didn't say one word, but he whisked out of the chair in a second, caught up the little "south wind," as he called his sister, clapped her in the chair, gave her two kisses, and scampered off to play.

A little word in love expressed,  
A motion or a tear,  
Has often healed a heart depressed,  
And made a friend sincere.

Then deem it not an idle thing  
A pleasant word to speak;  
The face you wear, the thoughts you bring,  
A heart may heal or break.

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## Evening Prayer.

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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 favour 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 in this.

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