LITTLE
NOSEGAY
GATHERERS.

THE LITTLE

NOSEGAY GATHERERS.

LONDON:

THE RELIGIOUS TRACT SOCIETY,

Instituted 1799.

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AND 65, ST. PAUL'S CHURCHYARD;

AND BY THE BOOKSELLERS.

THE LITTLE

NOSEGAY GATHERERS.

SEE PAGE 6.

CHAPTER I.

ELLEN AND HARRIET TURNER.

THE sun had risen; the robins, just awakened from their repose, began to

plume their feathers, when little Ellen Turner, aroused from her slumbers, jumped up in her bed, and exclaimed to her sister, "O, Harriet, Harriet, make haste, or we shall be too late for market." Harriet soon arose, and then the little girls both knelt down to pray. Though they were in a hurry, they did not neglect this; for they had been taught from infancy, that they should never enter upon any employment without first seeking the blessing of the Lord; and they remembered, too, that David, the man after God's own heart, had said, "In the morning will I direct my prayer unto thee, and will look up," Psa. v. 3. Now, these girls did not hurry over their prayers, as though they were a task, but they repeated them seriously; and Ellen, with faith in our Lord Jesus Christ, for the performance of her requests. After this they each of them took a Bible, and read a portion of that holy book; first looking

up to God for his assistance to enable them to understand it.—My reader, ask yourself one question. Do I read my Bible in this way?

When their poor mother came down stairs, she found her large chair set for her, and the low stool ready to rest her feet on, and the family Bible, open on the table just where the mark was; because they all served the Lord their God, every night and morning, in the exercise of social worship.

Ellen made the fire and swept the room, and Harriet fetched the water from a neighbouring pump, and filled the tea-kettle; and when all was arranged and put in order, they felt happy. The little girls then slipped on their bonnets and checked pincloths, and ran into the garden to pick some flowers. The flowers were all wet with the morning dew; and when they had collected a large number, they took them to the arbour, to tie them up

into pretty nosegays. They had quite a variety—some everlasting candy-tuft, daisies, stocks, wall-flowers, sweet-briar, and laburnum; and you might have seen the children sitting down with their ball of string beside them, with cheerful countenances tying up their nosegays, and singing some sweet hymns. When all this was neatly finished, and they had picked up the loose leaves that had fallen about, (for little folks should always be tidy,) they went in doors to prepare and to take their breakfast; for their mother was a weak, sickly woman, and unable to do much to assist herself.

After breakfast, when they had returned thanks for their mercies, the girls washed up the tea-things, and prepared to go to market with cheerful and thankful hearts. Here let me give one hint—Those children are the happiest who behave the best.

CHAPTER II.

WALK TO MARKET.

A NICE basket was filled with beautiful nosegays, and the little girls set off with smiling faces, and carried the burden by turns. On their way, they were overtaken by a lady, one who sincerely loved the ways of piety; and now I shall give you their conversation, and that will explain the reason, which I have not told you yet why they sold these nosegays.

Lady. Well, children, where are you going?

Ellen. To market, ma'am.

L. And what are you going to do there?

E. To sell our nosegays.

L. And what do you do with the money you get?

E. We give a penny a week each to the Missionary Society; we generally lay

by for our clothes, two pence or three pence; and sometimes, if we have any to spare, we spend it in tracts and little books.

L. Well, that is a very useful way of disposing of your gains, and I am glad to find that you do not squander them away in trifles: you say you sometimes purchase books, have you ever seen a magazine called the "Child's Companion?"

E. Oh! yes, I quite forgot that; yes, we buy one of a gentleman every month; and we have them all, ma'am, for the last year, and when we can afford it we are to have them bound. And this gentleman keeps a great book with all our names in, to see if we pay our pennies properly; and he allows as many as choose, to go to his house, and he explains them to us.

L. Well, that is a good plan, and I hope it will be your earnest desire to improve such kindness. See how freely the blessings of salvation are offered to you;

see how plainly the message of mercy meets your ears: you have "line upon line, and precept upon precept." For you the public prayer is made, for your interest the good people of God are spending their strength continually. Jesus himself stands with open arms bidding you welcome; he tells you how you may be rescued from the wrath to come, by his atoning sacrifice through faith in him; for it is "not by works of righteousness which we have done, but according to his mercy he saved us, by the washing of regeneration, and renewing of the Holy Ghost," Tit. iii. 5. When he was on earth, he fully proved his love for children by many actions: he healed their diseases, he raised one to life, he took them up in his arms, and blessed them; and he has left on record in his sacred Scriptures these encouraging words: "I love them that love me; and those that seek me early shall find me," Prov. viii. 17.

Though he was once the Babe of Bethlehem, and laid in a manger, yet we know that he is the mighty God; that he has all power both in heaven and in earth. Though our Lord submitted to the shameful death of the cross, yet we are assured that He rose again from the dead on the third day, and he now liveth as an Advocate with the Father, seated on the throne of glory, from whence He shall come to judge the world at the last day.

CHAPTER III.

THE LADY'S KINDNESS, AND SOME REMARKS.

When the lady had finished the last solemn sentence, she took from a small bag a bundle of small books and tracts; and the little Turners looked very pleased at each other, for they thought what was coming. "Here, my dear children," said the lady, "as you are fond of reading, you shall not want for books;" and she presented Ellen with one, asking her affectionately if she had ever read it.

"No, ma'am," replied Ellen; and it became hers.

She then gave Harriet, "Visits to a Cottage," and asked her if she had ever seen that; and she said, "No," and that became hers. Then the lady wrapped up

in a piece of paper, "Temper; or the Story of Susan and Betsy," "The Little Basket Makers," and one or two other books, and told them that, with the sincere hope that they would conduct themselves properly, and that they might be led truly to seek the Lord as their God, she would make them a present of all these books. The girls, as may be supposed, were very pleased; and after thanking the lady over and over again, they cleared one corner of the basket, and there they placed their treasures.

Here I must just give a hint to my little readers. We see how these children valued the books given to them: they did not tear them, or curl the corners of the leaves, as some scholars are apt to do, but whenever they received any, they always covered them very neatly, kept them in a box, and took them out only when they wanted them. If all poor

persons would do the same, when we go into their cottages we should not see a tract lying all soiled on the ground, or a catechism thrown up in one side of the room; neither would they do as I saw a child once do. One Saturday evening, when I was visiting her dying sister, and giving her a word of advice also, I happened to inquire for her lessons, and she pulled her books out of her dirty pocket in such a filthy state, that I could hardly bear to touch them. Now, what inducement can our friends have to give any thing to such careless people, or to spend their money to be thus wasted and destroyed? Now then, my young reader, go and look at your books; and if any of them should be in a bad condition, try and mend them so as to prevent further mischief.

Let us now return to the lady and the two girls.

Lady. And do you both go to a Sunday school?

Ellen. Yes, ma'am, both of us, and you cannot tell how we love our teachers; they are always doing something for us, always showing us the way to heaven; and Harriet's teacher said the other week, that she had one wish for her scholars above every other, and that was, "that their sins might be forgiven, and that they might be the followers of Jesus."

L. Ah! my children, you little know under what obligations you are to God for the blessing of a religious education. It is not merely the money which is spent for you, but only think of the sacrifices your teachers make to promote your good. Often on a sultry sabbath, when their bodies are weak and weary, they still continue their labours for your sake: let them be ever so tired, they are ready to teach you, and to tell you what is right, and what the Lord requires of you. Their chief desire

is, that they may be able to present you at last, before rejoicing angels and ransomed saints, "without spot or wrinkle, or any such thing;" or, in other words, "in the wedding garment," mentioned in the Scripture, that you may not be "found speechless." But I think you said you were going to sell these flowers you have with you, to procure pence for the Missionary Society, as one object. Do you know what is the intention of that society?

E. Yes, ma'am, to send the gospel to the heathen world; to those who sit in darkness, and in the shadow of death.

L. Very correctly answered; yes, it is for that express reason—for this most excellent of all purposes, to open the prison-doors to those who are bound, and to say to the benighted and lost, "Arise, shine; for thy light is come, and the glory of the Lord is risen upon thee," Isa. lx. 1. It is, that poor little

children who know nothing about God, may be taught that in the world above, there is room enough for them, and to spare. That poor suffering heathen may learn that there is a tender Saviour, who looks down from yonder skies, and sees all things; and that when the earthly house of their tabernacle is dissolved, if interested in that love which saves the soul, they will have "a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens." It is, that idolaters may become Christians, that those who bow down to stocks and stones may worship the true God, and at last join the "general assembly and church of the first-born in heaven," and crown him "Lord of all." But you know, my children, that Paul may plant and Apollos may water, but that God must give the increase. What then must we do besides sending the gospel to the heathen?

The two little girls paused for a minute,

and then said, "We must pray continually for the outpouring of the Holy Spirit, to sanctify the means used. Is not that what you mean, ma'am?"

"Yes," replied the lady, "that is exactly what I mean; and who told you so?"

"Our minister, ma'am," replied Ellen, "for last Sunday this was his text in the morning, 'Not by might, nor by power, but by my Spirit, saith the Lord of hosts,' Zech. iv. 6. He told us a great deal of what was doing in foreign countries, and asked us all to pray, and to pray earnestly, for a blessing on missionaries."

Here, my young reader, is an example. See how well Ellen remembered the sermon she heard, while some naughty boys and girls go time after time to the house of prayer, and yet know no more of what has been said, than if they had never been at all. Now, what can be the reason for this? I will tell you. Ellen went with

prayer, and she heard with prayer, and she returned home with prayer, and she endeavoured to remember what she heard, and this produced the great difference. There is a little girl who goes to a place of worship every Sunday, she has missed only twice for the last three years, she sits very near the minister, she can hear quite plain, she can see quite plain, and yet—surely you will hardly believe me when I tell you, that she cannot remember one sentence she has heard this minister say! Is not the thought of this enough to grieve any one? What kind of a hearer do you think Jesus Christ would have called her had he been on earth? Is not she a stony ground hearer? or I do not know whether she deserves even so good a character as that, for you are aware that even a stony ground hearer receives the word with gladness. But if you saw her playing with her gloves, her handkerchief, her books, and her fan, as she sometimes

does, I am half inclined to think you would say that she did not hear at all. Now, I love dear children so much, that I am always sorry to find fault with them, and therefore I shall not tell you this child's name; but just treasure up what I have said in your memories, and sometimes ask, Am I at all like her? "A word to the wise is sufficient."

We will return to the lady and the nosegay sellers.

L. I hope, my girls, that as well as being hearers of the word, you will be doers of it. Can you tell me of any instances you have heard in which the gospel has done good?

E. Yes, ma'am, a great many. In some islands, where we are told no one served the true God, many of the people have become good.

L. Yes, indeed we have reason to praise God for this. Think what a change must have taken place in their hearts; on them

the true light of divine life has shined, and they, with us, now sing, "Let the people praise thee, O God; let all the people praise thee," Psa. lxvii. 3.

I could tell you of numerous places in which the Rose of Sharon blooms, where all was desert, and barren, and dismal before; and we look forward to the time, when one glorious King of might, majesty, and dominion, shall be King over the whole earth.

CHAPTER IV.

SOME ACCOUNT OF THE GIRLS.

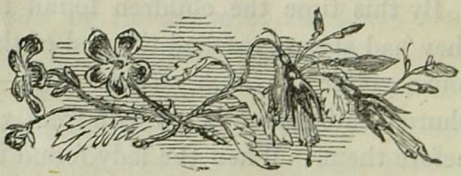
How very kind it was in that lady thus to try to improve those children as they walked to market, and how did she leave a blessing behind her! The tongue is an unruly member we know, but if tamed by grace, of what vast good it may become! See, my readers, the importance of religious instruction: if Ellen and Harriet had been left to themselves, as some are, how different would they have appeared! and if you make the most of your mercies, you too may become pleasant companions and useful assistants to your superiors, inferiors, and equals. But, perhaps, you ask how was it these little girls, being poor girls, were so well informed,

Ah, my children, God putteth down one, and setteth up another. They had not always been poor; but God, in his wisdom, had brought this worthy family very low. He raiseth the beggar from the dunghill, and he debaseth the mighty; and who among the sons of men shall dare to say unto him, "What doest thou?" Mr. and Mrs. Turner had both seen better days; and in this season of affliction, they learned to say, "The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord," Job i. 21. Once, indeed, their children were nursed in the lap of plenty; they had servants to attend them, and every thing they could wish; but suddenly distress came upon them, and from living in a handsome house, and feeding upon daily dainties, they were brought to a little cottage, and fed upon coarse fare. Yet, instead of being rude or discontented, the

young ones strove kindly to soften a mother's grief, and to soothe a father's sorrow, and to bless their humble dwelling with kind smiles. The occupation of the father in his retirement was that of a gardener, and this is how they were enabled to rear and cull such pretty flowers. No wonder then, that Ellen and Harriet could talk so well, and read so properly upon sacred subjects; for their parents had both received an excellent education, and their conversation was generally good.

By this time the children found that they had almost reached the end of their journey, for the high steeple of E—— church, embowered below with trees, rose before them. When the lady found this was the case, she was going to bid them farewell, when Ellen uncovered her basket, as much as to say, and indeed I am not quite sure whether she did not say it, "Madam, will you please to buy a nose-

gay?" The lady gazed upon her with tenderness, and said, "No, I will not rob you of your flowers; here is a shilling, accept it from me, and do with it as you think best." The little girls respectfully thanked the lady, and they then parted.



CHAPTER V.

THE GIRLS AT THE MARKET.

When Ellen and Harriet arrived at the town, they discovered, that by being so engaged in the conversation that had taken place, they had walked much slower than usual, and the market was almost over. However, they took their place, and all was bustle; some were packing up their empty baskets; others were mounting their carts to go away; and some were idly sauntering about; and though many passed and repassed, yet no one bought the flowers. The little nosegay sellers began to grow weary; and their hearts were sinking, but just as all their hope was gone, a gentleman who had no garden of his own, and had frequently been a customer, happily passed that way. He was instantly seen; and as eagerly asked

whether he wished to purchase some

flowers. The gentleman wondered that at so late an hour they should have so many to sell, and in a simple, artless way they told him the reason. He then took their flowers, paid for them, and restored peace to their minds.

The little girls found on counting their

cash, that it had been a better day with them than they had known for a long time; for they had no less than eighteen-pence: a shilling the lady gave them gratis, and sixpence the gentleman gave them for the flowers, besides a number of pretty books; and their joy all the way home I cannot describe. Before they left the town, they had to buy some needles for their poor sick mother, and a ball of cotton: the needles cost two pence, and the ball of cotton a penny, and then how much had they left? Fifteen pence.—Yes. Ellen kept this money tied up in one corner of her handkerchief, and she looked at it so often, to see if it were safe, that you would have thought she had a hundred pounds there. And what was to be done with the fifteen pence? Why, two pence, you know, was to go to the Missionary Society, and that week a penny for the magazine. And when they had paid two pence for the

needles, and a penny for the cotton, two pence for the Missionary Society, and a penny for the magazine, how much was left then?—Shut the book, and think a minute. Just one shilling. So they had just one shilling; and what was to be done with this one shilling? You shall be told by and bye.

CHAPTER VI.

THE WALK HOME.

All the way home these girls were talking to each other on their great success, and repeating, as well as they could, what had been said to them. When they came to the white painted gate, that leads into their garden, they went very quietly lest they should disturb their mother. Then they lifted up the latch of the door very softly indeed; and when they had entered the house, they found Mrs. Turner leaning her head on a pillow, for she was very ill. They immediately ran up to her, and gave her each of them one soft kiss of filial affection, and asked her how she was. She replied, that she felt very poorly, and inquired how they had succeeded; and then in a low voice, (for children should never be noisy where sick people are,)

they gave her an account of their day's work. And now, said Ellen, we have brought home a ball of cotton and some needles, which altogether cost three pence; and here is three pence for the magazine and Missionary Society; and we have a whole shilling left: you shall take it, mother, and do what you please with it, and she laid it in her mother's hand. Mrs. Turner was too much gratified by this tender sympathy to reply, and she embraced them, and answered only with her tears. When Harriet asked if her mother wanted any thing; and the poor invalid said, that some toast and water would be sufficient, she ran and fetched a jug of water, and Ellen cut a toast off the loaf, and the comfortable refreshment was soon ready.

CHAPTER VII.

SOME ACCOUNT OF WHAT HAD BEEN DONE SINCE THE GIRLS HAD BEEN OUT.

WHILE they were out, a naughty boy had let some pigs into the garden, which had done great mischief, and torn up some of Ellen's nice roots, that were to bloom in the autumn; and Mrs. Turner had been very busy to try to do them up, and put them in again. But there was something pleasing as well as unfortunate, for the kind lady who had talked so seriously on the way to the market, as she returned home had found out the cottage, and after entering minutely into the sorrowful case of the pious Mrs. Turner, and after giving consolation, like the feeling Samaritan of old, she asked some questions about the children, and was pleased to

find, that every thing they had said was confirmed by the statements of the mother. Before she left, she requested that all the numbers of the "Child's Companion" for the past year might be given to her. Mrs. Turner consented, and then took down stairs the box I mentioned; and you do not know how it delighted the lady to see all the books kept in such order: not a soil, scarcely a crease, and all neatly covered; and among the rest, two precious Bibles, which they had bought at the Sunday school. The lady said nothing more about the magazines, than that she intended to return them again at some future time, and then went her way.

Ah, thought the good woman, this lady is like an "angel of mercy," sent to comfort me in my dreary hours; and "I will bless the Lord at all times: his praise shall continually be in my mouth," Psa. xxxiv. 1.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE INDUSTRY OF THE LITTLE GIRLS.

It happened very unfortunately, that the market of E—— was always held on Saturday; and it sometimes occasioned a little hurry at the cottage, because Ellen always liked every thing to be cleaned up, and every thing ready prepared before the sabbath came: because her Bible and her conscience told her, that on that day we are to be wholly devoted to the Lord. Six days we are to labour, the seventh day belongs to the Lord our God. She liked all the clean clothes to be mended, if they wanted it, and laid fit to be put on, that all might be ready for the holy day of rest.

There was one thing the girls had not to do which some have; on a Saturday

evening they had not to learn their lessons. No, no, no; they made a point of learning these in the beginning of the week, and they found the advantage of the plan. But, perhaps, my young reader, you will like to ask, were these children really Christians? did they really love our Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity and truth? Why, as to that, I think I can say, Ellen knew, by experience, that "the fear of the Lord is wisdom, and to depart from evil is understanding." Harriet was a well-meaning child, but I cannot speak so certainly with regard to her; but I hope she desired that her name might be found in the Lamb's book of life. She was very anxious to have the gospel sent abroad; but that did not prove she was a Christian: for though we "give all our goods to feed the poor," and though we empty our purses of the last farthing, for the cause of piety, yet if we have not true love to God, we are

but as "sounding brass, or a tinkling cymbal." She was dutiful and attentive to her mother; but that was no more than it was her duty to be, for we are bound by every tie, both human and Divine, to honour, to succour, and support those who have done so much for us; and when they fail, our young and healthy arms should be their stay. She was diligent in her studies, and sought to give satisfaction to her teacher; but then I cannot tell exactly from what motive all this sprung; so that you see, there wanted something else: "Man looketh on the outward appearance, but the Lord looketh on the heart," 1 Sam. xvi. 7. Amiable tempers, though lovely, necessary, and very praiseworthy, will not prepare us for heaven: we must have a thorough change of heart, which the Spirit of God alone can effect. Ah, how anxious then should all children be that they do not deceive themselves; that they do not

think and persuade themselves they are very good, when they are not so; for "foolishness is bound in the heart of a child," the Bible tells us; and what the Bible says, must be true. Then children should say, "Lord Jesus, take my wicked heart, cleanse it from all evil, and make me, from this time, just what thou wouldest have me to be." I hope you will seriously think over this, and if you forget all the other parts of the book, I intreat you to remember this prayer, which, if you present with faith, God will certainly hear.

But though I have told you that giving our money for religious purposes does not show that we are real Christians, yet it is the duty of all to give what they can reasonably spare; and Ellen and Harriet were much more happy in doing this, than if they had wasted their money and their time. But, perhaps, my reader, you think they gave too much for the cause of God, considering their low circumstances. Why,

to be sure it was a great deal for them; but it was what they had given in the days of their prosperity, and they did not like to leave off; and besides, by working so hard for a penny, they knew well how to value it, and so their charity was useful both ways.

But, perhaps, you ask what the Turners did in the winter, when there are no flowers? In the winter they took in needle work, and other things; and when they could not by any means raise money, they used to go to their savings. Thus much on this subject: if you have seen any thing thus far praiseworthy in the girls, "go and do likewise."

CHAPTER IX.

SOMETHING MORE ABOUT THE LADY.

Now, my dear little readers, if you are not quite tired, I will tell you what the lady did with the "Child's Companion." One day, when Ellen was brushing about, and what she called putting things to rights, the lady entered the house, and presented a parcel neatly folded up in white paper; but she made them all promise they would not open it until she was gone. While resting herself she conversed with the family some minutes. Now, though Harriet loved her very much, that day she half wished the lady would not stay long, for she wanted so much to know what could be in the white parcel, and as soon as she had left the garden it was opened, and within were the numbers of the "Child's Companion" for the

past year, beautifully bound. Oh! how delighted these children were! they could

not refrain from jumping about the room for joy, and saying over and over again, "We will go and thank the lady, we will go and thank the lady!" Now, though this showed they were grateful, they spoke without thinking; for they did not know

where the lady lived, nor what was her name; for she was one of the Redeemer's followers, who let her light so shine before men, that they, seeing her good works, could not help glorifying her Father, who is in heaven, but who still did her alms in secret, that the praise might not be given to her. Once, at another time, she took to the cottage a large supply of handsome summer flowers, for the market, but even then she would not tell where she lived. God can, and he frequently does, send many helpers to his people in distress, for he holds them as "in the hollow of his hand," and he keeps them as "the apple of his eye."

CHAPTER X.

MRS. TURNER'S INCREASED AFFLICTION.

Now, as time flew on, these little girls improved in wisdom and knowledge, and grew also in stature; but their poor mother's health declined every day, until, at last, she was confined to her bed entirely. Here the girls became quite nurses; not a want was expressed, but it was instantly, if possible, supplied. They took it by turns to watch her pillow, which proved the pillow of death. They knew how with affection to give the medicines; they knew how with patience to bear the peevish and fretful reply, which would sometimes fall from their mother's lips when she was suffering severe pain; they knew how to wipe the cold drops off the pale face; and Ellen knew, which was an attainment

above all others, how to repeat the words of consolation, and to speak of Him who is "the way, the truth, and the life." Learn here a lesson: the confinement of a sick chamber is sometimes irksome; but there, nevertheless, we must sometimes be; the complaints of the sick are sometimes wearying, but, nevertheless, those we must sometimes hear. We may ourselves soon be stretched upon the couch of sickness, and then how shall we feel if all our friends forsake us, and leave us alone to die! What then we would that others should do unto us, that let us do unto them. But as well as being nurses, Harriet and Ellen became housekeepers too, and all went on down stairs as well as usual. The canary sung as sweetly, and fed as plentifully as before. The kettle shone as bright, the chairs looked as clean, and the floor was as nicely sanded as usual; the cat purred as comfortably, the daily food was as nicely cooked, and

all went on in an orderly manner. Oh! how different would some poor mothers feel, if this were the case with all daughters! for when mothers, who are confined to their beds, know their daughters are in all the neighbours' houses round, gossipping and wasting their time, how unhappy this makes them! Would that all who have been guilty on this point would take the hint!

CHAPTER XI.

MRS. TURNER'S DEATH.

Now the time drew near that Mrs. Turner must die, and all in the house felt very melancholy. Often did Ellen put her head behind the bed curtains, that she might weep without paining her dear mother; yet sometimes the tears would fall when she wished to restrain them. How earnestly did she repeat her father's morning and evening prayer, "Lord, save her life!" But what God appoints is best, for "he doth not willingly afflict nor grieve the children of men." Oh, my young reader, the important moment of death must come; you may say,

"There is an hour when I must die,
Nor do I know how soon 'twill come;
A thousand children young as I
Are called by death to hear their doom.

"Let me improve the hours I have,
Before the day of grace is fled;
There's no repentance in the grave,
Nor pardons offered to the dead."

You have a soul that is worth more than all the things of the world; a soul that will live when the earth is burned up: it is because your soul is thus precious, that I so earnestly speak to you; it is because that soul may be for ever, ever lost.

It may be truly said of Mrs. Turner, that as she trusted in Christ through life, so her end was peace; and without a sigh or groan she bade farewell to earth, and entered into the joy of her Lord. "Oh!" said Ellen, as she cast a look at the cold corpse, "when my father and m. mother forsake me, then the Lord will take me up," Psa. xxvii. 10. How dreary, how very dreary were the days that passed while Mrs. Turner laid dead in the house! Ellen saw not a mother's smile of pleasure,

and her father looked sad, very sad. The blinds hung before the windows, and a cloth was thrown over the canary's cage, for Harriet did not like to hear him sing so merrily when every one was in such trouble. At last the day of burial came, and the girls kissed their cold mother, and almost soaked her shroud in tears; and she was borne away to her long home. "Oh!" cried the poor motherless girls when they entered their desolate cottage, after having committed the body of their mother to the ground, "that the blessing of Him who feedeth the young ravens may come upon us. Thus, in pleasure and in sorrow, in prosperity and in adversity, in life and in death, we may say, 'Salvation belongeth unto the Lord; thy blessing is upon thy people.'"

CHAPTER XII.

CONCLUSION.

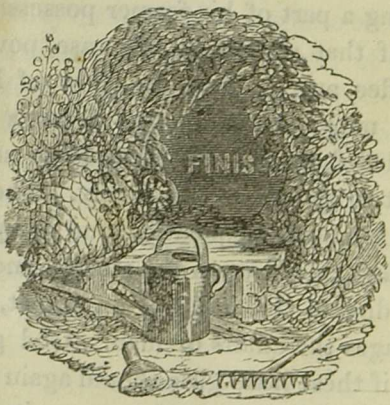
God giveth not account of his dealings to any man; and we often find that,

> "The bud may have a bitter taste,
> Yet sweet will be the flower."

There is a prospect of Mr. Turner's regaining a part of his former possessions; and if that should be the case, poverty will flee away. Yes, the glow of hope once more shines in the father's oft-clouded face, and the Most High seems about to appear for this family. Though dark tempests frequently cloud our path, yet God rideth upon the storm; and He who directs the flight of an insect, also manages the affairs of man. God grant that if these little girls should again have enough and to spare, the same pity may dwell in their hearts as they have hitherto

shown; and may they bring much glory to his holy name. Now, my young reader, farewell; you and I may never meet again till the day of decision.

"May the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, the love of God the Father, and the fellowship of the Holy Ghost, be with you, and remain with you for ever. Amen."



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