

A
DELIGHTFUL HISTORY

FOR

A GOOD CHILD.



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A Reward from the Sunday-School.  
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LONDON:

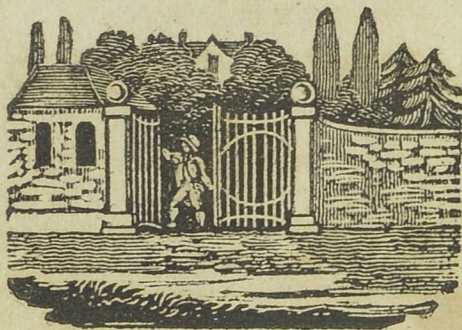
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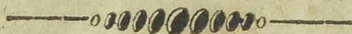


Stay, sinner! on the gospel plains
Behold the God of love unfolds
The glories of his dying pains,
For ever telling, yet untold.

DELIGHTFUL HISTORY

FOR

A GOOD CHILD.



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**A Present from the Sunday-School.**  
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ONE PENNY.

THE HISTORY OF THE

100

A GOOD CHILD

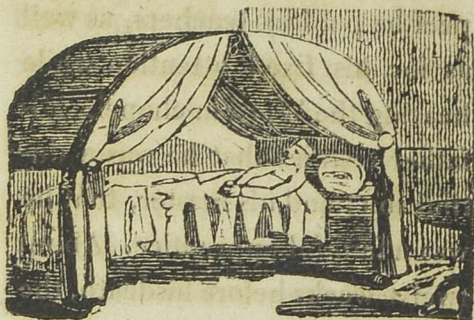
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1800

THE DEATH OF
THOMAS PARKER.



THOMAS PARKER 'was admitted into a Sunday-School, August 23, 1806, being then about eleven years of age. Since that time his conduct has been

good ; but during the last two years, particularly worthy of imitation, both as it respected his diligence in learning and the respect he paid his teachers, as well as for his fixed attention while hearing the Word in chapel. His father testifies that he was a dutiful son ; and his master, that he was a faithful apprentice. / About twelve weeks before his death, the first symptoms of disease appeared, and in three weeks after, a blood vessel burst, which much increased his illness. Immediately, at his own request, one of his teachers visited him. He

was shortly afterwards removed to the Infirmary, and there continued to be visited.

During this time, he was questioned respecting a future world, and the state of his mind; his knowledge of the fallen state of man appeared correct, as well as of his own inability to do any thing to recommend himself to the favour of God; and his views respecting the salvation of Christ were clear. Being asked whether he loved private prayer? his reply was, that sometimes he enjoyed it much. He appeared fond of reading the Bible, and ap-

plied at the school library for religious books.

About three weeks before he died, he left the Infirmary without hope of recovery ; and continued gradually growing worse. On the Saturday night preceding his departure, a change took place. About nine o'clock he requested to see the minister of the chapel, or the teacher who regularly visited him ; the latter immediately went to him, and found him very weak and ill.— He was asked how he felt his mind. His reply was, “ Happy ! ” The next enquiry was, If he was


afraid to die? He said, he was not at all afraid to die,—for he found Christ to be precious. “I then asked him,” says the visitor, “if he thought God would be just in punishing him and me with everlasting punishment?—He said, “He certainly would.” I then inquired what his motive was in wishing to see Mr. L. or myself; whether to pray with him, or to rejoice with him?—He answered, “To rejoice with him.” His strength was now so much exhausted, that he was not able to converse any more that night,

“ I visited him again,” says the same teacher, “ early the next morning, Sunday, and then asked him, if Christ was still precious ?” His reply was, “ O yes, more precious.” I inquired whom he expected to find in heaven ? He said, “ Jesus Christ ; and, I hope, one day I shall see my teachers there.” He was again questioned if he could enjoy heaven without Christ ? He replied, “ No ; not without Christ.” In the course of the day he was further asked how he came by such a knowledge of Christ, and how long he had lo-

ved him ? He said, “ More than a twelvemonth ; and had cause to be thankful to God and his teachers, that he had ever come to the Sunday School.”

He continued to get worse, and at times was in great pain ; but appeared at intervals to be earnestly praying. In the course of the day he gave directions about his funeral, and chose the persons who should carry and attend him to the grave. About four hours before his departure, being much composed, he requested to see his master, his brother and sisters, with his fa-

ther. When they came, he kissed them all with much affection, and bade them farewell. After this, he continued silent until near his dissolution. He appeared to have forgotten all terrestrial objects, and rejoiced at the approach of death. About twelve o'clock, looking up, with a smile upon his countenance, he uttered his last words, "I am coming!" and sweetly fell asleep in Jesus.



SUNDAY-SCHOOL ANECDOTE.



A BOY came to a Sunday-School, near East Grinstead, in Sussex, who could not read, and in a short time he had learnt to read remarkably well. His teacher questioned him one Sunday relative to the rapid progress he had made, and asked him how

he had managed to learn so quickly. The boy replied, "After I came to this Sunday-School I resolved to spare no pains in learning to read, and being the best player at marbles among all the boys, it was my custom to play with a boy at "ring taw" and win his marbles; we then went to the church-yard, and I gave him a marble to teach me to read what was written on a grave stone, which, when I had learnt, we went to the next, and from that to another.—As I kept on learning he received the marbles, and was very well satisfied

with his pay. When I had parted with nearly all, we went to play again; and being such a good hand at it, I was sure to win them back. In this way I went on with different boys, till I had learnt to read all that was written on the grave stones; and having, besides this, the advantage of coming to school every Sunday, I have learnt to read in this short time."

FINIS.

