



**GRANDFATHER'S TALES.**

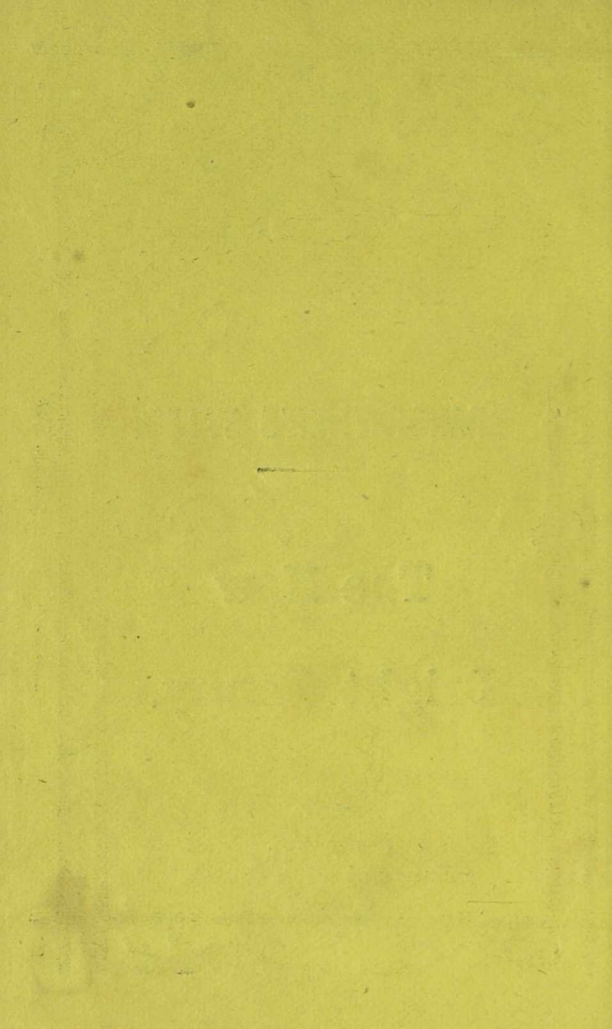
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**The New  
Bright Penny.**

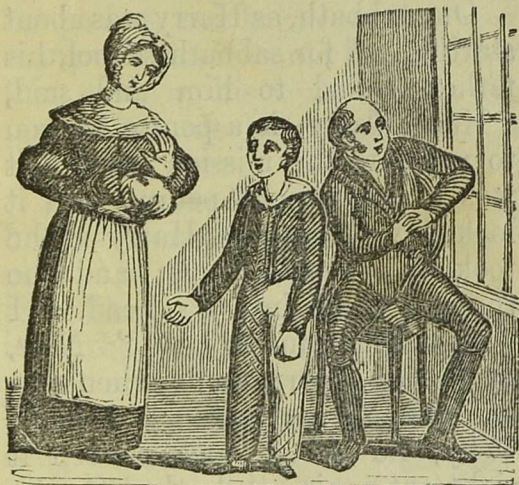
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## THE NEW BRIGHT PENNY.

LITTLE HARRY'S father was a poor man, and it was rarely that a penny found its way into Harry's pocket, except on a sabbath, when his

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father would give each of his children a penny to put into the mission box.

One sabbath, as Harry was about starting off for sabbath school, his father called to him and said, "Here, Harry, is a penny for you to put into the mission box." It was a new bright penny, and it looked very nice to Harry as he took it into his hand; and the thought came into his head, "I wish it was mine to keep." Now, what was Harry to do when this bad thought came into his mind? Why, he should have driven it right out again, and asked God to help him to do what was right.

As Harry went on to the sabbath school, he kept taking the bright penny out of his pocket, and looking at it; and every time he wished

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more and more that he could keep it. While he was in the school, he thought about the penny in his pocket, and kept counting how many marbles it would buy. Harry then made up his mind to keep the penny, but his heart told him he was doing wrong.

Harry went home with the rest, but he was not happy all day: that penny in his pocket seemed to press like lead on his heart; he felt it all the time; he did not think a penny could feel so heavy. When his mother and brothers and sisters sung sweet hymns, he could not join with them, for there was a lump in his throat which felt as if the penny itself was sticking there. In the evening their mother began to question them as usual, and when she made this remark, that a

single sin would call down the anger of God upon us, Harry left his seat and came round and stood by his mother, and laid his hand on her shoulder. As she went on talking, she heard a sob, and looking round, she saw that Harry was crying as if his heart would break. "What is the matter, Harry?" she asked; but Harry only kneeled down on the floor, and laid his head on his mother's knee, and cried.

When the time came for them to go to bed, Harry went up with the rest. His brothers were soon asleep, but Harry tossed about on his pillow, and could not sleep or rest; the lump in his throat seemed as if it would choke him; a great many times he was on the point of calling to his mother, and tell-

ing her. After a time, he heard his father and mother locking the doors. "Now," said he, "they are going to bed, and if I do not tell mother now, I shall not sleep any to-night." So he sat up in his bed, and in a husky voice called, "Mother, will you come up here one moment, mother?" His mother came; he asked her for a drink of water; she gave it to him, and said, "Is that all you want, Harry?" "No, mother," said Harry; "I cannot sleep till I tell you what a wicked thing I did to-day:" he then told his mother all about it. She sat down beside him, and talked to him for a long time, and then told him to get up and kneel down by her, and confess his sin to God; "for though God knows it all," said she, "he

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tells us to confess our sins to him." Harry knelt by his mother, and in broken words with many tears, did he confess his sin. After he had lain down in bed again, he said, "Tell me this, mother; will you always be afraid to trust me after this?" "No, my boy, I shall not be afraid to trust you, for I think you have had a lesson to day which you will never forget; but you must not forget to pray daily that God will keep you from evil. Good night, my boy;" and his mother kissed him, and went away. In a few minutes she came back, and looked at Harry; he was lying with his cheek resting on his hand; the tears were yet on his eye-lashes, but the troubled look had passed away from his face, and he was in a sweet and happy sleep.



## MORNING.

I LOVE the early hour of prayer,  
In the morning bright and fair :  
So in the morning of my days,  
Let me walk in wisdom's ways.

O teach me, Lord, thy name to fear ;  
And may I love to read and hear  
Of all thy goodness, and thy grace  
To those who early seek thy face.

O Lord do thou my faith increase,  
And fill my soul with thy sweet peace ;  
Keep me from sinful thoughts within,  
And in my heart thy work begin.

Jesus, thy mercies crown my days ;  
Can I forget to sing thy praise,  
Who bought my pardon on the tree ?  
Ten thousand thanks I owe to thee !

When I shall pass the gloomy vale,  
And when both heart and flesh shall fail,  
Jesus be with my spirit then,  
And save my soul. Amen ! Amen !

## EVENING

Now I lay me down to sleep,  
Nicely cover'd in my bed,  
God alone can safely keep  
Harm and danger from my head.  
Oh, how very good is He,  
Thus to mind a child like me!

Though my tender parents tire,  
God still watches through the night,  
Neither sickness, storm, nor fire,  
Break my slumbers with affright.  
Oh, how very good is He,  
Thus to watch a child like me!

Soon my weary eyelids close;  
Soon my little limbs, undrest,  
Quietly enjoy repose,  
Till I rise again from rest.  
Oh, how very good is He,  
To care for little ones like me!

By-and-by, in sleep of death,  
I must lie down in the grave;  
But the Lord, who gave me breath,  
Then my living soul can save;  
Helpless, sinful, though I be,  
JESUS died for such as me!

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