

SUNDAY READINGS

FOR

VERY LITTLE

BOYS AND GIRLS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF

"FAMILY PRAYERS FROM THE BIBLE."

"From a child thou hast known the Holy Scriptures,
which are able to make thee wise unto salvation.
through faith, which is in Jesus Christ."

2 TIM. III. 15.

SECOND EDITION.

LONDON :

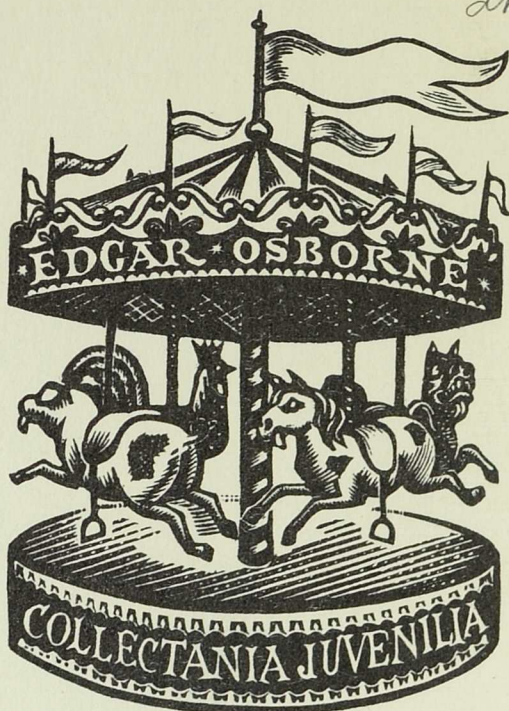
J. HATCHARD AND SON, 187, PICCADILLY.

1831.

Price One Shilling.

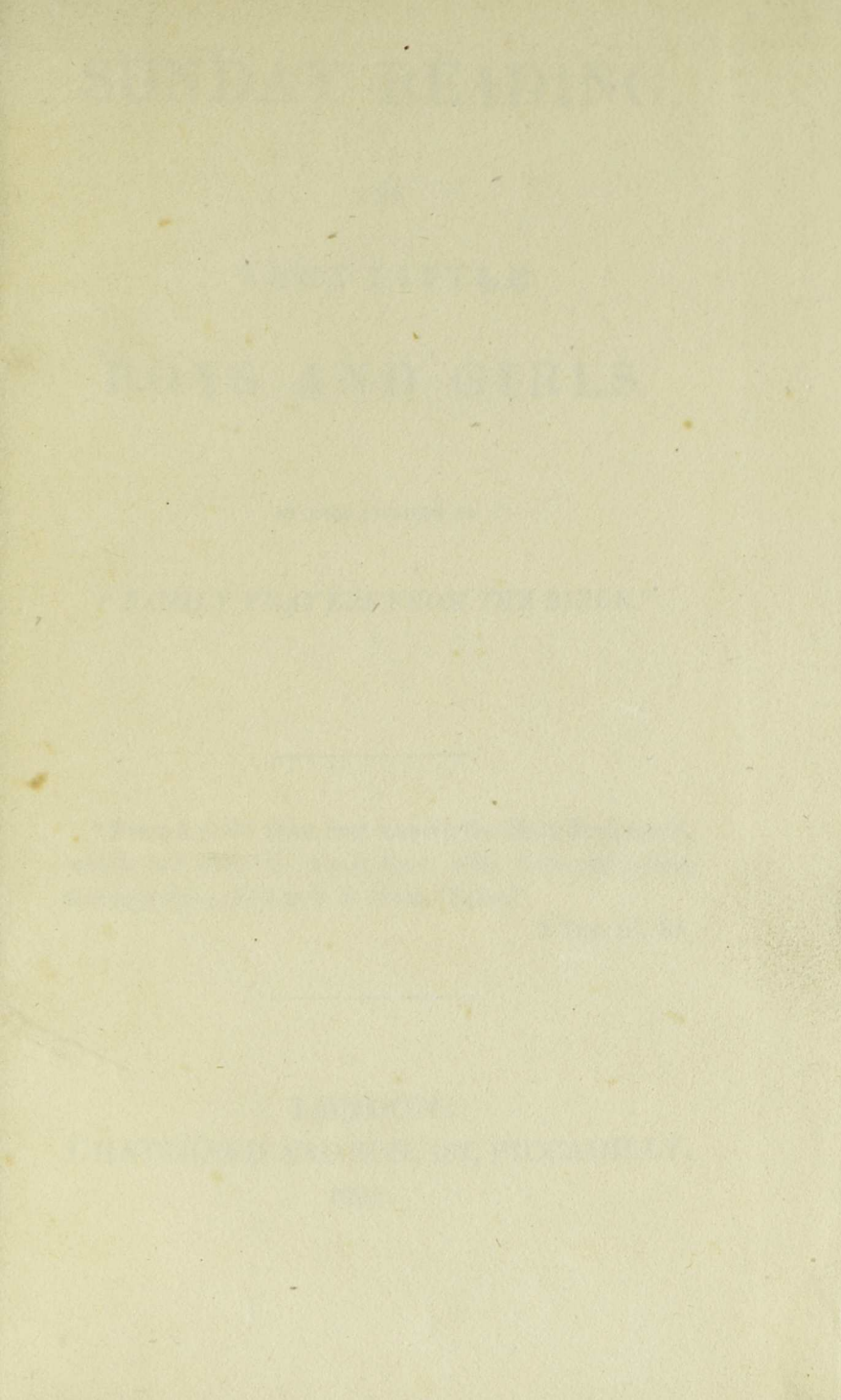
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1832.

SUNDAY READING,

FOR

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BOYS AND GIRLS

OF THE LITTLE FAITHFUL

THEIR PRAYERS FROM THE BIBLE

BY J. A. AND L. C.

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS

"I am a child that has known the Holy Scriptures,
which are able to make thee wise unto salvation,
through faith, which is in Jesus Christ."
2 TIMOTHY 3:15

THEY ARE THE ONLY BOOKS OF THE BIBLE

LONDON :

IBOTSON AND PALMER, PRINTER, SAVOY STREET, STRAND.

1881

1881

SUNDAY READING

TO

MY DEAR LITTLE

GOD-DAUGHTERS,

URSULA AND LUCY,

THIS LITTLE BOOK

IS DEDICATED,

AS A MARK OF TENDER INTEREST AND LOVE,

BY THEIR AUNT,

LUCY.

SUNDAY READING,

&c.

CHAPTER I.

THE BIRTH-DAY.

Mrs. Allen is sitting in her dressing-room writing, Little Charles opens the door, and running up to his mother, says,

CHARLES.

Mamma, Mamma, you must give me three kisses you know to-day, and see what papa has given me because it is my birthday. A new whip with a whistle.

MRS. ALLEN.

Dear child, I have not forgotten it is your birth-day. You are four years old to-day. I too have got a little present for you.

CHARLES.

What a pretty little red book !
I wish I could read, mamma.

MRS. ALLEN.

I wish you could, Charles.

CHARLES.

But it would be a long long while before I could read this book. What is in it, mamma !
O, I wish I could read.

MRS. ALLEN.

You know I wished you to begin some months ago, but when you had learnt the letters, you

were not a good boy, you would not try to learn, but began to cry whenever I opened the book, so I was obliged to shut it up, and refuse to teach you till you were less naughty.

CHARLES.

But I am a great deal older now ; I should like to learn ; will you not teach me now I am four years old, mamma ?

MRS. ALLEN.

Yes, my darling, I am quite ready to begin again with you, and I hope you will now take pains. If you had not been so silly six months ago, you would almost have been able to read this little book by this time.

CHARLES.

Are there stories in it, mamma?

MRS. ALLEN.

No, love, they are sacred poems for children.

CHARLES.

What are sacred poems, mamma?

MRS. ALLEN.

Verses about God.

CHARLES.

Who is God?

MRS. ALLEN.

God is a great, and glorious, and good Being, who made the earth and all things in it.

CHARLES.

Where does God live?

MRS. ALLEN.

He lives in a very beautiful place called heaven.

CHARLES.

Did you ever see God, mamma?

MRS. ALLEN.

No, my child, but I hope some day I shall see Him; and though I cannot now see Him, I love to think He sees me at all times.

CHARLES.

Why do you like to think He sees you, and why do you like to read about Him?

MRS. ALLEN.

I like to think He sees me because I know I am safe when He watches over me, and that He will keep me from all harm,

and I like to read about Him, because He is the best, and kindest, and most beautiful of beings.

CHARLES.

Do you love Him, mamma?

MRS. ALLEN.

Yes, dear Charles, I should be very ungrateful if I did not, because it is He who has given me every good thing I have in the world, and because He has told me that one day if I strive to please Him, I shall live with Him in Heaven, where I shall be much happier than I am here.

CHARLES.

Does God love me, mamma?

MRS. ALLEN.

He loves you very dearly when

you are a good boy. It is written in the Bible, "I love them that love me, and those that seek me early shall find me." (Prov. viii. 17.) But when you are naughty God is grieved.

CHARLES.

Dear mamma, I will be always good.

MRS. ALLEN.

My child, I am pleased that you wish to be always good, but you cannot be so of yourself. Do you know that?

CHARLES.

Mamma, I remember you told me so when you taught me the little prayer to say morning and evening.

MRS. ALLEN

And do you always think of this when you kneel down, my Charlie?

CHARLES.

Indeed, dear mamma, I often forget, and think of my toys when I say my prayers; but I will try and think about GOD when I kneel down.

MRS. ALLEN.

Dear child, GOD will help you. Now I will teach you to repeat one of these little hymns.

Little boy with laughing eye,
Bright and blue as yonder sky;
Come, and I will teach you, Love,
Who it is that lives above.

It is GOD who made the earth,
GOD, who gave you, dearest, birth,
GOD, who sees each sparrow fall,
GOD, who reigns Great King of all.

GOD, who sends the pleasant breeze,
Blowing sweet through flowers and trees,
GOD, who gives you every joy,
GOD, who loves you, little boy.

He is beautiful and bright,
Living in Eternal Light,
Would you not, my little love,
Like to live with Him above?

Ask Him, then, to show you how
You may please him here below,
Ask Him grace, and help to send:
Pray to Him, your kindest friend.

You must learn to read, and look
Often in His Holy Book.
There, my darling, you will find,
God is very good and kind.

CHAPTER II.

THE SABBATH DAY.

Mrs. Allen sitting with the Bible before her, open.—Charles playing about the room.

MRS. ALLEN.

My dear boy, do not make so much noise, you quite disturb me. Come and sit down on your little stool by me, and when I have finished this chapter, I will talk to you.

Charles places his stool close by his Mamma, and sits quite quiet for

five minutes, when she shuts the Bible, and kissing his cheek, says,

MRS. ALLEN.

Good little boy, now we will talk together till it is time to go to church ; when I am at work I do not mind your running round the room, but I could not attend to what I was reading while you were making such a noise.

CHARLES.

Mamma, you never work on Sunday, why do you not ?

MRS. ALLEN.

Because this is GOD's day, and we must not do any work that

16 *Sunday Reading.*

is not necessary to be done on the Sabbath-day.

CHARLES.

Who told you so, mamma ?

MRS. ALLEN.

GOD told me so, Charles.

CHARLES.

Did you hear GOD say so, mamma ?

MRS. ALLEN.

No, my love, but GOD tells me so in the Bible.

CHARLES.

Did GOD write the Bible ?

MRS. ALLEN.

GOD taught good men His will, and desired them to write

it down, that every body might know what He chose they should do. (2 Pet. i. 21.)

CHARLES.

Is GOD pleased when we read the Bible ?

MRS. ALLEN.

Yes, He has told us to "search the Scriptures." (John v. 39.)

CHARLES.

What does GOD say about Sunday ?

MRS. ALLEN.

He tells us that He made all this beautiful world in six days, and rested from all His work on the seventh day, and He has desired us to keep the seventh day holy. (Ex. xx. 8.)

CHARLES.

What does that mean, mamma ?

MRS. ALLEN.

It means, that as much as possible we should put away the thought of this world, and think of GOD and heaven, and though we must every day pray to God, yet that we should spend more time in prayer on Sunday, than on other days.

CHARLES.

I wonder if Heaven is as pretty as all the pretty fields and gardens we see here, mamma ?

MRS. ALLEN.

GOD has not told us exactly what Heaven is like, but He has

told us it is a much more beautiful and happy place than the world we live in.

CHARLES.

Do you think I should be very happy there, mamma ?

MRS. ALLEN.

Yes, love, I know you would. Though you are as happy a little boy as can well be, yet there are things which make you feel unhappy sometimes. You remember that bad tooth-ache you had last week which kept you awake all night ?

CHARLES.

O, that was very *very* bad, mamma.

MRS. ALLEN.

Well, the Bible tells us that in Heaven there is no pain.— (Rev. xxi. 4.) When your kind nurse was obliged to leave you to go and live with her sick mother, were you happy ?

CHARLES.

O no, I was very sorry, and I cried till I went to sleep.

MRS. ALLEN.

The same verse in the Bible tells us that in Heaven there is no crying. And again, when you were a naughty boy, and ate the cake I told you not to eat, and I was obliged to punish you, by making you stay up stairs all day ; were you happy ?

CHARLES.

O no, no, mamma.

MRS. ALLEN.

Now, when you go to Heaven, you will never be unhappy in this way, for in Heaven there is no sin.

CHARLES.

What is sin, mamma ?

MRS. ALLEN.

Sin is doing any thing which is displeasing to GOD.

CHARLES.

Was GOD angry when I ate the cake ?

MRS. ALLEN.

Yes, He does not like children to be greedy, and He is always

angry when they disobey their parents.

CHARLES.

I hope though He has forgiven me.

MRS. ALLEN.

God is so merciful that He always forgives us when we ask His pardon, if we are truly sorry, and resolve, with His help, not to commit the same sin again; and if we ask Him to forgive us, for the sake of JESUS CHRIST. You know who Jesus Christ is?

CHARLES.

Jesus Christ is GOD'S SON. Does He love Him, mamma?

MRS. ALLEN.

Yes, He loves Him very dearly,

and the more we love Him, the more pleased GOD will be with us. (Mat. iii. 17, xvii. 5. John v. 23, xiv. 23.) But I hear the church bells ; I will read you a hymn, and then I must prepare for church.

My darling, cease awhile your play,
You know it is the Sabbath day,
The day by GOD, our Father, given,
That we may learn the way to Heaven.

You are a little child, 'tis true,
And little yet for GOD can do ;
But you can kneel to Him and pray,
That He would bless this Sabbath day.

And you can say that pretty hymn,
I taught you once to sing to Him ;
And you can think how good He is,
Who gives you life and happiness.

Come, hither draw your little seat,
And sit down here, love, at my feet :
And let us now together look
For some sweet tale in GOD'S own book.

'Tis true you are a little child,
But see how kindly Jesus smil'd,
When children in His arms He took
And blessed them with a Father's look.

Now was not that a happy child
On whom so dear a Saviour smil'd ?
And would *you* be by Jesus bless'd,
By GOD'S beloved Son caress'd ?

Well, if you would such blessings share,
You must draw near to Him in prayer :
Angels around His throne rejoice,
When children lift in prayer their voice.

You cannot see your Saviour now,
But all your blessings from Him flow,
And every child who seeks His love,
Shall lie upon His breast above.

CHAPTER III.

CHRISTMAS DAY.

Little Charles is with his Grand-mamma, at whose House he has been spending a week. The old Lady is sitting by the fire knitting, Charles is playing with a Kitten, when his Papa enters the Room, and kissing Charles, says,

MR. ALLEN.

Charles, I have brought the gig to take you home. Your mamma is better, and wishes

much to have her little boy again.

CHARLES.

I shall like to see dear mamma; but I am sorry to leave kind grandmamma. Will she not come too?

GRANDMAMMA.

Not to-day, my love. But next week, if it pleases God, I will go and pay you a visit, and tell your mamma that you have been a good little boy. Now, go and fetch your great coat, for it is very cold.

Charles returns in a few minutes, and kissing his Grandmamma, is lifted into the gig, and they drive off.

MR. ALLEN.

Charles, what do you think I have got to show you at home ?

CHARLES.

I do not know. What, Papa ?

MR. ALLEN.

Guess.

CHARLES.

A new top ?

MR. ALLEN.

No ; guess again. Something better and prettier than that.

CHARLES.

A rocking-horse ?

MR. ALLEN.

No ; you are to have that, you know, when you can read words of one syllable. It is something alive.

CHARLES.

Something alive ? a rabbit, papa ?

MR. ALLEN.

O, you cannot guess, I see ; so I will tell you. A little brother.

CHARLES.

A little brother ! Dear papa, how nice ! Is he as big as me, and will he play with me ?

MR. ALLEN.

No ; he is very little, and he cannot play with you yet. But, here we are, at the door ; and there is Mary waiting to receive us.

Mr. Allen gets out of the gig, and lifts Charles out ; then taking him by the hand, says,

MR. ALLEN.

Now, you must be very quiet and gentle; because mamma is still weak and ill.

Mr. Allen and Charles go softly into Mrs. Allen's Room, who is sitting in an arm-chair, with a Baby on her knee.

MRS. ALLEN.

Dear Charlie, come and kiss me.

Charles puts his Arms gently round his mother's Neck, and seeing the Baby, says,

CHARLES.

Dear mamma, is that my little brother? How pretty and tiny

he is. Will you put him down on the ground to run with me?

MRS. ALLEN.

He cannot stand, Charles; he is very weak and helpless.

CHARLES.

Why cannot he stand? I can, mamma.

MRS. ALLEN.

Yes, you can now; but you were once a little baby like this, and lay all day upon my knees, or your nurse's; because, if we had set you down, you would have fallen.

CHARLES.

Poor little brother! I will be kind to you, and teach you to read and say hymns, as mamma

teaches me. Mamma, I shall be glad when he can play with me and talk. When will he?

MRS. ALLEN.

You must wait with patience a great many months for that; but you may play with him gently now; and, I dare say, he will very soon like to see you and smile at you.

CHARLES.

Hark! I hear the church bells. Why do they ring to day? It is not Sunday.

MRS. ALLEN.

No; it is not Sunday, it is Christmas day.

CHARLES.

O, I see all the people going to

church. What is Christmas day, mamma ?

MRS. ALLEN.

Christmas day is a day set apart for us to remember Jesus Christ having been born into the world.

CHARLES.

Was Jesus Christ ever a little baby like that ?

MRS ALLEN.

Yes ; though He was very happy and very glorious in heaven with God, He left that beautiful place to become a little helpless baby.

CHARLES.

Why did he, mamma ?

MRS. ALLEN.

He lived upon this earth, first as a child, and then as a grown up man, that He might show us how we ought to live to please God.

CHARLES.

Was Jesus Christ ever naughty ?

MRS. ALLEN.

No ; He was the only being upon earth who never did any thing which he ought not to do ; and it is because He was so very good, and because He died in great pain for us, that God for His sake will take us to heaven when we die.

CHARLES.

Mamma, I saw a picture in Mary's book of Jesus Christ nailed upon a great piece of wood ; and Mary said he was crucified, and that it was dreadful pain. Why did God let Jesus Christ be crucified if he loved him ?

MRS. ALLEN.

My dear child, when you are old enough you will read about all this in the Bible ; now you are too young to understand much of these things ; but I will tell you, that God's letting His dear Son suffer so much for us, is a proof how much He hates sin,

and also how very good and kind He is. John iii. 14—17.

CHARLES.

Do you understand all that is in the Bible, mamma?

MRS. ALLEN.

Not all, Charles; but I understand enough in it to show me how good God is, and what I should do to please Him; and the more I read in it, with prayer for the help of the Holy Spirit, the better I understand it; and I know, that what I do not quite understand now, I shall when I get to heaven.

Now we will look in the little red book for some verses about a baby.

Smile upon us, baby boy,
Source of anxious hope and joy ;
We will teach thee how to love
Him in whom we live and move.

When thy little lips can pray,
We will kneel with thee each day,
God's own sacred words declare,
Jesus loves an infant's prayer.

Dearest babe, may He who gave
His own blood thy soul to save
Pour upon thee from above,
All the blessings of His love.

Mayst thou early learn to know
Him from whom thy blessings flow ;
May thy little heart be given
To thy Saviour high in heaven.

Now, my darling, gently sleep,
Whilst I watch beside thee keep ;
Christ, the children's friend, is nigh.
Hush thee, baby !—lullaby !

CHAPTER IV.

THE SICK CHILD.

Charles opens the Door of his Mother's Room, and is running in hastily. Mrs. Allen puts her finger on her Lip, and points to the Baby asleep on her Lap. Charles comes on tip-toe up to her and says,

CHARLES.

Mamma, what is the matter with baby ? How very white he looks ! I see a tear, two tears, on your cheeks. Dear mamma, why do you cry ?

MRS. ALLEN.

Poor little Henry has been very ill, and I could not help crying to see him suffer.

CHARLES.

Mamma, you told me we were to ask God for every thing we wanted. Why do you not ask God to make baby well?

MRS. ALLEN.

I have prayed to God for him, my child.

CHARLES.

Then why do you cry, mamma? Will not God do what you ask him?

MRS. ALLEN.

My boy, I am sure God will if He sees it is good for us that he should get well ; but He may know that it would be better for him to die, and better for me to have the pain of seeing him suffer. Now, God tells us, in the Bible, that we must always, by prayer and supplication, make known our requests to Him. (Phil. iv. 6.) And that He will grant us every thing that His wisdom knows to be really good for us. (Matt. vii. 7—11.) But that may not be every thing we wish for. You know, Charles, you have sometimes asked me to give you fruit, and I have refused

you, because I knew, though you did not, that it would make you ill. You believed me to be wiser than you, and trusted to my not refusing you any gratification which would be really good for you. In the same manner, I know our Father in heaven to be wiser than I am; and, therefore, I desire to rest contented whether He grants or denies what I ask Him.

CHARLES.

Then you will not cry any more, dear mamma?

MRS. ALLEN.

When God sends us real afflictions, he does not tell us not to

weep. The good of sorrow is to make us think with pleasure of Heaven; where we shall suffer no more ourselves, nor see any we love suffer. We also read in the Bible, that we are to rejoice with them that do rejoice, and weep with them that weep, (Rom. xii. 15.) And our Saviour Jesus Christ wept himself, when he was on earth, because he saw those he loved unhappy. (John xi. 35.)

CHARLES.

Mamma, I wish you would mark in the Bible the things you repeat to me; then, when I am a little older, I can read them myself.

MRS. ALLEN.

I have marked them, love, in a pretty little Bible I mean to give you, when you can read in it.

CHARLES.

What, for my own ? O, I will make haste and read ; dear kind mamma. Mamma, see. Baby opens his eyes. He does not cry. Perhaps he will soon get well. I hope he will. I mean, if God likes it. Mamma, was I ever ill ?

MRS. ALLEN.

Yes, you were once ill a long while.

CHARLES.

Were you very sorry, mam-

ma, and did you pray to God to make me well?

MRS. ALLEN.

I did, my Charlie. It grieved me very much when I heard you cry, and saw you look so pale; and I sat by the side of your little crib a great many nights without going to bed.

CHARLES.

Ah! I did not think you were so very *very* kind, mamma. I am sorry I have sometimes been naughty and vexed you. I hope I shall not be naughty again. I will ask God very often to make me good. Mamma, there

is no poem in my book about a sick child, is there ?

MRS ALLEN.

Yes, if you look at the book you will see a strip of paper in one of the leaves ; bring it to me and I will read it to you.

Little infant, sweetly sleep,
Pillowed on thy mother's breast.
Angels watch around thee keep ;
Calm and healing be thy rest.

How thy mother loves her boy,
None but mothers sure can tell,
Hope and sorrow, fear and joy,
Each in turn her bosom swell.

Looking upwards through her tears,
Oft she lifts a silent prayer,
To the God who mourners hears,
That he would her darling spare.

Should thy little life be given
To thy mother's pious love ;
Should the God who lives in Heaven
Send thee healing from above ;

Wilt thou not, O, baby boy,
Cherish her as she does thee ?
Be her comfort and her joy,
Think of all her love for thee ?

Wilt thou not be good and kind,
Never from her idly stray ?
All her wishes wilt thou mind ?
All her wise commands obey ?

Little know'st thou, sleeping one,
All thy mother's anxious care,
Nothing can beneath the sun
With a Mother's love compare.

But there *is* a stronger love,
Than thy mother's, child, for thee,
Baby ! God who dwells above,
Loves thee yet more tenderly.*

* Isaiah, xlix. 15.

O, then, every morn and eve,
Lift thy little hands above :
Infant prayers He will receive,
For His very name is " Love."

CHAPTER V.

THE FAULT.

Mrs. Allen comes into Charles's Nursery, and finds him lying in Bed awake.

MRS. ALLEN.

What, not up, my little lazy boy? Do you know what o'clock it is?

NURSERY MAID.

Master Charles has been naughty, ma'am. I have begged

him to get up several times, but he says he won't.

MRS. ALLEN.

Is that my little boy, who says he won't? Come, make haste, and get up. I thought you would have learnt your lesson by this time, and weeded the little patch of ground in the flower garden. Get up, Charles.

CHARLES.

I won't get up, I am sleepy.

MRS. ALLEN.

Charles, I shall not love you if you are so disobedient.

CHARLES.

I don't care.

Mrs. Allen very gravely lifts Charles out of Bed, and carrying him into a Corner of the Room, says,

MRS. ALLEN.

Charles, I am much grieved to see you so naughty. Do you forget that God's eye is upon you? Stand there, and recollect yourself. When you are disposed to be a better boy, you may come to me.

Mrs. Allen sits down to her Work. After a few Minutes, Charles comes up to his Mother, and says,

CHARLES.

Mamma, I am good now ; kiss me.

MRS. ALLEN.

Stop, Charles, before I kiss you, I must know whether you are really sorry. You have grieved me very much, and you have made God angry.

Charles begins to cry.

CHARLES.

Mamma, indeed I am sorry.

MRS. ALLEN.

Then kiss me, my child, and let us kneel down and ask pardon of God.

They kneel down, and Charles repeats the Words after his Mamma.

PRAAYER.

O God ! I have been a sinful, foolish child. Forgive me, I pray thee ; and, because I have no power to do any thing without thee, give me thy Holy Spirit to make me good, for Jesus Christ's sake. Amen.

MRS. ALLEN.

Now, Mary, be so good as to dress Master Charles ; and I hope he will be a more obedient little boy to you in future.

CHARLES.

Mamma, will you take me out

to see the poor women, as you promised me yesterday ?

MRS. ALLEN.

If you remember, I said, if you were good, I should take you with me. Do you deserve to go ?

CHARLES.

No, mamma, but I thought you had forgiven me. Are you angry with me still, dear mamma ?

MRS. ALLEN.

No, Charles, I am not angry. I have quite forgiven you, and I love you dearly ; but I wish you to think seriously of your fault.

When we have done any thing wrong, we should not try to forget it immediately, by running to amuse ourselves with other things ; but remember with sorrow, that we have offended our kind Father in heaven ; and, especially, when we have neglected any duty, we should be very diligent in making up for lost time, as well as we can. I shall therefore leave you to learn your lessons ; and, if you say them well when I return, I will sing to you, after breakfast, this little hymn, about children getting up early.

Awake, awake, my little one,
The sun is shining bright,
Open your little eyes and see,
How glorious is his light.

'Tis pity thus to waste the hours
By God in mercy given ;
For every hour, if spent aright,
Will bring us nearer Heaven.

It was God's eye that watch'd my boy,
While sunk in gentle sleep :
It is His arm that can alone
From sin and danger keep.

Will you not love Him then, and seek
To know and do His will ?
Will you not ask Him that His grace
Your little heart may fill ?

Come let us kneel in humble prayer,
And lift our hearts above,
To Him who bids us cast our care,
Upon our Father's love.

CHAPTER VI.

THE GOOD BOY.

Charles is sitting after Breakfast with his Mamma, who is working.

CHARLES.

Dear mamma, I am a great deal more happy to-day than I was yesterday.

MRS. ALLEN.

I dare say you are, love. You were not good yesterday, and we are always unhappy when we are not good.

CHARLES.

Mamma, I wonder why I was naughty ; for, when I went to bed, I said my prayers, and I meant to be very good in the morning.

MRS. ALLEN.

My child, it was the devil who tempted you to be naughty ; but you knew it was wrong to be sulky and disobedient to Mary ; and therefore you should not have given way to such naughty feelings.

CHARLES.

But, mamma, why did not God prevent me ? I asked him in my prayers to make me good.

MRS. ALLEN.

God would have prevented you if you had tried yourself ; but it is no use asking him, if we do not try ourselves to be good. You know the little child who lives at the cottage by the gate. Do you remember when his mother took his hand, he walked along nicely, till he was naughty, and would sit down, and began to cry. Now, without his mother's help, he could not have walked at all ; but, to get on, it was necessary for him to try and walk also.

CHARLES.

O, I understand that, dear mamma. God's holy Spirit helps

us, the same as the mother's hand helped little Tom. But how can it help me, when I do not see it?

MRS. ALLEN.

You have asked me a difficult question to explain to such a little boy, but I will try. Do you remember last summer, one very hot day, when you were so tired with working in your garden, that you were quite sick?

CHARLES.

Yes, I remember; and that I was obliged to lie down on the bed. When it was evening, you carried me out of doors, and the wind blew so gently and cool,

that I got quite well, and ran about upon the lawn.

MRS. ALLEN.

Well, love, you did not *see* the wind, but you *felt* that it did you good. Now, if we ask God for his Holy Spirit, and then do all we can to be good, we shall feel it making our hearts good and happy, in the same way as your little body was refreshed, by the pleasant breeze that blew upon you.

CHARLES.

Mamma, I should like to learn a hymn like a prayer to Jesus Christ, to make me good.

MRS. ALLEN.

Well, I think I can find one.

Jesus, Saviour, Son of God,
Who for me life's pathway trod,
Who for me became a child,
Make me humble, meek and mild.

I, thy little lamb would be,
Jesus, I would follow thee,
And like Samuel of old,
I would live within thy fold.

Dearest Saviour, I am thine,
Bid thy Spirit on me shine ;
Keep my weak and sinful heart,
Lest it should from thee depart.

Teach me how to pray to thee ;
Make me holy, heavenly,
Let me love what thou dost love,
Let me live with thee above.

CHAPTER VII.

GOD SEES US IN THE DARK.

Mr. and Mrs. Allen are sitting in the Drawing-room, after Charles had been gone to Bed about half an Hour. Mrs. Allen hearing Charles cry, goes up to his Nursery.

MRS. ALLEN.

What is the matter with my little boy?

CHARLES.

Mary is gone down stairs, and has taken away the candle, and it is so dark, I do not like it.

MRS. ALLEN.

Why do you not like it, Charles ?

CHARLES.

I am frightened when it is dark, mamma.

MRS. ALLEN.

Darkness cannot hurt you, Charles.

CHARLES.

O, but when it is dark, I am afraid of something coming.

MRS. ALLEN.

Dear boy, if I were sitting in the room, you would not be frightened, should you ?

CHARLES.

O no, dear mamma, you would take care of me.

MRS. ALLEN.

And yet, dear Charles, I am not so able to take care of you as God is.

CHARLES.

But I cannot see God, mamma.

MRS. ALLEN.

Can you see in the dark, Charles ?

CHARLES, *laughing*.

No, not when it is quite dark, but I know you are there.

MRS. ALLEN.

Well, my child ; then it is not because you see me, but because you know I am there, that you feel safe. Why then should you be afraid when your God

and Saviour is watching over you ?

CHARLES.

If I were sure that God was watching over me, I should not be afraid ; but how do you know that he is ?

MRS. ALLEN.

Because there is a great deal in the Bible about it. I will tell you two or three texts. In Jeremiah, xxiii. 24, it is written, “ Can any hide himself in secret places that I shall not see him ? Do I not fill heaven and earth, saith the Lord ? ” David in the iv. Psalm, 8th verse, says, “ I will lay me down in peace and sleep, for thou, Lord, makest me to dwell

in safety." And again, in cxxxix. Psalm, 12th verse, "The darkness hideth not from Thee; but the night shineth as the day; the darkness and light are both alike to Thee." In the book of Proverbs, xv. 3, we read, "The eyes of the Lord are in every place, beholding the evil and the good."

CHARLES.

Mamma, I like all those words very much. I think God was very good and kind to tell us all that in the Bible.

MRS. ALLEN.

He was indeed, my child. His love to us is very great, and He

has promised that He will never leave us.

CHARLES.

Is that in the Bible, mamma ?

MRS. ALLEN.

Yes, in St. Paul's Epistle to the Hebrews it is written, " He hath said, I will never leave thee nor forsake thee. So that we may boldly say, the Lord is my helper. I will not fear what man shall do unto me."—Heb. xiii. 5, 6.

CHARLES.

Mamma, have you marked these texts in my pretty new Bible ?

MRS. ALLEN.

No, love, but I will when I go down stairs.

CHARLES.

If I were naughty though, I could not help being afraid, mamma.

MRS. ALLEN.

That is quite true, Charles. When we do wrong we ought to feel afraid; but not more in the dark than in the light. We are never safe if God does not take care of us; and, if he does, remember, that to him "the darkness and light are both alike;" and you know, dear boy, when we have done wrong, *that*

should not keep us from praying to God ; but we should make haste and beg him to pardon us, and keep us from all evil, for his dear Son's sake. We must remember also, that though God cannot be pleased when we do what he does not like, yet that he is always the same good and merciful God, ready and willing to forgive us whenever we are truly sorry. Now listen to this little hymn, which you shall learn to-morrow, to repeat when you lie down in your bed.

Saviour, I lay me down in peace,
Secure, thy love will never cease ;
For thou thy own dear life hast given,
That we may live with thee in heaven.

O let me sleep upon thy breast,
And then how sweet will be my rest !
Let the soft feathers of thy wing
Their sacred shadow round me fling.

I have no fear when thou art nigh,
For time, nor for eternity.—
See, Lord! my weary eyelids close,—
Holy and calm be my repose.

CHARLES *says very gently*,
Mamma, I feel sleepy now.
I shall not be afraid any more I
think. Kiss me.

MRS. ALLEN.

God loves you, and will take
care of you, my little boy. Good
night.

THE END.

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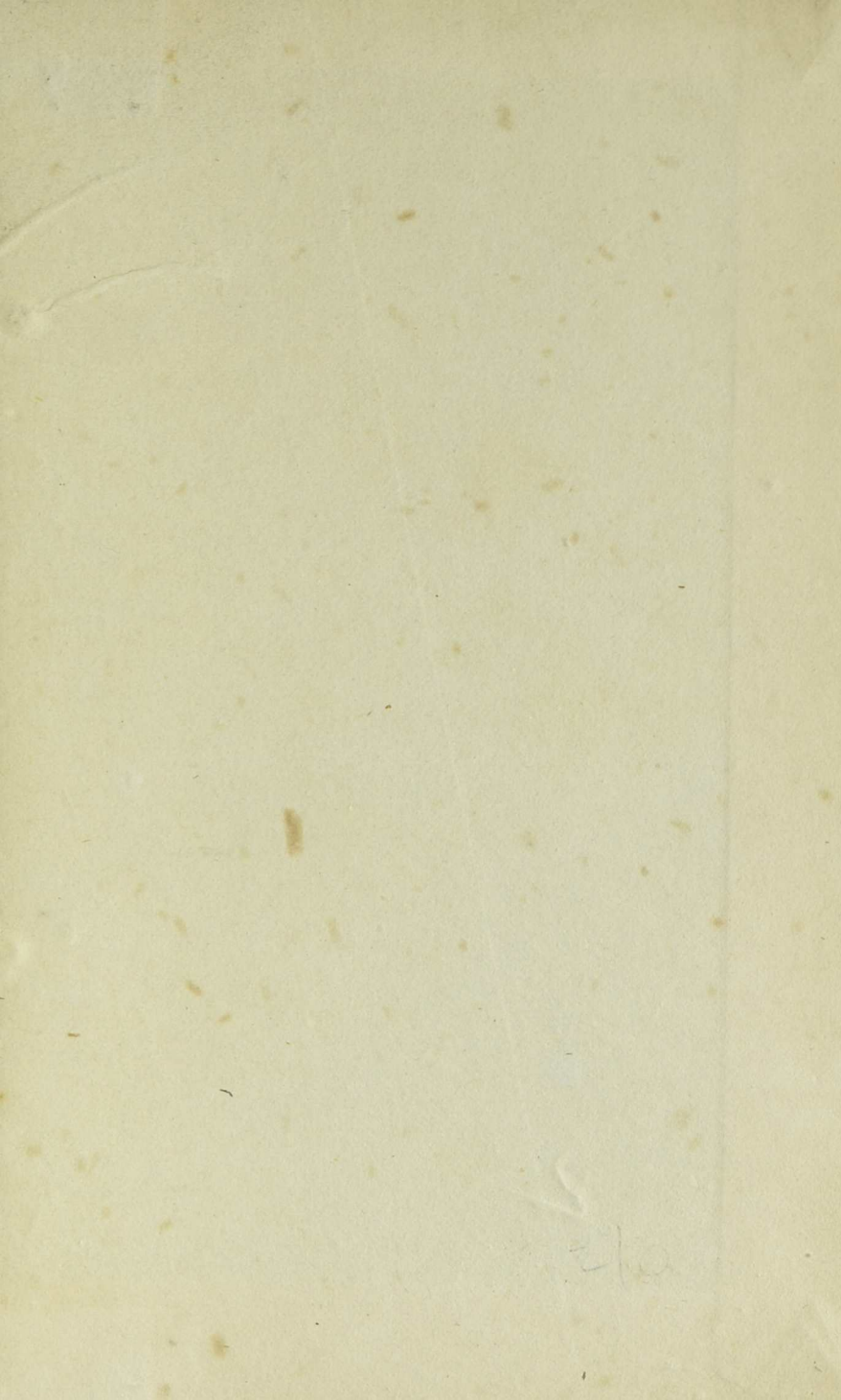
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