

THE LITTLE
SUNDAY-SCHOOL CHILD'S
REWARD.



BY MRS. SHERWOOD,
Author of "Little Henry and his Bearer," &c.



A NEW EDITION.

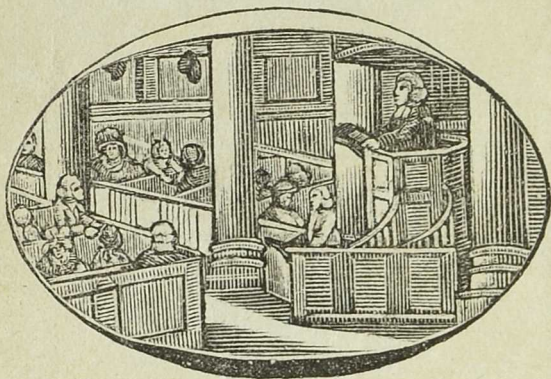


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FRONTISPIECE.



LORD! how delightful 'tis to see
A whole assembly worship Thee!
At once they sing, at once they pray;
They hear of heaven, and learn the way.

THE LITTLE
SUNDAY-SCHOOL CHILD'S
REWARD.

BY MRS. SHERWOOD,
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TWENTY-SECOND EDITION.

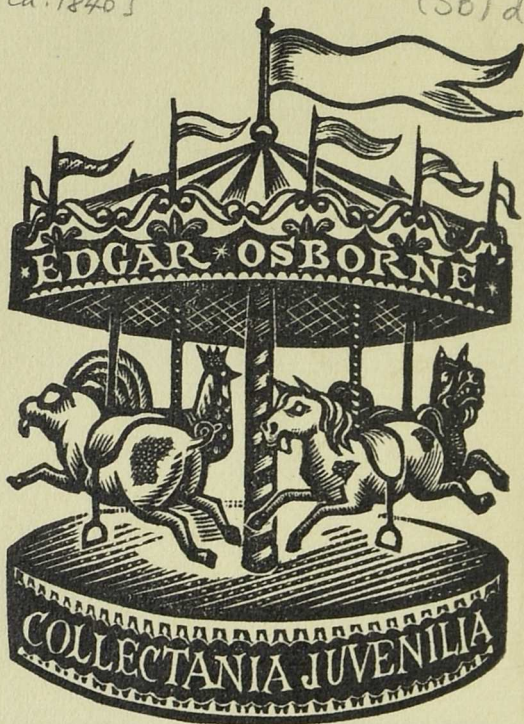
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THE LITTLE

*Sunday-School Child's*

**Reward.**



ONE fine Sunday morning, while the bells were ringing to call the people to church, a very little girl, called Sally, sat upon a gate, by the way-side. Sally was covered with rags, her face and hands were dirty, and she had neither shoes nor stockings.

A lady who feared God passing by that way as she was going to church,

said to Sally as she passed, "Little girl, why do you sit there on the Lord's day? why do you not get your mammy to wash you, and put you on clean clothes, and send you to God's house?"

Sally did not answer the lady at first; but she hung down her head, and looked very silly.

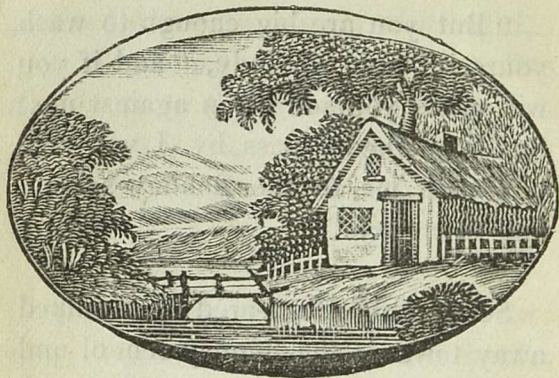
Then the lady spoke to her again, and said, "Why do you not get your mammy to make you clean, that you may go to church?"

"I have no clean clothes, Ma'am," said Sally, "and mammy has not time to wash me."

“But you are big enough to wash yourself,” said the lady, “and if you will make yourself clean against next Sunday, when I pass by, I will take you with me to the Sunday-school, and to church.”

So the lady who feared God walked away towards the Sunday-school and the church; and, when she was quite out of sight, little Sally got off the gate, and ran to the cottage in which she lived. Sally's father and mother were both of them dead; and she lived with a poor woman, whom she called her mammy: but her mammy was not very kind to her.

So little Sally, when she got to



the door of her mammy's house, said, "O, mammy, there is a good lady gone by, who says she will take me to the Sunday-school and to church, next Sunday, if you will make me clean."

"Indeed, child," said her mammy, "I have no time to dress you on



Sundays: I have the bed to make, and the house to clean, and the dinner to get: so you may go where you will; but don't look for me to dress you or clean you."

Then little Sally sat down upon the step on the outside of the door, and began to think, "What shall I do when the lady comes again next Sunday? Mammy won't clean me; but I can wash my own face and hands, and comb my hair, for mammy will let me use her comb. So I will sit upon the gate, till the lady comes; and then I will ask her to let me go with her to school; and I will give the lady a little posy out of the hedge, because she is a good lady."

Now this was a good thought which God put into the heart of little Sally: for all good thoughts come from God, but naughty thoughts come out of our own hearts.

The next Sunday morning, little Sally got up early, and washed her hands and face, and combed her hair. Then she gathered a few flowers out of the hedge; some wild roses, and some wild honeysuckles; and, when she had tied them up in a posy with a bit of red worsted, she took a slice of bread which had been cut for her breakfast; and, when her mammy had given her leave to go where she would, she went and sat upon the gate, till the lady who feared God came by.

When little Sally saw the lady, she got off the gate in haste, and running to her, she made a low courtesy, and gave her the posy, and said, "I have washed my face and my hands, Ma'am, and combed my hair; and, if you please, I will go with you to the Sunday-school."

The lady said, "But you have not got your Sunday frock on!"

"I have no Sunday frock," said little Sally; "my own mammy and daddy are dead, and I have nobody to buy me a Sunday frock. Will you not let me go to school in these old clothes?"

"Yes, my poor little girl, I will,"

said the lady. "The Lord Jesus Christ receives us in all our most filthy rags, if we will come to him: how then can I refuse to receive a poor little ragged child who is willing to come to me?"

Then the lady walked on, and little Sally came trotting after her. And the lady took her to a pretty Sunday-school, where she was taught to read: first in the spelling-book, then in the psalter, and afterwards in the Bible. Every Sunday she was taken to the house of God: for the lady told her that God would look at her heart, and not at her ragged clothes; *for man looketh on the outward appearance, but the Lord looketh on the heart.* (1 Sam. xvi. 7.)



When little Sally had been at the Sunday-school one year, and had behaved very well, and learned her tasks well every week; she had a brown stuff gown given to her, and a white apron, and a brown bonnet and tippet, like all the other children: and, because she had no daddy and mammy, the lady was so kind as to

give her two new shifts, and a flannel petticoat, together with shoes and stockings, and a blue bed-gown to wear on week days. And when she got a little older, the kind lady employed her to do many little jobs for her, by which she earned as many pence as served to keep her in shoes and stockings.

Little Sally learned at the Sunday-school and at church, to be humble, and to fear God, and to love the dear Saviour who died for her upon the cross. She learned also always to speak the truth, and never to tell a lie, because she knew that every liar has his portion in the lake that burns with brimstone and with fire.

When Sally was grown a great girl, the lady who feared God took her into her house, where she employed her as a servant, and taught her a great many useful things. And the lady loved her, because she was humble and thankful, and loved her Saviour, and never gave rude answers when she was spoken to.

Sally, through all her life, used to say, "That was a happy day, when I first went to the Sunday-school."

FINIS.

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