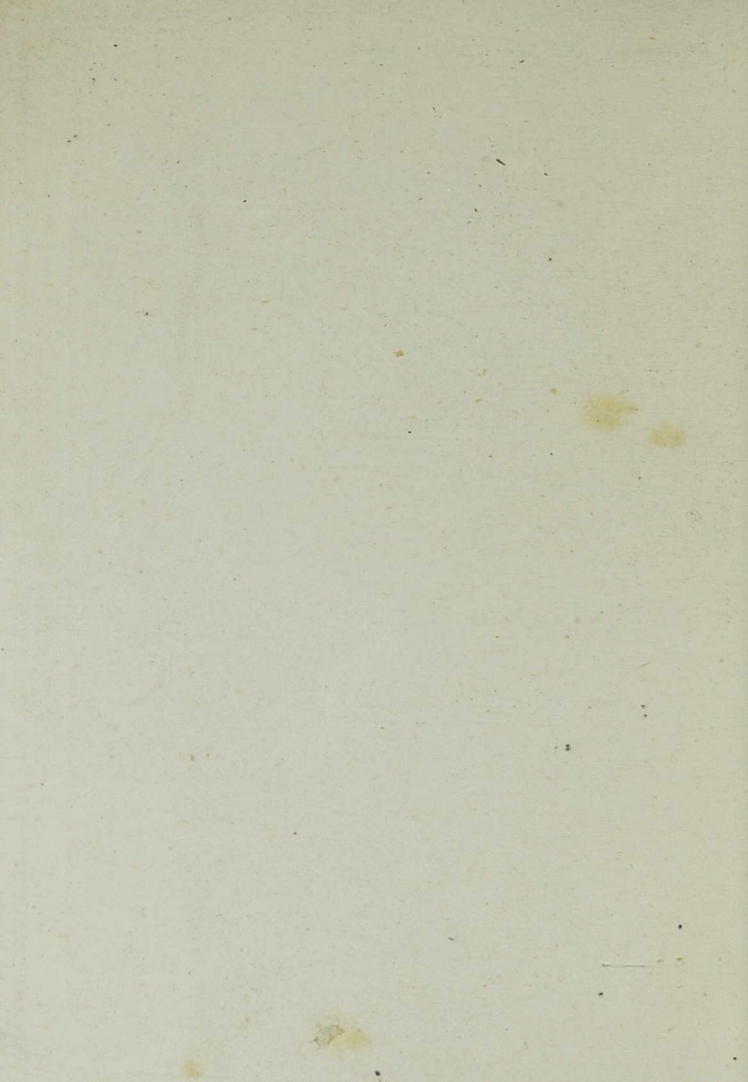
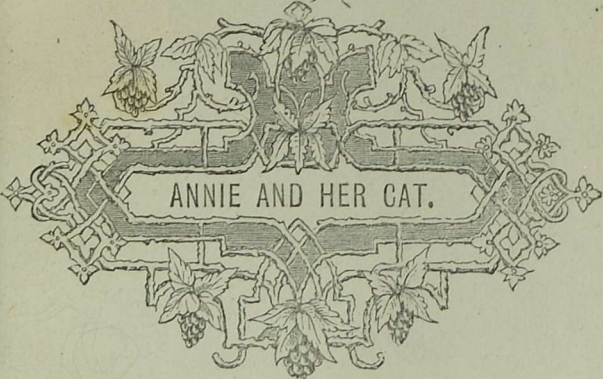




ANNIE AND HER CAT  
AND OTHER STORIES

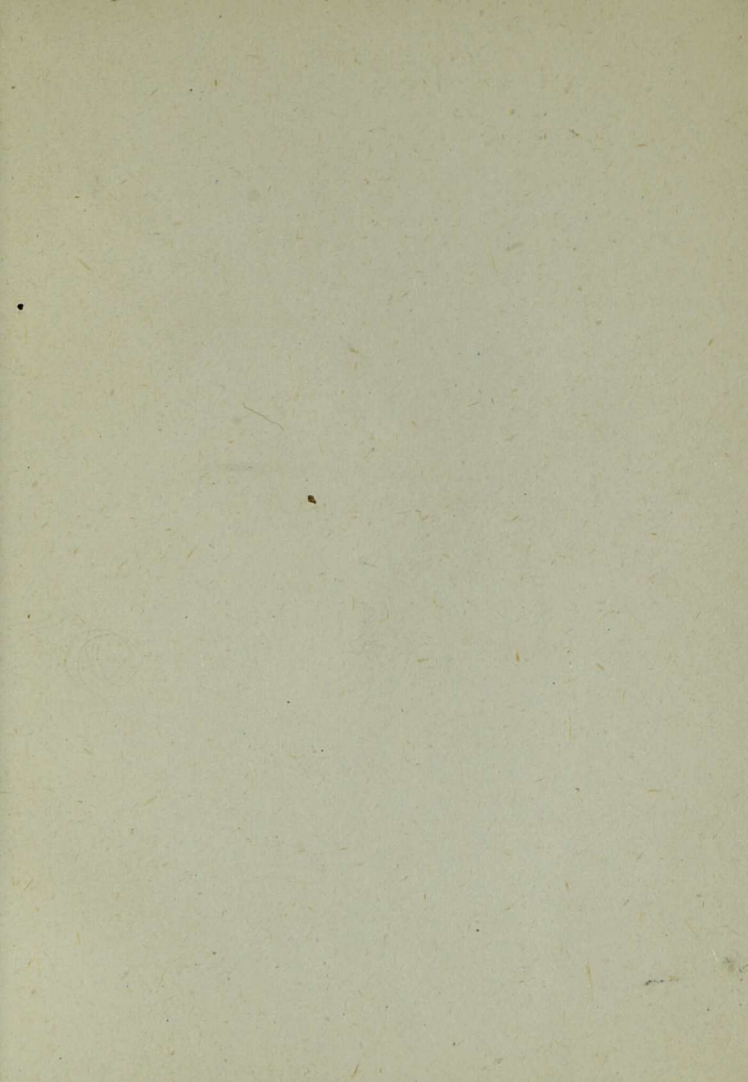
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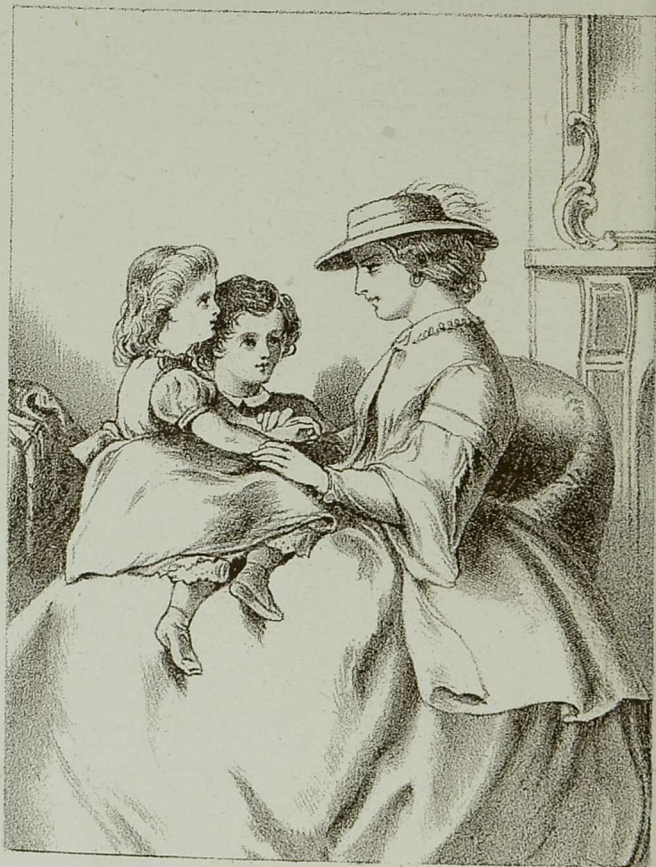


ANNIE AND HER CAT.





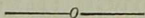




ANNIE AND HER CAT.



## ANNIE AND HER CAT.



**Y**ES, I will tell you a story, said Aunt Lucy, taking little Jeanie on her knee, while Henry stood meekly beside her.

Long ago, there was a little girl called Annie Stewart. She was cousin to Mary who had the cat *Muff*; but, I am sorry to say, she was not a kind little girl, as Mary was. I could tell you of many cruel things Annie did, such as

*ANNIE AND HER CAT.*

killing gentle flies, and tormenting the ducks and geese in the garden. One day Annie came to her mother saying, "Mamma, Nurse Bell has the most beautiful kitten I ever saw, pure white, and with blue eyes; and she says I may have it for my own, if you allow me."

"Well, Annie," said Mrs. Stewart, "I will allow you to have the kitten, because I think it sometimes does children good to have pets to take care of; but if I ever see that you are neglectful of the little kitten, or unkind to it, I shall send it that very day out of the house: so you must be very careful."

"That I will," said Annie, and she ran away to ask Mrs. Bell to bring the kitten just as fast as she could.



*ANNIE AND HER CAT.*

“But, Miss,” the old woman said, “the servants tell me you are very cruel to the birds, and I would not like anybody to be unkind to my pretty little kitten.”

Annie’s face was very red. “I will not be cruel, I will be very kind to it, nurse, because it will be my very own.”

So Annie got the kitten, and she was very fond of it. She tied a blue ribbon round its neck. She chose blue, because the kitten had blue eyes; and she called its name Snow, because it was all white. Annie’s papa and mamma began to hope that she was becoming a really kind little girl; but one day, while Mrs. Stewart was working in the drawing-room, she heard a very plaintive mewing

*ANNIE AND HER CAT.*

in the next room. There was an open door between the rooms, so she called to Annie to ask what was the matter with pussy.

“Nothing, nothing, mamma,” said Annie; and, as the mewling ceased, Mrs. Stewart forgot all about it, until again she heard quite a piteous “Me-ew, me-ew!” Stepping to the door, she saw, to her grief, poor pussy struggling in Annie’s arm, while the cruel child tried to pull out some of its pretty white hairs!

“Annie, Annie!” cried her mother, “how can you be so wicked?”

Snow took advantage of the moment to run away as fast as it could; and Annie would very gladly have done the same if she could.

*ANNIE AND HER CAT.*

“Cruel, heartless child!” said her mother; “I never thought you could have been so wicked. Snow shall be sent back to its kind mistress immediately; for I will not have a poor dumb animal left any longer under your care.”

“Oh, mamma!” Annie cried, “I only did it for fun, to see how it would fuff and its tail stand out. Do give me another trial; I will never never do so again.”

But all her entreaties were in vain, and Snow was sent back again to Mrs. Bell.

Annie missed her pretty pussy very much; and what was worse, she almost felt as if her papa and mamma did not love her so much, they were so grave

*ANNIE AND HER CAT.*

and sad when she was beside them. And the little girl began to think what a great sin it was to be cruel, and that if her kind-hearted parents were so grieved about her, God must have been very angry; for she remembered the verse, "God is love." Then her mamma told her how God gave as one of his reasons for sparing the city of Nineveh, that there was "much cattle" there—showing that he watched over his dumb creatures; and she made her learn the verse which says that not one little sparrow falls to the ground unnoticed by him.

Some months after this, Annie was playing, as she often did, all alone on the sea-shore, when she heard the cry of a wild bird, and she saw some boys with a

*ANNIE AND HER CAT.*

sea-gull, which was fluttering and screaming as loudly as it could. Annie ran to them. Some time before, she would have gone to watch the struggles of the poor bird, but that was not her reason now.

“What are you going to do with the bird?” she eagerly asked.

“Oh, Miss!” said one of the boys, “we are going to cut its wings, and see what it will do then.”

“Oh, don’t do it, don’t do it!” cried Annie; “it will never reach its own home if you do. I will give you a penny if you will let it go.”

“A penny!” they said; “no indeed: if you had silver to give us we might let it off.”

Now Annie had a sixpence, but she



*ANNIE AND HER CAT.*

was not very willing to give it. At last pity won the battle in her little heart, she gave her sixpence, and felt very happy as the bird spread out its beautiful gray wings, and flew up to some of its bird-friends, that had been whirling round and round all the time, and screaming as loudly as it had done.

“It is far, far nicer to be kind than to be cruel,” thought Annie, as she began to build her sand house again.

She did not know that her mamma had been watching her all the time, and had felt as happy as herself when she saw the sea-gull fly away.

That evening a basket was brought into the drawing-room. It was addressed

*ANNIE AND HER CAT.*

“To a kind little girl, called Annie Stewart.”

“Is it for me, mamma?” said Annie.

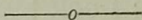
“I think so, my dear,” said Mrs. Stewart. And when she opened it, out jumped a lovely white cat, with a blue ribbon round its neck!

“It is Snow come back to you, Annie, dear,” said her papa, “because we think it will be happy with you now, and that we will not need to send it away again.”

Annie kissed her papa and mamma, and hugged her dear white pussy again and again, and nobody ever called her a cruel little girl any more. X. X.



## MATTY'S CANARY.



**W**HEN Matty was five years old, her uncle John gave her a birth-day present. What do you think it was? A canary in a green cage! Matty clapped her hands with joy, and did not forget to say, "I thank you, Uncle John, very much indeed."

The cage had a green glass cup of water on one side for the canary to drink, and a green glass cup of seeds on the

## MATTY'S CANARY.

other side for his food. There was also a white tub inside for birdie to wash in. Matty filled the tub with fresh warm water every morning, and saw him take his bath. "Peep!" said birdie from his perch. "Peep!" said he, hopping on the rim of his little tub. "Peep!" he said, dipping his bill into the water. If it felt right, in he went, splashing and dashing, flapping his wings, and bobbing up and down to his heart's delight. I wish every little child loved to be washed so.

What diverted Matty most was the way he went to bed. He put his head under his wing, and went to sleep on one foot, and that was all;—much easier than *her* way, she thought, which was

*MATTY'S CANARY.*

to be undressed and washed, taking "so long," especially when she was sleepy. But little girls must remember that long is made longer by impatience or fretfulness; and that I do not believe the canary knows anything about. His early morning song often wakes Matty. "Ah, you are praising God 'fore I," Matty says.

She often talks to her little bird, and asks him many questions; to all of which he says, "Peep, peep!" which is certainly a very prudent answer.

In summer she used to fetch him chick-weed and plantain seeds fresh from the garden. "Birdie," she said, "are you not very glad to be waited upon so?" "Peep!" answered birdie. Whether that was yes or no, I cannot tell.



MATTY'S CANARY.

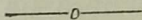
One morning after breakfast Frank opened the cage door, and out flew birdie. After making a few stops, he lighted on the table. He hopped from one plate to another, and from one cup to another, picking up the crumbs, and taking a drink where he pleased, to the great delight of the children.

I thought he was very much pleased to *wait upon himself*; and I wish some little boys and girls whom I know, that are very fond of being *waited upon*, liked it as well.





## THE LITTLE TEACHERS.



THE other day I was sitting at my window looking on the winter landscape. There before me were the same hills which a few weeks ago had been covered with the richest tints of crimson, purple, and gold, and now were pale blue in the distance. All around was changed. The noble elms in front of the house were bare, and their graceful limbs

*THE LITTLE TEACHERS.*

moved to and fro in the cold wind ; the lambs, though warmly clad, looked shivering in the frosty meadow ; and the bushes near by showed no more leaves, only some bright berries.

As I was looking on, two small winter birds came fluttering from a tree, and alighted on the bushes. They picked here and there a berry, with a happy little chirp. It was their share: for them God had prepared and kept it, and they were satisfied. But they did not stay long. On a sudden away they flew towards a hill. I waited ; for there had been nothing to frighten them, and I wanted to see whether they would return. Pretty soon from the leafless woods came a whole flock of the same birds.

*THE LITTLE TEACHERS.*

No doubt the little pioneers who had discovered the treasure had gone back to fetch their companions, so that they might all enjoy it.

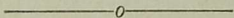
Whenever, dear child, you feel tempted to be selfish, remember the two little birds at their feast of berries.

“ Little deeds of kindness,  
Little words of love,  
Make our earth an Eden,  
Like the heaven above.”





## THE HAPPIEST DAY.



WILL tell you, children, about the happiest day in all little Annie's life; and what day do you think it was?

Was it that birth-day when she had her first party, and when Aunt Mary sent her a sovereign, and Uncle Charles gave her a great doll in a pretty cradle, just like a real baby? Or do you think it was when nurse called her into her



*THE HAPPIEST DAY.*

mother's room and showed her a little baby, and told her that it was her own little brother that God had given her?

These were very happy days, and Annie will never forget them; and yet I know she would tell you that one day of her life was much happier than any of these.

Annie had a very pleasant home. It was in the country, and there was a large garden round the house, full of fruits and flowers. She had plenty of books and playthings, and her dear little baby-brother was now old enough to run about and talk to her, and she loved him very much.

She seemed to have everything that a little girl could desire to make her per-

## THE HAPPIEST DAY.

fectly happy; but, really, there was one thing wanting.

Annie certainly had every *earthly* blessing that could be desired—but she had nothing more. She had not the love of God in her heart, nor an inheritance in heaven sure and unfailing. If death should take away her parents and little Charlie, and the beautiful home should burn down, she would have nothing left to comfort her or make her happy. And even with all these blessings she often felt unsatisfied. You know that if a hungry man had a whole pile of gold given to him, it could not satisfy his hunger unless he bought food with it, for he could not eat the gold. So the soul cannot be satisfied with friends,

*THE HAPPIEST DAY.*

or riches, or earthly pleasures. God alone can make the soul happy.

Annie was beginning to feel this, and it often made her unhappy; for she did not resolve, as she ought, to give her heart to God, and so find peace in his love. For many weeks she tried to forget the thoughts which troubled her; but happily she could not do that. When she read the Bible—when her mother talked to her about the Saviour's love, and prayed with her—when her Sunday-school teacher spoke to her about God and heaven—and even when little Charlie lisped his evening prayer—the anxious feelings came back and spoiled all her pleasure.

At last, one Sunday, she was sitting

*THE HAPPIEST DAY.*

beside her mother in church, and thinking, as she too often did, of what she should do on Monday, instead of listening to the sermon, when the short text, which the minister repeated several times, attracted her attention. It was this: "Grieve not the holy Spirit of God." She could not help listening after this, for the minister seemed to be speaking to her. She felt that she had been resisting and grieving the Holy Spirit, and trying to shut her ears to his voice. She felt that he might justly leave her, and never call her any more; but she prayed most earnestly that he would forgive her, and not go away from her heart.

When she went home she knelt down

*THE HAPPIEST DAY.*

in her little room alone, and asked God to make her his own obedient, loving child, and to forgive all her sins, for Christ's sake.

And that Sunday was the happiest day in all Annie's life. From that time she had a Friend who would never leave her, and a treasure in heaven which could never be taken away. The unsatisfied feeling was all gone; for, now that her soul was full of God's love, everything else seemed pleasanter and more beautiful.

Do you not think that the day she received these blessings was the happiest day in her life? You would have been sure of it if you had looked in her happy face and seen the glad smile with which



*THE HAPPIEST DAY.*

she said her evening verse to her mother:—

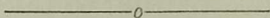
“Have they not reason to rejoice  
Whose sins are all forgiven?  
Called by a gracious Father’s voice  
To be the heirs of heaven.”

Now, children, this happiness is for you if you are willing to take it. Christ says to you, “Come unto Me;” and if you go, he will give you forgiveness, and peace, and joy now, and make you heirs with himself to all the blessedness and glory of heaven. Will you not go?





## A SAVIOUR FOR NINE YEARS OLD.



LITTLE girl went to church one Sunday. She listened with all her might. Mr. Adams preached to grown-up people, so I do not know how much of the sermon she took for herself; but when she went home, "Mother," she said, "is Jesus a Saviour for a little girl nine years old?" Her mother, I know, said, "Yes, indeed;" and lest some other little child might *think* the same

A SAVIOUR FOR NINE YEARS OLD.

question, I want to say, "Yes, indeed." Jesus is a Saviour for a little girl nine years old. He was once nine years old himself, and knows the sins and sorrows of nine years old. He knows just how you feel. He knows what vexes you. He knows your little trials and temptations. He knows what makes you glad, and when you are happy. He can feel for you. He can *carry* your little sorrows for you. He can take away the evil of your heart, and give you his Holy Spirit to make you good and happy.

He is a Saviour also for ten years, and twelve years; and for a child of one year, and two years, and three, and so all the way up. He was a babe in his mother's arms, and a boy at his mother's

*A SAVIOUR FOR NINE YEARS OLD.*

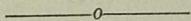
knee; he worked and studied and played as you do, and knows all about you; and he died upon the cross to save you, my little one. You need not be afraid to go to him and tell him all your wants, and thank him for all your enjoyments. He is not a stranger to you. There is nobody in the world so much interested in you as he is; nobody watches you so constantly or loves you so tenderly; and though Peter and John and several others saw him go up to heaven, yet, being God as well as man, he is still on earth, blessing the little children.

“ O give, then, to Jesus  
Your earliest days;  
They only are blessèd  
Who walk in his ways :

In life and in death he will still be your Friend ;  
For whom Jesus loves, he loves to the end.”



## “ BUT A LITTLE CHILD.”



“ I am but a little child : I know not how to go out or  
come in.”—1 KINGS iii. 7.



AM but a little child,  
Weak and easily beguiled ;  
Foes without and strifes  
within,

Tempt my little heart to sin.  
Look in pity, Lord, on me ;  
Let me trust alone in thee ;  
Let me on thy bosom rest,  
Clasp me to thy loving breast.



*"BUT A LITTLE CHILD."*

If, forgetting thee, I stray  
Into sin's enticing way,  
Leave me not to perish there,  
In the Tempter's cruel snare.  
When I'm tempted to digress  
From the path of righteousness,  
Let me hear thy Spirit say,  
"Little child, this is the way."

When in danger I shall be,  
Let me quickly fly to thee :  
Trusting in thy mighty arm,  
Nought my tender soul shall  
harm.

If I faint or weary grow,  
If I suffer pain or woe,  
Let thy strength my portion be—  
Still sustain and comfort me.

*"BUT A LITTLE CHILD."*

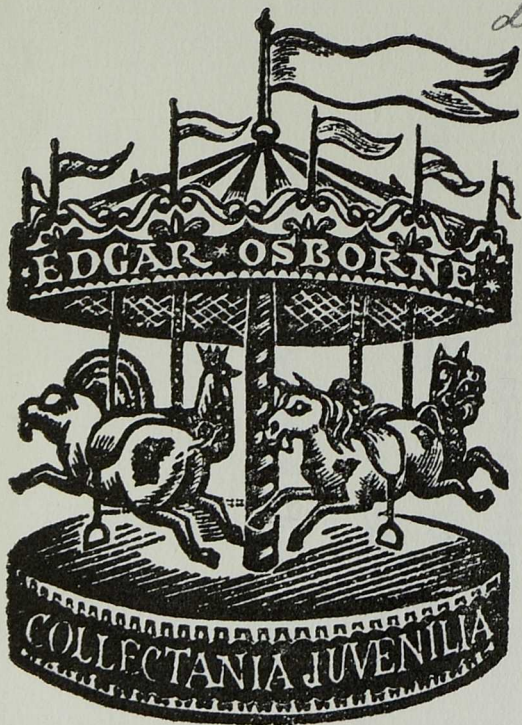
Daily, as I older grow,  
May I more of Jesus know ;  
Meekly learning at his feet  
Wisdom's lessons pure and sweet.  
Let me have his blessed mind ;  
Make me gentle, meek, and kind :  
Let my words and actions tell  
That I love my Saviour well.

With a meek and patient mind—  
With a loving heart, and kind—  
With a temper sweet and mild,  
Though I'm "but a little child,"  
Christ will be my constant friend,  
He will keep me to the end ;  
He will take me when I die  
To my home beyond the sky.



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OLD TIME CHILDREN'S BOOKS No. 969

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