



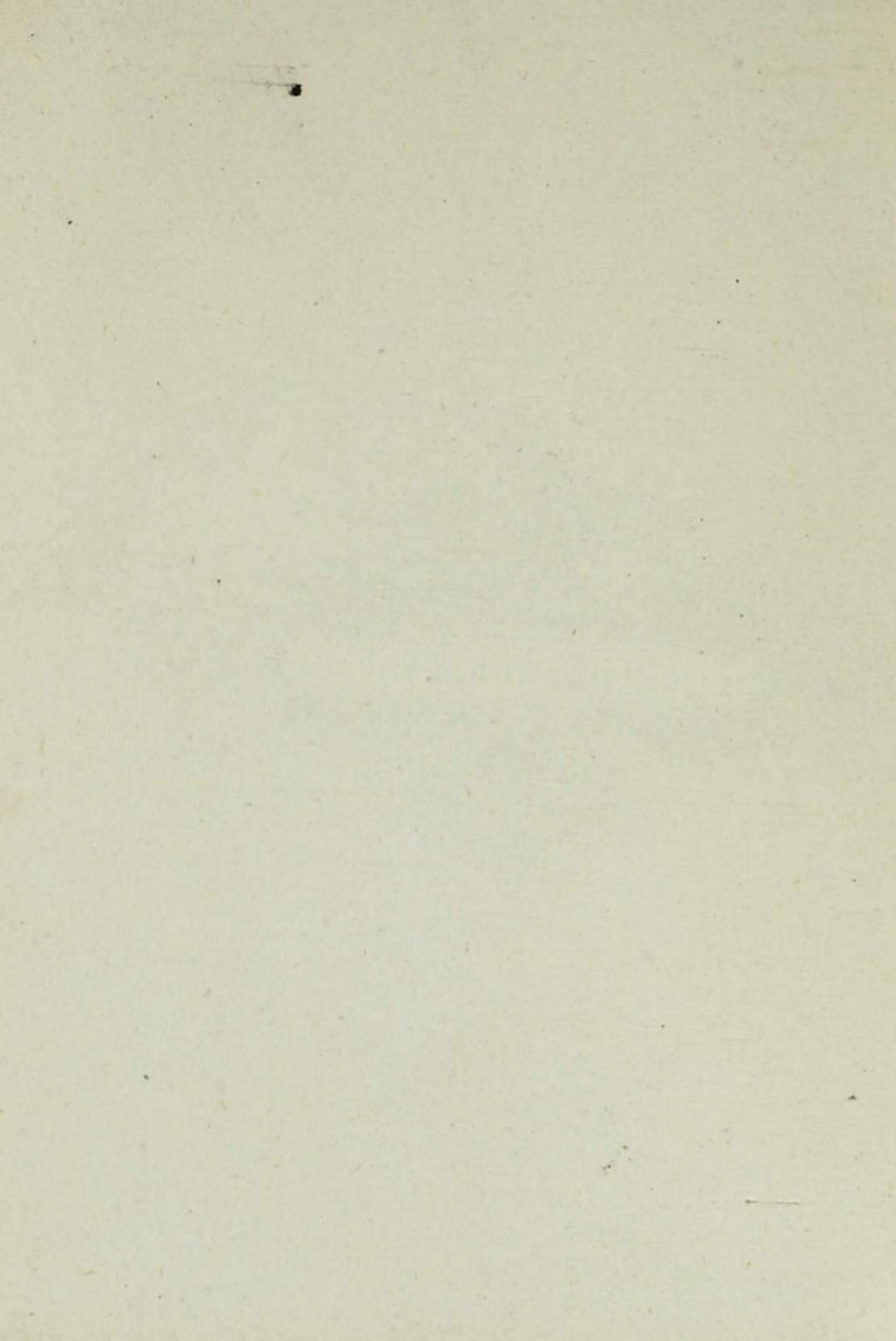
THE ANGELS  
AND OTHER STORIES

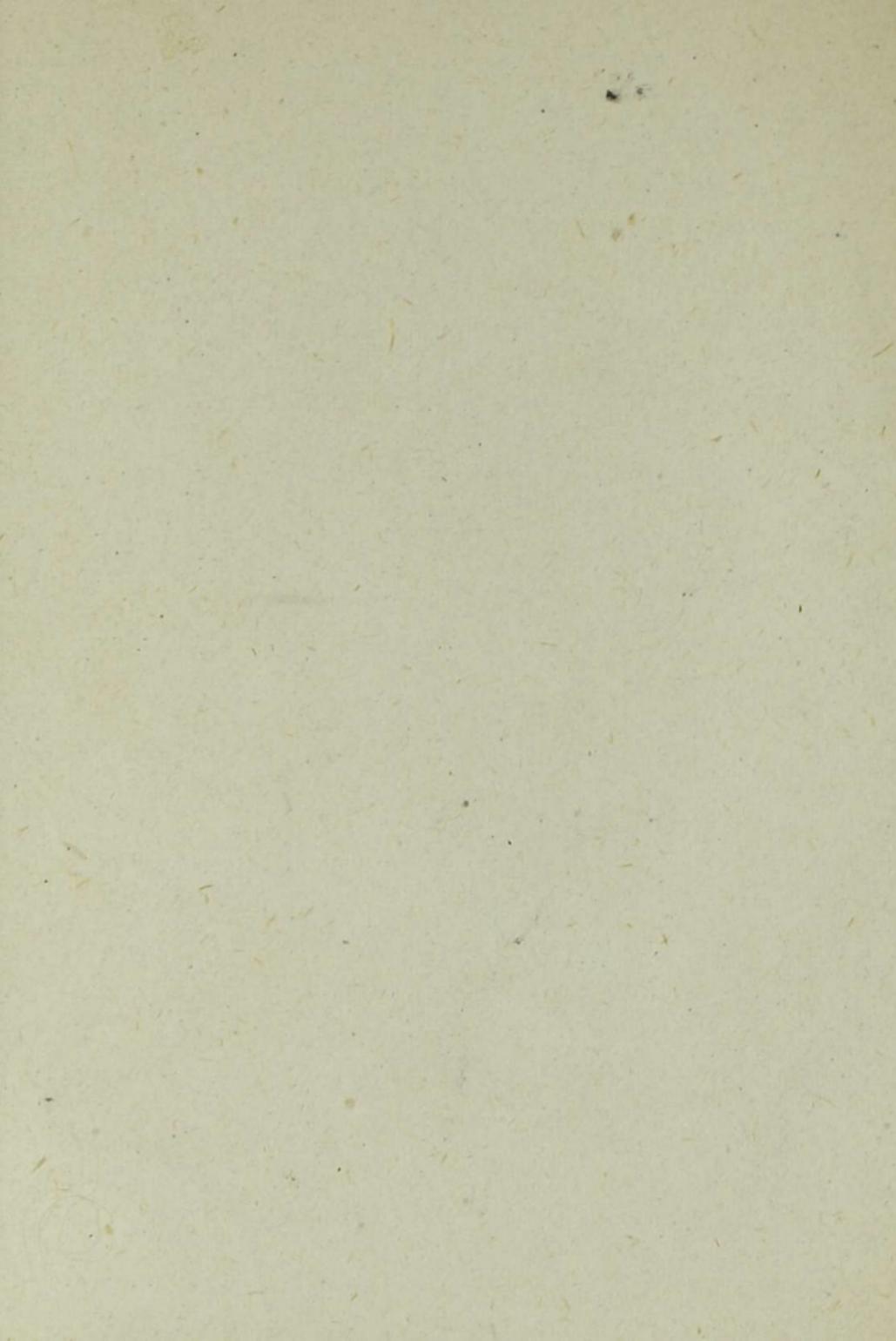
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THE ANGELS.



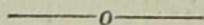




THE ANGELS.



## THE ANGELS.



“**S**ISTER,” said little Emily Roberts to Mary, as she looked at the picture her sister was showing to her, “tell me about angels.”

“I do not know much about angels,” replied her little sister; “but they live in heaven, and have wings, and never do bad things. Mamma will tell us.”

“Please, mamma, tell us about angels, for we have found a picture of one.”

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“I cannot tell you much more,” said Mrs. Roberts. The word ‘angel’ means a ‘minister;’ and those holy, happy beings, whom we call angels, are those who minister, or serve in heaven. They are happy because they are holy, because God’s will is always pleasant to them; and they rejoice to serve and to praise Him. You know children, even loving children, sometimes grumble at their parents’ wishes, and obey them grudgingly; but it is not so in heaven. All God’s children there obey Him with joy and gladness.”

“Did you ever see an angel?” asked Emily.

“Oh no, my dear,” said Mrs. Roberts; “angels do not visibly visit our world

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now. We do not need them now, because we have the Bible to tell us God's will, and God is no longer pleased to send us His messengers from heaven."

"Will we be angels when we die, mamma?" asked Mary.

"If we serve God on earth," replied her mother, "no doubt when we die we will be found among His more blessed servants in heaven, and we will be like angels; but we will never forget that we once were poor sinners whom Jesus died to save—and that will be a feeling which no angel can ever have. The apostle John was permitted to see the glories of heaven before he died; and he tells us, 'After this I beheld, and, lo, a great multitude, which no man could

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number, of all nations, and kindreds, and people, and tongues, stood before the throne, and before the Lamb, clothed with white robes, and palms in their hands, and cried with a loud voice, saying, Salvation to our God which sitteth upon the throne, and unto the Lamb. And all the angels stood round about the throne.' The first time we read of angels in the Bible is when the birth of Isaac is foretold, and the destruction of Sodom and Gomorrah. The angel who before that had appeared to Hagar in the desert seems to have been the Lord Jesus himself. The last time an angel is spoken of is in the very last chapter of the Bible, where John tells us that he fell down to worship the angel

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who had given him such wonderful revelations of heaven ; but the angel forbade him, saying, ‘ See thou do it not ; for I am thy fellow-servant, and of thy brethren the prophets, and of them that keep the sayings of this book : worship God.’ ”

“ Oh, mamma,” said little Emily, “ I would like to be an angel.”

“ Rather try to be a ‘ fellow-servant’ of angels, like the apostle,” said her mother.

“ Can children be that ?” asked Mary.

“ Can we do any work like angels ?”

“ Angels are ‘ all ministering spirits,’ ” said Mrs. Roberts, “ and children can be little ministering spirits too. They have a great ministry of love to do, I

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think, to the aged. A child's gentle ways suit the feebleness of old age often better than the rougher words and deeds of older people; but I do not know anything more irksome than rude and boisterous children must be to them."

Emily and Mary looked at each other, each of them recalling how often they had been sent out of the room for disturbing their grandmother, and how she would say, "Let them stay, little dears; it is natural that they should be a little noisy."

When their mother left them, Emily said, "I would like to be a little angel to grandmamma."

"And so would I," said Mary. "We will both try how much we can help

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her to-day ; she is old, and so kind to us."

"I am the first!" cried Emily. "Here I have found the knitting-pin she lost last night ; she will be so pleased."

She ran into the next room, shouting, "Grandmamma ! grandmamma ! here is your pin !"

The old lady was asleep, and poor Emily came back crying, because her mother had scolded her for making such a noise, and forgetting it was the hour that her grandmother slept. "She might have known it was kindness," sobbed the disappointed child. Mary put her arms round her sister, and kissed her again and again. "Never mind, Emily," she said ; "do not cry. God

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will know that you were kind, and He will be pleased, and we will still try to help grandmamma.”

So Emily dried her eyes, and began to play again.

It was not long before grandmamma wakened, and asked for the children.

“Who found my pin?” she asked, with her usual gentle, kind voice.

“It was I, grandmamma,” said Emily.

“Then,” she said, “you may seek for something else in my bag, and perhaps you will find something nice.”

Emily sought, and she found a stick of barley-sugar. She was not a greedy little girl, and at once she divided it with Mary; indeed, she gave Mary the

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larger half. Then she quietly brought a footstool to her grandmother, and sat down on another beside her. Mary was looking about for some little piece of kindness to do also, but could not find any.

“What a golden colour there is on the gravel walk!” said the old lady; “the sunset must be very lovely. Give me my stick, Emily, and we will go to the veranda and see it.”

But Emily could not find it, and Mary could not find it either, and said she thought her papa had taken it away.

“I think I could be a stick,” she said at last, “if you would put your hand firmly on my shoulder, grandmamma.”

Old Mrs. Roberts at first shook her

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head, but then said she would try, just to please the little girl. Mary felt very proud, especially when her grandmamma said to Mrs. Roberts, who joined them on the veranda, "Little Mary is as steady as a rock."

After this, Mary was always on the watch when her grandmother rose, and the old lady dearly loved to walk with the child. You cannot think how many things the two little girls now found they could do for her; so that at last she used to say that Mary was just her little feet, and Emily her little hands.

One day, about two years after this, Mary and Emily were sitting together quite still, and many tears were rolling

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down their cheeks, for their grandmamma was dead.

“ I am so sorry—grandmamma was so kind to us,” sobbed little Emily ; for she was still but a little girl.

“ Do you remember,” said Mary, “ the day that mamma spoke to us about angels, and when we thought we would try to be like little angels to grandmamma ? ”

“ Yes,” said Emily.

“ I was thinking,” Mary added, “ that I was very glad that grandmamma did not die before that day, because before that we were so selfish, though she was so kind.”

“ Yes,” said Emily, her tears flowing afresh ; “ I am so sorry we will never be able to help her any more.”

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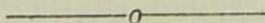
“ Oh, no !” said Mary ; “ dear grand-mamma is with the happy angels now, and will not need us any more ; but oh, Emily, we will love all old people for her sake !”

X. X.





## LITTLE VIOLET.



**T**HE long, long southern day was over at last, and the sun, generous old monarch that he is, was leaving his parting gifts. Every tree had a golden crown—every little wave in brook, streamlet, or ocean, was eager to catch a ruby or an opal on its dancing crest; and the sweet cool evening wind hardly knew his old flower friends, as they nodded and courtesied

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in their wreaths of crimson mist. Even Carrie had to pause in her race on the piazza, and cry exultingly as she held up her hands in the red light: "Ah, brother Frank, I believe we are breathing roses!" Before Frank had time to reply, a dusky little figure came dancing up the walk—"It is Violet," said Carrie quickly. "Let's ask her to play."

"Not I, indeed," returned Master Frank proudly; "I do not think papa likes us to play with the slaves."

"But Violet is such a funny little thing," pleaded Carrie; "and papa saw me with her yesterday, and he only patted both our heads, and called her 'Bright Eyes.' Didn't he, Violet?" added she, as the dancing child rested in front of

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them, poised on one dusky rounded foot.

“You’re a dirty little nigger,” interposed Master Frank with intense disgust; “and if you don’t stay in the quarters, I will get papa to have you whipped.”

“For shame, Frank,” cried Carrie, while Violet’s round eyes grew big with fright.

“Please, Mass’r Frank,” began she; but the boy had walked rapidly away.

“Never mind, Vi,” said Carrie kindly, “he’ll never do it;” and coming down off the piazza she took the little dark hand in her own.

“Come, we will have a talk.”

“Ise sorry ise black,” began poor Violet, all the fun gone from her merry

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little face, but I *is* clean. Please tell Mass'r Frank I scrubs very hard, but the black won't come off—truly, Miss Carrie.”

“Would you like to be white?” asked the little girl.

“Oh, Miss Carrie, *could* I ever?” cried Violet, jumping eagerly up and down.

“Oh, I didn't mean that,” said Carrie quickly; I'm afraid you couldn't grow white ever—I'm sure I don't know what you could do.”

Violet gave a heavy sigh of disappointment. “Well, if *ise* allus black, I hopes I'll live with you, Miss Carrie.”

“Yes, that you shall,” replied the little girl.

“And,” said Violet, “when we goes

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to Canaan, that old Sambo sings about, may I be your little slave *then*, Miss Carrie, 'cause youse allus so kind?"

"I don't think there will be any slaves there," said Carrie, slowly pondering over the matter.

"Why, what will the black people do then?" cried Violet with curious round eyes.

"Maybe," replied Carrie hesitatingly, "maybe there won't *be* any black people—you know, Violet, our bodies are covered up in the ground,"—Violet shivered,—“but our souls go to heaven, and they must be all white.”

“*All* of 'em?" asked Violet eagerly.

“Yes; mamma told me that no soul can go till it is washed *white* in Jesus' blood.”

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“And can *my* soul be white?” whispered Violet.

“Yes,” said Carrie, “if you ask God.”

“Please ask him now,” cried Violet eagerly, “here under the tree, please, O Miss Carrie!”

And in the soft twilight the little girls knelt down, while Carrie prayed.

“O God, help Violet to be very good, and make her soul white, for Jesus’ sake.”

And Violet echoed, “Please, dear Jesus, make Violet’s soul *white*.”

They remained a few minutes in silence and then rose from their knees.

“Is my soul white *now*, Miss Carrie.”

“I suppose it must be,” replied Carrie, with sweet, childish faith.

Violet looked at her dusky bare hands,

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arms, and feet with a new interest. "Can He look through all the black, Miss Carrie, and see my new white soul?"

"Oh, yes, He sees everything. But, Violet, mamma says if we do wrong it makes a black spot, and God will look away—"

"Oh, I loves him, I loves him, Miss Carrie, he's so good to me—to make my soul white, and I *will* try—"

"Carrie," interrupted Frank's quick, angry voice, "mamma wants you directly."

Poor Violet rolled hastily over the fence like a little black ball, and Carrie ran into the house.

The next morning Frank awoke feeling very unamiable, and determined to make

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Carrie and Violet as uncomfortable as himself. He soon thought of a plan, and after making some request which was answered in the affirmative by his absent-minded father, he set off for the house of the overseer.

“Papa says,” he began, “that Violet is to work with the rest of the children to-day.”

“She is too young yet to work all day,” said the overseer.

“No matter,” said Frank; “papa says she *must go*.”

There was nothing more to be said, and Violet was sent with a gang of children hired from several plantations to help to carry brick for the building of a house. Some one had discovered

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that these quick little black children could be made very useful. They were formed in a line, and as they passed the pile of building material, one brick was laid on each curly head, and with that they climbed the ladder, left their load on the scaffolding, and came regularly round to the starting point, looking like a busy little colony of ants. At first Violet thought it great fun, and went nimbly up the ladder with her head very proud and erect. But as the day wore on the busy limbs grew tired—the bricks pressed heavier on her aching head—she could hardly see how to stumble up the ladder; and at last, when mischievous Dick, just behind her, gave her a sudden pinch, she fell from top to bottom. Poor

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little Violet was much bruised ; but she could not rest long, for the overseer called her name, and told her "not to be lazy." So she went slowly on as if in a dream, toiling painfully over the weary way. Several times, when she thought of Master Frank, angry feelings would arise in her heart. Then she would think of the spots on her new white soul, and she would ask God to forgive her and help her to feel right. At last evening came, and Violet went slowly home. As she drew near the house, Carrie ran to meet her.

"Poor little Violet," she cried, "are you so tired? It was all a mistake. Papa didn't mean to have *you* go, and you shan't any more. I shall ask papa to give you all to me."

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“ Please do, Miss Carrie,” sighed Violet.

“ Well, I will this very night, and Frank will not treat you so badly any more.”

“ Miss Carrie!—oh, Miss Carrie!” cried Violet in a choking voice, pointing to a tree a short distance from them.

“ Yes,” said Carrie quietly. “ I knew Frank was there all the time, but he’s sound asleep over his book, and doesn’t hear a word we say.” But Violet’s terror increased, and she shook from head to foot, still keeping her finger rigidly stretched out.

Carrie looked more earnestly, and in the deep shadow she saw the glittering eyes and brilliant crest of a poisonous snake, close—oh, *so close* to Frank! There—*there* he was gathering himself

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up to strike her sleeping brother! A piercing shriek burst from Carrie's pale lips; but Violet, forgetful of her aching limbs and her past sufferings, sprang forward frantically, and threw herself upon her young tormentor. "Mass'r Frank!—Mass'r Frank!" she called loudly, and then could say no more, for the fatal spring was taken, and the poison entered her quivering dark arm!

Frank started with the cry of agony, only to see his fearful enemy glide swiftly away in the gloom. The shrieks of the children brought the household speedily to the spot, but the poison had done rapid work in the weary little body.

"Please, Jesus, give Violet a white soul," murmured the child, lifting her

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dim eyes to the sweet evening sky. Then came a quick convulsion, followed by a long shiver throughout the rounded limbs, and little Violet was quite still.

Frank shuddered violently as he thought of the terrible fate he had escaped; and his heart was full of remorse as he remembered his cruelty to the patient, forgiving little slave, who had been so much more noble than he. His father, with a heart full of thanksgiving for the life of his only son, looked tearfully upon the motionless little form, and said tenderly, "Poor little black Violet!" And Carrie, sobbing bitterly, forgetful of the new white soul, echoed, "Poor little black Violet!" But no one knew what the angels said.



## HOME FOR LITTLE WANDERERS.

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**T**HIS is the name of a large house in Boston, a city of the United States. It was opened only a short time ago. A poor soldier's widow brought a beautiful little boy to a gentleman, and she said, "I have no *home* for my child." In dark, cold nights, ragged children go to the police stations to sleep. Why don't they go home? They have no homes. Perhaps they could

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slip into a cellar;—but that is not a home.

“Where do you belong?” asked a lady of a little child without hat or shoes.

“I’s belong to nobody,” answered the little girl.

Oh, how sad, to belong to nobody, and have nobody love you! Then some homes have drunken fathers and mothers, and are so dirty that they do not deserve to be called by the sweet name of home. They are dens, and dens of wickedness too.

How many children as badly off as this do you think there are in the city of Boston? I am almost afraid to tell you; but people say there are between

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eight and ten thousand! A great army, is it not? Oh, how many Sunday schools it would fill! All this number are on the way to the alms-house or the prison; for they have nobody to lead them into the sweet and wholesome paths of virtue and industry. They swear, and steal, and lie. One little boy, only nine years old, has been taken up ten times as a thief. Their life is a life of sin and misery. Poor children! Nobody has taught them; nobody has prayed for them; nobody has cared for their souls; nobody has taken them by the hand and led them to Jesus. All they know of him is by swearing. Nobody has taken any pains with them at all.

## *HOME FOR LITTLE WANDERERS.*

Various institutions have been founded from time to time, in and around the city, having for their object the improvement of this class of children. The last is the "Home for Little Wanderers," in Baldwin Place; and it takes in the littlest. Indeed there is a nursery for babies. It is a very touching name—"A Home for Little Wanderers." Here they are taken and washed, and clothed, and fed, and put to sleep in clean, warm beds. They are sent to school, and taught to sew and to work, and to play innocent and healthy games. They sing hymns of praise to God, and learn to read the beautiful Bible stories; and I hope many, many will become followers of the Lord Jesus.

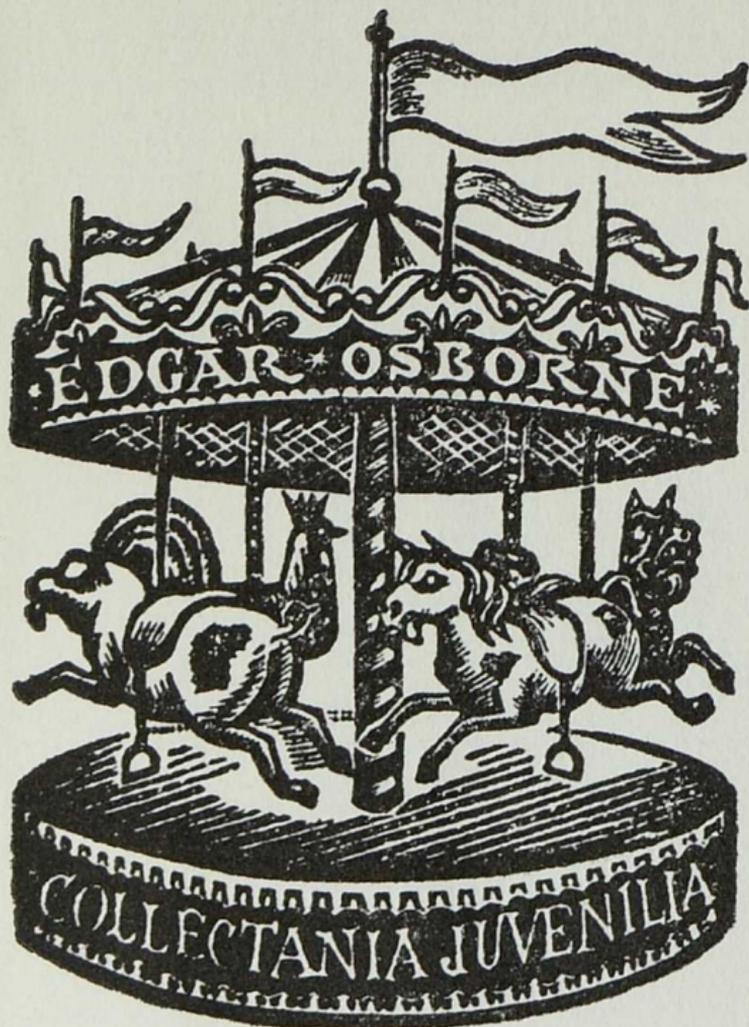
*HOME FOR LITTLE WANDERERS.*

The Home can accommodate two hundred children. Quite a family; and a happy family, I am sure, it will be. God bless the charity. May his Spirit dwell in this Home, and bring the little wanderers to his heavenly home at last.



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