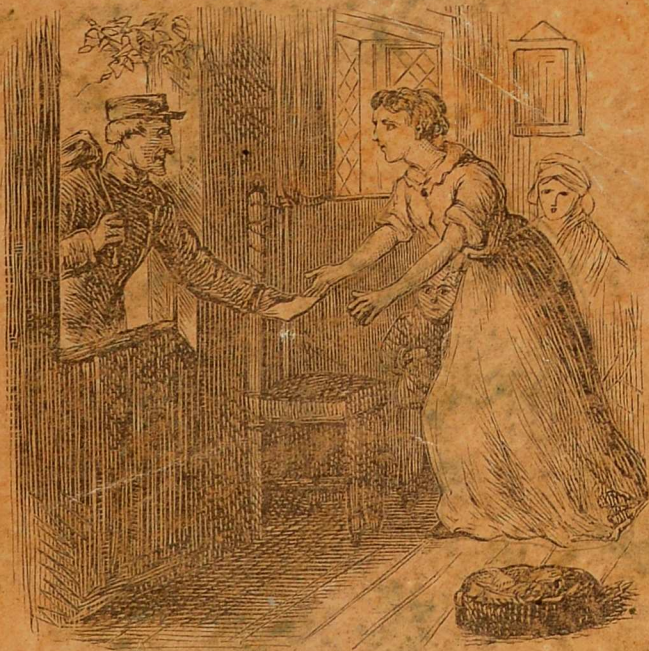


“SENT FOR.”



STIRLING:

PETER DRUMMOND, TRACT AND BOOK DEPOT.

LONDON: S. W. PARTRIDGE & CO.





## “SENT FOR.”

THE postman stopped at the last house in the street, and leaning over the halfdoor called out, “Is Ellen there?” A pretty fair-haired girl started up from her breakfast and ran to the door.

“Hae you a letter for me at last, Robin?” she cried, holding out both hands.

“Ay, jewel,” said the old man, smiling at her eagerness, “It’s an Amerikey letter too, frae Jamie, I’m thinking!”

Ellen caught the yellow envelope rapturously and returned to the fireside. “It’s frae Jamie, sure enough!” she exclaimed, while father, mother, brothers and sisters crowded round her to hear the letter read. Jamie was the eldest of the family, who had gone to America a year before, promising to send for Ellen as soon as he could lay by some money. Ellen was a good, hard-working girl, a great comfort to her parents, a second mother to the children; a favourite with the clergyman of the parish, because she was the best answerer in his Bible-class, and very popular in the village, because of the blythe good-nature that prompted her to do kindnesses so cheerfully.

This is what Jamie wrote:—“Dear father and mother and sister Ellen, I hope these few lines will find you in good health, as they leaves me, thanks be to God for His kind mercies. This is to let you know that I am in good work in a marble yard, an’ though very sore wrought, I ha’ been able for it hitherto. Dear father, I was sorry to hear that you were bad wi’ pains

again, an' I send you the price of a couple of flannel shirts.”

“The kindness o' the poor boy!” interrupted the father, with tears in his eyes.

“Dear mother, I send you a pound to put boots on my little brothers; and I send sister Ellen her ticket as promised. This is a very good country for good girls like her.” Here followed directions about his sister's outfit, etc. “You ask,” continued the letter, “if I think much long. It's on the Sabbath day I think the most long. I go constant to the church, an' I attend a prayer-meeting every Wednesday evening; but I hope I'll yet hear Mr. Johnson preach in Glenmore church, and meet him at the class once more before I die. Dear sister Ellen, give Mr. Johnson my love in the kindest manner, an' tell him I read the book he gave me, an' it's just like him talking to me; an' I pray night and morning as he bid me, an' I'm striving to serve the Lord.” Then came half a page of greeting to the villagers; Jamie's love was sent to one and another “in the kindest manner,” and he concluded by signing himself “your affectionate son till death.

JAMES M'FEETERS.”

Ellen's delight so agitated her, that she could hardly command her voice to read the letter through. Since Jamie's departure she had lived upon the hope of following him, partly because she loved him so dearly, and partly that her ardent and energetic nature longed for change and adventure.

"I'm sent for! oh, Jane, I'm sent for!" she cried, clasping her hands.

Jane looked half congratulating, half envious, while her mother sighed, "What'll we do wanting you?"

"It'll be but a wee while, mother dear; Jamie an' me'll soon be fit to send for the whole of yous."

She sang hymns as she put away the breakfast things, and dressed the children for Sunday school; and when she stepped out into the street on her way to Mr. Johnson's class, her neighbours noticed her beaming face, and inquired what good thing had happened to her.

"Oh, Molly! oh, Mrs. Brown, I'm sent for!" was her reply. Before she reached the vestry room where the class was held, she had imparted this happy news to at least twenty people.

She was a little late, and the lesson was

in progress when she took her place. The words that reached her ear as she closed the door were the following:—“But now they desire a better country, that is, an heavenly: wherefore God is not ashamed to be called their God; for He hath prepared for them a city” (Hebrews xi. 16). How strange it appeared to Ellen, whose thoughts were all engrossed with the country from which she had just received a summons. “A better country”—better than Ireland—much better than Glenmore!

The old rector spoke of the heavenly country where his own treasure had been laid up so long:—“Like the patriarchs of old we also seek a country; we desire a better country, for we are strangers and pilgrims on earth. My dear young people, starting upon the journey of life, do not forget that it is a pilgrimage: do not suffer yourselves to love any place or thing below better than that heavenly country. You know how one after another of your number has been ‘sent for’ to America, and have gone joyfully to that unknown country, trusting the accounts written of it by loving friends. God has written for us an account of the heavenly country: we trust this

gracious Father and Friend, and desire to go thither when we shall be sent for."

Mr. Johnson was in the habit of using illustrations taken from the daily lives of his simple people, and the present one made the lesson striking to several of his pupils, to none more so than to Ellen.

He concluded by setting forth the way of salvation through faith in Jesus, and then all the pupils, except Ellen, left the vestry room.

"Please sir, I'm sent for," said she, holding out Jamie's letter with sparkling eyes.

Mr. Johnson smiled, thinking of the lesson, and then he sighed, for he was sorry to lose his intelligent pupil.

"I am glad on your account, Ellen, but grieved on my own. God bless you, and help you to remember what you have learned here. How soon must you go?"

"In May, sir."

"And it is now January—three months to prepare. Ah well! I shall not lose you from the class just yet."

Ellen could not re-echo his sigh, she was so very happy to go.

It was on the following Saturday that Mr. Johnson passed the M'Feeters' door,



and hearing Ellen's clear voice singing, he turned back and went in. The young girl was seated at the table in the window, which was covered with pretty lilac print, and was stitching energetically while she sang—

“I'm but a stranger here,  
Heaven is my home;  
Earth is a desert drear,  
Heaven is my home.”

“Good morning, sir,” said she, getting up with a blush and smile.

“You were thinking of our Sunday's lesson, Ellen? We shall miss her voice from the choir, Mrs. M'Feeters.”

“Ah, your reverence,” said her mother, “it's the father an' me'll miss her worst; she's a brave worker in the house, an' every penny she earns at those shirts she gie's into my hand.”

“Those are not shirts, Ellen?” said Mr. Johnson, glancing at the breadths of lilac print.

“Oh, no, sir, these are my dresses for the voyage,” and her bright smile grew still brighter.

“She's had her mind set on Amerikey ever

since Jamie went, your reverence, for all she was sae usefu' an' cheery wi' us; it wad tak' a good deal to make her stop in Glenmore now."

"Very natural, Mrs. M'Feeters, the young love change," replied the old gentleman kindly, "but I'll answer for it that Ellen will not forget Glenmore, nor the church, nor what she learned there." He soon left, and walked down the street humming softly,—

"I am but a stranger here,  
Heaven is my home."

It was on a cold, wet day in February that Ellen prepared to take her bundle of shirts to the factory, to receive payment for the finished work and bring home a fresh supply.

"It's a sore day, dear," said Mrs. M'Feeters, looking out at the slanting rain, and listening to the gusts of wind in the chimney, "I wish you hadna to go."

"Sure I dinna care for the rain, mother; nae fear o' me taking any harm! I'm as strong—as strong! I'll just throw my old shawl over my head and go; but first I maun fix Molly's fire a wee, an' mak' her her drop of tea."

This was a charitable work that Ellen had performed ever since she had been old enough to light a fire; and her poor, bed-ridden neighbour clung to her more than ever just then, because she felt she should not have her long.

“God bless you, dear,” said Molly, looking out of her bed in the wall, “what’ll I do wanting you?”

“Jane says she’ll be as good to you as me, maybe better, Molly.”

“Better couldna be, dear. The Lord will reward you for your goodness to the desolate old woman that hasna chick nor child o’ her ain to do for her. Sure, sure He has dealt mercifully wi’ me. Goodness and mercy have followed me all the days o’ my life, an’ I shall dwell in the house of the Lord for ever. Only trust Him, Ellen, an’ He’ll do for you in your old days the way He does for me.”

Ellen was standing in the doorway, smiling farewell to her old friend. She looked fresh and comely, with her strong, upright figure, fair hair, blue eyes, and rosy cheeks, a picture of health and strength. Sorrow, sickness, old age and death seemed all very far away from her.

“Dear, but she’s glad to go, an’ I’ll soon see her nae mair in this world,” sighed Molly, as the pleasant picture disappeared, and the doorway was left gray and empty again.

Ellen returned home from the factory very wet and unusually tired, and was glad to go to bed early. She awoke with a cough and pain in her side.

“What ails you, dear?” asked Molly anxiously; “you’re very ill like the day.”

“It’s only the cold I’ve got, Molly.”

But day after day the good old woman grew more and more uneasy, for Ellen continued to cough, and as March advanced she was rapidly losing flesh and colour. She had always been so strong that she was not frightened in the least, and took no care of her cold.

Mr. Johnson found her working languidly at her preparations, looking so ill that he was startled and grieved. “Why, Ellen, what is wrong?” he asked in much concern, “have you not yet lost your cough?”

“It’s better, sir, thank you; I’ll be quite well soon,” she replied with her bright smile.

“You should have had the doctor to see

her before this,” said he, turning to her mother and speaking in a low tone.

By slow degrees a dreadful fear that the neighbours might be right crept into Ellen’s heart; but she continued to smile and say she was better, and should be well long before the time for the *Orinoco* to sail. Meanwhile the doctor’s opinion became known in the village, and the people meeting one another said, “I’m afeared there’s bad hopes of Ellen M’Feeters,” just as everyone two months before had said, “Do you know Ellen M’Feeters is sent for?” They were genuinely concerned about her, and crowded into the cottage to express their sorrow. Ellen, hearing the doctor’s real opinion for the first time, was struck to the heart; she retreated into the inner room, and lying down upon her bed, she turned her face to the wall, and, like Hezekiah of old, wept sore. It was thus Mr. Johnson found her. He had consoled many death-beds, but he felt unusually moved as he took her hand, so wasted in the last few weeks. So young! Life was still very sweet to her: she had not had time to grow weary; no disappointment until this great one had ever saddened her heart. He

knew that death, so kind a friend to the aged Christian, appeared to Ellen like the king of terrors. But he also knew that she had been carefully taught the way to heaven; he believed her to be a child of Jesus, and he trusted that God's Holy Spirit would yet make her submissive to His will.

"My dear child," he began, "you are in pain, I fear?"

"Oh Mr. Johnson," she sobbed, "they're saying I'll no live to go out to Jamie; they're saying the doctor has very bad hopes of me. Surely I'll get well in time to go, sir? After waiting for a whole year till Jamie had my passage money gathered."

"Shall I pray, Ellen?"

"Yes, sir, ask the Lord to let me live."

For many days this was almost the whole extent of the poor girl's prayer; but Mr. Johnson bore her case continually in mind, and his petition for her was that she might have grace given her to submit cheerfully to God's holy will. Another earnest Christian offered up the same prayer daily—Molly from her bed in the wall prayed morning and evening, and in the night watches, and the Lord heard her voice. Ellen became rapidly weaker, without suffering much pain.

One day Mr. Johnson found that their prayers had been answered. Ellen told him that at first it had been dreadful to her to think she must die. “I cried very sore, sir, many’s the night, when they were all sleeping; but I don’t think near as much about America now, I am resigned to the Lord’s will.”

May arrived with its fluttering white moths and singing birds, and in a fortnight the *Orinoco* was to sail. Ellen asked for Mr. Johnson’s church almanac which hung upon the wall of the cottage. “Come here, Jane,” said she to her sister. “Take my ticket; you’ll go in the *Orinoco* instead of me, an’ you’ll wear my lilac dresses, an’ you’re welcome to them, wi’ all my heart.”

Jane burst into tears.

“Dinna be crying that way, dear. You know I told his reverence that I’m not thinking much about America now; I’m thinking about a better country. Ay, take my ticket and welcome, an’ tell my brother Jamie that I took trouble badly because I couldna get going to him; but he’ll be sent for some day to the country I’m bound for now, an’ I’ll be hoping to see him there. Jane, dear, dinna vex me crying that way. What’s that noise, dear?”

"It's Molly," replied the weeping Jane after looking into the kitchen; "they're carrying her in here."

"Ay, dear," said the old woman, as they laid her down upon the opposite bed; "I'm come to gie you my blessing, an' bid you farewell for a wee while! I wish it was me was going instead of you, but the Lord's will maun be done. Ninety year's a long age, but His time's aye the best, blessed an' praised be His holy name!"

"Molly, dear, you hanna been out o' thon bed since I mind,—sure they shook you carrying you in here? You'll get your death coming to see me."

"Get my death!" repeated the old woman, "get my death! Ay, that wad be a gude hearing! It wad be life, Ellen, I hope it'll be life to *you?*"

"Ay, Molly, through Jesus' merits it'll be life to me too:—

"Not in mine innocence I trust,  
I bow before Thee in the dust;  
And through my Saviour's blood alone  
I look for pardon at Thy throne."

"Poor Ellen was aye fond o' singing that hymn," remarked one of the men who had carried Molly in.



“But they told me ye werena just content to go, dear, an’ you’re young, an’ this world’s pleasant to the like o’ you,” proceeded Molly anxiously.

“I fretted sore—sore—” panted Ellen, struggling for breath. “You know there was my ticket, an’ I murmured against the Lord’s will; but, thanks be to His name, I’m content now. Mr. Johnson comes regular, an’ he reads about the better country. Ah! sure that maun be a bonnie place! The river of life! The city wi’ it’s stanes an’ goold! The tree wi’ twelve sorts o’ fruit, the angels, an’ the King—ay—He is the Light of thon country!” Ellen’s hacking cough, which interrupted her words, could not stifle the joy with which she spoke of the King.

Her old friend murmured praises and thanksgivings, and then she said aloud, “It maun be a *vast* country too, Ellen. When I mind all the Glenmore people that’s gone there these ninety years, why, if they were all here again, the town couldna hold them! There was old women like me, an’ girls like you, an’ wee childer, an’ men that left wives and families behind them. I dinna forget ane o’ them; ay, it maun be a vast place, surely.”

The cottage was now quite full, for the news of Molly's visit had spread, and curiosity brought many of the neighbours to see the parting between her and Ellen. It was far from sad. "I'm ninety years of age: I'll follow very soon," said the old woman, as the men took her up to convey her back to her bed in the wall.

After this Ellen sank very rapidly. Her last words were addressed to Mr. Johnson. She thanked him most touchingly for having taught her the way of salvation, told him she did not fear to go, and begged him to give the class her love, and tell them she was "sent for" to the "better country."

Jane went to America in the *Orinoco*, and she and Jamie managed very soon to send for the other members of the family. Mr. Johnson still teaches the people of Glenmore to desire the better country; and Molly, from her bed in the wall, still tells her young neighbours of the goodness and loving-kindness of the Lord, and both are patiently waiting for the time when they too shall be "sent for."

L. M.C.

37131 039 910 922

# STORIES FOR SERVANTS AND OTHER YOUNG WOMEN.

A Series of six 32-page Books, illustrated.  
Price, in a Packet, or bound in a neat volume, cloth, One Shilling;  
sent post free for 1s. 1d.

## Contents.

- |   |   |
|---|---|
| <p>No.<br/>1. My First Place. An Old<br/>Woman's Story.<br/>2. "Set your Will to Help your<br/>Hand."</p> | <p>No.<br/>3. Sally's Difficulties.<br/>4. Rub Scrub.<br/>5. All Alone.<br/>6. The Little Nursery-maid.</p> |
|---|---|

The above Books may also be had separately; six copies post free  
for 1s. 1d.

# STORIES FOR CHILDREN.

## PACKETS I. and II.

Each containing a dozen 16-page Books, illustrated. Price One  
Shilling per Packet, or post free for 1s. 1d.

### Packet I. contains—

- |   |  |
|---|--|
| <p>No.<br/>1. The Wandering Lamb.<br/>2. "Useless."<br/>3. Matty's Mistake.<br/>4. Alone in the Dark.<br/>5. Aunt Ellen's Story.<br/>6. Blind Maggie.<br/>7. How Hatty's Plans were<br/>Thwarted.</p> | <p>No.<br/>8. Jerry; or, the Power of<br/>Love.<br/>9. "What Can I Give?"<br/>10. The Fairy's Reminder.<br/>11. "He Cares for Us."<br/>12. "Hush! Don't Wake my<br/>Baby!"</p> |
|---|--|

### Packet II. contains—

- |  |   |
|--|---|
| <p>No.<br/>1. Who is Your Best Friend?<br/>2. Ailsie Bruce, the Scottish<br/>Maids.<br/>3. Little Harry, the Sailor<br/>Boy.<br/>4. Culver Cove. A Tale of<br/>Schoolboy Life.<br/>5. The Blackbird's Nest. A True<br/>Story.<br/>6. A Night in the Wilds.</p> | <p>No.<br/>7. Doty Galway's Example; or,<br/>"Let Nothing be Done<br/>through Strife or Vain-<br/>glory."<br/>8. Paul Smith's Revenge.<br/>9. "Speaking the Truth in<br/>Love."<br/>10. Harry Hoskins, the Collier<br/>Boy.<br/>11. Little Mary's Work.<br/>12. "Sent For."</p> |
|--|---|

Stirling: PETER DRUMMOND, Tract Depot.

LONDON:

S. W. PARTRIDGE & CO., PATERNOSTER ROW.