

DEAN'S
PICTORIAL
REWARD BOOKS.



WHAT OUR LITTLE
GIRL MAY DO.

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WHAT ONE LITTLE GIRL MAY DO.



ONE bright afternoon, little Sarah Hunt was on her way to Sabbath-school. She was thinking, as she went, of the text the minister had preached from that morning—"He that converteth a sinner from the error of his way, saveth a soul from

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death." The sermon had been long, and not all of it easy enough for Sallie to understand; but she had tried hard to give her whole mind to it, and so she had been able to bring away in her heart many things which the good minister had said. Above all, she had remembered the text, and this is what most children may do who are old enough to go to church at all. Sallie thought to herself, "The minister told us that there were many ways of trying to save souls. We might do people good by talking to them about their duty; or if we could not well do this, we might show them by our example what was right. I wonder if God will ever let me try to save a soul. Yes, I am sure he will, if that is the way he means to have me glorify him. How I should love to be quite sure that I had helped

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somebody to come to Jesus." Sallie's mind was full of these thoughts when, just as she had almost reached the Sunday-school, God placed in her way the very opportunity to do good that she was wishing for.

On one of the corners she had to pass stood a poor, shivering boy, with a basket of apples to sell. Sallie stopped and looked at him for a minute. The little boy, thinking

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she wanted to buy, chose out two of his finest apples, and held them towards her, saying, "Beauties. Only one penny. Have them?"

"No!" said Sallie, "I do not want to buy your apples. I would not buy anything on Sunday. Why do you stand here to sell to-day. It is God's day. Do you know it?"

"Yes, I know; but mother sent me out. She said it was a pity to lose such a fine day, when so many folks would be passing, and she had nothing in the house to eat, either."

"Could you not come to Sunday-school with me?" said Sallie; "you would get nice and warm there, and afterwards I would take you home with me, and my mother would give you some dinner. She likes little boys. Will you come?"

"I should like to go, very much, if I did not think mother would

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scold ; but I have not sold a penny-worth yet to-day, and I do not believe it is any use standing here to freeze. If I could hide my basket anywhere, I would go."

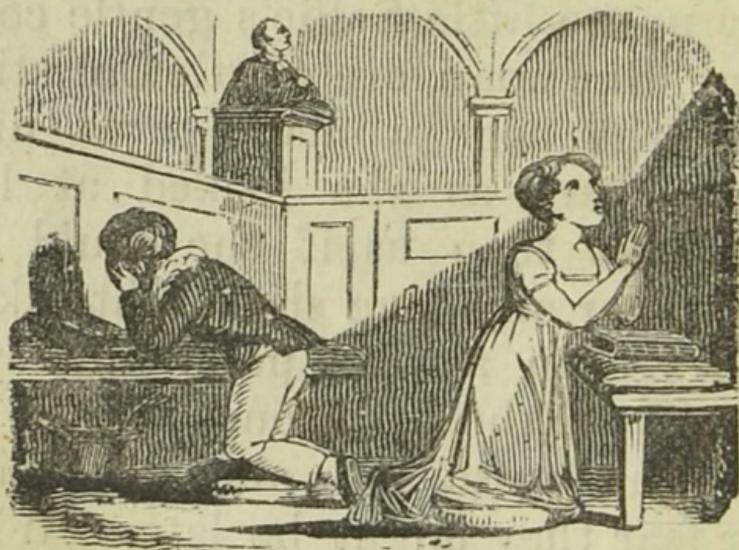
"Take your basket home," said Sallie, "and we will both go and ask your mother."

The children went together to the cellar where Tom's mother lived, and her consent was soon given for Tom to go to Sunday-school. It would not have been easy for any one to say no, to little Sallie's gentle coaxing. She was a lovely little Christian, and the poor woman's eyes filled with tears as she looked at her. She felt then as if she could not deny her anything she might ask.

As soon as the permission was given, off the little ones started for the Sunday-school ; almost running, for fear they might be late. When

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they entered the room, the kind Superintendent came down from his desk towards them. Sallie told Tom's story, and then the superintendent shook hands with him, and said he was very welcome there. Then he took him to a class. Tom soon grew warm, and before the lesson was half over, he had forgotten all about being hungry. When school was dismissed, Tom's teacher gave him a Testament with his name



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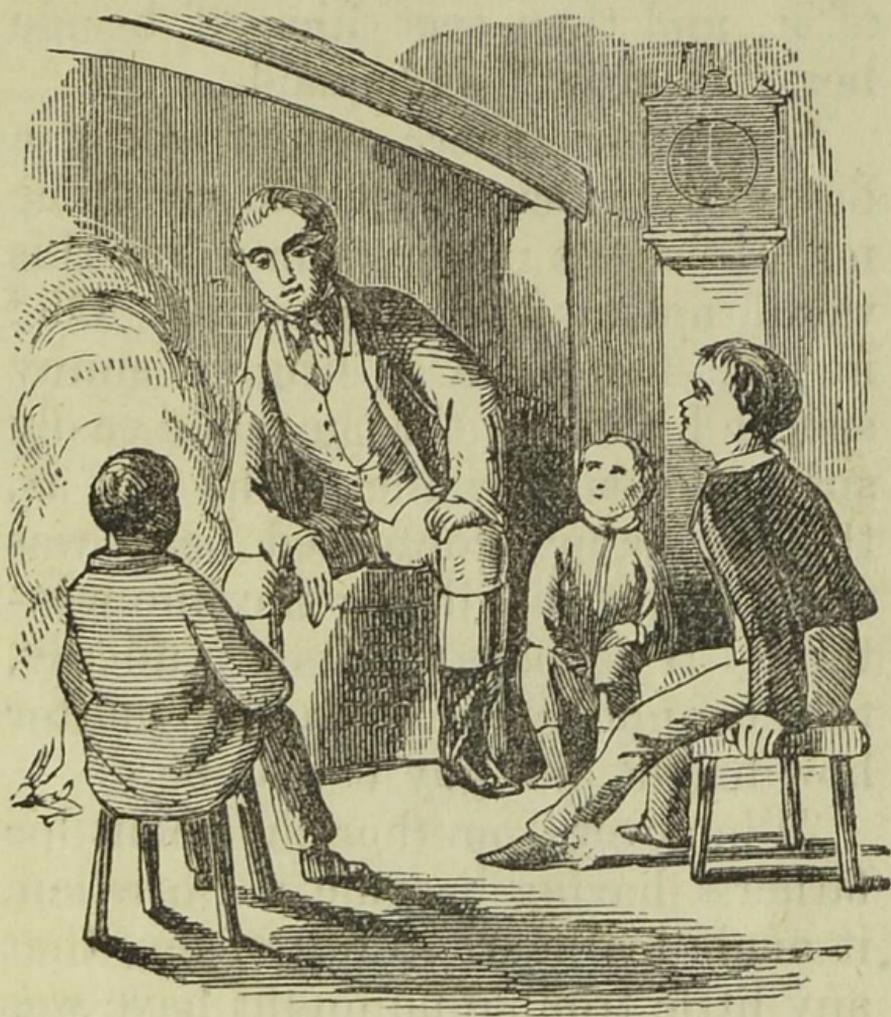
written in it, and made him promise to be there the next Sabbath. Tom went home with Sallie, and got dinner, and then hurried off to tell his mother how he had spent the afternoon. Tom's account of the school was so pleasant, that it made his little brother want to go the next Sunday; and after a few Sundays, the boy's father, hearing them talk so much about the school, thought he would go once, just to see what it was the children liked so well. He went, and was so kindly received by the superintendent, that he consented to join a Bible-class for grown people which met in the next room. The good things which he heard in the Bible-class sank down deep in his heart, and very soon his manner of life showed that his heart had taken "fast hold of instruction." That is, he did not

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hear the word of God and then forget it right away. Before many months had gone by, Tom had the happiness of hearing that his father had become a Christian. Indeed, he could have known this very well even if his father had not said a word about it, for a great change had come over Tom's home. The place was no longer as it used to be. Tom felt almost as if he were in a happy dream, and must wake up by-and-by to find everybody cold and uncomfortable. But it was not a dream; all real and true.

In a few weeks, Tom's father found that he had saved up money enough to hire a better room. There was a large one to let up stairs, and he took it. It seemed to Tom as if they were nearer to heaven now than they used to be in that dingy cellar. The sunshine could come in

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at the little window, and make a bright patch on the floor. This gave great delight to Tom. He would place his mother's chair in the midst

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of it, and then seat himself beside her, "to grow," as he said.

Sometimes there would come a day of rain, so that there could be no brightness in the room; but this would not make Tom gloomy. Oh! no; he had such a bright, sunny spot in his heart, that he could easily spare the sun awhile. The fact is, that his happy, contented heart was the cause of his liking the fine weather. If people's hearts are uneasy, they cannot like anything, no matter how bright and gay it may be.

Whenever Tom thought about his father's having become a Christian, it made his heart so full of joy, that any little trouble he might have was immediately forgotten. In truth, all the family were so much more happy and cheerful than they had been one year before, that they scarcely seemed like the same people.

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There were no more noisy, rude men coming to spend their evenings at the house, and keeping the poor children awake till midnight, by their improper jokes and laughter. Indeed, the case was very different. Now there was a prayer offered each evening, and a hymn sung—a great change from the old time.



And how did all this come about? All through the means of little Sallie Hunt. She first persuaded Tom to go to Sabbath-school. It was for

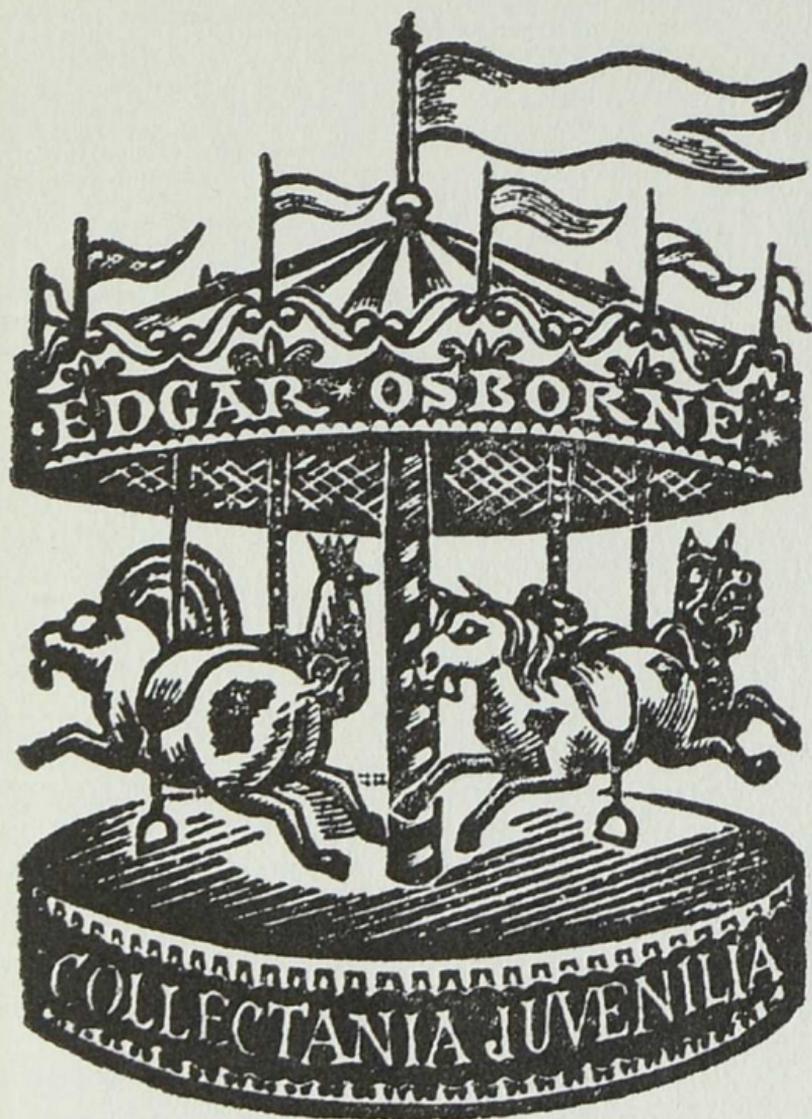
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his sake that at last the father went also, and in the end he learned there that wisdom which is better than silver and gold. All through his life, and all through eternity, he will thank God for little Sallie's efforts in his behalf. Should not you like to be the means of saving a soul? See what one little girl may do.



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