

TALES THAT ARE TRUE,

IN

Short Words,

BY

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Author of

“EVENING SCHOOLS FOR THE EDUCATION OF WOMEN,”
ETC. ETC.

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P R E F A C E.

THERE are more Tales in print than will ever be read, for very few are written in short words. This is a hand-book for those who do not know how to tell a tale that rich and poor will like to hear, and to be read by those who have not yet learnt much.

All these Tales have been used as Copies, in Copy-books, and for dictation on a slate, which soon teaches how to spell, and write a good letter.

CONTENTS.



	Page
What is it to be Great?	1
Sally Smith	14
The Three Answers	24
The Brave Daughter	29
The Picture in the Eye	34
Letter to a Friend	41
War-time	48
The Seven Friends	52
Presence of Mind	56
“It is only a Little Thing”	59
What is Trust?	61
The Peaches	64
The Lost Boy	67
Obedience	71
A Letter	73
The Young Prince	77

	Page
The Young Hero	79
A Good Samaritan	82
A Negro Meeting	84
How to Get Down	86
Lord Erskine	89
The Wolf	91
The Shepherd's Dog	95
The Monkey	98
The Cart-horse	100
The Faithful Dog	101
Old Pompey	103
The Boy and the Tiger	105
The Cuckoo	109
The Raven	111
The Bees	112
The Old Soldier	115
True Courage	117
"He never told a Lie"	119

The Young Prince
A Letter
Obedience

TALES THAT ARE TRUE.

IN

Short Words.

WHAT IS IT TO BE GREAT?

To find out this, we may tell the tale of one who was born and bred in a dark coal-pit.

“Geordie Stevy,” as the workmen loved to call him, was born near Newcastle, in the north of England, in the year 1781. Like other boys, he was sent at six years old into a coal-pit as a *trapper*. Think of poor little Geordie set at the back of a trap-door, to stay for ten or twelve hours in the dark, not once to see the sky all that time ; and, if he fell asleep and did not mind the door, he would have to bear a hard kick or

thump. He must be in the pit as soon as day-light came, and must not stir till all the men who had to carry coal through that door, had done their work.

In winter-time, Geordie only saw day-light on Sunday. In this way his first years were spent. When coals are brought up out of the pit, boys have to pick out the pieces of slate and dross from the pure coal. These lads are called *wailers*, and in time Geordie was made a wailer, then he got four or five shillings a week. Next he was to drive a "gin," which is a machine, with a horse, to draw coals. Geordie was found to be a steady lad; and, like the horse, was always at his gin. He was held in respect, and soon was made foreman, with ten shillings a week; and then rose to be an engine-man. Geordie could then afford to pay rent, and live in a house of

his own. At this time he was twenty years of age : he found a wife, and a good wife she was.

In an old pit a breaksman was wanted, to stop the engine just when the coals were drawn above the pit's mouth. This place was given to Geordie, with twelve shillings a week ; and then, he said, "it made him a man for life." This went on for some years. It seems that Geordie did not learn to read much, till he was twenty-two or twenty-three years old.

In his after life, he told all young men to labour hard at their learning, and did his utmost to help any of them. Geordie went on striving to learn, and in all things he was active and *loved his work*. He gave his mind to all that could help his master, was ever on the watch to keep the engine and pumps in order, and improved them so much that he saved his master

from expense and waste. The steam-engine was always before his eyes. It is like a thing of life to those who work with it and for it. The sailor loves his ship, and the weaver loves his loom, and the smith loves his anvil; but the steam-engine is more than all these, for it stands, and it moves, as if the breath of life was in it, and the hard work is done, on, on, by day and by night, with no rest, and no stop.

There were three breaksmen who took the "night shifts," or night change of men by turns. Their duty was, to draw loads up and let men down. This was not a hard task, but a weary one; for it lasted eight or ten hours. But time at night hung as heavy as the loads. Geordie knew the great value of time, and how to use it well. In these "night shifts" he set about to learn accounts. He did his sums on a slate, by

the light over his head, and next day sent the slate full of figures to a schoolmaster, who marked what was wrong and set fresh sums to be made out.

Four pence a week was paid to the teacher for this. When Geordie had no sums to do he took the pit-men's watches and clocks to clean, and they paid him a little for it. He made shoes too, in these long hours, by the light of the engine-fire; or he cut out cloth and made clothes for the pit-men, and taught others to do the same. He could turn his hand, his head, and his time to anything. Once he made a sun-dial, which is still to be seen over the door of the house he lived in. The sun-dial is a curious thing, to mark the time of day by the sun. To the last day of life the thought of this sun-dial made him smile and look glad.

Not long before his death, when he was a rich and a great man, he drove far out of his way to have a look at the dial which he had made when poor and unknown. What Geordie had most at heart was to make his son Robert a good scholar. All the pence he could earn for clocks and watches, for tailor-work and shoes, was laid by to pay for Bobby at school, and when old enough, he was sent to one of the best colleges in the land, at Edinburgh.

Geordie, (then called Mr. Stephenson,) spoke at a grand dinner, given to show him honour. He said, "I have worked my way, and I have worked as hard as any man in the world. I have known the time, when my son was a child, that I went home after my day's work to clean clocks and watches to pay his schooling, as I knew what it would do for him."

That son has well repaid the self-denial of his father, who lived to see him in success and honour.

At one time bread was so dear that Geordie and his boy could hardly get enough to live upon, and they thought of going to America; but this was not to be, better times were at hand. As Geordie went to his place each day, he had to pass a new pit, or shaft, with much water in it, and the men tried to pump it out; but it was slow work. Day after day Geordie saw them at it still, and at last he stood by to watch. The men were weary and the pumps were weak. He said, "If they would let me try I would soon clear out the water from that shaft." Geordie was laughed at, but yet the men were willing and ready to obey him. What others could not do he did, and in a very short time the shaft was clear of water.

People asked, "Who did it?" The men said, "It was Geordie Stevy."

His good name spread abroad, and Geordie was asked to cure all the pumps that did but wheeze and groan, and were unfit for use. He did more than doctor all the pumps; he gave his thoughts to the steam-engine, to learn how to make one, and find out more that it could do. When pumps were made to draw well, and engines to work well, under Geordie's care, he was held to be a good engineer. He had both work and pay, so that he could lay by money for the time of need; or, as it is well said, "against a rainy day." He put up steam-engines under the ground, and mended those above ground. He laid down tram-ways, and had enough to do. He gave up his old trade, with the watches, shoes, and clothes; but kept Bobby bright as ever, and he

throve well in body and in mind. Those who had once trusted Geordie with difficult work were sure to trust him again, and his fame began to spread far and wide. Money was lent to Geordie that he might make a new kind of engine, to run on rails by steam. He tried a plan of his own, and with success ; and the next year he made a new one, still more perfect. By this time he could earn a great deal, and had many friends. His great joy was to see his son Robert, no more to be called little Bobby, or Bobby the lad. He had been well taught, and had worked hard to learn everything that could help his father, and now joined him, to be his able assistant ; and they both worked together with one heart and soul.

Once, it is said, that a strange thing was seen in Geordie's happy home. His wife came in and saw her husband lying flat on the floor, with the

wire fender upset, and a candle burning under it. He did not hear her speak to him. Why was this? He was deep in thought, and he could hear nothing, and see nothing, but that candle; for he had found out that while it burnt well and gave a good light, its bright flame did not pass through the wires of the fender, and in that way a safety lamp might be made to use, without the terrible danger of fire in the pits. Two good men thought of this about the same time, and hundreds of their fellow-men, with their wives and children, bless them for it.

George Stephenson was now the first man in the world for railway work. A new engine of his won a prize of 500*l.*, when the first railway was open. He made the railway itself, over a deep bog, called Chat-moss, between Liverpool and Manchester; but how could such a place be

made into firm ground? He saw what could be done, and sunk hurdle after hurdle down into the swamp and mud, till all was safe, and hard enough to bear any weight. The more trouble and toil, the more thought and care to do his work well. As railways went on, so did his gains and his fame, till the poor pit-man, who thought he was made for life with twelve shillings a week, could buy house and land, and live like a nobleman, as he truly was; but yet he loved the sun-dial of his own old home. He spoke in public, and said, "I have dined in mines, for once I was a miner. I have dined with kings and queens and princes, and with men of all ranks. I have seen enough to make me hope, that the labour of my life has not been in vain." Every day brings some new proof that these words are just and true.

For every penny George Stephenson earned himself he gave the means of getting more to thousands of other men. Not only those who work upon railways and make every thing for them are the gainers: we all owe to them many comforts which our fathers could not afford.

Mr. Stephenson lived to see his son as great, but he could not be more noble than himself. That son is now Robert Stephenson, Esq., M.P., engineer in chief to the North Western Railway, whose name is cut in the stone of the grand railway bridge—the Tube Bridge as it is called—which he made across a wide river.

In August, 1848, his work on earth was done, and George Stephenson died, at the age of 67.

Shall we not hear the Judge of all bestow His great reward, “Well done, good and faithful servant: enter thou into the joy of thy Lord?”

Matt. xxv. 21. Who could begin life lower than the little slave in the mine? Yet did he look upwards, from the dark door he had to keep. He made himself an engineer; was master of the fiery horse, which he knew how to guide with a light touch.

While we read the life of Geordie Stevy let us not forget the weather-beaten face, so rough and worn with toil, and care, and thought; but beautiful with love of duty, love for his child, and good-will to all men.

When we travel on a railway, or look down from its bridges, the name of Stephenson will arouse a new spirit within us.

Even the sad captive in a cell may bless him who wrought out a railway, for its speed brings relief from afar.

Things done in secret are soon made known,

and the light of hope breaks through the worst darkness and gloom.

Does not this teach us, that the only way to be great is to do good?

SALLY SMITH.

ABOUT three years ago (1850) a young servant fell ill of fever. Her mistress sent her home in a cart, and the poor girl was lifted in, for she could not stand. There she lay for a long drive of twenty miles. Her parents were poor, and lived in the country.

When they got to her home she could not speak or move; it was quite dark, and the man who drove the cart gave her mother a note from his

mistress, to say that the girl had been ill a week, but not a word was said to warn the mother of danger to the rest of her children.

The mother of the girl was not helpful; and in this time of need was lost in fear, and knew not what to do, even for her own child. A neighbour soon came in, whose kind heart and good sense did great good. She had lived near them but a short time; her name was Sally Smith.

There was no spare room to give up for the use of the poor girl, nor could they make up a fresh bed so late that night. Mary was taken up stairs and laid by the side of a young sister, still fast asleep. Sally sat by her all night, and did what she could to soothe the sad pain of her head, and cool it with vinegar and water. Next day the village doctor came, and said he would send something, and that her hair must be cut

off. Then he asked, "Who will nurse her?" The mother spoke: "I can do that." "You know not what you say; she must have some one to sit up all night, and watch all day; you must get some one to help you. Send the children away for a bit, and keep the house quiet." As he went through the yard he saw great heaps of manure, with deep mud and dirt on all sides, and shook his head. A woman held his horse, and to her he said, "The less you go into John Wood's house the better. I think we have a bad case of fever there. Mind what I say; keep out of that house, and keep the children out." This was done from very fear; but the little Woods came out to play, and to tell all about Mary, and that her hair was cut off, which made the rest wish to creep in and look at her.

Mary grew worse and worse, but her mother

had the help of Sally Smith, who never left Mary till she died. Then the doctor bid her take care of her own health, and get good food: he said, "The poor girl has had fever, and it will be well if none of us take it." "I thought so," said Sally, "when I heard what you bid them to do at first. I have no children, and I thought it my duty to do all I could, and save the mothers from risk of their health." "But you have a husband?" "Yes, sir, and a good one." "Then take care of yourself, and make him do so too." The man did take care for himself: fear is apt to make us selfish, and he did not like his wife to come home again. Ten days after this the little girl fell sick in whose bed Mary had been laid the night she came home, then a stout plough-boy took it, and next the baby. In three months six were sick, and only one got well.

The end of the year came, and the manure was to be taken away by cart-loads. This made the whole air more unfit to live in. The fever, bad at first, now took a worse turn, and begun in two houses at the same time. One week two young and strong men could boast of their strength, and prove it in rough games, and by the weights they could lift. It was no easy thing to say which had the most strength. In a few days one of them was too weak to raise a hand, and the voice of the other could scarcely be heard to ask for water to drink. They died within a few hours of each other. And where was Sally Smith? Her husband would not let her go out again to nurse, but she got his leave to give some help to the sick in other ways.

At last, money was given to pay for a nurse in

the village, then Tom Smith did not see why his wife should not take her chance. "It was of no use," he thought, "to pay a stranger, when folks on the spot were ready and able to do the work. He could go and live with his mother till the risk was over." His wife was then free to do what she would, and she lost no time. No one could smooth a pillow like Sally; from her hand every sick child would take food or physic, she was all in all to them. Many still live to tell how she came about them like an angel. Each day she was more sure what was best to do, for the sick, and for those in health. Once she was told it would kill her to do so much. She said, "We can die but once, and with help from Him 'who went about to do good,' I will not stop. I may never be so fit again as I am now." This was all she was ever heard to say about herself. Next to

Sally the clergyman gave most help. The farmers sent wine, and let their wives cook food, for the sick. Sally had most of the toil and all the care. At last, fear was so great in the village, that she was left for many hours with no aid but what the clergyman could give. They did all but wash the linen, which was left to soak in water till more help could be found.

No one ever saw Sally give way. She made the best of everything, and the sight of her face still gave hope to all.

For weeks she did not go to bed, but put on a change of clean clothes very often. She had sleep at times, when she could lie down outside the bed of a sick child, and this was all the rest she took.

Her whole time and thought and care were given to those in pain and trouble. Nor was this

all : her husband found out, that all the money paid her was spent in comforts for the sick. The fever was so bad, that for safety, the beds were buried with those who had died upon them. Sally gave up her own bed for a case of great need, and said she could get some rest on a rug by John Burgess's fire. There, quite worn out, she did lie down ; but forgot the brick floor was still damp, from her own free use of water and a mop ; for Sally's great care was, to keep all things sweet and clean as she could. Next day, though she felt chill and in pain, all her work was done as usual. There was no time to think of her own aches and pains, while eight people in that house lay sick.

Sally knew what was coming upon her, and put everything ready, and at hand, for any one who came to take her place.

She gave one look at herself in the glass, and saw what her fate would be. She sent an old woman to tell the clergyman that a nurse was wanted, then she sank down into a chair by the fire-side.

There she was found, still at the post of duty, though she could do no more. "Thank God you are come," she said; "for what would Mary Burgess and all these children do, with no friend and no nurse? I am so glad you are come." And she shed tears of joy.

She had much pain to bear. At last, a dull heavy sleep came on for a day or two, and then—she was at rest.

Her last thought was for others, just as all before had been. And where is her grave? Is there no marble and no stone to bear her name? No—her husband did not wish it. A mound of

grass is all that shows the "sleeping place" of Sally Smith *. The Great Judge of all knows the spot, though man has set no mark upon it. The sheep that have heard His voice will be found within the fold of the Good Shepherd; John x. 14, 15. We can read His words; they are written for us:—

12. "This is my commandment, That ye love one another, as I have loved you.

* It is "sixty years since" fever raged in a country place not far from Birmingham. The name of Molly Smith is still known there; for she was the doctress and kind nurse in many houses, both of rich and poor.

Her own house was kept clean and pure; her children did not escape sickness, but they all got well. It was not so in the house of a neighbour, who shut herself up, and gave no help to others from selfish fear.

"To worship rightly is to love each other; each smile a hymn, each kindly deed a prayer."

13. "Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends.

14. "Ye are my friends, if ye do whatsoever I command you." John xv.

THE THREE ANSWERS.

"TEACHER," said a young man to his master, "is it *never* right to deceive, or say what is not true? May I not say what is false to a bad man, when I know he will do harm to a brother; and when I know that if I do not tell the whole truth he will go the wrong way, and mean-time his brother can escape?"

"My son," said the teacher, "hear my words, and thine own heart shall show thee what is right. Saul, king of Israel, was angry with David the

son of Jesse. He sent men to seek for him. David heard of this, and he fled by the road that led to a desert called Ziph. The men of that place knew it, and they sought to give him into the hands of Saul. As they came near, three men were in sight and soon would meet them. These men had been with David, and were come from him to spy. The men of Ziph caught hold of the first, and said, 'Which of these two paths did David the son of Jesse take? Tell us, or thou shalt die!' The man was in great fear, for he knew how they sought for David, to give him up, and he said, 'He went to the right hand.' Now the man knew that David had gone to the left. And the men of Ziph let him go. A smile was on the face of the spy, for he said, 'I have saved the life of my master!' but his smile was gone, and the sound of the last words could not

be heard, for he thought 'And I saved him—BY A LIE!' The men of Ziph could not be sure they had heard the truth, and their captain said, 'The man that comes from the left hand moves slowly since he saw this one caught, let us wait here till he comes up; he may be a friend to David.' So they did wait, and when the man came up they said to him, 'Which of these two paths will lead to the place where David is? Tell us, or thou shalt die!' The man thought to himself, 'How shall I know what was said by him that went before me? he might not speak the truth; how shall I know, that I may say the same?' Again they said, 'Which way did he go?' Then said the man, 'I know not.' The men of Ziph set him free; but he stayed near them, to see what was done. The men of Ziph let the third man come up before they chose their path. None of

the three men had swords ; for David thought they would be known for his friends if they took swords when they went out to spy. The men of Ziph had spears and swords with them to fight and make war. For the third time they laid hold on a man as he came up, and said, ‘ Which way did David go ? ’ The man spoke not. The men of Ziph held up their swords to strike ; still he spoke not. Then they threw him on the ground and beat him, and said, ‘ Tell us, and be quick ; or thou shalt die ! ’ But the man said, ‘ I will not give up a good master into your hands : ye are men of blood. ’ The men of Ziph were very angry, for they knew by these words that he could tell, if he would. They gave soft and fair words to tempt him, but in vain ; he only said, ‘ I will not tell you. ’ Then they were fierce with anger : they tore off his clothes and beat

him. While this was done the other spy fled in fear ; but he did not go back to David. The man would not speak to tell where David was, and at last the men of Ziph left him alone, for dead, on the road. They took the path to the right hand, as the first man had told them, so they did not find David. When they were gone, the third spy rose from the ground in pain ; but a smile of great joy came over his pale face, and he said, ‘ I have saved the life of my master ! ’ Then he crept back and told David of his danger.

“ Now, my son,” said the teacher, “ which of these men wouldst thou rather be when the Judge of the world shall come ? ” A bright tear was in the eye of the young man, as he said, “ I would be as he that was robbed and left on the road for dead.”

THE BRAVE DAUGHTER.

IN the year 1848 the good ship Rainbow left England. Her captain soon found that his chief mate was not worthy of trust. He was often senseless from the use of spirits, and more than once, was shut up for his own safety and that of others. Captain Arnold was taken ill, and no care could save him. He died ten days before the ship was in sight of the port to which she was bound. His daughter, a young girl of sixteen, was on board, who never left the bedside of her father until his death. When the chief mate was first in command, and while she was in deep grief, he sought to gain from Mary Arnold the use of books and papers in her care. She would not give them up, and the mate then said, that

with her leave he would take the ship out of its due course, and trade for a time in some new port. The poor girl was roused by these words, for she knew if it was done the mate would soon gain his own ends, and seize upon the ship for his own. She saw *her* duty, and was prompt to act. Without one word to the mate she rushed on deck. The crew came round her at once; for she had not been seen since the death of her father. She called on them to stand firm in the duty they still owed to him who had been their captain and their friend. She told them what the mate had tried to do. She put herself under their care, for they had need to guard her, and watch over their own safety. Two men slunk away to the mate. All the rest made a vow to guard her with their lives, and told the mate, in plain terms, that if he should dare to take the ship one day out of its course

they would pitch him into the sea. Again the young girl stood in front of the crew, and said she must ask "yet one thing more; would they grant it?" "Yes, for you have saved us: ask what you will." "Then," said the brave daughter, "there is but one way to prove your love to my father, to save your own lives, and to make sure of the right course of the ship to the port of Aden. Throw every drop of spirits overboard; let it all go into the deep, deep sea." They did not stop to think; the vow had been made, and it was kept by British sailors, true to their word, with heart and hand. The casks of spirits were brought on deck, and not one drop was spared—all was thrown away.

Some of the crew knew the course to Aden, and thus the mate had a check upon all he did. Three of the sailors kept watch in turn, every

night, close to the cabin in which Mary Arnold slept.

By day, her time was spent in kind acts for those who felt proud to shield her from harm, and from any wrong or rude word, that she ought not to hear. When the ship reached the port of Aden, she was taken to the house of her father's friend, where she found a welcome and a home. Farewell tears were seen on the rough faces of strong and hardy men when they gave up the charge of their captain's child, who had so long shared their life of danger on the sea. Respect and love was the feeling on both sides, and with heartfelt warmth the young girl gave her hand to the friends whom she might never meet again. But Mary Arnold had yet a duty to fulfil. She must give up the maps and papers which her father had left in her care, with the accounts she

had kept before and since his death. Also, by request of the crew, Mary Arnold wrote a letter to the owners of the ship ; in this, her tale was as clear as true, of all that had been done on board the Rainbow. She told of the evil man, and of the noble crew, who had ruled themselves so strictly, when the voice of their captain could no more be heard. They had all “done as they would be done by.” Their grief was real ; its fruit was pure : it brought forth deeds that prove

“Death only binds us fast
To the bright shore of love.”

THE PICTURE IN THE EYE.

“Oh! say what is that thing call'd light,

Which I must ne'er enjoy?

What are the blessings of the sight?

Oh! tell your poor blind boy!”

Father. My child, why do you look so hard at me?

Son. I want to see the picture in your eyes; you said that you would tell me how it comes there. Is it only that small dark spot in your eyes that makes you see?

Father. That small place is a sort of window, which lets in the light to make a picture at the back of the eye. It is the APPLE of the eye. In Psalm xvii. 8, King David prays in these words: “Keep me as the apple of thine eye.”

Light comes into the eye through this small window, and at the back of it a fine net is spread, and the picture comes upon it.

If the apple of the eye was to be hurt, or shut up, no light could get in. We could not see.— We should be quite dark.

Son. Then these two windows must be kept very safe, with the care King David prays for. But, father, is it a hole all through the eye?

Father. No, it is a hole in a sort of curtain that hangs down in the eye, and in front of it is a cover, like a watch-glass, or a bit of thin horn, that light can shine through.

Son. What is inside the eye?

Father. Between the apple and the watch-glass, as we may call it, we find a clear bright water, and the curtain hangs in the midst of it. Next to this, is a part very like glass. The form

of it makes things look large, and it lies in a clear jelly that fills up the rest of the eye. All these help to paint the picture on the net-work of a nerve, by means of which our minds are able to see! But I have more to tell you yet.

Son. Pray let me hear it, father.

Father. The round window can grow large or small, just when you want more or less light; it grows small to take in little; when there is not much light, it grows large to take in all there is.

Come and look into my eyes while I face the full light, and now turn round with me till my back is to it. At first you will see the window grow small, and then large again.

Son. Oh yes! what a new wonder, though it has been so near to me all my life! What is the use of the pretty rim round the apple, or window as you call it?

Father. That is the curtain, and it draws tight or slack, to make the apple of the eye grow large or small. We call it the iris, or rainbow, for it is not the same in two pair of eyes.

Son. Why do I feel pain when I come from a dark room all at once into the light?

Father. In the dark the apple of your eye is large, to catch all the light it can, and the pain warns you to take care what you do in such haste. You ought to give time for the window to grow small, and bear more light. Too much glare of light would soon make us blind. What would you do, if your eyes were set quite fast, as your nose and ears are?

Son. I must twist my head round; it would tire me, and make it ache, to do so often.

Father. The eye is set loose in the head, with

broad strings, to move it up and down just as we want or wish.

Son. Who can know all this about the eye and ever strike a blow that might hurt it?

Father. To save the eye, it is put deep into the head, with hard bone all round and a soft bed within. To keep the eye clear and bright, it is washed by a few drops of salt water. If this fills the eye, we call it tears. In the corner of each eye we may see a tiny speck on each lid. It is the open end of a very small pipe, (one to each lid,) through which the tears pass into a bag inside the nose. The salt water is held in a part that looks like a bit of sponge. We can press upon it and draw the water out, if we shut our eyes very tight. It lies under the eye-brow, away from the nose. We have also a fringe of fine hair, the eye-

lashes, which give shade by day, and help to keep out dust and air while we sleep.

The eye-lid shuts up quick as light when anything touches, or would bring harm near the eye.

Son. What is the *white* of the eye?

Father. It is a thick coat, into which the eye is set. The horn-like part is fixed into it, just as a watch-glass is set into a case of gold or silver.

Son. What is the use of the eye-brow?

Father. It is like a pent-house, and serves to guard the eye from too much light. The line of hair upon it is a brush or mat to keep off dust and drops that might run down when we are at work, and could not stay to wipe the brow.

There is one thing more about the eye which I need not tell you.

Son. You mean that all things are made so fair, that our hearts feel glad to look at them.

The blue sky, the green grass, the flowers, and the rainbow ; but above all, my father, I can see you, and all who are dear to us both.

Father. Yes, my son, it is so. Even the young infant loves to look about, though it knows not what it sees. "Our Father who is in Heaven" gave us sight, and we feel glad when we only open our eyes on this fair world that He has made.

In Psalm xciv. 9, we read these words :—

"He that planted the ear, shall he not hear?
He that formed the eye, shall he not see?"

LETTER TO A FRIEND.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

You have asked me what truth there can be in any Ghost Story. When *good* people tell us of what their eyes have seen, I am sure they speak what is true to their own minds ; but we see with the mind sometimes. What we know and think of, seems quite plain before us, though the thing itself is far out of sight ; and so it may be with those who say they have seen a ghost. I have known a real cause for such sights, and of this you shall judge for yourself. In the land of Egypt, where Joseph was sold for a slave, there is a city in ruins, and many grand tombs of old kings have been found, which are a hiding-place for rare things.

An Englishman heard of this, and hoped to find some books of great price in one of the tombs. He paid a carpenter and his son to go with him in the dead of night, and help him in the search.

They got in, and found an altar, which must have been made in later days than when the tomb was built.

Books lay upon the steps of the altar, and the boy brought them, one by one, close to his master, who had no light but that of a small candle. While they stood to pore over these books, the master thought he heard a noise, and said, "What can it be? Did not something move?" "O master," said the carpenter, "it must have been my son moving the books; for what can be here? No one else knows of this tomb, or what is in it. What can make a noise here? for we are alone, one hundred feet under the earth, in a place where

no man comes. It is nothing ; it can be nothing ;” and he took up a candle to peer about, in the dark place. He could find nothing, and all was still as the grave. He sat down again, and they began to look over the books which lay upon the steps of the altar. They were all church books, and no history of the times of old. One huge book still lay upon the altar, bound in heavy boards.

The carpenter’s son tried to move this from its place, that he might lay it on the ground for his master. Just then a noise was most surely heard. They looked at each other, were very pale with fear, and turned round to see—they knew not what. Nothing was there ; and, half in shame, they set to work again, by the light of their three candle ends, and laid open the great book, which was written quite unlike the rest, in letters of a large size. As the master bent over his prize

there arose a sound in the cave, but whence it came no one could tell, for it seemed all round them at once. There was no doubt now, for it was like the roar of a hundred wild beasts. The carpenter was in terror; it seemed to him that the tall, fierce pictures of the false gods of Egypt began to stare in wrath from the walls.

Soon all was still as before, and they thought it was over; but no—the roar began again, louder and louder, like the voices of all bad spirits at once. This was too much to bear; the master and carpenter made a start from the ground. The boy, in his fright, struck a foot against the great book, and fell down over the candles, which were all put out in an instant. His screams could be heard amidst the wild uproar. There was no light to guide them through the dark cave; but they caught sight of a star at the far

end of it, and to that point they all set off to run as fast as they could. The roar was bad enough, but it was much worse when they thought something was chasing them out of the cave. Clouds of dust rose up as they rushed along a steep slope that led to the outer door. "So then," thought the Englishman, "I have heard of ghosts and goblins only to laugh at them, but they must be true after all, and in this city of the dead it has been our evil lot, to go into a tomb, where such things are."

Out of breath, and with fear that takes sense away, the master and carpenter got first into the air, glad to be free from the terrors of a dark vault under the earth. They could think of nothing but the evil one; and, in the pale light of the moon, they saw a shape. Fear was now so great they could hardly bear it.

The boy, who fell down, now crept out of the tomb on his hands and knees. He spoke first. "Why, father, if this is not our old woman's donkey that has been lost these two days. It is well we have found it. The beast must have strayed into this tomb, and would have been starved to death if we had not met with it to-night."

The carpenter felt shame; the master was glad to find no worse end of their fright, and took some comfort from the thought, that he was not the first man who had been in alarm from the doings of an ass.

This tale is put into print to do good; for many a ghost story may be true, so far as we find *some* cause for it. If the donkey had not come out, and the boy had not been near enough to see what its real shape was, the Englishman might have come

back to his own land with a strange tale about that tomb, and the noise, like nothing else on earth, that was heard, when he laid open the great book from the altar.

To this tale I will only add a few lines, which seem to me more true than any ghost story.

“ Let spirits pure and free as thine
Trust to the guardian Power divine ;
Nought unhallowed enters here,
No cause of terror or of fear,
The sacred spirits of the just,
When once they’ve fled their mortal dust,
To kindred souls and purer skies
In transport mount, with joy they rise
Above this mortal, earthly sphere,
Nor e’er again its precincts near.
Then let not spirits pure as thine
Fear aught of harm from things divine.”

These lines will make us think of the words

that are written ; “ Hereby know we the spirit of truth, and the spirit of error,” 1 John iv. 6.

I am your affectionate friend, &c.

WAR-TIME.

IN the year 1850 there was war in Hungary. After a few months, a doctor was on board the steam-boat of a fine river, and came to land at a great heap of ruins, which showed that once a town stood there. The doctor was told that he could get a bed at the “ White Ship.” Just as he set foot on shore, a little Jew boy laid hands on his trunk, and said he could show the best way to the Inn. The boy wore an old cap of a soldier from some other land, and the rest of his

clothes were but rags that hung loose upon him, made and worn, far from the spot on which they were at last found by this poor child, from the hard chance of war.

“Pray sir, let me take this,” said the lad, in a sad tone. “You are not fit to carry it,” said the doctor. “Why not? I must try to do it, for I want to eat some food to-day.” “Have you no parents to take care of you?” “A mother I have; but they killed my father a year ago. Who killed him we know not. He went out one day, and at night was found dead, outside the town. In those days no one thought about the dead, and our people are cared for least of all; both sides would be ready to kill a Jew. Mother knew not what to do, nor how to find food for me and my little sisters, and she was very sad at heart. Then came the fire. The house we lived in was burnt

to the ground, and all that we had was burnt with it. Not so much as a crust of bread was left for us. Since that time my mother has been ill, and can do no work. She lives with the little ones, in a hut, not far from hence, and I go every day to meet the steam-boats, and get what I can to take to her." "And do you get some pence every day?" said the doctor, who saw in this boy, scarce ten years old, the only means of help for a whole family. "I must, sir, or we have no bread to eat. If I can get no work at the steam-boats I take cigars to sell at the fort, where some of the soldiers still live. For each bundle I have three halfpence, and I sell three bundles a day." "Is that enough to feed you all?" "It *must* be enough, and I have laid by a few pence this year. With them I will buy pipe-sticks and matches, and when I can save a little more I will buy

thread, laces, and cloth, and then better times will come for us."

The poor Jew boy stood bare-foot; but there he was, like the rest of his race, patient and brave. He spent his strength for others; he kept up a good heart in faith and hope for this life, and will yet find joy in the life which is to come.

"This was once our home," said the boy, as he led the way through the ruins of what had been a street, and four bare walls stood where a house had been. "Here, and in many other places, the fire broke out at the same time—there *was* a blaze. It began early, and at noon the town was one flame of fire. We saw it all, and the smoke spread for many miles around."

King David wrote these words:—"The poor committeth himself unto thee; thou art the helper of the fatherless," Psalm x. 14.

THE SEVEN FRIENDS.

IN September, 1850, a little band of men left England in a ship. It was the Ocean Queen. Captain Gardiner, of the Royal Navy, was the guide of the party. Three young men went out under his care, and three more were hardy fishermen. They set off, strong in hope, to teach and do good to the wild savage men of a far distant isle. For two whole years they were never heard of. At length a ship was sent to seek for them at the south point of America. On that coast a few words were found, cut in a rock, which showed some trace of those who were lost. At last a boat was seen, high up on the shore; and, after a search, some books and papers were found near it. These words were read: "If you walk

for a mile and a half you will find the other boat. Do not stop: we shall die for want of food." They went on, and the boat was found. The body of a man lay beside it, dead. It was that of Captain Gardiner. Not far from the boat was a cave. The form of a hand had been cut in the rock to point within the cave; and under the hand was cut "Psalm lxii. v. 5," which spoke to the hearts of those who saw it, "My soul, wait thou only upon God; for my expectation is from Him." In the cave a dead body was found; it was that of a young man, Mr. Maidment. The two were laid in one grave. In the papers a sad tale was told. The seven friends could do no good to those they went to teach. The savages soon drove them away, and would give no food. They fell sick one by one, and kept on the shore near the open sea; for their only chance was, to see a

ship, and leave that land till better times. They had less and less to eat, for their stores soon came to an end; they had no strength, and could only crawl to pick up a few shell-fish, and now and then they caught some mice, and thus did they live. Five of the small party died, and only two were left to help each other. No thought of self had been amongst them; no rude word had ever been spoken amongst this brave band of good men. They were kind, and gave help to each other in the worst days, when each man had to try and save his own life if he could. It is a hard thing to give up a morsel of food, and starve while we share it with others; but this was done every day, for they knew it was right, and a duty. The two friends left were so weak that one could not crawl about at all, and the other, with great pains, made for him a pair of crutches, cut with a pocket-knife out of two

forked sticks. By that means Captain Gardiner got to the boat, and lay down in it, thankful for such a bed. He could not rise again, even to sit up, and had nothing to eat; but caught a little water that ran down the sides of the boat. His friend left him to seek food; but in vain, for in the cave he lay down to die. The last words, on one paper found near the boat, were by the hand of Captain Gardiner, written in pencil and very faint. The date was Friday, September 5, 1851.

“Thanks be to God—Though I have lain four days without food—I feel no hunger and no thirst—all are gone—all so kind—Maidment’s kindness to me—heaven—

“Your affectionate brother,

“Allen F. Gardiner.”

Not one of these men were made selfish by what is so hard to bear ; they were brave and true to the last, though sure to die from want of food. They felt comfort still, in love to each other.

Their sad fate must warn others from the shore of Cape Horn ; but not in vain did they live and die, if with heart and soul we bear in mind as they did—

“ A friend loveth at all times, and a brother is born for adversity,” Proverbs xvii. 17.

PRESENCE OF MIND.

Two men were chosen, for their skill, to paint a grand church.

A plank of wood was slung up for them to stand upon, about forty feet from the ground. The

mind of one was so bent on his work that he forgot where he was, and began to move away from the picture to see it in the best light, which might well fill his soul with joy. He went back slowly, step by step, until he set a foot on the very edge of the plank. His friend saw the danger, but how could he prevent it? To speak was in vain, and not to speak made death no less sure; for one more step would let the man dash on a stone floor beneath.

Quick as thought, he caught up a wet brush and threw it against the wall to spoil and blot so fair a work. With an angry word, the painter made a rush forward to check his friend, and try to save the cruel blow; but he met a face that was deadly pale, and in his turn was made to stop while the other pointed to show the cause of such an act.

The storm of rage was over at once, and the painter wept while he blessed a kind hand, though it had just been raised to rob him, for a time, of fame, and pride, and joy.

It is the same when we are too much taken up with the vain things of the world. We give our hearts to them, and think not of the danger.

What we most love and prize is often taken from us in mercy, to draw us more near to "Him who can comfort and save us," (John iv. 42, Matt. i. 21,) even while we weep and mourn over our hard lot upon the earth; but if it is *not* so, "Lead us not into temptation," must be the prayer of our hearts, and then we shall trust and "faint not," in times of trial or of trouble. Galatians vi. 9.

“ IT IS ONLY A LITTLE THING.”

Two men were at work one day in a dock-yard, which is a place where ships are built. They had to cut a plank of wood to put into a ship. It was a short plank, and not worth much. As they cut off the chips they found a worm, a small worm, not half an inch long. “This piece of wood has a worm in it,” said one; “shall we use it?” “I do not know. Yes, I think it may go in: it will never be seen.” “But there may be more worms in it, and if so it will be bad for the ship.” “No, I think not. To be sure it is not worth much, yet I do not wish to lose it. Come, put it in; we have seen but one worm. ‘It is only a little thing.’” The plank was put in, and when the ship was first seen upon the waves it was a fine

sight, and all were glad to see friends go on board of her.

She went to sea, and for a few years all was well ; but at length, when far from shore, it was found that she grew weak and rotten. Many planks were full of holes, the work of worms. The captain thought he would try to get her home. He had rich goods in the ship, and many people on board. A storm came on, and for some time the ship bore it well, till a plank, which was not sound, gave way. There were two pumps, and the crew worked at them day and night. The water came in so fast, they could not pump it out. This went on, and the ship was soon full of water, and went down under the dark blue waves of the ocean, and all that was in her, never to be seen again.

This came to pass, from “ only a little thing.”

All was lost by the use, made of a bit of wood with a small worm in it. How much harm is done by one wrong, selfish act. The man would not lose a piece of wood, though he knew a worm was there when he built the ship; and he thought "it would never be seen."

These are the words that will surely come to pass:—

"For nothing is secret, that shall not be made manifest; neither anything hid, that shall not be known and come abroad," Luke viii. 17.

WHAT IS TRUST?

A POOR man was taken ill on his way through a strange town, where he knew no one. In the

street he met a gentleman, and told him the tale of his trouble. The gentleman was kind, and felt for the poor man. He would have taken him to his own house, but he had many children. He thought it was not right to bring in a sick person. His boys had a play-room apart from the house, and it might be safe there. A bed was put in that room, and the sick man taken in. The doctor said he was very ill, and had the small-pox. Now the father did not wish to tell his boys that a sick man was there, lest it should make them and their friends afraid. He told the boys they must not go to their play-room again until he gave them leave. The boys were vexed and angry at this. They gave way to wrong thoughts and words, when their father was out of sight. They saw him go into the room, and they saw their mother do the same. They said their father

was using them ill not to let them have the play-room, and it was worse not to tell them why they could not go in.

When the man got well they were told all about it. They saw how pale and thin he was, and how grateful he felt. No one had been hurt. No one had been made to feel any dread of the same sickness. Their father had done all things right, and for their own good. They had spent the same time in what was bad for themselves, and wrong to their parents. Just so, it is, all through life. Many things come to pass that we do not like—many sad things we see, and know not why they are to be. But we may always “TRUST,” and should never know doubt, or fear that “all is well;” all is for the best, both for ourselves and for those we love.

THE PEACHES.

ONE day a poor man came back from the town, where he had been to market, and brought with him five ripe peaches. Four boys met him at the door, and he said, "There, lads, I have brought a peach for each of you, and one for your mother." They took the fruit with thanks, and thought it the best they had ever seen in their lives.

At night, when they went to bed, the father said, "Well boys, how did you like the peaches?" "Oh! very much, dear father," said the eldest. "It is a nice fruit, and full of juice. I have put by the stone, and will take care of it. When spring comes I mean to plant it in the ground, and hope to see a young peach-tree grow up from it." "Very good," said his father; "we should

never waste anything ; it is right to think of the time to come." A very little boy spoke next, and said, " I ate up my peach at once, and threw the stone away. Mother gave me half of hers— Oh ! it was so sweet, and melted in my mouth." " Well," said the father, " you are a little boy, and know no better ; but next time try to learn what the stone of a good fruit is made for, and then you will not throw it away." " I was wise, father," said the next boy ; " I picked up that stone, and broke the hard shell of it. The inside was like a nut, and as good to eat. I sold my peach, and got so much for it that when I go to the town, where peaches are cheap, I shall buy three or four with the money." The father did not look glad, he was very grave, and said, " I am sorry you did it. I like to see my boys think of the time to come ; but I do not like to see them

try and get the very most they can from selfish thoughts and wishes. Take care, my son, for what you have done will soon lead you to covet what is not your own." The fourth boy was asked, "What is done with your peach, Willy?" "I took it to poor little George who lives next door, and is very ill. I thought it would do him good, while he lies there so hot and thirsty. He would not take it at first, but I laid it on his bed and ran away."

"Now," said the father, "tell me, boys, which of you made the best use of his peach?" "Brother Willy has," said three voices at once.

Willy did not speak; but when he felt the warm kiss of his mother, and saw tears of joy in her eyes, he was more glad than all the peaches in the world could have made him.

THE LOST BOY.

A CHILD of five years old was lost in a dark coal-pit. One Friday, Willy Withers went with his father to work, but he left a lamp behind, and had to go back and fetch it. The man went to his place in the mine, and his boy meant to join him soon, for he knew the way very well. It was by a road underground that Willy had to seek his way ; but with the lamp in his hand there was no fear, and he went on like a brave boy. He did not take quite care enough ; and the light went out. At first, he was not in much trouble, for he hoped to feel his way, and might soon hear the sound of men at work, which would guide him aright. Soon he took a wrong turn, which led to an old place,

where all the coal had been dug out ; and the men did not go there.

For four whole days Willy was not seen or heard of again. The poor child had a small bag with him, which his mother had hung by a string round his neck, to hold his dinner. This was all the food he had ; and the only comfort, for it made him think of his mother. He knew she would not cease to care for him, though she might see him no more. But they did meet again. Willy was found at last, in such a weak state, he could hardly move or speak. Then he told her,

“After my light was gone out, I found it was a strange road ; but I could hear my father at work all day on Friday. I made what noise I could ; but no one heard me. Night came, and all was still ; there was not the least sound. The men were all gone home, and I was left in the dark,

cold pit. Then I cried very much ; but still felt about with my hands, to try and find my way. Two or three times a bright star was above me ; the only light that could come down through some holes, into such a deep pit, one hundred yards under the ground.

“ I saved my dinner, and ate a little bit at a time, to make it last the longer. Next day there was no work done in the pit, and no sound to guide me ; but still I did try to find my way. It was one long night, till I heard the men come back to work ; and then I was near enough to creep up to them.”

When asked what day it was, the poor lad did not know, the hours had been so many and so long to him, he thought he had been lost for more than a week ; but he was found on the Monday.

The little bag had saved his life. It did more than give him food. It had been tied round his neck with the words and kiss, of love and care. This made the child feel trust in his heart, and hope, which kept up his strength and sense, to try and save his life.

It was dark ; but he was not alone, though no one on earth could see him. And who was with him ?

O ! well we know it was the Lord,
Our Saviour, and our friend,
Whose care of those who trust his word
Will never, never, end.

Hymn 41.

OBEDIENCE.

JOHN WILLIAMS went to live in an island very far from his home. It was in the South Seas, where few white men had been seen. The people of that place loved him much, for he was very kind to them ; and they felt he knew more, and was far more good than any one else in their land. Many things are told us in proof of their love and trust. One day Mr. Williams was hard at work ; and the war-chiefs stood by, to watch him. He wanted a tool, but could not go to fetch it. Mr. Williams took up a chip, and wrote a few words upon it. He asked one of the chiefs to carry this little bit of wood to Mrs. Williams. The chief was not in haste to go, for he did not know what use there was in that small piece of wood,

and said, "Is this all?" "Yes, and pray be as quick as you can." He set off, with doubt still in his mind. But Mr. Williams had asked him to go, and that was enough. The chip was soon given to Mrs. Williams. She just looked at it, sought for the tool, and gave it to the chief, that he might go back and lose no time. This was also very strange; but with a glad heart he met the smile and warm "thank you" of his friend and teacher. Then the chief saw how soon the work was done by the help of that tool, which was brought in time of need, "when he did his master's bidding."

A LETTER.

MY DEAR SISTER,

I will write to you, though it will not be the gay and glad letter that you wish for, and hope to have; but you shall know all I can tell you. I went to see aunt Mary. She was very kind to me, and I did what I could to please her. A little girl came to play with me; and we had a fine game with the kitten. I held her up to catch a fly on the window; and it was very droll to see her pounce upon it. In the window stood a rose-tree, which my aunt was very proud of.

“Take care,” said Kate, “or puss will jump on the tree.” I thought only of the fun; and puss

made a spring at the fly—snap went the stalk of the rose. “What will your aunt say?” said Kate. We could not make it stand up, and we set it to lean on a branch, and left it to look almost as well as before. “I must go home now,” said Kate; and so she did, for there was no more fun for us. I was alone, and thought, “Shall I tell aunt Mary, or let her find it out?” A voice in me said, “Tell her;” but I was afraid, and put off till my work was done; and the day went on, till at last a friend came to see us, and my aunt called me to her room. “Oh! that rose,” thought I; but go I must. Our garden was seen through the window; and my aunt went to it, that she might show her rose-tree. “It is faded, broken,” she said. “How came this, Mary? Do you know anything about it?” I was afraid, and said, “No, aunt.” From the time I spoke these words

my misery began. Why did not I say, puss and I did it? Why did not I tell the truth? I well knew that my aunt would not be angry, for I did not mean to do it. I ought to have taken more care; she would forgive that fault; but now my sin was great, for I had told a lie. Aunt Mary asked every one in the house about the rose-tree. None could tell how it was done. Puss could not tell; but I was still more in fear lest my aunt should ever find it out. All my thoughts were, "What shall I do? Where shall I go? I wish I had not come here." I could not eat, my head ached, and my heart beat hard.

When aunt Mary gave me her kind warm kiss, at bed-time, and said, "Good-night my dear child," I felt as if I wanted to fall down and die. Two long days came to an end; on the third I went up stairs to put on my things for a walk. I heard the voice

of Kate at the front door. All my fears came back fresh upon me. "She will tell! she will tell!" I heard my own name. I was called down. I knew not what I did, and ran to hide myself in a closet. It was in vain to call for me. I did not speak. Some one came into my room. I felt sure that the footsteps would come straight to the closet door—it was opened—and there stood aunt Mary herself. "My dear child," she said, "what is the matter? How came you here?" Then, for the first time, I burst into tears; and what a relief it was! She made me sit down, and sat by me, and spoke so kindly. Then, as well as I could, I told her all. I never saw her look so sorry. After a while she spoke, and only said, "How true are the words that we read in the Bible, 'The fear of man bringeth a snare, but whoso putteth his trust in the Lord shall be safe.'"

I shall never forget aunt Mary, nor those last words as she spoke them, "Whoso putteth his trust in the Lord shall be safe."

My dear sister, this is all I can write now.

I am always your affectionate

* * * *

THE YOUNG PRINCE.

IT was New Year's day. Every thing that a boy could wish for, or even think of, was sent as a gift, to the son of a king. If fine things could make him glad he might indeed be full of joy, more so, than any boy or prince in the world. The queen went into the play-room. Toys lay upon the floor; but her child was at the window. He

knelt close to it, and his head leaned upon the glass. He was dull and sad. The mother took the boy upon her knee, and said, "Are you quite well?" "Oh yes, quite well;" but still there was the same dull look, and the voice was sad. "Why do you not play with these new toys?" He had so many toys, and did not care for them. "Was there anything else he would like? If so, he should have it, cost what it might." "No, thank you, I want no more things;" and the young prince went back to the window. From it he saw the road to the palace, where the rain fell fast with a splash into the mud and water. The queen then said, "What can I do to please and make you glad?" "There is one thing, mother, that I wish very much; but it is of no use: you will never let me do it." The queen would know what he meant, and at last he said, "I am sure

how glad I should be if I could but play in that nice mud!" and the poor child wept sad, and bitter tears.

"Then happy low, lie down.

Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown."

Shakespeare—2 Hen. iv. 3, 1.

THE YOUNG HERO.

MANY years ago a bold tribe of men made war against the Emperor of Russia. He had held them as slaves, by force. They took up arms, and slew all the soldiers sent out to make them obey. In that part of the world, towns have a strong wall built round them, and a guard is set to watch

by night and by day. To lay siege to such a town or fort, and try to fight the way into it, was in vain. Some scheme must be thought of, and it was soon done. The rebels put on the clothes of the soldiers they had slain, which made them look like Russians. They had spared the life of a poor drum-boy, and made him play a war-tune, and the March of the Emperor's army. This was done till they came close to the fort; and those who were upon the walls ran to open the great gates, for friends, as they thought, to come in. The drum-boy saw the danger, and knew there was but one way to save many lives. At once he made a change in the tune, and beat an alarm in the hope his country men would guess what this was meant to tell them. It put them on their guard. They lost no time, and shut the gates. Each man went back to his post, ready to fight.

The rebels were in a great rage, for now the town could not be won. The brave drum-boy knew what his fate must be. He had foreseen his own death when he beat the alarm. There was no chance of mercy, and by the fierce thrust of many swords, he fell;—but his friends were safe. He gave his life for the sake of all those who dwelt in that Russian fort. He was a hero. His short life was one of true glory, for the fear of pain, the dread of death, could not make him shrink from DUTY.

“Fear not them which kill the body, but are not able to kill the soul.” Matt. x. 28.

A GOOD SAMARITAN.

IN the West Indies, and far from his home, an English officer was taken ill.

When almost worn out by the toil of a long march, where the sun is very hot, he felt that fever had come upon him. He strove to keep up with the troops till they could find a place of rest for the night. They came to a small town; and the officer went into the first hut, for his strength was quite gone. An old Indian sat there, who saw at once that a guest was come in so ill, that he could not even ask for help. He rose up, and led the stranger to his own place of rest. It was more like a hard crib than a bed, so small, and with little to lie down upon. The Indian was a shoemaker by trade, and once had been well off;

but war came, and he lost both his home and his work. Again he had a hut to call his own, and the means to live, for his wants were few. He gave the best he had to the stranger in such need of help, and was a nurse to him by night and by day. For more than a week the officer could not touch any food, the fever was so strong upon him. At last the old man made some nice broth, and took it to the bedside. With kind words he tried to tempt the sick man, that he might rise and eat. It did him good; and, in a weak voice, he could speak his thanks. But the aged man would not hear them; and said, in his own tongue,

“ Say not those words, my friend, for they are not due to me. I do but pay a debt that I owe. War drove me from my own land, and I came to dwell where the flag of your people is a sign of peace and good-will. They took care of me

in my day of trouble, and I have but done the same for you.”

Poor old man—he sleeps now with the fathers of his race; but a day will come when it shall be said for him,

“I was thirsty, and ye gave me drink; I was a stranger, and ye took me in.” Matt. xxv. 35.

A NEGRO MEETING.

A MEETING was held by some black men, and they made three rules:—

1. We will all give something to help our friends.
2. We will all give what we can.
3. We will all give with good will.

A negro sat down at a desk, with pen and ink, to mark what each came to give—some more—some less. One of those who came was an old man who had saved his money. He threw a small silver coin on the table. “That will not do,” said the man at the desk, “you give it by rule one, but not by rule two.” The old man took it up, and went back to his seat in a great rage. Many came, and as they all gave more than his coin, he stood up and threw down a gold piece—“There, take that.” “No,” said the other, “that will not do yet. It may be right by rule one, and rule two; but not by rule three.” So the man was fain to take it up again. He sat by, a long time, till all were gone; and at last came to the table with a smile on his face, and a large sum in his hand, which he gave in a glad way. “Very well,” said the book-keeper, “that will do

now, for it is a gift by all the three rules ; and the good work will be done in THE RIGHT WAY : with our will, with our best means, and with all our hearts, as we know it should be, for do we not read our three rules in the Bible, ‘ Every man according as he purposeth in his heart, so let him give, not grudgingly, or of necessity, for God loveth a cheerful giver.’” 2 Cor. ix. 7.

HOW TO GET DOWN.

AFTER hard toil for many weeks the tall chimney of a new factory was built up. The men put the last stroke to their work, and came down as fast as they could. In their haste they drew the rope

out of the pulley. This want of care changed their joy into fear.

They saw one man left at the top, with no means to come down. What could be done? There was no scaffold; and no ladder would reach half the height. The men had come down by help of the pulley, and there it was still, fixed and firm, at the top of the chimney; but the rope lay in a heap on the ground. They all stood in silence to look up at their poor friend on the top, while he saw no way of help from their hands below.

Just then his wife came by, and with quick thought and good sense, she was able to save her husband. "John," she called out; but what did she say? what did she bid him do? Those who cannot find out must be told.

With all her strength she shouted, "John,

rove your stocking : begin at the toe." He knew at once what she meant, and tore off his stocking, (no doubt it was knit by his wife) cut off the end, and soon set free the thread. He roved a long piece, and to this he tied a little bit of brick, and gently let it down for eager hands to reach. Meantime his wife bought a ball of thin twine, which was made fast to the worsted. With a shout they told John to pull up again. He did so, and they heard the words, "I have it." The pulley rope was then made fast to the twine. With a glad heart John drew it up, put it over the pulley, then snatched up the rest of his stocking, which was to him a keepsake for life ; and let himself down as the other men had done, till he came safe to the ground, and stood amidst his friends.

We may read,

“Into the hearts of all the wise hearted I have put wisdom.” Exodus xxxi. 5. Also,

“The lips of the wise shall preserve them.” Proverbs xiv. 3.

LORD ERSKINE.

LORD ERSKINE, the judge, was once on the road over a wild heath, near London. He saw a man beat his pack-horse in the most cruel way. The poor beast was so thin, that its bones were almost through the skin. The judge could not bear to pass by and see this done. He spoke to the man to try and stop him; but in vain, for blows fell all the worse on the raw back of the poor horse,

with these hard words, "It is my own, and I shall do as I please." Lord Erskine felt angry, and saw that he had done more harm than good.

There was one way yet, for he knew the man must be a coward. No brave man or boy is ever cruel. With a walking-stick he gave two or three sharp cuts across the man's shoulder.

This made him turn round and say, in a gruff tone, "What right have you to touch me with your stick?" "The same right that you have," said Lord Erskine. "My stick is my own, and I shall use it as I please."

THE WOLF.

THE Wolf is a strong wild beast, and often fierce from want of food. When alone he is a coward ; it is only when he hunts in a pack that men have great cause to fear him. If the wolf falls into a trap he does not try to get out, but crouches down, and is a sure prey to those who want to catch him. In the far-off land of Canada, a young girl had a pet sheep that she had brought up from a lamb, and loved very much.

One day she went to fetch water from the spring, and saw what she thought was a large strange dog, just about to worry her sheep. She caught up a stick and struck the beast with all her strength, to make him go off.

He did loose the sheep, but with no good will, and turned round, with a loud and angry snarl, to show his teeth. The girl then saw that she had a wolf to fight with. She was brave, and would not give up her pet ; again she struck a hard blow, and called for help with all her might. One of her brothers heard the cry, and ran out with his dogs and gun, but was not in time for a shot. When the wolf saw them, he ran off at full speed.

This brother, when only ten years old, was on his way home one night, with a pair of oxen that had been lent to help a friend about six miles from his father's house. The road lay by a river-side, which was dreary enough in the short days, and just at dusk. But the child knew no fear, though the deep shades of night came on all around him. He could trudge on, with the song

of a light heart ; but soon a sound came on the night air which has sent a thrill of dread through many a strong man's heart, and was one of terror to that lone child. It was the howl, the war-cry of a pack of wolves. At first he thought they might not come upon his path ; but the yell came more loud and more near. A cold shiver ran through him. What could he do ? He was close to the water, and could swim well ; but the night was dark, and he might dash upon rocks, or find the stream too strong—a danger no less than that of the wolves. In such an hour of distress the boy felt that he was not alone, and his young heart was lifted up in prayer. Then was he calm, and had strength to see there was yet one chance for escape. This was to mount on the near ox, and by shouts to urge it on. At most times the horned steed would have thrown its rider ; but

now it set off, as if it knew the danger and the need. James could hear the yell of the pack behind him, and the ox heard it too. The other ox came after them. They both ran for life, with their chains clanking at every step. This was a strange noise to the wolves, and made them afraid to rush upon and tear the poor beasts. The shouts of the boy also helped to keep them off.

The oxen did not stop till they brought the good and brave little fellow safe to his home. He had felt great fear but once, and that was when the yell first broke upon his ear; but he did not lose *presence of mind*. With strong trust did he pray for help; and it gave him strength to keep and use his senses, and see the only way to be saved from the wolves.

What the boy is, so will the man be. We can well believe the words of a friend, "What James

was then, he will be found now." He knew what is written :—

“ But the very hairs of your head are all numbered. Fear ye not therefore.” Matt. x. 30, 31.

THE SHEPHERD'S DOG.

IN Scotland there are very high hills, and the shepherds have much trouble to look after, and guard their sheep. One day a shepherd went out with his dog, and took with him his child, about three years old. Some of the sheep could not be found, and the shepherd could not carry his child up the steep rocks.

He left it in a safe place, as he thought, to rest till he came back. Soon a thick fog came on, and

it was dark as night. The poor father was in terror lest the child should be lost. He missed the path ; and, after some hours of search, the moon-light came through the clouds, and he saw his own cottage not far off.

He went home with a sad heart, for he had lost his child, and the good dog that had been with him for many years. Next day the shepherd and all his friends went out again ; but at night they came back, still more sad and weary. They heard that the dog had been to the cottage, where a piece of bread was given him to eat ; and he ran off with it so fast no one could stop him. The next day, and the next, this was done again. The shepherd then thought he would wait for the dog to come, and then follow him. He did so ; the dog led the way to a great fall of water, not very far from the place where the shepherd had left his child.

The dog went down a steep place in the rock, and was soon out of sight. The shepherd could hardly follow the dog ; but at last crept through a hole in the rock, and saw a cave where his boy lay upon the ground, and in his hand was the piece of bread just brought in by the good dog, while he stood close by, to watch his charge.

The child must have crept to the edge of the steep rock ; and then, perhaps, fell down into the cave, and dared not try to get back while the water fell so loud and fast.

The dog had never left the child by night or by day, except to fetch food ; and was seen to run at full speed on his way to and from the cottage.

THE MONKEY.

THOSE who know the monkey in its own land, where it is often kept for a pet, can tell many a tale of its deep-laid tricks. In India the goat is also tame in the house, and goes about like a dog. It is said that a man once went on his way with a goat and a monkey. He took some boiled rice and curds for food. It was a very hot day; and, by the side of a pool, he sat down to rest under the shade of some trees.

He thought it was a good place to bathe, and then he would be glad enough to dine. He laid down his bag of food, and took a piece of cord to tie the goat and the monkey to a tree. He thought all was safe, and left them. Soon as he was out of sight the monkey did his best to stretch the

cord, till at last he could reach the bag, and lost no time with all that it held.

He eat up the good things, and then wiped his paws on the beard of the goat, so as to leave crumbs of bread and bits of white curd on its nose and beard. The rogue then sat down, as meek as could be, in his own place by the side of the tree.

The man came back and let loose his pets, and then sought for his own meal. The bag was there but no food in it. He saw the beard of the goat, and, in the haste of anger, it was proof to him of what had been done. He beat the poor dumb beast; and then found out the trick of the monkey, who took care to keep at arm's length from his master.

THE CART-HORSE.

IN winter time a large drain was made, and some planks lay across it for a cart-horse to pass over to his stable. Snow fell in the night, and next day it froze very hard upon the ground. When the horse had done his work, and was set loose from the cart, he had to pass over the planks, and his fore-feet made a slip. He drew back at once, and was at a loss how to get on. Close to these planks, a cart-load of sand had been thrown down. The horse set his fore-feet on this, but in vain ; he could not leap to the other side of the drain.

A boy, near the stable, saw the horse stand still, and called him. He turned round and began to scrape the sand with all his might, first with one hind foot and then with the other.

In wonder did the boy wait to see what would be done next. Sand enough was soon flung all over the planks. The horse could then tread them with a firm and safe step ; and, at full trot, went straight up to the boy at his own stable-door.

THE FAITHFUL DOG.

A DOG and his master rested at an Inn. One day the master took out his purse to see what money was in it, and soon after went out for some hours, but left the dog behind him. At a Coffee House he had something to pay for, and then missed a gold piece, which was every where sought for in vain.

At a late hour the master went back, and then was told that his dog must be very ill. It would take no food ; but, what was strange, no one dare go near to move the food away. The dog lay with his nose quite close to it, though not a bit was touched.

This was bad news ; but when his master came in sight the good dog rose up in an instant, and laid the gold piece at his feet, then ate the food in all the haste of great hunger. The truth was now clear. The master had let fall his money when he first took out the purse. The faithful dog had found and held it in his mouth all day long, and till so late at night ; and would not even eat, lest the charge should be seen and taken from him, and lost to the right owner.

OLD POMPEY.

ABOUT fifty-six years ago there was an old horse, well known at Leeds. A lady rode upon it, and she was often seen in the town. The horse was full of play at all times, and would bite anything he could lay hold of when teased by the groom. Soon as let loose into a field near the stable, Pompey spent his strength in a race with any other horse that could be made to start off with him. One day there was no play-mate in the field, and Pompey was at a loss for some new game.

There was nothing left to play with, but the loose handle of a pump, which stood in the midst of the croft. The handle stuck straight out, and was lifted up by the bite of Pompey. When left to fall down, the water came into a trough. This

was done more than once, for Pompey was glad to drink, and day after day did the same thing. The groom kept all the horses in the stable without water, that those who came, might see what would be done. Old Pompey knew how to draw water for himself. The other horses could not do the same ; but were wise enough to teaze and bite Pompey till he would pump to serve them, for the sake of peace, and time to eat the fresh grass.

A painting was made of the field and the pump, with old Pompey and his friends. The picture is still to be seen, and many a time this true tale is told to those who never saw a horse find out the way to pump water when it was not done for him.

THE BOY AND THE TIGER.

THERE is a land in the east where the tiger is found ; and it hides in the deep thick woods. Many a wild thing lives there ; and the busy bee lays up a rich store of honey in the holes of the tall old trees. Poor men often go to seek for these holes, and take out the honey, which they sell, and then buy food.

Some time ago, four men and a young lad about ten years old went out to do this. They got into a boat to sail down a river, where the banks on both sides are grown over with high trees and thick shrubs. They came to a good place to land ; and the men left the lad to take care of the boat while they went on shore to seek

for honey ; but first they drew up the boat on a bank of mud. The sun was very hot, and all was very still ; no sound could be heard in that lone place. The boy sat in the boat to keep watch, hour after hour, and began to wish his friends would come back. All at once he saw a very large tiger come and stand upon the bank, just above the boat. What must the poor boy have felt when he saw the fierce beast fix his eyes upon him, then crouch down, and crawl along the ground ready to spring upon and seize him ?

The boy was in great fear, but did not lose his senses. He crept under some planks which were made fast across part of the boat ; and, just then, down came the tiger at one leap, with such force and weight that one of his legs went quite through the thin boards, and was set fast, as if in a trap,

just over the place where the boy lay. Quick as thought, he caught hold of a rope, which was near at hand, and twisted it round the tiger's leg. He then made a knot, and held the rope fast. The tiger might pull and growl, but could not get his leg out. The boy knew well, that the only chance for his life was to keep the rope tight, and he held it with all his strength. The tiger pulled, and the boy kept fast hold for a long time. At last the tiger lay quite still on the deck. There was a small hole through which the poor boy could see the great head of the beast. The men came back when the day was far spent, and the first thing they saw was a tiger at full stretch on the deck of their boat; but where was the lad? They gave a loud shout. The tiger rose up, made one more plunge, and got his leg out of the hole, then, with a leap, was clear off the boat.

The mud all round it was soft, and at every turn he sank more into it.

This was a safe time for the men to rush down ; and, with the great sticks in their hands, they struck hard blows on the head of the tiger till he was dead, and could do no more harm. But who can tell the joy of all the men ; and one of them was father of the boy, who now crept out of the boat. Safe and sound he was, but quite worn out with all he had done and felt, through that long day of fear and trouble.

THE CUCKOO.

BESIDE the walk into a fruit garden there grew a low hawthorn hedge. Many children ran to and fro, and often saw two small birds fly in and out. They were hedge-sparrows, and soon built a pretty nest. No one went near to touch it; but those who were tall enough could just see three eggs.

One day a new egg was seen; it was much less than the rest. In time four little birds were hatched. While the old ones were gone to find food, a nestling was seen to push about the other three, and at last got them in turn upon its back, till able to throw them quite over the side of the nest. One was caught upon the thorns, and the others fell upon the ground. They were quite

dead before the old birds came home. The children ran away in great trouble, and thought it very strange. They were told to watch the bird that was left in the nest by itself. The old birds fed it all day long with worms and grubs, yet it never seemed to have enough. It grew very fast, and sat in the nest like a giant, and was waited upon by the two birds not half its size, though still it could not fly. This went on for many days, and then it was plain that the poor little hedge-sparrows had fed and cared for no child of their own; but a cuckoo had laid its egg in their nest, and they never found out the sad fate of the little ones.

The young cuckoo staid for a few weeks in the garden, and then flew away to a warm land. The next year it might come back for a visit, too short to build a nest for itself, and then make the hedge-

sparrows work for it again. We like to hear the sound of the cuckoo, and this is its true and curious tale.

THE RAVEN.

A PAIR of ravens built their nest for many years in an old oak-tree. No lads could get at it, though often they would try to climb the rough, thick, trunk. It was very thick just in the middle, and no arms were able to stretch round it, or to grasp the strong boughs above. The hard task made each one proud to do his best; but the birds were quite safe, and year after year they came to the same nest in the old "raven-tree."

This came to an end when the tree was to be

cut down in the month of February, while the hen-bird was on her nest. The work of the saw began, and a wedge was driven into the trunk, till the sound of the great hammer was heard through the wood. The tree shook; but still the poor bird sat upon her nest, brave to the very last. When the tree gave way, she was flung down and beat by the twigs: she fell dead on the ground.

THE BEES.

THREE bee-hives stood in a row under the wall of a garden full of flowers.

When the warm long days of summer were over, it was time to take the honey.

Just at dusk, one hive that felt very heavy was taken into a brew-house, and some brimstone burnt under it to make the bees stupid till their honey could be poured out of the white cells of wax. A great deal of the best honey was put into a large tub, and the comb set to drain into it. The gardener forgot to throw a cloth over the tub, and little thought what would happen, though a large bee came against him when he left the place for a short time.

The sweet smell of the honey was very strong, and the bee that had been so late at its work found it out. The bee flew away, for it was well laden from the flowers, and all was right and still as before. But when the man came back the brew-house was one crowd of bees, and the sound of their hum could be heard far off.

There seemed no end to the bees; they came

in on all sides. A friend came, and said, "What are you doing? I have not a bee left in all my six hives. I saw them set off in a cloud this way. Surely it is not quite fair." "Not at all fair," the poor gardener thought, though he had been careless when he forgot to cover up the tub.

Nothing could stop the bees till they had sucked up every drop of honey—no taste of it was left, even on the sides of the tub. Every bit of the comb was made so thin, and clean, and dry, that it fell into dust with a touch.

It was a most curious sight and sound too, for the voice of the bees was loud and angry, as well as busy.

Tired children had to wait some time for their suppers that night, for no one could go in to fetch the tea-kettle.

At last the bees had done their work, and all

went home to their own hives. The next day the neighbours found their hives many pounds more in weight than they had been the day before. There is no doubt the busy bee that at first came buzzing in, had told its friends far and near of the feast, and waked them all up to get a share of it.

THE OLD SOLDIER.

ONE day a very poor old soldier went into the shop of a hair-dresser, just when all hands were busy. The aged man was not made to wait. He told a tale of distress, that his leave of absence would be over before he could get back to his post on foot; but there was a coach ready to

start, if he could only pay the fare, and if not, his strength would fail on the road.

But this was not the worst, for disgrace must come upon a soldier when he does not keep the strict rule of his duty. The poor man knew this, and it made him tremble as he spoke; for he thought that his name would be called while he was too far off to hear and answer to it.

The hair-dresser heard the words of the old man with respect, and gave him a gold piece. "Bless you, sir," said the poor man, who could hardly thank him for surprise and joy. "How can I ever repay you? I have nothing in the world but this," and he took a dirty bit of paper out of his pocket. "Will you take this? It will show you how to make the best blacking—it is the best that ever was made, and many a bottle of it I have sold. Maybe you can do the

same, to repay you for this help to me in my hour of need, and the poor old soldier will never forget your kind act this day."

That dirty piece of paper was of use, for the blacking, now so well known under the names of "Day and Martin," has been sold for many a year, to rejoice the heart of him who gave the humble means for it.

Mr. Day saw and spoke to the poor and aged man who came to his shop, as well as to those who could pay for his time and attention.

TRUE COURAGE.

THERE are schools in this land where great boys claim the right to have a fag, that is made to

wait upon and serve them like a slave. The child just come from home is made to do this, for he is least able to help himself. A boy of great size and strength took "little Peel," (the late Sir Robert,) to be his fag. He did not like it, and did his best to get away. It was of no use; he was beat the more for trying to be free, and many a hard knock and rap it took to make him obey. But that was not enough. One day the tyrant laid hold of the hand of his fag, and gave it a twist, to beat the soft flesh of the arm and cause more pain.

A weak and lame boy stood by, who saw it would be of no use to fight for his friend; but, with a burst of tears and a hot flush of rage in his face, he made his voice heard—"How many times will you beat him?" "Why, you little rascal, what is that to you?" "Because," said

Byron, the lame boy, “if you please, I will take half.” In the Bible we read, “Be ye angry, and sin not.” Ephesians iv. 26.

“ HE NEVER TOLD A LIE.”

MUNGO PARK wrote a book to tell of what he saw in Africa, where the black men live.

One day he staid to rest in the hut of a poor negro woman. A band of men came to steal and drive away the flocks of the small town where she dwelt, and the men went out to try and save them. Some were much hurt, and the only son of the negro woman was struck by a spear. His friends held him on a horse, and took him home to his mother.

He was much loved, and deep grief was felt through the town. The poor mother saw him die. At first she shed no tears, and could not speak. Her hands were clasped so tight, it seemed as if her heart would break. But not so; she had strength to bear it, for when her son was laid in the grave she could look up and say, as did all who stood by, "He never told a lie."

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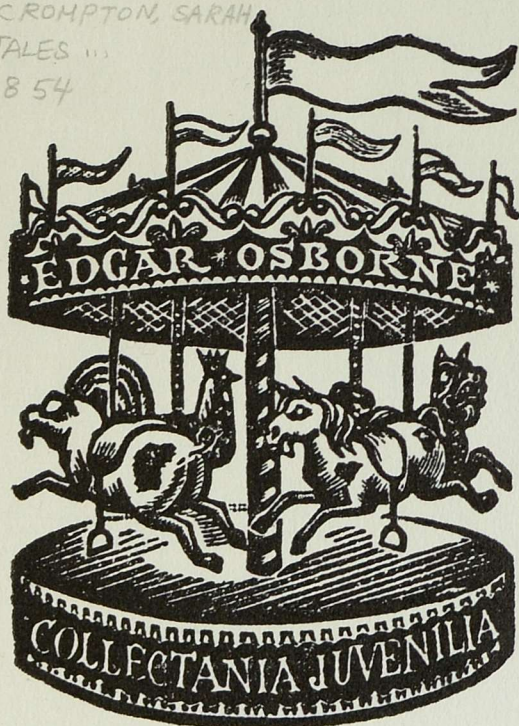
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