

The Girl's Little Book.

"Alleluia".



Charlotte M. Yonge.



THE


Girl's Little Book.

BY
CHARLOTTE M. YONGE.


"CHILD-LIKE, SIMPLE, UNDEFILED,
FRANK, OBEDIENT, WAITING STILL
ON THE MOVINGS OF YOUR WILL;
MOVING LIGHT, AS ALL YOUNG THINGS,
AS YOUNG BIRDS, OR EARLY WHEAT
WHEN THE WIND BLOWS OVER IT."

E. B. Browning.

Fifth Edition.



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The Alleluia Flower.

I have chosen this Wood Sorrel for the outside of the book because it is the Alleluia Flower, and thus suits the maidens who are to praise and rejoice in the Lord, for "the joy of the Lord is our strength."

It is a fit emblem, for though it looks so frail and delicate, and loves shelter, it is really a strong and hardy plant, and useful, too, in its own way for food and medicine. Most *pure* and exquisite are the fair white flowers, just tinged with purple streaks, even as the stems of the *trefoil* leaves are purple, and the creeping main stem, out of which all grow, is bright red. So it may tell us how pure, fair, white maidenhood must spring from that stem which is red with redeeming blood under the shade of the Holy Trinity.

It is rooted, indeed, in common soil, but thus refined into beauty and purity in its growth, like the sweet girlhood that should be a true Alleluia Flower, rejoicing and making to rejoice in the Lord.

CHARLOTTE M. YONGE.

Veni Creator.



Come, Holy Ghost, our souls inspire,
And lighten with celestial fire ;
Thou the anointing Spirit art,
Who dost Thy seven-fold gifts impart ;
Thy blessed unction from above,
Is comfort, life, and fire of love.

Enable with perpetual light
The dulness of our blinded sight ;
Anoint and cheer our soilèd face
With the abundance of Thy Grace ;
Keep far our foes, give peace at home :
Where Thou art Guide no ill can come.

Teach us to know the Father, Son,
And Thee of Both, to be but ONE,
That through the ages all along
This may be our endless song :—

Praise to Thy Eternal Merit,
Father, Son, and Holy Spirit.

Maidenhood.

I should like this little book to be a help to girls just growing beyond childhood, when they are beginning to have thoughts of their own, and to see that life is not all either lessons or amusement. Perhaps I had better say that I am thinking of a time when they begin to find out that there are greater lessons to be learnt than German and French verbs, and that these must be learnt by each one for herself, with increasing power. When this time comes there is no knowing. It is at different ages, but everyone must learn in time, either with willing acceptance of teaching, or else she will find herself taught against her will. I want to help the learning to come willingly and happily.

The Unseen.

I think the first of these great lessons that we need to take in with our whole hearts is that we are living in a world unseen, but quite as true and real as this outer world, which we know by our senses.

Perhaps you did feel impressed by this presence when you were a very little child, but you lost or forgot it as you grew in strength and spirits, and were more taken up by studies and pleasures. The studies and the pleasures are a great deal to you now, but depend upon it, they will thrive all the better for carrying about with you the sense that all passes in the presence of God. Just as the having kind friends or parents in the room where you are enjoying yourself is indeed a restraint, but adds to the cheerfulness, so the knowing that our great Elder Brother is close at hand will make us not only more scrupulous, but also brighter and more diligent. It is a kind and a tender eye that is always upon us.

Reverence.

This is a peculiar word, which we use when we speak of the honour we should pay to God and Holy things.

A want of reverence shows an absence of all real love for God and for religion—at least so I take it. A really religious man cannot be irreverent.

What are the chief of the Holy things to which we must offer the greatest honour and respect?

1. The NAME OF GOD. We must not even mention the SACRED NAME without due thought and honour.
2. The Name of JESUS, at which we bow the head or bend the knee.
3. The Church—"the place where God's honour dwelleth."
4. The Bible, which we must handle reverently; not carelessly leave about; and never read without offering up a Prayer.
5. The Sunday—God's Day—which we are commanded to keep Holy.

(This page is taken from "The School Boy's Little Book," by kind permission of the Rev. Edmund Fowle.)

The Presence.

I have heard, and it is true, of a good lady who first felt the real love of God when she was only five years old, and stood on the steps of the door, looking at a golden sunset, and feeling who made it so lovely. Also I have read the recollections of a good and excellent French General whose best thoughts of God dated from a starry night, when he, almost a baby, lay in a boat, looking up at the glorious heavens. I think the great love of our Father may thus be best realized by the looking on something He has made, even a flower, when the more we look the more we wonder.

But this is only the beginning. We have to recollect further that the great God and King came to win us to Himself, that He has joined us to Himself, and not only redeemed us by His death, but has given to us all, work to do as parts of His Body. Just as every part of ourselves has its own work in serving the welfare of the whole person, so you, in your school-room, have your own part now, and are preparing for some other part—no one yet knows what. And there is one great Soul to this whole Body, animating and guiding it, and He is breathed into your own spirit. It is a great, awful thought, but absolutely real.

White Robes.

Think of yourself as invited to a grand wedding, and draped beforehand in a delicate white robe, in which you have to walk to the feast, joyful and hopeful, and along a road clean and straight, but where, if you turn aside, are miry holes and thorny banks, where, if you pause to gather the flowers or berries, you will stain or rend your dress. Would you not wish to take the utmost care to keep your robe clean and whole, and the moment you saw a soil to do your best with the cleansing water supplied to you to wash it away?

Well, we are on our way to the great Wedding Feast. We have all been clad in the white raiment, and you, happy young things, have it still in your power to keep them white! Yes, indeed you have. The soils and spots your childish faults may have made can be—I hope they are—washed out by real sorrow and prayer for pardon, and thus you may keep the robe of baptismal innocence pure and white, even to the end, come it soon or come it late, walking in white to meet the Bridegroom. Oh! that you may! These pages are meant to help you to keep these robes pure. Indulgence in small faults unrepented makes a grimy, ingrained mark, or to speak in more practical language, it works them into lasting defects in the character; whereas steady resistance to what is the chief temptation or besetting sin now, in your girlhood, forms the woman's character for good.

Prayer.

Most likely you learnt to say your prayers in the nursery. You would hardly like to leave off now, though sometimes, when you have got up too late, or are very sleepy at night, the custom seems to you so much of a form that you might almost drop it. Don't, I beg of you. If you drop the form, the habit will be very hard to recover. It is wrong to gabble only with your lips, but worse to omit all worship of God, just as a careless "Good morning" is better than no "Good morning" at all.

But to make prayer real, ask for what you *really* feel yourself to want; help in your lessons, especially the harder ones, or protection against any cause of fright, or that someone may be kind to you, or that some brother or sister may be good all day. You may be sure that God will hear and help. And at night tell Him of any fault or grief and thank for any pleasure, a fine day, a happy game, a pleasant walk, a little success, a present. That is the way to love Him. Then say your regular form, with the Lord's Prayer, and try to put as much meaning and heart into it as you can. Then be certain He can put more meaning into it, if He sees you have a sincere heart.

Darts of Prayer.

Do you know what ejaculations are? They are dartings out; to dart out a little call on God unheard by all save Himself whenever we feel that we need His help, is one great secret of safety and success, to say nothing of the blessing of being in intercourse with Him, living with Him.

May I mention a few? When you get out of bed, say secretly, "O God, let me do all this day to Thy honour and glory."

Before your work, "Prosper Thou the work of our hands upon us. O prosper Thou our handiwork."

Before going among companions, "Set a watch, O Lord, on my lips, and keep the door of my tongue."

On going out on a journey, "The Lord preserve my going out and coming in, from this time forth for evermore."

In a storm, "From lightning and tempest, Good Lord, deliver us."

After a journey, or after the storm, "O that men would therefore praise the Lord for His goodness."

On lying down in bed, as probably you have learnt already, "I lay me down in peace to take my rest, for it is Thou, Lord, only that makest me to dwell in safety. Into Thy hands I commend my spirit, for Thou hast redeemed me, O Lord, Thou God of hosts."

And never talk after saying this.

Sunday.

Sunday is often a difficulty with young people, and families and schools have different rules about the way of keeping it.

I believe the great point is never to forget that it is our Lord's second birthday, as the Firstborn from the dead, and that as we all remember the Person Whose birthday we are keeping, so we should remember that the day belongs to Him. Do not think all Sunday observance is over with worship in Church. Yes, and take care that it *is* worship, not study of other people's dresses and our own --

"The Sunday garment, glittering gay,
May steal the Sunday heart away."

Try to attend to the prayers, and put your heart into the singing. And afterwards, do not think gossip about the preacher, or about who was at Church and who was not, is Sunday talk. For the rest of the day, if any occupation is found for you by your elders of a suitable kind, do not call it a burthen and murmur, but do it heartily. If you can teach in a Sunday School, it is happy for you, nothing helps one's own self so much. Try to make your reading suitable. Lay aside whatever you cannot feel to be fitting, and make an effort to read a portion of a really devotional or instructive book on the Bible, Prayer Book, or Church History, besides mere goody stories. Or you may read to some invalid, and take her a Sunday nosegay. Perhaps you are taken for a Sunday walk with father or brothers. But one rule observe faithfully. Never play at mere secular or noisy games. Never do what causes needless trouble to servants.

The Bible.

If your parents direct and watch over your Scripture reading and learning, I have no more to say, nor indeed if it be made a daily study at your school. In that case you have only to be thankful, attentive, and not impatient, as is the evil fashion of some girls.

But if you are left to yourself in the matter, I would remind you that nobody can be in a wholesome state who does not try to be imbued with the Holy Word, one of the modes in which our Blessed Lord is present among us. If you are ever so much hurried and engrossed by other studies, make a point of reading one portion daily, perhaps one of the Lessons for the day, in their course, or else taking a Book to go through. Try also to learn by heart every day one verse. I should prefer consecutive ones making up one Psalm, or one chapter such as 1 Corinthians xiii., or Isaiah liii., to stray texts as in a Birthday Book, unless they are arranged to prove something, the Catechism or Church Service. On Sunday you can go over all your gains in this way. You will find them an infinite treasure in wakefulness, or in sickness of yourself or friends.

And on Sunday read something for part of the time to help you in the study—notes to your week's portion, a Scripture history, accounts of Bible lands or customs, Scripture biographies, or the like, all which help us to be interested and make things seem real to us.

Parents.

One point is much to be remembered, namely, that the Fifth Commandment begins with the word "Honour." Do you wonder why? Because obedience is a small part of honour, and besides, honour is to last all our lives.

Perhaps honour is harder to observe in these days than when there was much less familiarity between parents and children; but it is to be remembered that if it is easier to love them, it should be all the easier to look up to and trust them. And I want to give you some special hints that tend to honour. Always put your parents' convenience and comfort before your own, not throwing yourself into the easiest chair, not interrupting them when they speak, not contradicting them, not being noisy, or chattering when they are busy or engaged, altogether treating them with the courtesy and deference due to any elder, but with a greater degree. Think it an honour, not a bore, to be called to help in any way. If pet names have grown up, keep them for times of private caressing. Never use such names in talking to others, nor let strangers hear them. It is not witty, it is only disgusting, to hear a girl talk of her father or mother in a fond, patronising tone, and nothing is so subversive of the respect that is no command of man, but of God. If we do not honour our parents, we cannot honour Him.

Elders and Betters.

Our parents' friends and contemporaries are sometimes in large happy families voted a nuisance, sometimes are a delight. Very often they are neither. It depends on themselves ; but in any case the safe rule is — " To order myself lowly and reverently to all my betters." But who are my betters ? Let S. Paul answer, " Let each esteem others better than himself."

" What, the baby at the cottage ? " " Yes, certainly ; for it is nearer to the innocence of its Baptism." " And the kitchen-maid ? " " Yes, for she is your better in age, and far more useful. You need not curtsy to her, but you can, when she comes in your way, be civil and courteous, and not throw needless trouble on her."

" And the merry young uncle who keeps us in a roar of laughter ? " " O yes, never let playful impertinence run into rudeness, nor familiarity breed contempt."

The same, in its degree, with everyone. Not for one moment be uncivil or rude. Never interrupt a conversation. Always be ready to help with chairs, take empty teacups, and pay little quiet attentions without thrusting in ; and, above all, reverence, really reverence the aged, from the old man breaking stones, or the old woman bending under the faggot, up to your own grandfather and grandmother. Always help them if you can, never speak a disrespectful word to any of them, never cast a slur on them, and, in the case of your own kinsfolk, rise up when they enter the room, give them at once the easy chair and place by the fire ; never growl at their wanting windows shut, nor even if they criticise you or your habits. Do not even talk of them in a petting, superior way, as " Dear old things." Remember, " Thou shalt rise up before the hoary head, and reverence the old man. I am the Lord."

Brothers.

"O! thy sister's prayers should round thee cling,
They should hover about thee on angel's wing,
And guard from all taint of evil thing,
My brother."

No one can do more for a brother than his sister, above all by her prayers, but also by her influence. She often has more of his confidence than anyone else, and can be a connecting link between him and his parents, but there are a few rules which she will do well to keep.

It is well to give up her own pursuits for his holiday time to aid in his, and if she does so cheerfully she will have a hold on him. If he teases, she must meet it merrily, but always try to make him feel that it is unmanly towards the younger or weaker. If he growls and grumbles against parents, try to make him see the best side kindly, but do not join him. Above all, *never* help him in concealments, never; it seems hard and alienating, but whatever cruel heart-breaking things he may say now, he will see by-and-bye that you are his true friend. You need not tell tales, certainly not betray confidence, but give no help by money or other means in preventing the confession that he dreads, and let him know that if asked, you must tell truth or be silent. Remember, love is hollow without truth. Do anything, bear anything for the brother you love, except go over the border between right and wrong.

Sisters.

Sometimes a pair of sisters are the happiest companions possible, and live in almost perfect oneness, so that they hardly can bear the trial when the time of separation comes.

Sometimes the elder sister is her mother's best help, and like another little mother to the young ones, but it often happens in this case that though she is all that can be wished to the babies, she is apt to be hard, provoking, and domineering to the girls nearer to her own age.

They, on the other hand, often resent her interference, not feeling her an equal authority with mother or governess; they say disagreeable things, and quarrels arise, spoiling the recollections that ought to be life-long treasures.

Dear girls, what shall I say? These things are trials, all the more that the elder sister is often conscientious, and chiefly wanting in tact and experience. To her I would say, "Never interfere rudely, or without gentle consideration. Don't fall on the others, scolding right and left, even when they are making an intolerable noise over or under mother with a bad headache, teasing the little ones, or meddling with the forbidden. Speak kindly and persuasively, and without threats. *Never* on any account threaten, 'I'll tell mother,' unless you really do so."

And to the juniors I would say, "Remember that eldership gives rights. The eldest must be preferred. It is no matter of jealousy for her to stand first. She must do so by birthright. And when she reminds you of what is right or wrong, try to recollect whether the act on your part is desirable, not whether you like her interference."

Friends.

Let me, an old woman, say it with all my heart, the friends of childhood are precious beyond all others. How far choice goes in the matter I can hardly tell. Cousinship and neighbourhood have a good deal to do with early friendships, and school girls are open to choice in the matter. There is a certain agreement in character, or else what is called one being the complement of the other and filling up what she wants. Both such circumstances make friendships. Only each must be a good girl. It is no friendship which consists in evil secrets, in agreeing to defy authority, and giggling over naughty tricks. It will not last, and will leave stings behind it. Be civil to everyone, but do not give your heart except to what is worth it.

Friendships cultivated with girls of higher rank or greater wealth, not for their own sake, but in hopes of notice or of invitations, are simply mean; and, on the other hand, the girls who have these advantages are best and simplest if they keep them out of their own sight, and do not let themselves be won over by a certain sort of adulation and flattery that *will* be bestowed on them, but by nobody worth their heart or confidence. Admiration of beauty and of cleverness is a more honest thing, and more enthusiastic, but it is the creature herself that must be loved for the real qualities that suit your own. If she never tempts you, or if she is inclined to do wrong, lets you help her, or gives you sound counsel and sympathy in a temptation or trial of your own, then is she a real friend, and you may love her and enjoy her as much as you like, aye, and either keep her for life, or ever delight in the dear memory of her.

Companions.

Friends are one thing, companions are another. Where numbers come together, there is often one who takes the lead. If she be a good girl, bent on doing right, it is a happy thing for all, but there are some who have a certain charm of manner which attracts, and who caress one or other of those around so as quite to win them over and gain their sympathy, whether rightly or wrongly.

There is just such a girl in "Five Little Victims." She persuades the rest, even the good ones, to think her ill-used, and to hate the governess, and even to join her in idleness, impertinence, and disobedience, blinding them in a strange way. Nothing so blinds anyone as to fancy that she exercises influence over her less scrupulous companion by swerving ever so little into her idle courses.

No, the only way is to be resolute.

"And 'neath His banner manfully,
Firm at thy post remain."

Stand fast. Don't be betrayed into a moment's loitering, or chattering at wrong times, or into disobedience. Don't be dragged into sharing displeasure. You will lower your own tone, and never raise another's in that way; whereas, if you use your will in the right way, you may pull her upwards.

Confidence and Tale-telling.

The eldest sister in a school-room, or the senior pupil in a school, is generally in a post of authority, where it becomes her duty to talk over the ways of the younger ones with mother, governess, or head mistress, and to report what she cannot herself rectify, or what needs consideration. If she does so kindly, with full desire for their good, and not out of self-importance, or the pleasure of having something to tell, she can be very valuable; but she needs to bear in mind that "charity suffereth long and is kind, rejoiceth not in iniquity, but rejoiceth in the truth." It is her duty not to conceal faults out of cowardice or fear of being called unkind.

For younger ones, though they should live entirely in confidence, if possible, with their mother, and telling her should not be reckoned as tale bearing, this judicial information is seldom needful. If it is, and some evil must be checked, such as "not nice" talk, or bringing in forbidden books, getting servants to buy sweets, or post letters, you are bound to tell in faithful honesty. You will be respected, though there may be anger at first. If harm has been done, and questions are asked, there is no alternative but to speak the truth, or to refuse to reply. Never deceive, but information volunteered must not be given in malice, or for the sake of coming forward; though silence may sometimes be cowardly, and sometimes deceitful. In a case of difficulty, ask guidance in your prayers.

Chatter.

No! I am not going to treat you to a tirade against chatter. I know very well that what seems only chatter to the elders is like the twittering of the birds to those who make it. But you shroud the canary's cage when his song drowns the talk, and your chatter when conversation is going on among the elders is objectionable, and you should refrain from it out of respect and consideration for them. There is sometimes talk among the visitors over books, inventions, foreign travel, or even Church matters and politics that you will be glad to have heard, if you have intelligence enough to listen. Sometimes, however, there is foolish and undesirable gossip about neighbours which your mother cannot always check. If there should be, get out of the way if possible, or if sitting at a meal, try to close your mind and not be a long-eared little pitcher. At any rate, do not repeat it. You will probably make Russian scandal of it, and the next person will add to it.

Never chatter to your friends nor let them chatter to you about the supposed love matters of elder sisters or of maids. To talk about the love in a serial story or a novel is much safer, and sensible girls may thus clear their minds about the important point that will probably come before them some day. And do not compare Churches and clergymen. It will run into irreverence and mischief; and there must be no giggling over secrets, unless, I mean, such honourable ones as birthday presents. Only remember that it is not safe to talk of what you would be ashamed should be known, and think of the awful text, "For every idle word that men shall speak."

Fun.

I love fun. I shall love fun, I hope, to the end of my life, and all the very best people I have known have loved fun, but much depends on what kind of fun it is. "A man's attire, and excessive laughter, and gait, shew what manner of man he is," says the son of Sirach; and nothing so much as the ways of being merry shew what sort of girl she is. Excessive loud, shrieking laughter, such as goes with rather riotous play, should gradually tone down, and the sweet silvery lady-like laugh of modest maidenhood should come in—not giggling, by way of answer, when you don't quite know what to say, nor over whispers in a corner which you don't want to be heard. Real joyous laughter over a game, or some merry joke, or droll way of putting things, or ridiculous little disaster, is quite another thing. Only stop as soon as you see that you are teasing tyrannically. Teasing in good humour on both sides may cure little failings, but the instant it gives real pain, it should cease. If you are teased, do your best to see the absurd light, and laugh yourself.

But never laugh at holy things.

Never laugh at jests about Holy Scripture.

Never laugh at your clergyman.

Never laugh at deficiencies or deformities, which are afflictions sent by God.

Never at parents. Remember—

"Where lives the man, who has not tried
How mirth may into folly glide,
And folly into sin?"

Slang.

“‘Thanks awfully.’ Is there any sense or wit in these words? Awful means full of awe. Awe is a grave religious fear. Am I to understand that my trifling gift or invitation has filled you with religious dread? Why do you say it then?” “O, I don’t know. Everyone does. It is stupid not to say it.” “Indeed! Did you feel specially witty or lively when you said so? No! You only meant to say you thanked me warmly. Why not say so?”

The truth is that it is taken for granted that a perversion of language is amusing, and so it is the first time it is uttered with some originality, but when it is copied over and over again to the most unmeaning extent it becomes simply disgusting and vulgar. Boys bring the saying home, thinking it manly and clever. Girls pick it up because it seems lively and free to do what their mother and governesses object to, and by-and-bye they become insensible to the folly and inapplicability of such words, and spoil all they attempt with them. I am afraid to specify the phrases because they are always changing, but you may depend upon it that there is nothing more silly than third or fourth hand wit and allusions, sometimes to what is coarse, though you don’t know it, and that the only really lady-like, graceful, or even droll speech is to be found in correct language.

Servants.

There are different rules about servants in different families. Where there is a dear good nurse, she is a kind of mother, and some school-room maids, especially foreign ones, are chosen with a view to companionship.

Otherwise, the safe rule is to be always civil and considerate, but never familiar. And even in these cases, with regard to the drawing-room, the only safe rule is the Spartan one, "Nothing that is said here goes out there." Never, even to old nurse, report family plans, nor what is said of relations or neighbours. It is ten to one that you get hold of the right end of the matter, and you may do endless harm by telling of it. For the rest, never encourage the maids to talk of the neighbours. They often like to wonder how many joints Mrs. Bray has from the butcher, or whether Alice has quarrelled with her young man.

Never listen to the like, but if they tell you of their mother's illness, or their sister's success at school, be interested and friendly. But, especially, never give heedless trouble, by untidiness, lazy ringing of the bell, bringing dirt in, or making fires. If you have done so, speak with regret if you need to call for help, and when you bring in flowers, don't put them in your water jug, and fly into a rage when they are thrown away. The borders between litter and curiosities are so slightly marked that maids can hardly be expected to discriminate unless you warn them civilly. Always be considerate, and try to make your brothers considerate. For one thing, at luncheon, recollect the poor hard-worked girl in the kitchen, and don't wantonly use more than a reasonable number of plates. I was taught that two were enough.

Truth.

We all learn that truth is a great point. It is not a very hard matter at first, when the matter is to tell when you have broken a window or a cup, and you are nearly sure of being praised and petted for the confession. But it is not quite so easy when you know that the fact will bring you not praise but humiliation, and that you will gain success, perhaps be saved trouble, by concealment, which may grow into falsehood. Or perhaps your truth may be received as tale-bearing by your companions.

Alas, if truth is as clear as crystal it is also as hard, or has to seem as hard. It cannot be helped. The only safe rule is to bear in mind the All-seeing eye of the God of truth, and to set your face against any lapse, either for yourself or others. Shuffling, hiding what you ought to avow, doing what you would not like to be detected in, these are fatal untruths, and the way to lead to them are "crams" of any kind, however tempting to our sense of fun, exaggeration in telling a good story, even in accuracy, which really makes no one trust our word. How often people have to say, "Who told you so? Oh, Lucinda! you can't believe her a moment." As Ruskin says, "These are all sparks from the bottomless pit." One who lies in play, from carelessness and high spirits, may soon lie in earnest.

Fairness.

We constantly pray to lead a godly, righteous, and sober life. Do we know what righteousness means, beyond a general idea of goodness? It means doing rightly and fairly by our neighbour, doing him justice in fact.

Women are often said to understand justice and honour less than men. I believe this is partly because upright dealing is not knocked into them as children by their comrades as it is with boys, and partly because their affections really blind them more. But without honest, fair dealing, a girl is as truly a sneak as a boy; and more seriously, she is not true and honest. You have to be on your guard, for it is very tempting. If you as an elder are trusted to divide anything, take care how you do it. Shew justice, and do not give the favourite all the plums, nor when you have to report, throw undue blame on "the naughty one." Again, hate and avoid all peeping, or cribbing, or surreptitious trouble-saving in your studies. It is deceiving your teachers, and robbing your competitors. In answering competition questions in magazines, where trust is placed in the honour of those who reply, be specially careful as to the amount of help you may obtain. Rules vary, but faithfully and honestly follow them. In actual games, too, however eager you may be for success, beware of taking the smallest underhand advantage. The punishment for this breach of honour soon comes, but it is not to be laughed at as a joke. It is a serious evil.

Maidenliness.

It is all very well to be a tom-boy till eleven or twelve years old, at least whenever noise and romping are not disobedience, rudeness, or annoyance to elders.

But there comes a time when it is not fitting for a Christian maiden to be any longer boisterous. Active, fearless, and swift, and full of life, she may well still be ; but she must repress loud laughter, and gradually leave off such ways as only befit a boy, and whatever her own better instinct perceives to be "not nice." I say *better* instinct, for to be checked often stirs up a spirit of defiance. Moreover, there are companions who tease and laugh at one whom they are so silly as to call a prude or a prig, and a spoil-sport. Boys fancy they like a jolly girl up to anything, and often encourage riot because it amuses them, but they do not respect her. Remember that what is perfectly proper and allowable alone with brothers is quite different when other boys are concerned ; and, above all, never let anyone persuade you that there is anything funny, or, indeed, anything but contemptible and disgusting in trying to ape the habits of man or boy. The ornament of a meek and quiet spirit is still "of great price" in God's sight.

Foolish Talking.

This is a subject very unpleasant to mention, but on which it may be well to give a warning, especially where many girls are thrown together. Keep with all your might from talk that you know not to be "nice" or delicate.

If you discover anything about our bodily functions, be silent on it. Some girls have a morbid turn for secret discussions among themselves on what is coarse and indelicate. This is poison. It is knowledge of evil such as tempted Eve. The infirmities or weaknesses are not sin, but curiosity and discussion become a taint, and render the mind coarse and impure. Never say to younger ones what you know their mothers would not say to them. If you cannot yourself hinder such talk you must tell someone who can. Never try to peep into medical books, and if you fall upon a tale where you find the ground not safe, shut it up and resist curiosity.

It is true that the Bible speaks openly on matters that we veil, but it is either as part of the Law, or where history cannot pass over a fact. It has more to say than concerns young girls. So do not look at those passages out of curiosity. If you do so you put the Holy Word to a very unfit use.

Temper—Passionate.

“Happy childhood, thine enchanted clime
Two evil spirits mar; that wild, this sullen.”

So it is long after mere childhood! Temper is one of our chief enemies, the chief destroyer of family peace. The days of screaming, stamping, and rolling passion are probably over with you before you are old enough for this little book, but the tendency will remain to throw aside books, slam doors, flounce about, and use angry words when offended. Most likely you are sorry, and try to make it up afterwards, as, of course, you ought to do, but here the danger is that you think that all is over then. “I know I am quick tempered, but I can’t help it.” This is what uneducated people say, who have never learnt self-restraint. It is unworthy of a real Christian. You cannot always make up by a few tears. Your sharp words may have left a barb in the heart of the other party, and, if the habit recurs, “life may never be the same again.”

There is nothing for it but real repentance, and looking on outbreaks as sins against God. Say each morning, “Give me a meek and patient spirit, for the sake of Thy meek and patient Son, our Lord.” Each evening, if there have been angry or petulant words, gestures, or feelings, ask pardon for them. And form some habit which will help as a check. Not quite the filling the mouth with water, like the woman in the story, but some short verse mentally repeated; or even a line of multiplication table before you answer.

Temper—Moody.

The sullen or moody evil spirit is even harder to deal with than the passionate, because it does not frighten ourselves or other people so much and it lasts longer. The childish form of absolute refusal to obey, and standing out against all threats and persuasions is to a certain degree put down, but it often lasts on in an obstinate determination not to obey more than can be avoided, and if forced to do so, to be as disagreeable over it as possible, sitting with rounded back and crossed legs, and giving surly answers.

All the time the poor creature is very miserable, quite believing herself a victim to the cross teacher, and unable to take pleasure in anything.

It is very difficult to advise about these moods, for either the advice is forgotten during their continuance, or the recollection serves only to add to the general unhappiness. Moreover, they often depend on some slight ailment, not worth mentioning, but shewing on the spirits rather than the health. If you are subject to such moods, pray against them daily, and do your very utmost to repress outward demonstrations, to sit upright, to speak gently, if you cannot speak cheerfully, to be silent rather than utter a fretful or contradictory word, and to apologize if you find that one has escaped you. If this leads to crying, very likely it will do you good, but do not be surprised if you are blamed and treated as one in disgrace, for you are really very unpleasant to the others, both elder and younger, and they cannot always understand how wretched you feel. Pray, and try to keep the peace, is all the advice I can give.

Self.

Did you ever read the "Hope of the Katzekopfs," where the great point is to deliver the spoilt Prince from the haunting of a being just like himself in caricature, called Selbst.

I believe some people have naturally a much more obtrusive Selbst than others have. Whatever happens, these think first how it affects themselves. Their great I is more of a capital than it is with others. Even with good people it is so. These Selbst-ridden folk cannot forget themselves, but worry over what is thought of them, and fret about their own characters, or else admire themselves for all they do. They are really trying to do well, and the only thing for them is to try to be always doing right, and "reaching forward to the things that are before," going to work, not standing studying themselves in the glass.

But it is much more common to be selfish in the way of getting all good for oneself, not minding whom we thrust aside, taking the first turn, the best seat, the nicest slice of cake, reading the new book before anyone else can touch it, insisting on one's own game being played. Need I ask whether this is the way to be loved? Need I ask whether this is the way to do to others as you would be done by? If you feel conscience accuse you, try to mend, and say every morning the little prayer that you may have grace to "look not on your own things but on the things of others."

Obligingness.

She who is disobliging never sees anyone but herself, and never finds out what other people need, or, if asked to take a message or do a little service, gets up crossly if she cannot venture to refuse, or grumbles and refuses if she dares.

The obliging person sees in a moment if a footstool or cushion is wanted, fetches it so as hardly to be observed, holds out her hands to receive the skein of wool, flies on messages, knows where to find everything, puts down the empty teacup, produces a dainty flower at the right moment, is the universal helper, scarcely noticed, seldom thanked, but grievously missed if absent.

The officious girl is determined to be admired for her services. She crams in the cushion when it is not needed, takes the skein before it is opened, snatches away the cup half full, insists on giving bouquets when they are only in the way, and is full of troublesome attentions to the person whose love or notice she wants to win.

The secret is one that S. Paul taught long ago. "Look not on thine own things, but on the things of others." Get "Selbst" out of your focus as much as you can.

"Seek not for others to love you,
But seek yourself to love them best;
And you will find the secret true
Of love, and joy, and rest."

Money.

Probably you have an allowance for pocket money. It is a very good thing, as it teaches you the value of money and enables you to do many little kindnesses and obtain little pleasures, or rather great ones.

Let us think how this may best be done. First, it is well to set apart a share for God, a tithe. If your weekly allowance will not readily divide by ten, you can take out one week's amount from ten. It can be given at the Offertory—for asking your mother for something to put into the bag is not offering your own—or it can be put into the alms chest, or missionary box, or given direct to any work of charity. It is the least that is called for. It brings a blessing upon the rest. Of course there is no reason that you should not do more when your heart is stirred.

For the rest, you are free. I hope none has to go in fines for misdemeanours. It is pleasant to be able to buy Christmas cards or little presents, though both these are best when the work of ingenious fingers. Or it is very nice to save for some real purchase, like a paint-box, or a good game, or a racket, or skates, or some book, or to contribute to some choice family present. The one thing to avoid is frittering in petty selfishness. Buying trumpery comic papers on the railway, or still worse, putting into lotteries for sweets, are not only silly but harmful ways of spending what even in your small way is yours for stewardship.

Aets of Charity.

We said already that a little of your own allowance had better be set apart for God, but there are other ways of doing charitable works besides. Let me say at once that I do not reckon collecting cards among these. They do not convey the collector's *own* gift, and the sums they are filled up with can only be obtained by importunity, which may be suitable in a grown-up person, but not from a child. Needlework for the poor, which costs trouble, is a much more real work of love, and if it is given to you to do as part of your daily duty, do not spoil it by grumbling. It is a greater reality and pleasure if you know the person who is to have the garment, have bought it yourself, and can give it, but often that is not the case. Making scrap-books for the sick, or things for a Christmas tree, is often all pleasure, but, if completing them becomes a trouble, then remember the purpose. Another act of charity is remembering regularly to post newspapers or magazines that may be sent to missionaries, to hospitals, or poorer friends. If no one remembers to send them regularly it is nothing but a bitter disappointment continually inflicted. Another act of kindness is sending flowers regularly to an invalid. If you belong to the G.F.S., as a young lady member, you can be told of some poor girl to whom flowers, Christmas cards, letters, and perhaps a little picture, or drawing, or illumination, are a great delight. I have heard of a whole sick ward in a work-house enlivened by such presents sent to one girl. "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto the least of one of these My brethren ye have done it unto Me."

Sweets.

This is an odd name for a chapter, and some forty or fifty years ago a discourse on sweets would have been thought only applicable to babies or to very greedy boys, but there is a fashion of devouring bon-bons come in among us, even among grown-up young ladies, which is a miserable form of self-indulgence, and should be avoided to the utmost by a conscientious girl.

A poor child, who lives on plain ill-cooked food, and often not enough of that, has a kind of craving instinct to spend her pence in sweets, but what excuse has one who is provided with plenty of good food, fruit, and sugar? It is absolutely despicable in her to spend her money on "goodies." It is as much gratifying the lusts of the flesh as is the labourer's drinking at the public-house. I have heard of two girls sitting with a novel in each lap and a box of bon-bons between them, eating, gossiping, and reading harmful nonsense. Were they likely to be fit for any real trial of life?

It is all very well to enjoy a bon-bon now and then, to have them to grace a feast, or to please a very small child. If a pretty box of them is given, keep the treat to be partaken of one or two at a time, the last thing at night, and shared with the others, or at any other fixed time; and enjoy in moderation if friends think to please you with such things. Then things are made so as to be really very pretty, ingenious, and amusing. Chocolate chafers and sugar elephants, canaries and robins full of sweets, are charming fruit for a Christmas tree, but to indulge our appetites on them at chance times, and spend our money thus idly, soon becomes sin.

Dress.

Your mother decides on the style and material of your dress, but you still have a certain influence over it. There are three sorts of girls as to this matter—the tidy one, whose clothes sit as if they were part of herself, and never get out of order; the dressy one, whose heart is set on her appearance; and the untidy one, who is reckless of her garments, and who is a misery to herself and her managers, especially at the time of the turning up of her hair. Each of these two last needs to think. The girl who is always teasing to leave off old things, and adopt new expensive fashions, has to remember that she has renounced the pomps and vanities of this wicked world, to say nothing of the worry to her mother, who cannot well afford to gratify her.

The untidy girl gives endless trouble by dirt and rents. I once read of a pair of children who were made to finish a doll's wash after the first delight was over, and who thus obtained some notion of what they inflicted on the poor laundress by wanton muddiness or daubs of paint. Besides, their mothers cannot always renew their wardrobes, and, if they can, clothes ruined by rents and stains are often of less use, if they are to be given away, than those only outgrown but in fair condition.

So you see that reasonable care is not a stupid fad, as you may be inclined to call it, nor even one of the misfortunes of the feminine gender. It becomes a real act of charity or love to our neighbour, and in it, likewise, is involved the maiden's duty of being pure and fair outside as well as within.

Vanity.

Our first ideas of vanity are connected with dress and good looks, but vainglory has many other motives. Herod Agrippa was not vain of his cloth-of-silver robe, but of the adulation of the people, when he was smitten by the angel "because he gave not God the glory."

Vanity is the being puffed up by admiration, and the seeking the "praise of men rather than the praise of God." I do not mean approbation. Our fathers and our higher authorities are in a manner in God's place to us while we are being trained to look upwards. Their approval is the seal to our endeavours, and one of the most heartfelt pleasures we shall ever know, but vanity, harmful vanity, is the laying ourselves out for praise and admiration for our doings, and going about exalted by it, with little heed from whom it comes, and believing we have deserved it because we have gained it. Sometimes this results in not caring how or by what means a thing is done, provided it can win applause.

This puffing up may render us false and hypocritical, it certainly makes us absurd and unpleasant, and if we could only hear those whom we think we have impressed, the comment is sure to be, "What a horrid, conceited girl—quite spoilt—laying down the law," etc.

More seriously, "the soul that is lifted up is not right in him." Let us look on the flaws, not the merits.

"Pray we our Lord one pang to send,
Of deep remorseful fear;
For every smile of partial friend,
Praise be our penance here."

Lessons.

I do not call it a duty to like lessons. Liking for them depends much on the teacher, and much on the natural ability of the learner; but it is a great folly to hate them because it is the fashion of other girls to do so, and it is a duty to take pains with them, and do your best.

Obedience, of course, makes them a duty, but a little good sense will shew you how they prepare for future life, and are not merely a sort of treadmill till you are big enough to hunt, or play at lawn tennis, and go to balls, etc., nor even to enable you to shine in examinations. All of them give you means of serving God and your neighbour.

Yes, knowledge of music helps you to praise God better, and may help you to train others, besides the pleasure to family, friends, and neighbours. Arithmetic, again, is very needful for house keeping, and likewise in charitable works. Languages, even French and German verbs, are keys to open much that is valuable, and they train your mind. Science opens the understanding of the works of God, and history shews us His dealings with man. Art, even its very foundations, opens many possibilities of being useful, and enables us to appreciate what is good and beautiful. You have to learn the beginnings of all these things in order to go on with whatever best suits your powers, or whatever may be needed in the station of life, be it what it may, to which God will call you.

The Hill Difficulty.

The Hill Difficulty stands in everyone's path, wherever the chosen, or the needful, road may lead, and no one will do any good who does not resolutely conquer it. Some can do so with a leap or a stride, but only to find "Alps on Alps" arise, and the only safe way is to face it. If you try to turn the corner of it, namely, to get round the bottom of it, or up some easy slope, you will be sure to fall into a quagmire, or get lost on the moors. Such a quagmire is to be found in what boys call cribs, or in peeping at the keys of arithmetic books, or getting a friend to give dishonest help. They are sure to lead to utter wretchedness. And as to the moor where you may get lost in the dreariness, that may be the dull droning through your work, or undertaking without caring whether it is well or ill done, nor taking any interest in it, for want of rousing yourself. Yes, and people will take ten times more trouble in inventing byways, loading the memory, or playing tricks to satisfy the teacher, than they will to do the work honestly. The need is to think instead of only to try to find an answer of some sort, and the sluggish take infinite pains to avoid it, and never know the delight of having won a victory and done something really well.

The Road Attention.

There is some humour and excitement in the mounting the Hill Difficulty, but before and behind lies a more trying way, to some at least, namely, Attention, and nothing is more important. The real secret of success is patient, steady application. It is a strain to the mind, and requires rest after a time, but the rest must be earned. We must hearken as well as hear, look as well as see, read instead of skim. The hard sum really depends on the attention to the rule, the difficult exercise on heed to understanding the grammar, the piece of music on attending to the master or the notes. Conquer the sense of the thing, and then the practice becomes plain sailing ; but this same attention is what nature does not like, and it is needful to force oneself to it, and not let oneself go off in a dream, or in watching a fly on the ceiling, or wondering what o'clock it is. To gain that power of attention is a great point. The lack of it tells sadly on our religion. It results in wandering thoughts at prayers, and is only, too often, the means of treading down the wayside of our hearts, so as to hinder the good seed from penetrating. There is a sketch of three young ladies rushing in on their mother, telling of a beautiful sermon from a charming preacher, about whom they were in ecstasies. She asked the subject. Not one remembered a word. What was wanting here ?

Boredom.

There is a very decided bugbear in the road of Attention, and it is called "Such a bore." In fact, what is more elegantly expressed as tedium, or the dread of it, is one of the great agents for evil of these times. To sit still and listen, to go on with steady work, to read a book that is grave or improving, to persevere in anything, is easily pronounced to be "Such a bore," and there is an end of it!

Even good advice from elders, and patience in listening to their talk, even trying to keep company with them and amuse them is pronounced "Such a bore." In fact I suspect that this little book has to many eyes the title "Such a bore" inscribed on it, and that I might as well put outside, instead of the wood sorrel, "the bristled boar in maiden gore, wallowing beneath the weary shade." But one of our Bishops has told us that "nothing good was ever done without drudgery." It is also said that "Genius is the power of taking infinite pains." This is not true, for infinite pains will never make a genius; but, on the other hand, genius that will not take pains is no lamp to itself or other people, but a mere flash in the pan, ruinous all round. In fact, all these three last papers may be summed up as "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might." Aye, and when it has lost novelty and become wearisome.

Examinations.

Public Examinations are a test of whether you have really imbibed a thorough understanding of the subjects you undertake. They also were meant to raise the standard of education, and to act as an incitement to study, as well as to make it possible to know whether intended teachers are qualified.

It may be very useful to you to enter the lists. You have books suggested to you, and are kept up to your courses of study; and, on the other hand, you have a measure, in the pass list, of your acquirements, which is safer to depend upon than the opinion of your own little world of home, or even school.

The disadvantage, sometimes, is of such exclusive devotion to the mere subjects selected that you get into a groove, and neither know nor care for anything else, nor look at anything outside. It is not education to be able to parse every word in *Julius Cæsar*, and yet know nothing of any other play of Shakespeare, nor know anything about Scipio or Tiberius. "Oh! that's of no use, that does not *tell*," is sometimes the answer when the pupil is shewn anything beyond the year's curriculum.

Thoroughness is a good thing, but it must not degenerate into narrowness. And one great point is to look on the examinations—even the senior ones—as not the end but the means, the helps to enable you to study, or to be useful with your talents, like tools polished to the utmost pitch *for service* to God in your station.

Books.

Books are one of the great pleasures of life from the time when reading becomes as easy to us as breathing. They are also one of the great agents in forming character, that is, in some cases, for there are some people who may read for ever, and never take in what they read, while on others, tales are like real experiences, and the sayings tell on them for life.

If your school-room work is hard, and requires much thought, no one would wish you to recreate yourself with dry or heavy books ; but if not, and in holiday times, it is well to interest yourself in something " sensible "— history, biography, travels, natural history, or the like. A task set yourself each day, such as half an hour's reading, twenty pages or the like, will give a zest to all the rest, and will help you to useful tasks and to intelligence. But it is still more important that the tales you read should be good. If your mother is too busy to be able to look at all books that come in your way, try to judge for yourself. Good historical tales, and stories that bring out good principles, are always desirable ; but, even with quite little children, a diet of nothing but fairy tales weakens, and for older ones there is nothing much worse than little novels and sensational books that they or their brothers pick up at railway stalls, and which are often full of folly, and worse. It is a safe rule never to buy any cheap book at a railway stall unless you know it is good, or the person in charge of you recommends it.

Confirmation.

Every time you answer to "Dost thou not think thou art bound to do as your Godfathers and Godmothers have promised?" "Yes, verily, and by God's help so I will," you renew your Baptismal vows. You are just as much bound by them before as after the solemn ratification in the Bishop's demand.

The real point in Confirmation, or the Seal, is the completion of your Baptism, the bestowal by the Laying on of Hands of the Christian's full measure of the Holy Spirit of God, by Whom you are sealed unto the day of redemption.

Probably your preparation has opened your mind to much that you did not know, has quickened your feelings, and given you more earnestness and purpose. Pray and strive that this may not pass away like morning dew. You take your place as having the privileges of a full-grown Christian, but go onward, onward still. Do not let the devotions or the sacred studies be dropped. A full-grown Christian is not one in no need of continual learning. The prayer for you is that "you may daily increase in the Holy Spirit more and more." Take care that you do your part and He will do His.

The Holy Eucharist.

Confirmation is followed by your admission to the fullest privileges of a Christian. You have no doubt been instructed on the great mystery, and on the doctrine I do not now mean to dwell, but to warn you on a few matters and beg you to remember the Church's lesson, "We are made one with Christ and Christ with us, so is the danger great if we receive the same unworthily." Some people so dread this danger as to stay away and starve their souls. Young girls are more in danger of being careless, treating the Holy Ordinance as a matter of course, and throwing away reverential thought as soon as they have left the Church.

If we begin Sunday morning with devotion let it not end there. I have known of a woman who never would communicate, because she had been maid in a family and used to hear them wrangling and disputing at breakfast immediately after the morning Celebration. Alas! Keep yourself in hand. Don't talk nonsense about foreign Sundays, where morning Mass is followed by free diversion. Good Roman Catholics regret the desecration. Go to Church again, keep from idle books and secular games. If possible avoid visitors. Nothing is better for you than teaching in a Sunday School, if you are properly prepared. Not only is it a good work, but it saves you from that utter forgetfulness of sacred knowledge which too often follows Confirmation.

Paradise.

It can hardly be otherwise with each of you that some dear one has not passed away to the unseen world, some little brother or sister, some dear cousin or friend, or even a parent, breaking up the home circle and changing life altogether. Solemn thoughts come respecting these hidden treasures. Do not speak of them as angels, or as in Heaven itself. That is not true. The departed blessed spirits are in "the hand of God, where no evil can touch them," but they wait in Paradise for the trumpet of the Archangel, when they will again be joined to their bodies and enter upon the completion of their joy and bliss.

We know little of their present state, but we are sure of their rest if they have lived and walked with God. We join them in praise, especially at the Holy Eucharist, where we give thanks for all who have departed this life in faith and fear.

"Ye saints of God, sweet JESUS' Body glorious,
From Abel to the babe baptized but now,
Ye that in Paradise take rest victorious,
Ye that on earth beneath the Cross still bow,
Ye lightening-visaged hosts angelical,
Here at this Holy Feast I meet you all!"

As you grow older, your store in Paradise will grow,
but always you will feel as to some dear one gone—

"Thou wast the first of all I knew
To pass unto the dead,
And heavenly things have seemed more true
And come down closer to my view
Since thou art thither fled."

May we keep it in our view!

The following pages are compiled by the Rev. Edmund Fowle, Author of "The School Boy's Little Book," and are printed here by his kind permission.

A Few Hints. (1)

I have many other things in my mind that I would say to you, but I have filled up the pages of my Little Book, and can only gather together in a small space a few last thoughts.

1. When you have done wrong, don't think so much of being "found out" as of the fault or disobedience itself.
2. Whatever you have to do, try to do it well. Solomon tells you, "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might." *Eccles. ix. 10.*
3. Try as you will you will often fail, but you must try again and again till you succeed. Remember the story of Robert Bruce and the spider.
4. Be quick in everything—dawdles are of no use in the world. But be not too quick to do things well. "Festina Lente."
5. Be punctual—up to time—to the minute. By being unpunctual you hinder others and lose many golden opportunities.

A Few Hints. (2)

6. Put everything into its proper place. Half the life of a disorderly person is spent in hunting for what he wants.
7. Be kind and courteous to everyone. "Thank you" and "Please" cost nothing, but purchase a good deal. "Manners makyth man."
8. Be scrupulously clean in your person and habits, and careful in your dress.
9. Try to please. Whatever you have to do, with whomsoever you live, try to please.
10. What you have to do do at once. To-day is yours. To-morrow may never come.
11. If you want a thing done, do it yourself.
12. Be diligent and attentive at your work. Inattention and idleness, if contracted at School, you may never afterwards be able to throw off.
13. Be careful of your money. But I would rather see a girl willing to spend than too anxious to save.

I am Thine.

Take my life, and let it be Consecrated, Lord, to Thee;
Take my moments and my days, Let them flow in ceaseless praise.

Take my hands, and let them move At the impulse of Thy love;
Take my feet, and let them be Swift and beautiful for Thee.

Take my voice, and let me sing Always, only, for my King;
Take my lips, and let them be Filled with messages from Thee.

Take my silver and my gold; Not a mite would I withhold;
Take my intellect, and use Every power as Thou shalt choose.

Take my will, and make it Thine; It shall be no longer mine.
Take my heart: it is Thine own, It shall be Thy Royal Throne.

Take my love, my Lord, I pour At Thy feet its treasure store.
Take myself, and I will be Ever, only, all for Thee.

MISS FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL.

Part II.



I give you a text of Scripture, one for each day in the month.

Say it the first thing as you kneel down at night, and the first thing as you kneel down in the morning, and have it as much as possible in your mind during the day, and during the night if you lie awake.

Doing this will be making the Word of God a "lantern unto your feet, and a light unto your paths;" and will bring down upon you the blessing promised to those whose "delight is in the Law of the Lord," and who exercise themselves in it day and night.

- ✠
1. At Thy feet, O Christ, we lay,
Thine own gifts of this new day.



2. Shew me Thy ways, O Lord :
And teach me Thy paths.



3. Take not Thy Holy Spirit from me.



4. O Lord, open Thou our lips ;
And our mouth shall shew forth Thy praise.



5. Redeem thy mis-spent moments past,
And live this day as if the last.



6. Spare Thou them, O God,
Which confess their faults.



7. I love them that love Me :
And those that seek Me early shall find Me.



8. Direct, control, suggest this day,
All I design, or do, or say.

9. I did call upon the Lord with my voice :
And He heard me out of His Holy Hill.



10. Hold Thou me up, and I shall be safe.



11. My son, hear the instruction of thy father :
And forsake not the law of thy mother.



12. Unto Thee have I cried, O Lord :
And early shall my prayer come before Thee.



13. O ye servants of the Lord, bless ye the Lord,
Praise Him and magnify Him for ever.



14. My son, if sinners entice thee, consent thou not.



15. On my lips be the law of kindness.



16. Flee from evil, and do the thing that is good.

17. He that gathereth in summer is a wise man,
But he that sleepeth in harvest . . . causeth
shame.



18. From all pride and vain conceit,
From all lying and deceit,
Save us, Holy Jesu.



19. I fear no foe—with Thee at hand to bless.



20. Defend us, O Lord, with Thy Heavenly grace,
That we may continue Thine for ever.



21. O cleanse Thou me from my secret faults.



22. All-Holy Lord, to Thee we bend,
Thy servants through this night (day) defend.



23. To Thee our morning song of praise,
To Thee our evening prayer we'll raise.



24. Look upon mine adversity and misery;
And forgive me all my sin.

25. O God, make clean our hearts within us :
And take not Thy Holy Spirit from us.



26. Keep me, O keep me, King of Kings,
Beneath Thine own Almighty wings.



27. O hold Thou up my goings in Thy paths ;
That my footsteps slip not.



28. Let Thy Fatherly hand, O Lord, ever be over us ;
Let Thy Holy Spirit ever be with us.



29. The Angel of the Lord tarrieth round about them
that fear Him.



30. Set a watch, O Lord, before my mouth,
And keep the door of my lips.



31. Keep thy tongue from evil ;
And thy lips that they speak no guile.

For Sunday Morning.

In the Name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost. Amen.



This is the day the Lord hath made;

We will rejoice and be glad in it.



We will go into His Presence with thanksgiving; and into His courts with praise.

Accept my thanks, most gracious Father, for the gift of Thy Holy Day. May I live more closely to Thee. Give me listening ears and an attentive mind as I worship in Thy Holy House. And as Thy dear Son did on this day rise from the grave and conquer the powers of death, so may I overcome sin, and rise to eternal life; through the same Jesus Christ our Lord. *Amen.*

For Sunday Evening.

In the Name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost. Amen.



"Guard Thou the lips from sin, the hearts from shame,
That in Thy House have called upon Thy Name."



There remaineth therefore a Rest to the people of God. . . . Let us labour therefore to enter into that Rest. *Heb. iv. 9, 11.*

I thank Thee, dear Father, for the quiet hours of rest which Thou hast given me this day. I thank Thee for the reading and preaching of Thy Word, and for promising to hear the Prayers which we have offered in Thy Son's Name. May the blessing of this day accompany me during the week, and may I look with hope for an eternal Sabbath in Heaven ; through Jesus Christ our Lord. *Amen.*

For Everyday Morning.

In the Name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost. Amen.



O God, Thou art my God, early will I seek Thee.



I laid me down and slept, and rose up again : for the Lord sustained me. *Ps. iii. 5.*

For preserving me through the past night, and for all Thy blessings bestowed on me, I give Thee hearty thanks. Order my thoughts, words, and deeds this day, that I may wholly serve Thee, and praise Thee with all Thy Holy Angels and Saints; through Jesus Christ. *Amen.*



At Thy feet, O Christ, we lay
Thine own gift of this new day :
Turn not from us while we plead
Thy compassion and our need.

For Everyday Evening.

In the Name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost. Amen.



Keep me, O keep me, King of kings,
Beneath Thine own Almighty Wings.



I will lay me down in peace, and take my rest : for
it is Thou, Lord, only that makest me dwell in safety.

Ps. iv. 5.



Accept my praises, good Lord, for having preserved me through the past day. Keep me also during the dark and silent hours of this night. Pardon any sin I have committed, and if I am spared to live another day may I spend it in Thy service ; through Jesus Christ our Lord. *Amen.*

"LIGHTEN MINE EYES THAT I SLEEP NOT IN DEATH."

Ps. xiii. 3.

Prayer for Those at Home.

Most merciful Father, Who hast graciously and lovingly given to me so many earthly friends, who love me, and care for me, and do me good—graciously look down upon them and bless them. May I try to please my parents in all things, knowing that in pleasing them I shall be pleasing Thee, and be following the blessed example of Thy Son, Jesus Christ, our Lord. *Amen.*



Against Temptation.

O good Lord, for love of Thee I would this day keep from all sin, especially from that sin which doth so easily beset me. If Thou allow temptation to come upon me, give me Thy Holy Spirit to deliver me out of it. Without Thee I can do nothing : with Thee I can do all. Help me that I fall not. If I fall, bring me back to Thee, for Thy dear Son's sake. *Amen.*

Prayer for Purity.

Almighty God, unto Whom all hearts be open,
all desires known, and from Whom no secrets are hid;
cleanse the thoughts of our hearts by the inspiration
of Thy Holy Spirit, that we may perfectly love Thee,
and worthily magnify Thy Holy Name; through
Christ our Lord. *Amen.*



Cleanse Thou me from my secret faults.



Confession of Sin.

Almighty and everlasting God, Who hatest nothing
that Thou hast made, and dost forgive the sins of all
them that are penitent; Create and make in us new
and contrite hearts, that we worthily lamenting our
sins, and acknowledging our wretchedness, may obtain
of Thee, the God of all mercy, perfect remission and
forgiveness; through Jesus Christ our Lord. *Amen.*

Prayer for Pardon of Sin.

Grant, we beseech Thee, merciful Lord, to Thy faithful people pardon and peace, that they may be cleansed from all their sins, and serve Thee with a quiet mind; through Jesus Christ our Lord. *Amen.*



Prayer for the Holy Spirit.

O God, forasmuch as without Thee we are not able to please Thee: Mercifully grant that Thy Holy Spirit may in all things direct and rule our hearts; through Jesus Christ our Lord. *Amen.*



For Protection during the Day or Night.

O everlasting God, Who hast ordained and constituted the services of Angels and men in a wonderful order; Mercifully grant, that as Thy holy Angels alway do Thee service in Heaven, so by Thy appointment they may succour and defend us on earth; through Jesus Christ our Lord. *Amen.*

In Church before Service.

Almighty and everlasting God, Who art always more ready to hear than we to pray, and art wont to give more than either we desire, or deserve; Pour down upon us the abundance of Thy mercy; forgiving us those things whereof our conscience is afraid, and giving us those good things which we are not worthy to ask, but through the merits and mediation of Jesus Christ, Thy Son, our Lord. *Amen.*



In Church after Service.

Almighty God, Who hast promised to hear the petitions of them that ask in Thy Son's Name; we beseech Thee mercifully to incline Thine ears to us that have made now our prayers and supplications unto Thee; and grant, that those things, which we have faithfully asked according to Thy Will, may effectually be obtained, to the relief of our necessity, and to the setting forth of Thy glory; through Jesus Christ our Lord. *Amen.*

Ejaculatory Prayers.

In times of sudden temptation, or trouble, or danger, throw up to God a cry for help in such words as—

Haste Thee to help me, O Lord.

Lord, have mercy upon me:

Have mercy upon me.

O take not Thy Holy Spirit from me.

O Lord, arise, deliver me for Thy Name's sake.

Cleanse the thoughts of my heart.

Teach me to do the thing that pleaseth Thee, for Thou art my God.

Hear my Prayer, O God.

Send me help from above.

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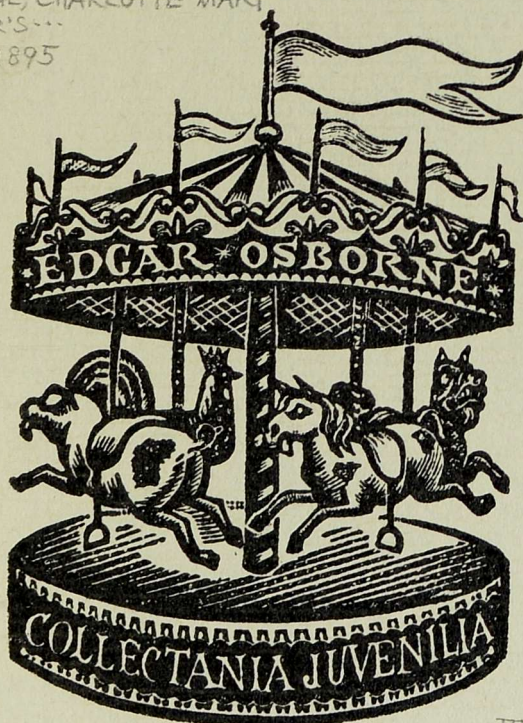
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