

## Parish and Family Reading.

For the Church Journal and Messenger.

### THE LITTLE GIRL WHO PLEASED NOT HERSELF.

'Papa, this book is all printed wrong, it is full of "efs," and they don't make sense.'

'They are not "efs,"' said the little girl's papa; 'if you look closely you will see that an "f" has a little mark across it, and these have not; they are long "ss"; you will find them in very old books, at the beginning of words, and where two "ss" come together. But, you must run away, Katy,' for Katy was this little girl's name, 'you must run away, for I am expecting a gentleman-in, every moment, on business.'

'May I take this book with me, papa?' said Katy.

'Yes,' said Katy's papa, 'only be very careful and don't turn down the edges.'

So Katy ran away with her treasure; and sat down to examine this queer book, printed so long ago that the people made two kinds of "ss."

Now the book the little girl had found, was 'The Life of Christ,' written by a good and holy man, who lived many years ago, and whose name was Jeremy Taylor. At first Katy could hardly read it, the 'long ss' troubled her so much, but she enjoyed studying over it, for she was very fond of what she called jingling things; but at last she began to be interested in the beautiful words themselves. And she became so fond of her old book, that one morning she asked her papa if she might not have it all for her own, and keep it on her little book-case in her own room; and when her papa said 'yes,' she ran up stairs and brought it down, and stood by her papa while he wrote 'Katherine Livingston' on the fly-leaf.

The place in the book where Katy was reading, was where our Saviour was on His way to raise from her sleep of death, the daughter of Jairus, and how He stopped to cure the poor woman who had been sick so many years; and here the good Bishop, for Jeremy Taylor was a Bishop, as well as a good and holy man, had stopped to point out that our Saviour, even on His way to do good, stopped to help this poor woman, and suffered Himself to be hindered and delayed, because He was so different from us. And that even when He was doing good 'He pleased not Himself but others.'

'O dear!' said Katy, 'that isn't the way we do here. I don't do so. I suppose it's because we are rich and have so many servants, and they have to do things; but I wish I was like our Saviour, and pleased other people.'

And then Katy read on in the beautiful story, and every day she read and studied that wonderful Life till at last she began to imitate it, and her own life became so different that her papa and her sisters, who were many years older, did not know what had changed Katy so much.

Mr. Mills, who was the clergyman in the place where Katy lived, had begged all the little girls in his church to come to his house, once a week, and sew with the grown-up ladies, who were preparing a box of clothing to send a poor missionary in the West.

'You must not think,' Mr. Mills had said, 'that because you are little girls, you can do nothing. Little girls that you are, you are all able to do something; and I want you in this matter, not to please yourselves, but make it a rule to set aside each Friday afternoon as a time not your own, but sacred to this particular work.'

So Katy always went each Friday to Mr. Mills', and she bought a dozen handkerchiefs with her own money, and these she was hemming very neatly. But one beautiful Friday, just before it was time to go to Mr. Mills', Katy's papa said they were all to go to Silver Lake to see Katy's cousins, and spend the evening, and drive home by moonlight. Katy loved dearly to go to her uncle's beautiful house and play with her cousins Minnie and Alice, but this was the very afternoon she ought to go to the rectory and sew for the Missionary Box.

'It will not matter just this one time,' said Katy to herself. 'I can do my handkerchiefs just as well to-morrow.'

But then she thought how disappointed Mr. Mills would be, and was it quite right that she should be amusing herself while the little girls were sewing, and was it setting a good example? Was it not pleasing herself instead of others?

And then Katy burst out crying: 'O, I think,' she said, 'I might go this one time, it is so hard. Florence will go.' Florence was her elder sister. 'She wouldn't stay home, and I'm only a little girl.'

But somehow Katy could not help thinking how different all this was from the beautiful Life she was trying to imitate.

'I will not go,' she said gently. 'I will not go. I will do right, if papa will let me.' So she ran down stairs and said 'If your please, papa, I am going to Mr. Mills' to sew, instead of Uncle Harry's with you.'

'And you rather go to Mr. Mills?' said her papa, very much surprised.

'Yes,' said Katy, firmly; 'but please give my love to Minnie and Alice, and tell them I will come next time.'

And then Katy ran away, fearing she would cry again.

At Mr. Mills' Katy felt so sad when she thought of all she had missed in not going to Silver Lake to play with her cousins, that she sat quite silent for some time, and when she found herself seated beside Sarah Briggs, a very dull girl, with freckles, and sandy hair, and great red hands, she said to herself 'It's too bad to have only Sarah Briggs, and I won't say a word to her.'

But in a moment Katy's loving, good heart was ashamed of this, and the more, because Sarah Briggs was a poor little girl who had to work very hard at home, and this was the very first time she had come to sew.

So Katy began to talk to her, and showed Sarah the handkerchief she was hemming, and made her afternoon pass so pleasantly that she told Katy she meant to come every Friday.

'Do,' said Katy, 'and some Saturday, if you will come to see me, I will show you our new boat-house, and the great doll my Aunt Florence sent from Paris; her name is "Edith."'

'O,' said Sarah, 'I should love to come, and I will do my work in the morning, and I guess mother will take care of the baby.'

When Katy prayed that night she felt happier than she had ever done before. 'How beautiful it is,' she said, 'to please other people, and not one's self.'

But one lovely Saturday not long after this, while her papa was away for a few days, her sisters told Katy at the breakfast table that they were going to have a picnic that day, and that they should send over to Silver Lake for all the people there.

'O,' said Katy, 'that will be splendid, we haven't had a picnic for ever so long.'

All the morning Katy was flying about wild with delight. She took off Edith's dress and put on her traveling dress. 'Who ever heard of a lady going to a picnic with a light blue silk, and white lace over-skirt,' she said to Edith as she made her ready; and then she ran into the kitchen to watch the cook making the nice little cakes and the delicate biscuits they were to carry.

But while Katy was watching the cook, she heard some one call her, and running out into the hall she found her sister Florence, who said 'We are going into town to do some shopping, and we shall not come back, but take lunch at Meyer's; but Thomas can take the carriage at two, and bring you and the hampers, and you can take us up to Meyer's.'

'Yes,' said Katy, and then she ran back to watch cook. It seemed to her that it never would come two o'clock, but at last it struck, and Thomas drove around with the carriage, and just at this very moment who should come up the broad gravel-walk but Sarah Briggs.

For a minute poor Katy did not know what to do. 'O I know,' she said to herself, 'I will ask her to come with me, and take her to the picnic,' but a moment after she said 'No, that will not do, Florence would be very angry. She doesn't like common people.'

'I will tell her to come next Saturday. I am sure she would not want me to miss my beautiful picnic.'

By this time Sarah was standing at the front door blushing with pleasure, for she had never seen such a beautiful place before.

'I got up early,' she said before Katy could speak, 'and I did all my work before dinner, and mother is going to take care of the baby, and I may stay till five o'clock.'

The great tears stood in Katy's eyes as she said 'Please wait one minute, while I speak to Thomas, who is going away'; and going out to the carriage, she said, 'Thomas, you must put the hampers in, and tell my sister Florence that I had a little girl come to play with me, and that I could not come. You need not wait any longer.'

'It would not be so hard,' thought Katy, 'if it were only Minnie and Alice, but I don't believe Sarah knows how to play anything. O but I will show her my new sashes, and my new Roman scarf, and the dresses Aunt Florence sent me.' But just at this moment the thoughtful little girl remembered that Sarah was very poor, and had only calico dresses, and that perhaps it would make her feel bad to see such beautiful things; and then she thought, too, how King Hezekiah had shown his treasures, and that Mr. Mills had said in a sermon that it was very wrong.

'I guess I had better show her Edith; and we can go down to the boat-house.' So Katy ran back to Sarah, and said 'If you will wait here, I will run in and get Edith; she isn't dressed much, because I thought she was going to make a journey; but I'll get her blue silk, and we will go down to the boat-house, and we can have a picnic there, and I will ask cook to let Mary bring us some little cakes.'

So the little girls went down to the boat-house, and at first Sarah Briggs was shy and did not talk, but at last she told Katy all about her brothers and sisters, and that her Uncle Samuel had promised to send her to the High School, but that her mother was afraid she would not be

able to get her good clothes enough. And then Mary came down with the cakes, and they put Edith up at the table, and had a little tea-party; and then Katy showed Sarah the fountain and the beautiful grounds, and when it came five o'clock Sarah bade Katy good-bye, and she told her 'She never had such a beautiful time in all her life.'

After Sarah had gone home, Katy took Edith into the house, and at first she felt very lonesome, because her papa and sisters were all away. So she went up to her own little room and took down her 'Life of Christ.' 'He pleased not Himself,' she said. 'O, I'm glad I did not please myself. I have so many beautiful things, I could bear it better than Sarah.'

The Summer was passing away, and Katy's papa had been thinking a great deal what he should do with Katy when it came Fall. Her sister Florence had always taught Katy, and the little girl had never been at school. She was the youngest, and a great pet in the family. Her mother had died when she was born, and her papa had loved her more than all his other children. She had been much indulged, and allowed more freedom than the others. But now Katy often puzzled her papa, and oftentimes it made him angry to see her waiting on others, giving up her own pleasure. 'For, alas, all his life Katy's papa had lived only to please himself; he was a proud man, and he did not like his children to mingle with the plain people about them. All his neighbors thought him a very religious man, because he had built a church with his own money, and supported the minister, and gave to the poor, but in all these things he had only pleased himself. He did not give what Katy gave so freely, himself. And so he had wondered what he should do with Katy to teach her more pride. It was hard to reprove her for her loving deeds; he could not bear to send her away from him, for Katy was this proud man's darling child. So he said to himself that he would wait till Winter before he made up his mind. Very soon after Katy's papa had been thinking all these things, there came a very warm, oppressive Sunday in September. Katy had been reading till she became tired, and she ran down stairs into the library, and said 'O papa, I am so tired I wish I could walk to church, instead of waiting for the carriage; may I?'

'Yes,' said her papa, 'but go slowly, and don't get heated.'

So Katy set off for church, and as she was to go slowly, she left home early. When she reached the church it still lacked half an hour of four o'clock.

On the church steps she found Mrs. Smith, a farmer's wife who lived six miles from the church, and who seldom got over, together with her little boy Thomas, and her baby.

'O dear, Miss,' began Mrs. Smith, 'can you tell me why the church isn't open, and why Mr. Mills isn't here? I have been here ever since half past one, and I'm ready to drop; and look at the baby, I dressed him all nice to have him Baptized, and he is making himself look so, I shall have to go home; and I don't know when I'll ever get down again.' And the poor woman looked fit to cry, and the baby was very cross and fretful.

'O,' said Katy, 'what a pity I didn't you know all the hot weather, service has been at four instead of two?'

'No, I didn't know it,' said Mrs. Smith. 'I wish I had; but I can't keep the baby still much longer. I guess, Tommy, we had better go home, and run the chance of ever getting down again.'

'I will tell you,' said Katy after thinking a minute, 'Mrs. Brown, who lives just across the road, is a real good woman, and I know if I went over and asked her she would let you take baby over there, and take off his dress and get him all smoothed out, and you could sit down and get all cool and rested, before it is time to have him Baptized.'

'So I could,' said Mrs. Smith, 'but who would tell Mr. Mills, and how should I know when to come over?'

'I'll tell you,' said Katy; 'I will tell Mr. Mills all about it when he comes. They always baptize babies after the New Testament Lesson. I will sit behind in the very back pew, and when Mr. Mills begins to read the chapter, I will step out and send Tommy over to Mrs. Brown's, and you will have plenty of time to get over, before the Lesson is finished.'

'But you are such a little girl, I am afraid you can't remember it all,' said Mrs. Smith.

'O yes, I can remember, and as soon as I have run over and asked Mrs. Brown, I will sit here on the steps till Mr. Mills comes.'

In a few minutes Katy came back saying Mrs. Smith could go over just as well as not; so Mrs. Smith left Tommy with Katy, and took the tired baby into Mrs. Brown's, and Katy sat down to keep watch for Mr. Mills.

The day was very hot, and yet Katy felt strange shivers, and a dreadful pain in her head. She did not once think how much trouble she was giving herself, she only thought of the poor woman and the tired baby, and hoped she should make no mistake.

After awhile the sexton came to ring the bell, and