



THE OLD SUGAR CAMP.

SISTER SUSAN.

"My children are about the hamlet somewhere, except only Susan, she's sickly," said Mrs. Britt, with a sigh, as the new pastor stopped a moment by her machine as he was passing through the great mill in an endeavor to familiarize himself with the members of his flock.

"And where is Susan?"

"Oh, at home. She's seventeen, but she can't do anything. Any of the young ones hanging around will show you where we live."

So, later in the afternoon, Pastor Kemp presented himself at the open door of the small room where Sister Susan smiled up at him from her lounge, as he was announced by a small army of neglected children.

"Come in, please," said the young girl, timidly; and then, as the children all talking at once filled the doorway and the

open window, she began begging them to go away so as to be quiet.

"Will you see what you can do with them, Henry?" she said to the largest boy, who at once marshalled them all out of hearing.

"It was kind of you to come to see me," said the girl. "I am of no account."

"The Lord wants you to be of account. I think you can help me more than any one else in the hamlet, if you will."

"How could I help?"

"By teaching the children better manners to begin with."

"They are bad young ones."

"The worst I ever saw, I believe. When I asked where I could find you they took me to house after house in different parts of the village, but at length the lad called Henry happened to come along and spoiled their fun. Who is he?"

"My brother, a good boy, but he has no

chance. The mothers all work in the mill and the children run wild like weeds."

"No, like flowers that need training. All children are like flowers. You must train them."

"How can I do that when I never leave this room?"

"I have been told that you are a Christian. Your prayers and your influence can reach as far as if you were in a palace. You must begin with your brother—consider yourself a missionary—and when you have won him, make him your helper. He seems to be a leader among the children."

"Yes, they all like him and he is fond of me, so they are good to me, because he will have them so."

Sickly Susan, as every one called her, was pleased at the idea of being of use. Her brother was easily won, and began at once to prevail upon the children to be more civil and quiet. And he brought them for a little while every day to his sister's room, that she might teach them some simple truth.

Almost immediately her health began to improve, and soon the house nor the street could hold her. She was all over the hamlet looking for the children, who improved rapidly under her instruction. They went every Sunday to meeting and Sunday-school.

When, at the end of the year, the pastor was complimented on the great work that had been done among the young people and children, he said:

"I find such an excellent helper here in Sister Susan that I could not help accomplishing a great deal." And as he always spoke to her in that way her old name was forgotten, and as Sister Susan she is known to young and old.

TWO WAYS OF GETTING UP.

When we tumble out of the right side of bed,

How bright the sun shines overhead!
How good our breakfast tastes—and, O!
How happily to school we go!
And o'er the day what peace is shed—
When we tumble out of the right side of bed!

When we tumble out of the wrong side of bed,

How dark the sky frowns overhead!
How dull our lessons, how cross our mothers,
How perfectly horrid our sisters and brothers!
(And they all say, too, it's our fault instead!)—
When we tumble out of the wrong side of bed!

"Blessed are the pure in heart: for they shall see God."