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THE FIRST TURN ABOUT.

A WHISPER OF THE PAST.

Evening in a pleasant sitting room.]

"I BLESS God for my first turn about!" said one of the gentlemen.

"His first turn about! I wonder what it was!" whispered a lad who was sitting at the table, and whose attention the exclamation had arrested.

"I should like to know," answered his elder brother, looking up from his Latin grammar.

"Perhaps Mr. Franklin will tell us," said the father, observing the interest which the remark excited.

"Do the boys want to hear?" asked the gentleman, looking round pleasantly upon the lads, "yes, I will tell them, I will tell them."

Then Mr. Franklin drew his chair towards the table, and spake thus:

"My father died when I was about

fourteen years old; it was a sudden death, and a strange, terrible, afflictive change did it make in the family; for days every thing seemed icy. I wanted to cry, and I could not; I said to myself again and again, 'Father is dead,—he will never come back again,' and yet I could not realize I should never see him more. I shall never forget my mother's look when she first called us together, after he was gone; it was the deepest grief, and yet there was holy resignation. 'My poor, fatherless children,' she began, and it was all she could say. I remember I went and stood by her side, and put my arm about her neck, and gently drew her head upon my shoulder, while I said in a choking voice, 'I will help you, mother,—I can go to market, and tend the store, and when you go to