

LITTLE FOLKS

The Precious Footstool.

(‘Friendly Greetings.’)

There was a family in France, long, long ago, who had a footstool of which they took particular care, and which they used in a singular manner. When strangers were present, the footstool was set aside in some out-of-the-way place, where it would not attract attention; but when the family were alone, it was sure to be brought into notice again. Sometimes the father would take it on his knee, and, turning it upside down, bend over

This book was the treasure and comfort of the family. It told them of a Friend who was near them at all times, and who was able and willing to save them in every danger. It told them of a beautiful land where sin and sorrow cannot come, and where there shall be no more sickness, and no more death. It taught them how to act at all times and in all circumstances. It gave them comfort in every trouble, and cheered them in the hours of the greatest misfortune. More than all this, it told them of a Saviour, for whose sake the sinner

and those who dared to read it were threatened with punishment, and even with death.

That French family loved their country and their home; but there was something which they loved better—that was, liberty to read God’s Book openly, and to worship him truly. They heard of a land far over the sea, where the poorest man might pray aloud in his own words to his Father in heaven, without fear of cruel soldiers or more cruel priests.

They heard of a land where the Bible might be openly read, and the Saviour openly served; and to this land they resolved to go.

They left the pleasant vineyards and the green hills of their native France, and across the wide seas they sailed.

Very happy they must have felt when they were safe on board that ship. The waves of the sea might dash against the vessel’s sides, the winds might roar around it, yet they were happy. Their precious Bible was with them, and they might read it without fear.

The sea was crossed at last, and in the land of America this French family found a home.

Very sweet it must have been to them to sing their hymns together, and together pray to God, with no spy to listen, and no danger to fear. The Bible they had so loved and guarded was treasured in their new home, and handed down to their children in remembrance of their sufferings and trials in their native land.

The French family have long since passed away from earth, but the Bible that was hidden in the footstool is still to be seen in the hands of their children’s children. The family that now own it live in Western Pennsylvania.



UNDER THE FOOTSTOOL A BOOK WAS FASTENED.

it with the deepest interest. Sometimes it was the mother who held it on her lap, and gazed at it as tenderly as if it were her youngest babe.

What was there about that footstool that made it so precious?

Under the footstool a book was fastened, where it was out of sight, and yet its pages could be turned, and it could be read from beginning to end.

may be forgiven, and received into an eternal home of joy.

I hardly need to tell you the name of this book, for the Bible alone contains such good news, such words of comfort and gladness. But why was this precious book kept in such a strange hiding-place? Why was it read secretly and with trembling?

Alas! in that sad day the Bible was a forbidden book in France;

Keeping Back a Part.

(‘Central Presbyterian.’)

‘Say, Ted, let’s earn some money.’

‘How?’

‘Don’t you see that coal on the sidewalk?’ and Jim pointed down the street to a place where a ton of coal had just been deposited. ‘That’s in front of Mrs. Lange’s house, and we can go and offer to put it in for a quarter.’

‘But likely the man himself is going to put it in.’