

How to Pray



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### The Little Girl's Conscience.

Ellen Haywood was a little girl about five years old, with blue eyes and very rosy cheeks, and a round, chubby form, and, like most little girls, was very fond of wearing ribbons and kerchiefs and collars that belonged to older people.

Her mamma had often told her never to touch the things in her drawers, lest she should break or lose the ornaments and tear or soil the muslins. But one day Ellen was in the chamber alone and thought she should like to look at her mother's pretty things in the upper drawer; so she took a chair, and climbed up to the bureau, and opened the drawer.

There she stood and looked a long time without putting her hand in to take any thing; but I should not expect any little girl to be able to resist the temptation of taking up the boxes and laces, if she meant to look at them. She had done wrong in going to look at them at all.

At first she put her fingers upon the edge of a box, then she thought she would open it, there could be no harm in just looking in; when she had opened it, she saw a bracelet, and thought it would look so pretty on her arm; so

she took it up and was just going to unclasp it, when she started, for she thought she heard a voice saying, "Ellen, Ellen." She looked around and seeing no one, she again began to try the bracelet upon her little hand, when again she heard a voice louder than before, "Ellen, Ellen." Now she put it up and ran to her mother, and asked if she had called her?

"No, my dear," said her mother, "did you think I called you?"

"Yes," said Ellen; but she knew there was no one else in the house to call her. So now she said it must have been God. Then she told her mother what she did, and how the voice sounded just as plain as if her papa or mamma had spoken to her. "Do you think it was God, mamma?" said she. Then her mamma tried to explain to her that it was her conscience which God had placed within her bosom, and it made her little heart beat so loud, and trouble her so much because she was disobeying, that it seemed to her like a voice. But still she could not think the words would sound so plain, unless they had been spoken, and she really believed God called to her, because she was naughty.