

Saved in a Basket, or Daph and Her Charge.

CHAPTER XI.—Continued.

It excited some wonder when the well-known citizen passed along the street, closely followed by Mrs. Ray and Daph; but he cared little for the remarks of the passers-by, his mind having been once made up to see Daph safely restored to the home from which she had been so rudely taken.

Diedrich Stuyvesant moved at what was an unwonted pace for him, and the house with the blue shutters was soon reached, and the door of the familiar room thrown open.

Rose Stuyvesant was sitting on a low chair, Louise at her side and Charley on her lap; while the book with golden clasps was open in her hand. With one shout of joy, the children darted towards Daph, and gave her a welcome which filled her honest heart with joy.

That sight was a reward to Diedrich Stuyvesant for all the unwonted labors of the day.

'Come, Rose,' he said, 'they can do without us now. I must learn to know these little people some other day. But, stay,' he added, as he looked round on the scrupulously neat, but very plain-furnished apartment, 'Daph, I must speak to you a moment, before I go.'

The children for an instant were quiet, and the wealthy citizen drew his purse from his pocket, and, holding it towards Daph, he said, 'You ought to have something to make amends for this day's trouble. Take that for you and the children'.

'I'se thank you, sir,' said Daph, drawing back; 'I'se thank you, sir, but my missus' children shall want for nothing while poor old Daph can work for them.'

'Well, have your own way, Daph,' said Diedrich Stuyvesant, 'but one thing you must let me do for you. Let me take the gold chains that have given you so much trouble, and put them in safe keeping. I will see that you get their full value in money if you should ever be in need.'

The treasured jewellery was cheerfully relinquished; and Daph even felt relieved to have them no longer in her charge.

'Remember, Daph,' said the kind-hearted citizen, as he bade her good-bye, 'You have something now to depend upon.'

'I'se thank you for your goodness, sir,—I'se thank you. I'se sure the great Lord will nebber let Daph come to want.'

'Never, Daph!' said Rose; and with one of her sweet smiles she followed her father from the room.

CHAPTER XII.

HOME SCENES.

The days of excitement and distress, so full of moment to Daph, were succeeded by a time of comparative quiet and peace.

Every morning the kind voice of Rose Stuyvesant broke in upon the solitude of Daph and the little ones. Louise learned to look as eagerly for the face of Rose as a flower for the sunlight, and to turn as fondly towards it. There seemed to be for the little girl an irresistible charm in the refinement and guilelessness of her new friend, and the sweet words of holy teaching that ever dropped from the lips of Rose, had waked to music a chord in the

child's heart that had long slumbered in silence. The sensitive conscience and peculiar interest in spiritual things that had marked her when under her mother's influence, became again evident. As from a weary dream, she woke to the beauty and reality of religious truth.

Rose was no sentimental teacher, contented with exciting mere feeling, that worked to no good end.

The unselfish devotion and respectful deference of poor Daph, had fostered a slight imperiousness in the little Louise; and she had learned to seek her own comfort, with but too little regard for the feelings and wishes of others.

Rose soon saw that her little pet was in danger of becoming quietly selfish, and unconsciously proud and dictatorial.

Tenderly, but faithfully, the young teacher pointed out to Louise the germs of those hateful faults, growing and strengthening in the bad soil of an evil heart; and the conscience of the child made her deeply feel the necessity of the warning thus affectionately given.

Bad habits, long indulged, are not easily overcome, even when the highest and best motives govern the conduct.

'Put on my stockings this minute, Daph! You are so slow!' said Louise, one morning, putting out her white foot, imperatively, towards the kneeling negress.

'Yes, yes, Miss Lou,' said Daph, humbly, 'Daph do be radder slow; but somehow she isn't so actif as she used to be.'

This was not the only complaint that Louise had to make that morning; everything seemed to go wrong with her, and Charlie declared, 'Sister Lou' was so cross that he had rather go and play in the garden alone, than stay anywhere near her.

Daph gave a sorrowful look at her young mistress, and then went to the kitchen to prepare some of the tempting cakes which were now in such demand, and Louise was left quite alone.

She took up a piece of sewing on which Rose had been patiently trying to teach her to hem; but the thread 'went in knots,' the needle pricked her finger and she threw the work down in despair, and began to cry with all her might.

The door softly opened, and a gentle hand was laid on her shoulder. 'What grieves you, darling?' said the sweet voice of Rose Stuyvesant.

'Oh, oh!' exclaimed the little girl, without looking up, 'I have been so cross and naughty all this morning, I do not believe I am one of the Lord Jesus' little lambs at all, and I am very, very unhappy!'

Rose sat down beside her little friend, and, throwing her arm tenderly round her, she said, 'You must not be discouraged, my darling; listen to me. Suppose that you were so very sick, that if you did not soon get well, you would surely die. Now, suppose a kind physician should come to you and offer you some medicine that would check your fever, and save you from the death that was so near, how you would love him, and how willingly you would do all he said was necessary for you! It might be many, many weeks before you were quite well, but how patiently you would take the medicines he ordered, and how cheerfully you would follow his advice, until you were again full of health and strength! And when you could walk about once more and breathe the sweet fresh air, then you would be

most warmly grateful to the kind physician who had come to your sick bed, and saved you from expected death. Dear Louise, Christ has shed his blood to save you from everlasting death, which is very near to all who are not the true children of God. Whenever you put your trust in the dear Saviour, you are safe from that death; but it may be long, long before your heart will be clean from sin and your bad habits will be wholly cured. What says the kind physician to you. "Watch and pray." "Strive to enter in at the strait gate." You must be willing to struggle, patiently, against your faults, trying to do right, and looking to God for strength to go on. You must go forward cheerfully and hopefully, thinking of all what Christ has done for you, and dwelling on that happy time when you will be safe in heaven, and your heart will be full of gratitude to him who has saved your soul from death, and purified you by his grace. Do you understand me, darling?'

'Yes, yes,' sobbed little Louise, 'and indeed I will try—try harder.'

(To be continued.)

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