

The Family

COME UNTO ME.

With tearful eyes I look around; Life seems a dark and stormy sea; Yet 'midst the gloom I hear a sound, A heavenly whisper, "Come to Me."

JOHN TREGONWETH: HIS MARK.

By the Rev. Mark Guy Pearce.

Author of "Mister Horn and His Friends."

His tone altered a little bit, and he asked me what I was going to do for a living; so I said that I was going to be a minister.

"Nay, my friend, the fiddle is gone, and a good thing too. It would always be a temptation to thee, John—always a snare."

Well, that seemed to knock my only hope clean out of me; so, vexed that I had come to a dead end.

"Sit down, friend, sit down," says he, in his quiet way.

I put down my hat and stood by the chair, but I hadn't heart enough to care for anything he could say.

He was quiet again for a long time, and then he began very slowly and quietly.

"John, I've been thinking if thou hadst a donkey and cart it would help thee. Thy daughter Mary could lead it to the beach, and thou couldst fill it with sand and sell it to the neighbours."

"May I have a donkey and cart, Sir?" I cried out; "why, I might as well think about a carriage and pair."

"I think we can manage it for thee, friend," says he, as quiet as ever.

He got up a paper, and wrote something down that he read to me, and told me to take it round and see what I could get; and he put down his own name for an amount to buy the donkey, and said moreover that he should lend me five shillings for the time.

I couldn't thank him,—my heart was too full; but I could almost have worshipped then and there. I spoke as well as I could, and then he was just going when he says,

"—Friend, dost thou ever go to the house of God?"

I stopped, and putting my hand down over my coat, I felt the rack and holes, and I said,

"—There, Sir, that is the only coat I have got, and that isn't fit to go to chapel in."

"Well, friend, that difficulty is soon got over. I will give thee an old coat—wilt thou go then?"

"—Yes, Sir, thank you that I will," I cried.

He was gone for a minute or two, and then he comes back and puts a bundle in my hands. I couldn't thank him now so well as before. Here was what I had longed for; now I could go to chapel with the little maid.

I had got a good way from the house when all of a sudden it came across me—perhaps he'll want me to go to the Quakers' meeting. I must see to that before I tell her anything. So I turned back again.

"—Please Sir, I asked, putting my head inside the door, "where must I go to?"

"To all the neighbours who will help thee, friend," he says, thinking about the paper.

"But I mean, what chapel or church, Sir?"

"—O, anywhere, anywhere—only go somewhere!"

"—May I go to the Primitive with my little maid, please, Sir?" I asked.

"The very place for thee, John; go there, and the Lord bless thee," says he, kinder than he had spoken before.

So I came home.

Of course Betty was kind and glad to have five shillings more, and she couldn't stay to hear me out, but must go bustlin' to get something to eat; and then I went on talkin' all about it, and didn't know but what she was a listenin', till the little maid came in and found me all by myself.

Up she came running in her happy way, and then I pulled the bundle from under my arm.

"—Mary," says I, "guess what that's for, and I held up the coat."

"When I told her she could scarcely live for joy."

"Will it be Sunday?" she kept asking.

"—Will it be Sunday to-morrow?" was the first word of each day. Never did hours and days seem so long as that week was to the little maid.

I was busy enough every day gropin' my way to the different places, ashamed to let folks see me, and never thinkin' that any one would help. Many a time I got to the door and lifted my hand to knock, and then all of a sudden it came across me—what I had done—and I turned and went away again. I've heard people talk about sin as only a sort of a trifle that can't make much difference; but if a man's sin can make him feel like I did, in the eyes of everybody, what must it make us look like to him who knows through an' through.

But I did wonderful well. You see, that start of the Quaker gentleman gave them confidence somehow; for they knew that he would be the last man to throw his money away for all he was so kind.

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music to what I'd heard for many a Saturday night past, and the echoes of it seemed to linger in my dreams, sweet as most, as the little maid's singing.

The next day was Sunday. The little maid was full of excitement; the day had come at last, and off she went to school, telling me to be ready soon, for she would be back in time to fetch me.

"Ah, that wonderful old coat, Sir! It's almost like magic, all that it did."

The first thing it did was to get me nearly a who's new size. Betty had been trying all the week to make the other things come up to the coat, and that was no easy matter.

She managed to patch up an old pair of trousers that they looked quite respectable; and then—just like her saving ways—she brought out an old waistcoat that I was married in, and that had scarce seen daylight since—a sort of velvet, with big flowers all in gay colours, like they used to wear years ago, and with brass-buttons. Then she put a yellow handkerchief round my neck, and last of all the coat. I had felt it all over, and knew that it was Quaker fashion,—no collar and a cut-away tail. I thought Betty would never have done a-tidivatin' me. She walked round and round, a touchin' here and a pullin' there, and broun'd and a-pickin' all over till last of all she stood looking at me for about a minute, and then gave me a smackin' kiss—it must have come out of the waistcoat, it was so long since I'd had one like it.

"Bless you, John," she said, "you do look a most gentleman again;—upon my word, if I be not quite proud. You shall never go in rag again if I have to work away my bones for it."

What a wonderful old coat! I think I to myself.

(To be continued.)

A SCHOOL BOY'S STORY.

John Tubbs was one day doing his sums, when little Sam Jones pushed against him; and down went the slate with a horrid clatter.

Take care of the pieces," says the boys laughing. But Mr. Brill, the master, thought it no laughing matter, and, believing it to be John Tubbs' fault, told him that he should pay for the slate, and have his play stopped for a week.

John said nothing. He did not wish to get little Sam into trouble; so he bore the blame quietly. John's mother was by no means pleased at having to pay for the slate, as she was a poor woman, and had to provide for several other Tubbses besides John.

"I tell you what it is, John," said she, "you must learn to be more careful. I will not give you any milk for your breakfast all the week; and by this I shall save money for the slate, which it is right you should pay for."

Poor John ate his bread with water instead of milk; but somehow he was no unhappy, for he felt that he had done a kindness to little Sam Jones; and the satisfaction of having rendered a service to another always brings happiness.

A few days after, Mr. Jones came to the school, and spoke to Mr. Brill about the matter; for little Sam had told his father and mother all about it. Sam was a timid boy; but he could not bear to see John Tubbs kept in for no fault, while the other boys were at play.

"What!" said the master and has John Tubbs borne all the blame without saying a word! "Come here, John."

"What's the matter now?" said John to himself something else I suppose. Well, never mind, so that poor little Jones has got out of his scrape."

"There, Sir, that is the only coat I have got, and that isn't fit to go to chapel in."

"Well, friend, that difficulty is soon got over. I will give thee an old coat—wilt thou go then?"

"—Yes, Sir, thank you that I will," I cried.

He was gone for a minute or two, and then he comes back and puts a bundle in my hands. I couldn't thank him now so well as before. Here was what I had longed for; now I could go to chapel with the little maid.

I had got a good way from the house when all of a sudden it came across me—perhaps he'll want me to go to the Quakers' meeting. I must see to that before I tell her anything. So I turned back again.

"—Please Sir, I asked, putting my head inside the door, "where must I go to?"

"To all the neighbours who will help thee, friend," he says, thinking about the paper.

"But I mean, what chapel or church, Sir?"

"—O, anywhere, anywhere—only go somewhere!"

"—May I go to the Primitive with my little maid, please, Sir?" I asked.

"The very place for thee, John; go there, and the Lord bless thee," says he, kinder than he had spoken before.

So I came home.

Of course Betty was kind and glad to have five shillings more, and she couldn't stay to hear me out, but must go bustlin' to get something to eat; and then I went on talkin' all about it, and didn't know but what she was a listenin', till the little maid came in and found me all by myself.

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