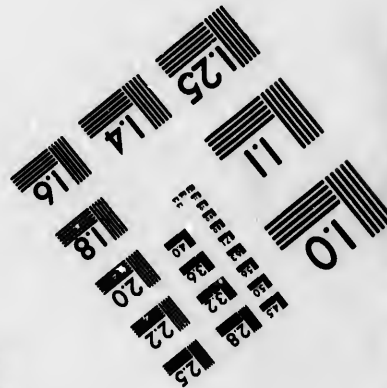
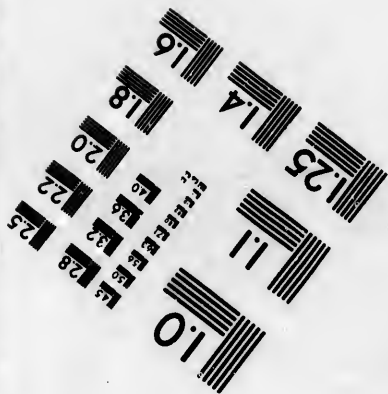
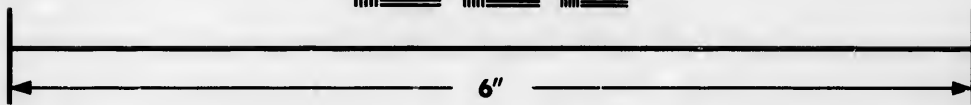
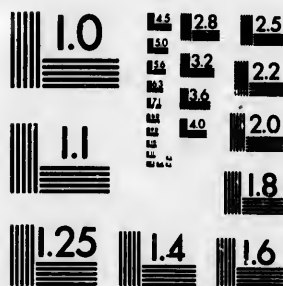


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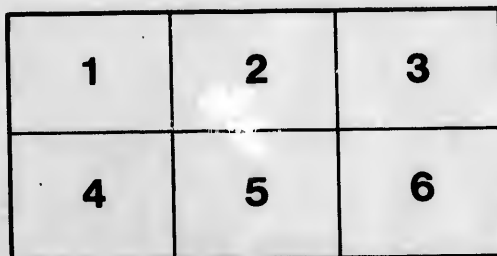
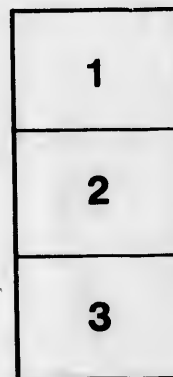
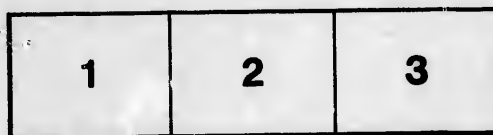
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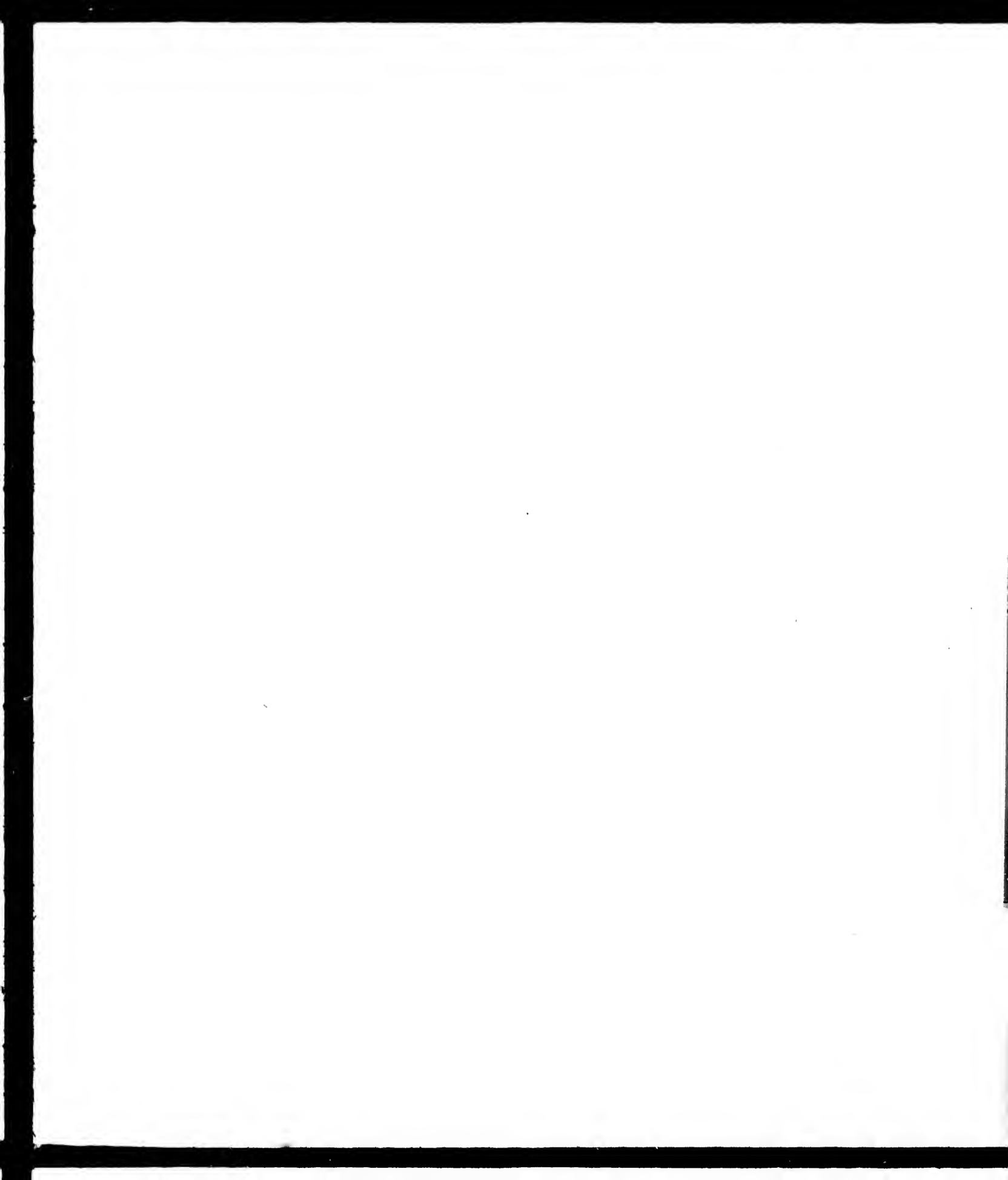
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Jennie Fowler Willing

Willing



A BUNCH OF FLOWERS

FOR GIRLS.

BY

JENNIE FOWLER WILLING,

Author of "Diamond Dust," "The Only Way Out," "From
Fifteen to Twenty Five," "The Potent Woman,"
"A Dozen Do's for Boys," "Won," etc.

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CHAPTER I.

PANSIES.

HAVE you ever noticed what bright, sweet faces pansies raise towards yours, when you bend over them in the garden? They look like happy, contented little people.

I have a friend who gave his little daughter a bed of pansies for a birthday present. She was so delighted with them that when she came home from school, the first thing, she would run out to look at them, and pet, and talk to them, as if they were alive, and knew what she said. One day she told her mamma that she was sure she could tell one

of them if she were to meet it on the street. "There are no two of them that look alike," she said; "indeed, mamma, though they are all lovely, they are no more like each other than the faces of the girls in school. And would you believe it, they seem to know me, and look up and smile whenever I come, as if they were glad to see me."

I have no doubt that little girl was happier, and more careful to do the right thing all day in school, for the lesson she learned from her pansies.

A sweet-tempered child is the pansy of the household; when she comes in she brings the sunshine with her. Her mother finds the mists of care rolling off her heart, when she hears the chirping of her voice in the hall. Perhaps the baby has been cross all day on account of the toothache, that the poor, little things have so many days when they are not old enough to know what ails them, and nobody else can tell. If its mother were sure that it was only cutting teeth that

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makes it look so ill, and fret constantly, she would not feel so anxious about it; but she sees the small, white hearse go by, drawn by white ponies, and with a little coffin in it, and it makes her shudder when she thinks what if something serious is the matter with her own dear baby. Her mind is full of dismal thoughts, that make her fearfully tired, but her little girl comes in as bright as a pansy, and before the mother knows it, the clouds have passed away, the baby looks better, and everything seems glad again.

I have seen a whole street car full of people brighten up when a pleasant-faced child came into the car. She might have done nothing except to show in a cheerful, pleasant manner that she was perfectly willing to stand when it was not convenient to have a seat, but I could see the clouds lift from the people's faces. Fathers, who were very tired with the hard work of their offices, began to think of their own little daughters at home;

mothers thought of their little nestlings, and felt rested. Somebody remembered a little face laid away, pale and still, under the violets, and then thought of her in Heaven with Jesus; and the little girl without knowing it was making people better.

Some child who reads this will feel the blood coming into her face. She cannot help remembering how she sometimes finds fault, and pouts, when things are not to her mind, forgetting how much other people have to annoy them, and adding to their discomfort by showing her ill-temper.

She looks up shyly, and asks, "Suppose one has a way of getting cross, and being hateful, how is she going to help it?" If you want to be a pansy, yourself, the first thing to do is to go to work as if you had it all to do with no one to help.

I once knew a little girl whose mother was thoughtless enough to scold her severely if she did anything wrong, even if she did not mean to do the mischief. If she

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broke a dish, or tore her dress, she would have to hear a great many sharp things said about it that made her poor heart ache all day. When she was only eleven years old, she was off by herself crying over a scolding that she had had for some small offense, when all at once it came to her that she would be a grown-up woman some-time, and she said, "I will never, *never* make anybody feel as bad as I do now; I will never scold anybody as long as I live; I will keep my lips shut so tightly that the ugly words cannot get out to hurt anybody."

She kept her word, though, I am sorry to say, the scold was in her heart, and would come out of her eyes, and her face would be clouded even when she did not say the hateful words. She found out that shutting them back didn't quite answer. By and by she came to see that she could go to the Lord Jesus and ask Him to take the cross-ness out of her heart. He did so, and then, the queer part of it was, people seemed so

much kinder to her than they used to be, and she was very seldom scolded. The fact is, she didn't mind every little word as she had done before. The fret was all washed out of her heart by the blood of Jesus, and she became as sunshiny a little body as you ever saw. If you want to be a pansy, and make everybody in the house gladder and happier, you must find out how to be as amiable as you want other people to be. You must do your best to act as you want them to act. Then you must go to the Lord, and ask Him to forgive you for everything you have ever done that was wrong. Then ask Him to wash all the bad temper out of your heart with His blood.

You must do this, not that you may be happy yourself, or even that you may make other people happier, but because He will be better pleased with you, for that is the kind of child He wants you to be. You must believe that He does this, and thank Him for it, and you will find that it is done.

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Once there was a king who had a beautiful garden, and when he went into it one day he found everything drooping and fading. He said, "Why, what's the matter here?" "Oh," the vine said, "I cannot grow tall; and slender, and beautiful, like the pine, and I don't want to grow any more; there's no use." The pine said, "I cannot bear fruit like the apple tree; I am good for nothing; I don't want to live any more." And the apple tree said, "My flowers are just little, simple, common things; they are not beautiful and large like the roses, with everybody praising them; I can't live any longer." And so everything was finding fault, and looking as wretched as it could. At last the king came to a little heart's-ease, (you know that is another name for the pansy), and it looked up at him as bright and glad and sweet as ever. He said, "Heart's-ease, you don't seem to have fallen into this general trouble. They are all finding fault, but you seem to be happy and

glad." "Yes," said the little flower, "when you planted the seed out of which I grew, you didn't want a pine, nor an oak, nor an apple tree, nor a vine, nor a rose; you wanted just a little heart's-ease. And now to please you, I am going to be just the best little heart's-ease that ever I can." This made the king happy, and while he had to bring the others out of their discontent the best he could, he was glad there was one plant that was willing to do just the very best it knew how to please him. So you must make up your mind to try to be in yourself just the kind of person you think Jesus would tell you to be, if He were to come into the house, or into the school-room, or upon the play-ground, and tell you in words what sort of child he loves best.

FOR GIRLS.

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CHAPTER II.

LILIES OF THE VALLEY.

JESUS said, "Consider the lilies of the field, how they grow; they toil not, neither do they spin; and yet I say unto you that even Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these." These gentle, quiet, little flowers, like a chime of tiny, silver bells, echo the sweet command to "take no thought for the morrow," but put all trust in Him Who clothes the grass, and crowns the lilies with their delicate and exquisite beauty.

The lesson seems to be, "Be contented

with what He gives you. Don't make up your mind to get for yourself everything that strikes your fancy, and then fret, and tease if you cannot have it, but be happy in the Lord, and make others so."

The larger part of the troubles that people, little and big, bother themselves with, comes from trying to get the best for themselves. Children are afraid that somebody else is going to have a larger piece of cake or candy, or more attention, than they. They are never happy unless they have the best place, and the most notice. If all were of the same spirit everybody would have a bad time in everything, for only one or two would be able to crowd into the best places. In a family the disagreeable little "fusses," as we call them, grow out of someone trying to get what others want. They cannot all have the best, and every child ought to be willing to leave the parents to give to one or another, as they think it is needed or deserved.

Some children even go so far as to accuse

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their parents of partiality. One sometimes overhears them say, "There! You are always getting Mary the nicest dress. You don't care one bit how I look, or if I ever have anything neat or pretty." Now fathers and mothers may have favorites among their children, though they do not nearly so often as the cross ones think they do.

If you should not seem to be petted and loved as much as some of the rest, it will not make them love you any better for you to grumble and find fault all the time.

Some scholars are always accusing the teacher of showing partiality. If you believed all they said, you would think they were never given a fair chance to get ahead, and that they had a great deal more than their share of scoldings and punishment.

The main part of the trouble is, they are trying to have their own way, instead of finding out what the rules are, and obeying them. They give any amount of time, that ought to be used in learning their lessons, in

trying to get around the rules, breaking them when they please, and escaping punishment

The worst part of this is, that habits formed in the family and in the school, go with men and women as long as they live. All their days they will be trying to get the best place, and have their own way, and that will keep them unhappy most of the time. That is one reason why some old people have such deep, criss-cross lines on their faces. They have lived selfishly and disobediently; they have tried to have their own way; and they have fought till they were full of cross words and hard feelings, and have been beaten in every battle.

If people are ever going to learn to give up for the sake of the comfort of others, they must begin when they are children.

You have seen pictures of the charming, little performances of canary birds, playing with toy cannons like soldiers, carrying guns, aiming and firing at each other, pretending

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to be killed, and being carried off the battle-field by the rest. Now those birds could never have learned such wonderful things if their teachers had not begun with them when they were little. It is just so with people: they seldom learn anything well unless they begin when they are young. If you want to be useful and happy when you grow up, you must learn to give up your way when you are a child.

There is a twist of wrinkles all around one pair of bright, black eyes that are looking up at me, "Of course," says the little girl, "I know that everybody ought to give up to everybody, and be satisfied not to make a fuss if they don't just get everything they want; but what is anybody going to do who has such a disposition that it doesn't seem as if she ever could give up when she makes up her mind to have a thing?" Well, dear; if you really have such a disposition as that, it is half cured when you have found it out and are willing to own it to yourself.

Most children make excuses for their naughty ways. It is always "Sue made me," or "Tom teases me so awfully," or "Jennie struck me first."

When one sees that she has a selfish and untrustful spirit, of course she will go to work at once to get rid of it, the sooner the better; for bad dispositions are like weeds, all you have to do is to let them alone, and they grow so big and stout you cannot pull them up at all. They are like those great burdocks that you see sometimes. If one were in your flower bed, it would take up all the ground, and choke out the flowers, and fill everybody's clothes with those hateful burrs that prick your fingers when you try to pull them off. You might pull away at the ugly old thing all day long, and you couldn't make its stout roots let go of the ground. When it first came up you could have pulled it up with your thumb and one finger.

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tion that is always offended when you don't get quite all that belongs to you, and have in its place the "meek and quiet spirit," that the Bible says is "of great price," you must begin by making up your mind to put down your own stubbornness. One of your playmates has a prettier dress than you; yours looks very coarse and common beside it. Don't allow yourself to be envious or sour about it, and whisper in the ear of some girl who will not tell, "I don't think she looks one bit nicer than the rest of us, with all her fine things. If I were as black as she is, I'd want bright dresses too, to make people forget how homely I was. If her father were as honest as mine, and paid all his debts, she couldn't have any more fine things than I have. See how stuck-up she is about her new dress." If any of these ugly thoughts are put into your head by the bad spirit, don't let them get out of your lips.

Be good natured and kind, no matter how disagreeable other people are.

One little girl, who has at home a house full of brothers, and who knows quite too well how boys can tease, asks half poutingly if I think girls ought always to give up everything to their brothers. "Because, you know," she adds, "there would be no end of it. The boys would spoil everything, and not care the least bit about it. They will tease the very life out of you, if you don't stand up for your rights."

I don't think girls ought to give up any more than the boys do. The truth is, the poor, dear fellows are allowed to tease their sisters, and run about nights, and do as they please, till they have a hard time trying to be sweet, gentle, pure Christians. I remember hearing about a man who tried to give his heart to the Lord Jesus Christ. He was days and days praying, until it seemed as though he would go crazy. He told the minister that the trouble was with him, when he was a little boy his mother let him have his own way. His father was a sea-captain, and

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very seldom at home, as he was usually off with his ship upon the sea. When this child was eleven years old, he swung a whip over his mother's head, and dared her to touch him, when he deserved punishment. His will had grown so strong that when he tried to yield it to the Lord, it seemed almost impossible for him to give up.

I think that is one reason why there are so many more women and girls that become Christians than there are men and boys.

It takes a great deal of common sense to get along with teasing folks. It is usually the best way to give up, and get out of their reach, when it is not positively wrong to do so. Of course you must be firm when it would grieve the Saviour to have you give up. You always want to do as nearly as you can what you think would please Him, if He were standing beside you, as He really is, and listening to every word you say. You will have to submit for yourself; nobody can force you to give up your own way. They

might beat you till you gave up to save yourself the pain, but, after all, it would not be the kind of yielding that amounts to anything.

Not even the Lord Himself can make you submit unless you choose to do so. A great deal of the trouble that is in families, in the church, and in the world, among grown people, comes from their having learned this lesson so imperfectly.

Years ago, when the prairies were first broken, there was one plant that they called redroot. It did not look very stout, or seem much in the way, but the great breaking plow and ten yokes of oxen could hardly tear its roots loose, so as to kill it. The plowmen used to have to carry an axe to chop it off down in the ground. Some careless men would lift out the plow and go around the redroot, rather than have the trouble of carrying an axe to cut it off. They would leave it growing, and it would bother the farmer always whenever he came to that place.

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Some people think it does not matter how many roots of selfishness there may be in their hearts, if they do not look very bad on the surface. But I do not think so. God sees all the meanness away back where nobody else knows anything about it, and the best thing is to get him to make it all right as we go along.

You must give up your way, and let other people have theirs, because you want to please the Saviour. Conquer your selfish disposition for His sake, and He will conquer it for you.

He said, "Blessed are the meek, for they shall inherit the earth." Those who are ready to take a low place and let others have the best, because that is the place the Lord wants them to be in, are sure to have the very happiest time. They have just what the Lord wants them to have, and nothing can be better than that. When, to please Him, you give up things that you want very much, He takes notice of every little sacrifice,

and He never forgets to take care of those who try to please Him. It is easy to trust Him to see that we have a good time, when we are doing, the best we know, as He wants us to do. I heard a young girl say once, that when she gave herself all up to Christ, she thought it was going to spoil every plan, and nothing would go the way she wanted it again. "But," she said, "He knows best, and I wanted it His way." And afterwards she found that everything that she gave up was given back to her with His blessing, and she had a thousand times happier life than she could possibly have planned for herself. A child who lives her little life as simply and naturally as the lilies live, will be made beautiful by our Lord, and He will use her to help people, older and wiser than herself, to see that they must love and trust Him in the same sweet way.

A grand duchess, in her walks through her grounds, saw that the little daughter of her gardener, was a sweet, simple child, care-

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fully trained in all good things. One day she had her brought into the palace. When dinner was served, and the ladies of honor came in, they watched the child to see what effect all this splendor, the fine furniture, the silver, the gay dresses of the ladies, would have upon her. To their surprise she seemed not to care very much about it. When the dinner was ready and they were seated at the table, she bowed her head and they all stopped talking and waited to see what she would do next. She clasped her hands and said softly: "Dear Lord Jesus, I thank Thee for my food and clothing, for my home and friends. Though I dress plainly now, I pray Thee let me be clothed in Thine own righteousness forever; though I live on coarse fare, I pray Thee let me break bread with Thee in Thy Kingdom." When she raised her head the ladies were all in tears, and the grand duchess said: "Dear little Gretchen, I would give my realm to have thy simple, beautiful trust."



CHAPTER III.

FORGET-ME-NOTS.

If you have never seen them growing, you often see them in pictures,—five delicate, pale-blue petals, with a dot of yellow in the centre.

Friends love to be remembered by those who are dear to them, when they are absent. Sometimes when they part they give each other these flowers, meaning to say by that: "Don't forget me while you are away; remember to do the things that you know will please me."

God wants you to remember Him for your

own good. He says, "The wicked shall be turned into hell, with all the nations that forget God." Those who were bad were so because "God was not in all their thoughts." You must remember that He hears everything you say. Sometimes little girls whisper their secrets to each other, promising never to tell as long as they live and breathe. They would not have their mothers or their teachers know what they are saying for the world. They ought to remember that God is listening. If there is anything in what they say that would grieve their mothers, they may be sure that God will not be pleased with it.

A couple of men were shut up in a prison once, and while they were talking low to each other, they stopped, and in the silence they heard the scratching of a pen. Then they understood that just the other side of the partition was somebody writing down every word they said, and that when they were put upon trial for the crime of

which they were accused, everything they had said to each other would be read in evidence against them. Every syllable that you utter is written in God's book. Jesus said, "For every idle word that men shall speak, they must give account in the day of judgment." The Bible tells about the time when "the books shall be opened," and everybody shall be judged by the things written in the books. You must be careful not to whisper in anybody's ear anything that you do not want to hear read from God's book; for, remember, it is all written there.

You must not forget that God sees everywhere. You cannot hide from Him.

A little boy was urged to take a peach from a large basket. "The man will never miss it," said the other boy, "there are so many of them. He doesn't know how many." "Yes," said the other one, "but then you know God counts."

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teachers cannot see them, and will never find it out, and so it is safe to do wrong. They forget the word of the Bible, "Thou, God, seest me." David said, "Whither shall I go from thy spirit? or whither shall I flee from thy presence? If I ascend up into heaven, thou art there: if I make my bed in hell, behold, thou art there. If I take the wings of the morning, and dwell in the uttermost parts of the sea; even there shall thy hand lead me, and thy right hand shall hold me. If I say, Surely the darkness shall cover me; even the night shall be light about me. . . . The darkness and the light are both alike to thee."

You must not forget the commands of the Lord. For instance, He says, "Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy." He doesn't want you to seek your own pleasure, or speak your own words, or even think your own thoughts on His day. Every hour belongs to Him, and must be spent in remembering Him; thinking of His love and goodness,

and talking about them, hearing about them, or reading about them.

I have known people to take a part of the Lord's time for themselves, by sleeping later on Sabbath morning, than they did on week days. They had worked or played so hard on Saturday, that they had to rest on Sunday so as to be ready to begin again on Monday. It would be a sad drudgery to them to think of having to talk about God all day. I am sure I don't know what such people will do when they get to Heaven, where all the talk and thought are about the Lord. The trouble is, they don't love Him well enough. They ought to go to Him, and get a heart that loves Him so much it would never be tired of talking of His goodness. He says He will make the Sabbath a delight. It is not easy for a child to keep God's day holy when other people are careless about it. I remember a young girl who used to have to sit alone by herself when all the family went riding on Sunday, and when they had com-

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pany, gay, worldly people, who cared nothing about the Lord. She seemed unlike the rest, and sometimes they would laugh, and make fun of her; but she kept right on, and grew to be a very earnest, strong Christian.

There was a little girl in our Sunday-school once, who gave her heart to the Lord when she was only nine years old. There was not another Christian in her home. Sunday was their visiting day. When her uncles and aunts would come to have a jolly time with her father and mother on Sunday, she would go off by herself. Perhaps one of the aunts would say, "Where is Nettie?" "Oh," her mother would reply, "she's the queerest child that ever you saw. If you'll come softly to this bedroom door, I'll show you where she is and what she is doing." And then they would tip-toe up to the door, and her mother would open it very quietly, and they would peep in; and sometimes they would see Nettie with her Bible on her lap reading, or she would be on her knees, and they could

hear her praying God to forgive their sins, and to make them all love Him, and be good, and keep His day holy. They would shut the door, and though they laughed, and said funny things about it, down in their hearts they knew the child was right, and they were wrong.

The Lord wants you to remember and love His Word. Jesus said, "Search the Scriptures, for in them ye think ye have eternal life." I have known people to be ashamed to be seen reading the Bible. It seems to me their hearts must be very hard towards the Lord.

Years ago in Ireland there was a little girl who got hold of a Bible in some way. She was so delighted with it that she committed fifty chapters to memory. Then the priest found out that she had that Book, and he said she must give it up. He took it to burn it. That was a sore trial to her, but she looked up to her mother through her tears, and said: "There's one

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good thing. He can't burn the fifty chapters I learned; I have them so I can keep them." The more of the Bible you can commit to memory, the better. You may be blind some day, or too ill to hold a book, and it will be the greatest comfort to you to have the Word of God in your mind.

You must not forget to pray daily to the Lord. I knew a little girl whose sister taught her to pray, though her father and mother were not Christians. After her sister died she never forgot to kneel by her bedside to pray before she went to sleep. Some nights, after she had played hard, and was so tired and sleepy, she forgot at first; but afterward she would remember, and slip out of bed and say her prayers before she went to sleep.

You must not forget to do good for the sake of Jesus. He said, "Inasmuch as ye have done it to one of the least of these, ye have done it unto Me."

A lady gave a little girl a very pretty bouquet. The child lived in a large city where

flowers were scarce and costly, and they were seldom given her. She was delighted with them, and kept holding them up to her face, and thinking how lovely they were. "Mamma," she said, "I wish I could give them to our Saviour." "You can, dear; I will take you with me this afternoon, and you may have a chance to give them to Him." The little girl was greatly pleased to think she could make Jesus such a lovely present; but she was wondering all the time where her mother was going to find Him. By and by the lady was ready to start, and they went together into a part of the city where the child had never been before. They went through narrow, shabby alleys, and up old, rickety stairs, and into a little, dingy attic; and there, on a small bed, they found a little girl whose back had been hurt, and who was unable to sit up a single minute, and who perhaps would never be able to sit up again. As soon as she saw the flowers that the little visitor carried in her hand, she reached for

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them, and looked glad to see them. The mother motioned to the child to give the other the bouquet. She did so, but was a little sorry, because she thought she was to give them to Jesus. She said nothing, however, till they were out of the room, and going down the stairs again. "Mamma," she said, "you didn't let me give them to Jesus, after all." "Yes, dear, I did; for He says if you did it to one of His little ones, you did it to Him. And He takes your giving those flowers to that little sick girl just the same as if you had given them into His own hand." Then the little girl learned that what she did for any of Christ's little suffering ones brought a blessing to her soul from Him, and not only made her unselfish but happy.

You must be faithful to Him, even though everybody else forgets Him. Sometimes the people who do forget Him make it very hard for you. They make fun of you; they speak ill of you. Some children have even had to

give up their lives because they would remember to do what Jesus told them to.

In a city in Scotland is a marble monument to the "Maiden Martyrs," and they tell the story of two young girls who gave their hearts to the Lord Jesus Christ, and refused to worship the Virgin and the saints. They were put in prison, and were told that if they did not give up their way of serving the Lord, they would have to die. Everybody tried to win them back to the old way of doing; but they said: "No, Jesus wouldn't be pleased, and we must do what he wants us to, even if we lose our lives." The people took them at last, and tied them to stakes out in the sand on the sea-shore, where the tide would rise about them, and drown them. Then they came around them, and promised to give them everything, if they would stop praying to Jesus, and ask the Virgin to pray for them, or the saints. But they said, "No; that is not the right way. Jesus is the only Saviour." The tide began to come in.

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FORGET-ME-NOTS.

It crept over their feet, it came to their knees and then to their wrists, and then to their chins. The people had gone back from them, but they kept shouting to them over the waters, and said, "If you'll just say you will worship the Virgin, we will come to you in boats, and save your lives." But they would not. They were faithful to Christ; and the water came up over their heads and drowned them. After the whole country had turned to worship Christ instead of the Virgin and the saints, the people built this monument for them. Though their lives were very short here, thousands and thousands of children and young people have been stirred to be faithful to Christ by the story of the "Maiden Martyrs."

You must never forget Christ, and He will never forget you, nor the smallest thing you do in His service. He said if we would give so much as a cup of cold water in His name we would not lose the reward. The Bible says, "When thy father and thy mother for-

sake thee then the Lord will take thee up." It tells of a little Hebrew girl who was captured by the Syrians and given by their general to his wife to wait upon her. The child's mother had taught her to worship God, and be true to Him, and though she was taken out of the plain, little tent where her father and mother lived, into an elegant palace where the people served false Gods in a very grand way, she did not forget the God of her father and mother. One day she was in the harem, and she heard the ladies talking about her master. He was a leper, and though he had done everything that could be done to cure him, he grew worse all the time, and he would have to die a slow, dreadful death with that horrid disease. She said to her mistress, "Would God my master was with the prophet in Samaria, for he would recover him of his leprosy." Now if she had been like the beathen around her, they would have paid no attention to that, because they are always telling falsehoods for the sake of exciting

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curiosity. But this child was so truthful that the lady's attention was attracted to what she said about the prophet, and she asked her what he had ever done. Then the little maid told her about his making the iron swim, and raising to life the little boy that died of a sunstroke, and the other miracles that Elisha had wrought. The lady believed her story, and told it to her husband, and he told the king, and the king sent a letter to the King of Israel, asking that the prophet might cure the captain general of his leprosy. The captain-general went, and was cured, and became a good man. So you see a great miracle was wrought, and the light of God's holy religion was carried into the capitol of a heathen country, all on account of the truthfulness of a little Hebrew child. If you never forget to obey God, He will let even the faithfulness of your small life amount to all it can in His service.



CHAPTER IV.

MORNING-GLORIES.

If your home is in the country, you will be very apt to know how beautiful the morning-glories are, those nimble vines that climb over the garden fence and about the porch, and are full of flowers every morning. With the peep of day, when the dew lies fresh and sweet on the grass, when "there is not a blade too mean to be some humble creature's palace," when the birds are tuning their throats for the best music of the day, when the sun dapples every hill and plain with gold, the morning-glories hold their delicate cups toward

heaven, full of the sweetest incense. They raise their bright, glad faces to see if anyone is wise enough to come out and enjoy this most delightful hour. Most of the people are in bed just when the day is most beautiful. Those that are bad usually lie abed late because they have spent the night in wickedness, when the darkness would hide their sin. Vain and silly women that love only foolish and idle parade and show; men who gamble and drink, cheat and steal, rob and murder, use the night and sleep in the day-time.

Early rising gives one a good start for the day's work. Laboring people are up and off early, of course.

If you sleep late you will rush about to get ready for breakfast, with your hair untidy, your clothes partly fastened; or you will come hurrying in when the meal is half over, dash this way and that to find your hat and books, and hardly have time to stay to prayers. If you do, the worship will do you little good, because you are thinking of the tardy marks you will get at school.

If you go to school in a flurry, you are apt to be in a flurry all day. You leave your room in disorder for somebody else to put to rights. How much better to get up in time, make your own bed, put your room in order, get quite ready for breakfast and for school, and go about your day's work as though you meant to make it amount to something.

There is a Chinese proverb that the morning hour has gold in its mouth. If a heathen could say such a wise thing, how much more ought a Christian to act wisely.

"The first battle of the day is fought, and often lost, before our eyes are fairly open in the morning. Our good sense tells us that it is time to get up, but we don't feel like doing so. The sweetest sleep of the night seems to be those last few stolen winks. You ought to get up, and you don't want to. You lose the hour; you begin with a defeat, and fail all day. "Well begun is half done." "He that ruleth his own spirit is greater than he that taketh a city."

Begin the day by conquering yourself, and making yourself get up early because it is right. Review your lessons when your mind is fresh and strong. When you are rested you will be able to do as much in ten minutes, as you could in half an hour when you are tired.

If you rise early you will have plenty of time to pray and read the Bible. Satan conquers many a Christian by making him hurry through his first season of prayer in the morning. Martin Luther, who had more on his hands than any man in Europe, used to say, "I have a great deal to do to-day, and I must have an extra hour of private prayer." Some of the best Christians whom I know pray an hour or two in the morning, even before they are dressed.

I knew a girl who had to get up early to help her invalid mother get breakfast. So she formed the habit of rising at five, and it has stayed by her all these years. She is able to do a great many things that other

people do not get time for, mainly because she has that first morning hour. Ask the Saviour to give you strength to master yourself, and get you started right; so that you can have a sweet little morning-glory in your heart with which to begin the day.



CHAPTER V.

FLAX.

I HAVE a pretty apron that a young girl made for me. It has in one corner etched in red cotton, a small flax wheel, and in another a flower of the flax plant, and in old-fashioned letters the words, "Get thy spindle and thy distaff ready, and God will send thee flax." Perhaps you have seen the pattern. It has a good hint in it.

We must have the delicate blue flax blossom in our bunch of flowers, to remind us that we are to be industrious. Even in the Old Testament days flax was the article on

44 *A BUNCH OF FLOWERS FOR GIRLS.*

people do not get time for, mainly because she has that first morning hour. Ask the Saviour to give you strength to master yourself, and get you started right; so that you can have a sweet little morning-glory in your heart with which to begin the day.

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which women worked, and out of which they made their clothes, and many things for the comfort of their homes. The priests' garments were of fine twined linen.

God was so pleased with those who were skillful in this work, that He gave them special wisdom that they might make the curtains for the Tabernacle that He told Moses to build in the wilderness.

The Lord's model woman was sketched by Solomon in the thirty-first chapter of Proverbs. He says, "She seeketh wool and flax, and worketh willingly with her hands." That was necessary that she might become a business woman; for he said also, "She delivereth girdles to the merchant," and "She perceiveth that her merchandise is good."

If you would be industrious when you are a woman, you must begin as a little girl.

If you have not been so fortunate as to be born in a home where all have to work, and have been accustomed to have servants to do everything for you, it will be difficult for you

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to be industrious. Perhaps your mother will be as wise as a lady whom I once knew. She had a large family of daughters, but though she was very rich, she obliged them all to take care of their own rooms, make their own clothes, and do just as much about the house as the daughters of poor people usually have to do. All mothers are not so wise, however. Some spoil their daughters by bringing them up in idleness. It is very hard for such children ever to learn to work. It is not uncommon for them to lose their property, and become poor; and then, not knowing how to work, they are in hard circumstances all their lives.

Many of you live in villages and on farms, where both parents have to work hard to keep the home in comfort. Would it not seem quite selfish for a little girl to spend her time in play and lounging around with a story book, while the rest were working as hard as they could to make a pleasant home for her? Christ could certainly never be pleased with such conduct.

Probably most of the girls to whom I am talking, will have to work when they grow up. It will never come easy to them unless they learn when they are children. I knew a little girl whose mother was determined to make her industrious, and though she was not very fond of work, she was obliged to knit twenty times around a stocking every day. Sometimes she thought it very hard; other children were not obliged to do so. But I have heard her say since she has grown to be a Christian worker, and does a great deal of good, that that was one of the best things that could have happened to her. It gave her what was better than a fortune, a habit of industry.

There is a great deal of work to be done. There are books to write, schools to be established, missionaries to be sent to foreign countries and to the poor of our own land. We need a great deal of temperance work. Only women who are industrious can bear their part in these things. So much has come to

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women to do, that was never dreamed of when I was a child, I wonder what will be before you when you are grown up. You want to have such industrious habits that you can know and do your part.

We are commanded in the Bible to work while it is called to-day. Jesus said, "My Father worketh hitherto and I work." Paul said, "If any man will not work neither shall he eat."

It is plain enough to be seen that the Lord is not pleased with idle people.

There is work even for children to do. I heard a lady who was a missionary in Japan say that the little girls in her school were so eager to teach the heathen around them, that they would hurry through their lessons, and, just as soon as their recitations were over, they would take their Testaments, and go out into the little cabins to read the Bible to the poor women. If those little, converted heathen could do so much to get others saved, what ought not we to do who are Christians,

and who have known so long what Christ can do for sinners.

You must find out what you can do, and make yourselves ready to do it. Many years ago a little Welsh girl went every Sunday to hear Rev. Thomas Charles preach in the town of Bala, in Wales. She was very attentive and well-behaved, never laughing and whispering, as some girls are careless enough to do. When Mr. Charles met her in the street during the week, he would ask her to give him the text that he preached from the Sabbath before. She could usually do it without any trouble; but one day when he asked her the text she could not tell it, and her eyes filled with tears. "What is the matter, my child?" Her answer was, "The weather, sir, has been so bad I could not get to read the Bible." "Could not get to read the Bible!" exclaimed Mr. Charles, "Why, what does that mean?" "Why, sir," answered the child, "we have no Bible in our house, but there is one in a house the other side of the

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mountain that I can look at whenever I choose. The weather has been so bad this week, that I have not been able to get there." He found that she had been in the habit of walking seven miles over the mountain and back, to read the chapter from which he had taken his text the previous Sunday,—fourteen miles every time she read the Bible. That was in the year 1802, before there was any plan for distributing the Bible among people, and that very incident was the means of starting the first Bible Society in the world. When Mr. Charles went to London that year, he and another minister proposed to form a society to supply the nation and the world with Bibles; and the people continued to talk about it, until a society was formed under the name of the British and Foreign Bible Society. You see how much good the little Welsh girl did by walking fourteen miles over the mountain to read her chapter in the Bible. It was the means of giving hundreds of thousands of people the Word of God.



CHAPTER VI.

FOUR-O'CLOCKS.

HAVE you ever seen that nice, old-fashioned country flower called the four-o'clock? It always unfolds its pretty cup at four in the afternoon. I am sure I do not know how it tells the time, nor why it should come out at just that hour. Maybe it is that the little folks coming home from school, through the heat and dust, may have a bright, fresh welcome when they get into the yard, and run up to the old house door.

I think this flower is one of the Lord's lessons in punctuality. Do you know what

that long word means? If you ought to be in school at nine o'clock, and don't get there till fifteen minutes past, you are not punctual. People who are punctual are always just where they ought to be at the very time, and never keep others waiting for them.

Suppose the flowers had an afternoon meeting appointed for four. They would say that they must be ready to open their exercises by the time the four-o'clocks were out, and then they would be sure to make nobody wait.

Some think that the time of children is of no account. They waste as much of it as they please. They forget that there is everything for the small people to learn, and only a few years in which to learn it; and if they get a habit of wasting the time, they will go through life always behind.

You can buy a bar of iron for five dollars, but when it is made into watch-springs it is worth two hundred and fifty thousand dollars. If you mean to have the watch-springs

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by and by, you cannot afford to throw away the plain, coarse bar of iron. After awhile your time will be worth so much an hour. The more you learn to crowd into it now, when it isn't worth so much, the more it will be worth then. If you waste some things, you can find others to make up the loss; if you waste an hour, it is gone forever, and you can never find it again.

A story is told of a Roman Emperor who exclaimed with the utmost sorrow, "I have lost a day!"

It is said that when Queen Elizabeth was dying she cried out, "Millions of money for an inch of time!" Probably if she had used well her hours earlier in life, her work would have been done so that she would not regret that she had come to the end of her days.

If you do not want to be bankrupt for time when you are old, you must use every minute as well as you can while there seems to be plenty. Out on the frontier where the Indians live who have no clocks, they walk

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about in an aimless way, as if they never had anything to do and never expected to have; and the white people, who are waiting for the towns to grow to make their land worth something, are not much more rapid in their movements. In that region I notice that the railroad trains run as they please, as far as time is concerned. In a town in New Mexico they said: "We will telephone to the station and see how many hours the train is behind, so that you need not be in haste about going down there. You may have to wait a great while." In older, settled countries where people are driving all sorts of business, every train must start "on time" to the half-minute. If you expect ever to amount to much, you must learn to be prompt in whatever you undertake to do.

When the breakfast-bell rings, be ready to slip into your seat as soon as the rest take theirs. Don't come in after the blessing is asked, and your father has begun to serve the food. Of all things don't keep them waiting for you,

Never be late at school. You will be cut down in your standing, if you are marked tardy; you will forfeit the confidence of your teacher, and the respect of your schoolmates. If you always come in a little late to begin the first recitation, you will be all in a flurry, trying to catch your breath and collect your thoughts, instead of being quiet and restful, with your wits about you. Besides, if you start in that way, you will be sure to forget something that will bother you and others all day. "There comes Miss Flutterbudget," they will say. "She is never in season, and never knows just what she is about." If you have formed such a habit, let me advise you to break it at once. Promise yourself never to be late at school again; and ask the Lord Jesus to help you keep the promise.

Some are always late at Sabbath-school and church, which is quite as bad as to be tardy in school. They disturb others; they take people's attention, and make confusion, if they come in after the service is begun;

and, by so much, they hinder the good that would be done.

You may be careless about wasting your own week-day time, but you must be careful about that which belongs to the Lord.

We have no right to waste the time that belongs to others. If I keep thirty-two people waiting fifteen minutes, I have used eight hours of the time of others, enough for a full day's work.

You have no more right to waste the Lord's time than your own or that of your friends.

A gentleman overheard his little daughter saying: "Come, Lizzie, hurry up; pull on your 'tockings. You're wasting the Lord's time."

You will not be able to do so much for Him now, nor in the days when heavier work is waiting for you, unless you form the habit of being careful in using the minutes.

Do you remember reading of the young Prince Napoleon, who was killed by the Zulus a few years ago? He had joined the Eng-

lish army, and was one day riding at the head of a squad outside the camp. It was dangerous, and one of the company said: "We had better return. If we don't hasten, we may fall into the hands of the enemy." "Oh," said the prince, "let us stay here ten minutes and drink our coffee." Before the ten minutes had passed, a company of Zulus came upon them, and in the skirmish the prince lost his life. His mother, when told about this, said, in her great sorrow: "That was his mistake from babyhood. He never wanted to go to bed at night in time, nor rise in the morning. He was always asking for ten minutes more. When too sleepy to speak, he would lift up his two little hands and spread out his ten fingers, indicating that he wanted ten minutes. On that account I used to call him 'Master Ten Minutes.'" Many persons have lost not only their lives, but their souls, by failing promptly to obey the Lord. Every minute has its duty. Let us find out what it is, and do it faithfully and readily.

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CHAPTER VII.

HOLLYHOCKS.

ONE bright little miss tips her head on one side, shaking it with the dissent she doesn't care to utter. She is thinking "What's the use of having such a homely old thing as a hollyhock in our bouquet?" Well, we will see if the hollyhock can't give us a good lesson—as good a lesson as its prettier sisters have done.

Some of the homeliest things are the most useful. Have you not been told plenty of times, "Pretty is that pretty does?" The Lord didn't see fit to make everything to suit

our fancy. He wants sunflowers as well as roses. They are good for a great many things for which roses would not do at all.

He made the hollyhocks as well as the geraniums. They are a great deal tougher, and grow with less care. "But what are they good for?"

When you have been riding along a quiet, country road, have you not seen the hollyhocks growing beside the gravel walk from the door of the farm-house to the gate? Farmers' boys are apt to be noble-hearted fellows, but when they go to the city they are easily led astray. Farmers' daughters sometimes "make up lost time," as they call it, when they get into the whirl of fashionable society. A farmer's boy who has gotten away from the simple trust and truth of the old home, may see one of these plain, common hollyhocks. It will bring up at once the two rows between which the dear mother was carried, white and still, when the neighbors bore her to the graveyard by the church

on the hill-side. Then the simple, buzzing, little Sunday-school, with its lessons, will be remembered, and the "protracted meeting," in which he gave his heart to the Lord Jesus Christ. It will all come back as clear and fresh as though it happened yesterday. Who can tell the good done by that simple old home flower.

It teaches us that we can be very useful, if everybody is not always admiring us and saying things about our looks that make us vain and foolish. I remember a story of two little sisters, one of whom was pretty and the other plain; one was flattered till she grew very proud and selfish, the other was shy and timid. Nobody petted or noticed her; even her mother seemed less fond of her than of her sister. One evening her mother was ill with a headache. She heard a soft step. "Minnie, is it you?" "No, mamma; it's only me." There was a pitiful, little tone about the "only me" that touched the heart of the careless mother. From that

time she made up her mind that one child should receive as much of her love and attention as the other. She found, beside, that plain, little "only me" was the one who was ready to leave her play, and come and sit by her, and do little kindnesses for her which the selfishness of her pampered sister hindered her from thinking of.

Most little girls love to do things to make them look pretty. They like to have their clothes look well, and are grieved if they have to wear homely, old dresses, and if they cannot have as many pretty things as other girls have. They love to have everybody think they look nice. Now, it is right to dress and look so that people will be pleased with us and think well of us. You must remember, though, that of all the things we prize most highly, none is more fleeting than the beauty of a young girl's face or form. It doesn't come to its best in this country till a girl is twenty years old, or so, and begins to fade in four or five years. It is certainly

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If one gets a notion that beauty of face is
all she needs, and lets her mind get full of
the thought of how people think she looks,
she is apt to spend time on her hair and
dress that ought to be given to study. So it
often comes about that the handsomest women
are the most empty-headed and selfish.
They are apt to have poor health, and be-
come a burden to their friends. To make
themselves look nice, they lace their waists
down to the smallest size, pinch their feet
and wear the tiniest shoes they can get on,
with soles too thin to protect them from
dampness, and the lightest dresses, because
they think they look the prettiest. They
will be quite out of sorts if they have to
wear thick dresses and strong shoes that will
not show off their dainty form and feet.

Then they grow selfish. They are so anx-
ious to keep their hands dainty, they don't care
to share in the hard work of the house, even

letting their poor mothers, who are almost ill enough to be in bed, do the hard things that they themselves ought to do.

Women in India spend their time with their jewelry, dressing their hair and keeping their faces pretty. They are shut up in zenanas, and nobody respects them, because they amount to nothing. A child of nine years in America can knit, and crochet, and sew, and do more things than India women can. They cannot read or write; they don't know anything but to make their faces look nice. Men have no faith in their sense of goodness, and they will not trust them to go and see their own mothers in the same town, without being carried in a covered palanquin. All they know is how to put on their jewelry. A well-dressed woman in Ceylon is said to wear thirty pounds of metal on her person. Those poor heathen girls have funny notions of beauty. In Morocco they think the fatter one is the handsomer, so they shut the girls up in little, dark places, and feed them

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with all manner of rich, greasy food, so that they can get a large price for them when they sell them.

In China they think that unless a woman has the tiniest feet she is horridly homely. I saw a pair of shoes that Bishop Kingsley brought home from China. They belonged to a woman who weighed one hundred and forty pounds, and their soles were about two inches and a half long. It is dreadful to think how much the young girls of China have to suffer on account of this false notion of beauty. Their mothers cannot begin the binding of their feet till the children are five or six years old, for fear that it will kill them, and they must keep them stupid with opiates during the process, for fear their screams will drive the people out of the house. Have you ever gone to church or Sunday-school with tight new shoes on? How your feet did ache, and how glad you were to get home where you could unbutton your shoes and put on old ones. Think how

it would seem to have your little toe put under your foot and bound with a stout bandage. When it had grown into your foot then the next one to it, and by and by the next one, and after awhile the next, until you could wear a shoe that was only two or three inches long.

Chinese women think it is a disgrace to work, so they not only pinch their feet in that miserable way, but they let their nails grow like birds' claws. Sometimes they are six inches long, and have to be kept in gold cases to keep them from breaking. Of course a woman cannot do anything with her hands in that plight. She cannot even comb her own hair. Poor foolish things! While some are making themselves so fat they can hardly waddle along, others are pinching their feet, and others are drawing in their waists so that they can hardly breathe. They are letting their minds grow full of weeds, instead of being like a garden of flowers, with nice, pleasant walks and pretty blossoms

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What a girl ought to do is to get all the fine, strong thoughts into her mind that she possibly can, and all the good, kind feeling towards everybody; but above all, the love, reverence and obedience to the Lord that will make her beautiful to Him. Let her be pure and lovely in His eyes, that He may give her good work to do for Himself, and a home in heaven forever.



CHAPTER VIII.

DANDELIONS.

I SEE that my little girls are smiling at my choice of this plain, country flower for our bouquet. Well, I do love the bright-faced dandelions, lifting their glad eyes towards mine as I walk by the roadside, in the broad, free, open country, where the birds pour forth sweeter and more tender music than I ever have heard in any concert hall. A clean, clear sky bends over all, with its depths of blue, and the woods are in their fresh, spring green. I can remember driving along a country road with my blessed father,

and listening to some quaint, old story of the early days when the country was new, and there were bears, and wolves, and Indians, and everybody tried to help everybody, because they all had all they could do to get along. When I see the dandelions laying their cheeks against the soft, green grass, looking up in their cheerful way, contented and happy with their lowly place; or, after their stalks have grown above their leaves, and they have put on their white night-caps to go to bed, like the dear old grandmothers with the full frills about their kind faces; or, when the wind has thrown their winged seeds hither and thither for the next spring's growth, so as to make all dull, out of the way places bright and fresh, it always brings back those happy days, and I thank God for their sweet lessons of content.

Don't you think dandelions look like spots of sunshine on the grass? They are worth a thousand times more than gold dollars would be scattered about the ground, for

what good would gold do unless one had the health and happiness that come from a contented spirit? Many a woman who has a diamond worth a small farm hanging in each ear, would gladly give them, and all the rest of her finery, if she could get back the tender-hearted simplicity, purity and gentleness of life that she had when she used to curl dandelions stems and wear them for earrings.

Have you never seen the dandelions blooming after all the flowers had gotten their day's work done, their seeds ripened and scattered, and had gone to sleep to wait for spring to come again? I remember seeing them bloom on the college campus one day in autumn, and it set me thinking of a lady who was in some of my classes. She had not had a good chance for education when she was a child. She had married, and her husband had died, and she had come to school with her step-son, to learn the things she would have been glad to study earlier. She has been doing good work since then

for missions and temperance, and I have been glad that she had the patience to wait, and the courage to study when she had the opportunity, even if it came late.

I know a lady who is a missionary, whose health was poor when she was a child. Her husband was a soldier during the war, and after he died, for twenty years she had the care of her mother. After her mother's death she went to school and fitted herself, late as it was, to do the work that she believed the Lord required of her.

It is not wrong to want to get into a good place in the world so that people will look up to you, and you can influence them for good; but a great many have been hindered by being crippled by accident, by poverty, by some disease of which they cannot be cured, and they never can do things as others do. They are like the poor, little "burros" as the New Mexicans call their donkeys, that one sees with their feet tied together to keep them from going far from home. Now, what is the

thing for such people to do? Why, make the best of what chances they have. It only makes matters worse to fret and be gloomy. Suppose it is a burden for your friends to take care of you; you make it heavier for them by being sad and down-hearted. No, if you cannot do anything else, you can be sunny like the dandelion. You can say with Tiny Tim, in Dickens' Christmas Carol, "Now God bless us all, every one." The rest seemed to love the little fellow all the more for being a cripple, and it gave them a good chance to show their kindness of heart.

I went to an asylum for the deaf and dumb one day. I thought before I came upon the grounds, what a dismal place it must be among those children of silence. I was greatly mistaken, I can assure you. They had as much fun going on as any set of young folk I ever saw. They could be as mischievous, too. When the girls wanted to whisper to each other, they would partly cover their hands with their aprons, so that no

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one could see them but the one to whom they meant to tell the funny thing; and the way they would make their fingers fly! and how they would laugh when the merry thing was spelled out in that sly way!

I went also to see the blind, and they were even more cheerful than the deaf and dumb. I never saw children read the Bible with so much eagerness as was in their manner, while their fingers moved rapidly over the raised letters.

I remember reading of a blind girl whose fingers were sore from constantly using them on the raised words of the Bible, and she could not wait for them to get well, but she would touch the letters with her lips. She literally kissed the meaning out of the words.

Some little girls who have good eyes hardly read a chapter once a week, except as they look over the Sunday-school lesson.

I was in a hall among blind people, when a girl came dashing in as merry as a cricket. She ran up to me, and thought she

had caught one of the girls. I kept still, but when she touched my fur wrap she knew that she was mistaken, and sprang backward with an exclamation and apology, while the other girls laughed as merrily at her mistake as if they could see the blushes on her face. I never knew more cheerful people than those, though they lived always in the dark.

Some of the happiest and most useful have been shut in by incurable disease. I knew a lady who had not raised her head from the pillow for thirty years. Most of the time she was in severe pain. She could not even move her limbs or feet. She could use her fingers enough to write a few lines when the paper was placed in a frame on her chest. Was she happy? Her room was always full of the sunshine of heaven. I do not think there was another woman in the town who did as much good as she. The moment you stepped into the room you felt as if you were in the presence of one who talked always with the Lord. You would remember for

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years the sweet, unselfish things she said
about Him and His work.

So you see, God wants you to be very hap-
py and useful, though you may be obliged to
live a lowly, commonplace life.



CHAPTER IX.

CHRISTMAS ROSES.

WHAT I have said about the dandelion has set me thinking of the Christmas roses that a lady gave me last autumn. They were the first I had ever seen. She went out into the garden, to the place where she knew they were growing, and pushed away the snow and ice, and picked a bunch of beautiful white flowers. I had seen the *eidelweis* blossoms that grow within a few inches of the glaciers, the great ice-fields of Switzerland. They are all wrapped up in soft, furry leaves, and yet they seem very brave to lift their heads so

near those immense piles of ice; but here were flowers that bloomed under the snow, and when they were thawed out they were as bright and lovely as any that blossom in the warmest sunshine. When I looked at them, I said: "I will never be discouraged again, no matter what is in the way. If the Lord can make these flowers so lovely, right down in the very heart of winter, He can make my life beautiful, though every thing seems to lock it away from the sunshine, as surely as the frost-chains have done those Christmas roses."

I once knew a little girl whose parents were not Christians, They were very much opposed to Christianity, and never failed to speak ill of the Lord's people and his ministers every chance that offered. When this child was five years old her sister, a young lady, gave her heart to God. She came home and told the little girl, and prayed with her, and she was converted. The sister died when the child was eight. After that

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she had no one to help her, and yet the wicked things they would say about God and His Church, never made any difference to her; she went right on trying to serve the Lord the best she knew. When she had grown to be a young lady, the rest of the family were all brought to Christ. When she became a Christian worker, she had courage to believe that anybody could serve the Lord under the most difficult circumstances, for she had had to come up through so much. It would be hard to say how dreadfully discouraged she had sometimes been, with no one to help her when she tried to do right and be a Christian. When she saw the mothers and fathers of other little girls helping them, she used to say, in the bitterness of her heart, "No one cares for my soul." After awhile she understood that Jesus is most anxious to help those who are most completely snowed under and frozen by cold surroundings.

It is quite like the little street boy in the hospital who said to the other in his queer,

slangy talk: "Them that needs Him most is just the ones He goes for." He had heard a little friend of his in another cot crying and groaning, and he rested himself upon his elbow and leaned towards him. "Jimmie," he said, "does it hurt dreadful bad?" "Yes, Ned, and it 'pears like I couldn't stand it much longer." "Well, Jimmie, ask Jesus, and he'll come and make it all right some way." "Oh no, Ned, I don't know how—a poor, little chap like me; I couldn't talk to no such fine, great gentleman as He is." "Oh, Jimmie, ye don't know nothing 'tall about Him. Them that needs Him most is just the ones He goes for." This poor child's grammar was not correct, but the thing he said was beautifully true.

A little girl, who had given her heart to the Lord Jesus Christ, was mocked at by a skeptic. He had heard her say something about the Saviour, and he said with a sneer: "What do you know about Jesus? He was dead and buried long ago, and that was the

end of him." "Oh no, it wasn't." "Yes, it was. What do you know about Him?" "I didn't use to know anything about Him, but I do now, 'cause He's come to live in our alley."

When children live in homes where they have no family prayer, or blessing at the table, or any of those sweet things that help so much, the Lord Jesus takes special care of them. You know He said the shepherd would leave the ninety and nine that went not astray, to go and look for the one that was lost.

The poor, little lamb that is outside in the dark and cold, must not be afraid, because Jesus is watching every minute to give just the help that is needed. The prophet said of Him, he would "gather the lambs in His arms and carry them in His bosom." When we get into the other world we will find that we did not have one trial too many; every one was meant to make us stronger. I don't know, but I think that when we see Him in

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I heard a lady tell about a friend of hers
who was ill and unable to go out. Some one
brought her a chrysalis, which, you know, is
the form the butterfly is in when its wings are
folded at its side, and it is tucked away to
lie still, till the sunshine comes, so that it
will be safe for it to come out. The invalid
watched her chrysalis with a great deal of
care, and anticipated much pleasure in see-
ing the butterfly, which was to be very large
and beautiful. By and by it began to stir,
and then its head came out, and then a part
of its body, and then more and more of it, till
at last it seemed almost entirely free from its
case, except that there was a thread drawn
over its mouth that held it back. It was
struggling to get that broken, and she
thought she would help it; so she took a pair
of fine scissors and snipped the thread. Then
the butterfly came out, but its wings trailed
behind it. They hadn't strength to spread

themselves, and they were almost colorless. It lived two or three days, and then stopped breathing, and she was obliged to throw it away. A gentleman who was a naturalist, called to see her, and she told him about her butterfly, and her disappointment, and asked him what he supposed killed it. He said: "You killed it when you cut that thread. It needed the exercise of breaking that thread to make it strong, and get the blood into its wings."

When the Lord permits troubles to come upon us, we must understand that it is because He loves us, for "Whom the Lord loveth He chasteneth"; and we must patiently work our way out of them with His help, without fretting, or complaining, or thinking that our lot is harder than that of anyone else. And we will find, by and by, that He has not allowed us to have one trouble too many.

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CHAPTER X.

LILIES.

THERE is hardly a flower in the garden that seems to me more beautiful than the white lily. Roses may be brighter and richer in coloring, but the lily is so pure and sweet, its beauty is beyond that of all the rest. When I see it I feel like asking our Lord to make me as white in soul, and as delicate and refined in my inner life, as that superb flower.

I knew a little girl six years old, who felt that her heart was not clean. She had always prayed since she could remember, but when Jesus' light shone down into her heart,

she saw that there were bad things there. She went to her mother, and asked her what she should do. Her mother said: "Why, Hattie, you never did very wrong things. I don't believe you ever said a word in your life to hurt people; you have always been kind and good and obedient." "Yes, mamma, I know that; I have been all right on the outside, but it's bad in here," (putting her hand on her heart) "it's bad in here, and what shall I do?" "Why, Hattie, you love Jesus, don't you? You belong to Him?" "To be sure, mamma, and I don't see how anybody can help loving Jesus Who is so good, and that's what makes me feel so bad. Jesus can see in here, and He sees that it isn't good as it is on the outside. Now, mamma, you know I have got to go to the judgment, and I have got to stand all alone there. You can't stand by me, and papa can't; and Jesus will look right at me, and He will see these naughty things hid away in my heart, and I don't see how He is going to let me go into heaven.

What shall I do, mamma? What *shall* I do?" And the tears rolled down over her cheeks, though her mamma tried to sooth and quiet her. At last her mother said: "Yes, Hattie, I suppose your heart isn't right. Mamma hates to own it, because she loves you so dearly, and she sees so many sweet things in your life; but I suppose you are like all the rest, and you have got to go to Jesus, and get Him to wash all the sin away." Then her mother told her how Jesus was able to make people's hearts as white as snow. Then Hattie prayed, and after a little while she so trusted the Saviour that all the trouble was gone. She didn't live many years, but she was always gentle, and patient, and kind; and, above all, Jesus was all the world to her.

If there are things in your heart that do not please the Saviour, and you go to Him, He will wash them away in His own blood. I mean by that, when He poured out His blood, which was His life, on the cross, He made it possible for you to have your heart made whiter than snow, by His power.

Christ can make our thoughts clean. The adversary will put bad thoughts into your mind, but you must not listen to him. Sometimes children want to learn about things that it is not proper for them to know, because they are not old enough to understand them; and they learn a great deal that sets them thinking wicked thoughts and saying bad words.

I knew a little girl who was asked to join some others of her own age, in trying to find out some of the things that grown-up people never talk about before children. "No, indeed," she said firmly, "when it is right for me to know about such things, my mother will tell me, and I will be sure to get it right if I get it from her. I don't want to hear you girls talk about them; and I will not." You may be sure that child's mind was pure from many of the evil thoughts that get into children's hearts and wriggle about there like black, slimy snakes.

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and it makes you feel cross every time you are told to do something that you don't want to do, or to give up doing what you very much like to do. Jesus can take all that away. Children have no right to fret and be impatient than grown people have. Christ can take all that is wrong out of everybody's heart, and He will have to do so before we are fit to go into heaven. They don't have any cross folks up there; that would make all the rest uncomfortable.

Children, as well as older people, sometimes fall into a way of saying unkind things behind other people's backs. Now, that will never do, because it is expressly forbidden in the Bible. One thinks that saying spiteful words to some one who will surely never tell, can do no harm, but the first you know, the story has slipped out, and then there is a "fuss," and everybody gets out of patience, and is unhappy, and everything goes wrong. The golden rule is the best one to follow. I would make up my mind never to say

anything about another person that I would not want her to say about me.

If you have a disposition to say little, mean things about others, you ought to go at once to the Saviour, and get Him to take that away.

I have known even little girls who were proud because they lived in a finer house, and wore nicer clothes than some of the rest. I have seen them look at their own pretty dresses like small peacocks, just learning to strut. They disliked to be seen walking or playing with the poor, little things whose fathers were drunkards, or very poor. Jesus does not like to have us act in that way. He was Himself so poor that He said He had not where to lay His head. He was very loving and tender towards those who were poor like Himself. He knew they had enough to put up with without having other people hurt them with cold looks and mean words.

The hardest thing of all to get rid of is selfishness. The trouble is we have such a

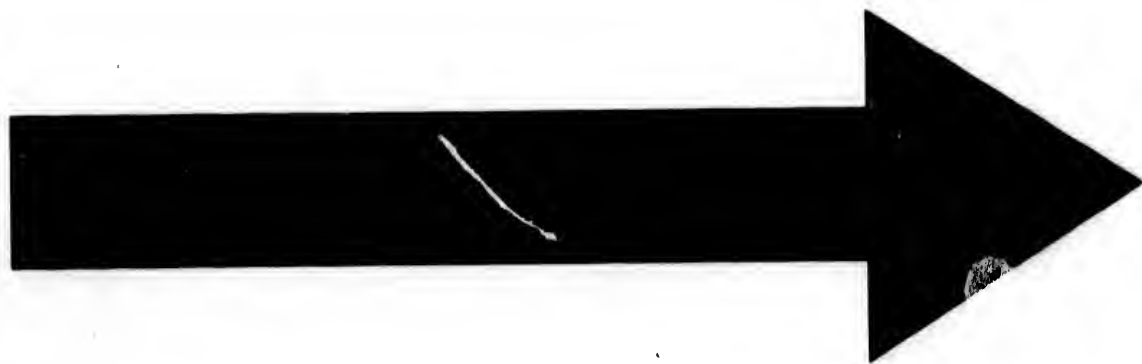
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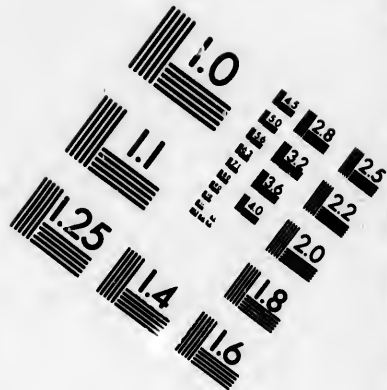
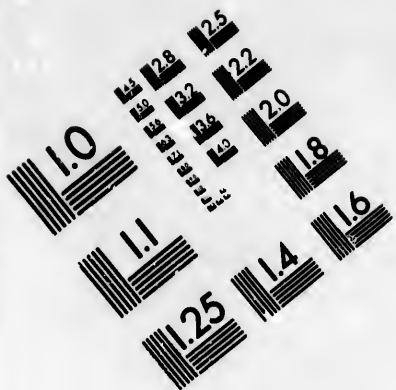
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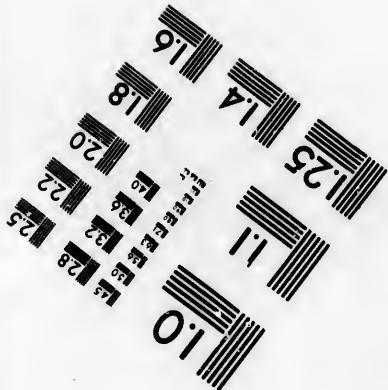
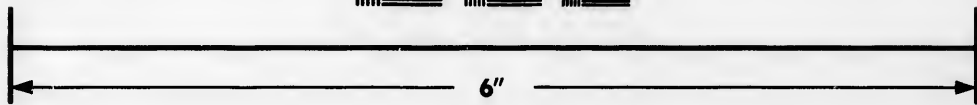
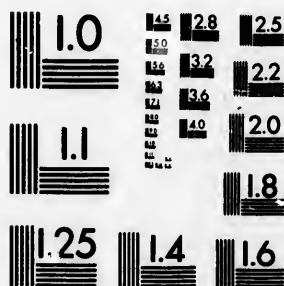
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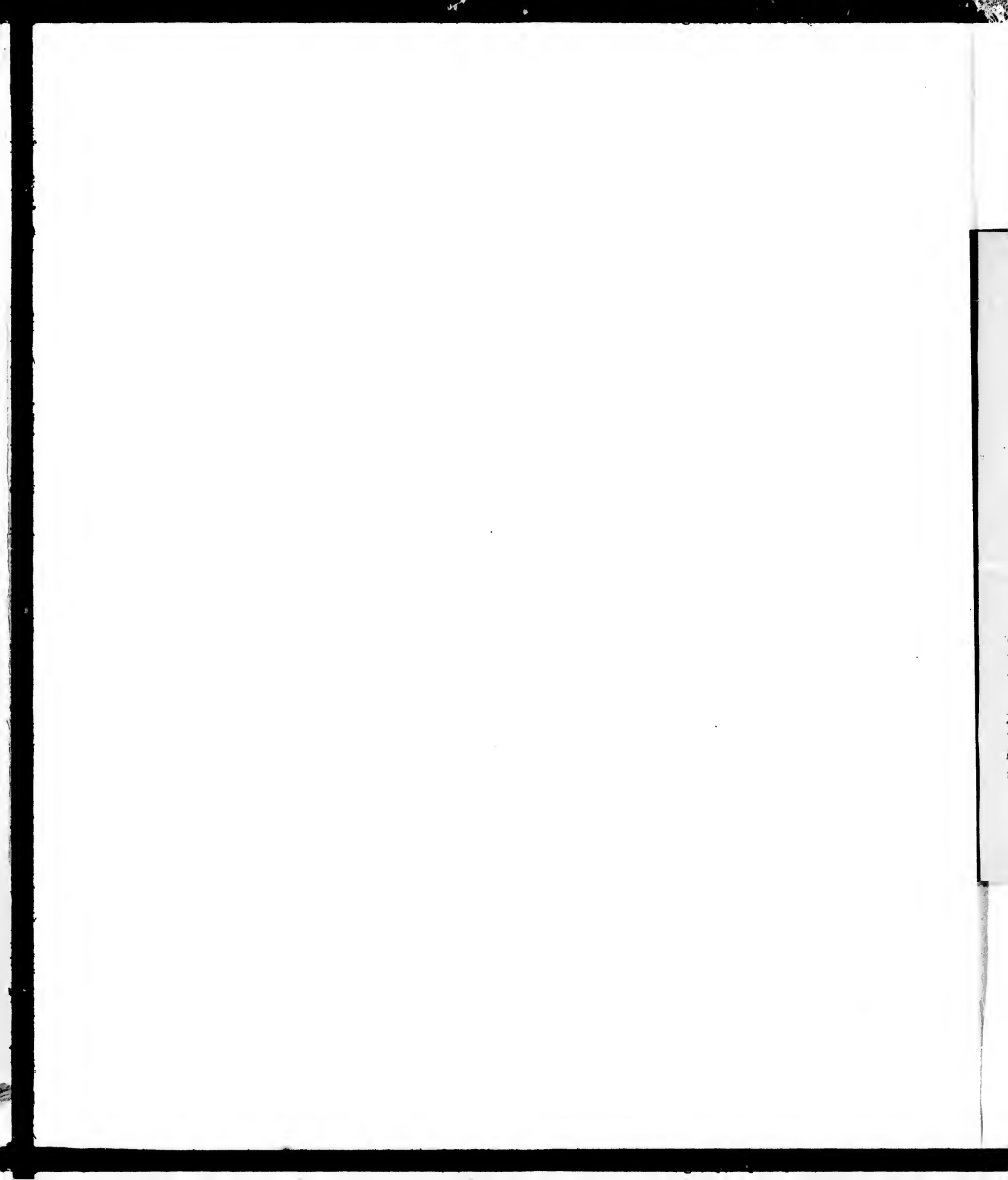
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habit of making excuses for ourselves we do not know when we are selfish. We must ask the Lord to search us and try us, and see if there is any wicked way in us. He will show us, and then we must go to Him to make our hearts white and pure like the lilies.

I was at a camp-meeting a few years ago, when, one morning, a gentleman came to me, leading his little daughter by the hand. He was pastor of a Scotch Presbyterian church a half-mile or so away, and I had met him in the meetings. He said: "I have brought my little girl to you that you may help her in her Christian life. Her mother was too ill to come to the meeting to-day; but Mary was so anxious to come, I thought I would venture to bring her to you." I replied, "Certainly; I will do my best to help the child."

She was a bright little girl of about seven years, the oldest of three, and probably a little more thoughtful than most children. I supposed that she wanted to give her heart to the Saviour; so, when we were by ourselves,

I said, "You want to give your heart to Jesus, don't you?" "Oh, no, ma'am!" she replied; "I was converted three years ago, and my mamma wants me to help the little ones to give their hearts to Him. I love to do things for Him; but sometimes I get a little spunky, if things don't go right, and that upsets it all, you know. If I am to do what mamma thinks I ought, to help the others, I must never do anything that Jesus doesn't want me to. Papa is very sure that Jesus can so save me that I won't be doing these naughty things."

I looked at her with surprise. Most children are satisfied to know that their sins are forgiven, and they don't think it any great matter to get out of temper, and be cross, and a little tricky now and then; but here was a child who looked as if she could enjoy a game of blind-man's-buff, or an hour or two of playing with dolls, or a pretty story, as well as any child, and yet she was not satisfied "to love as a part of the time," as she said,

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but she wanted to love Him with her whole heart, and that, in order that she might help her little brother and sister.

After dinner, I took her with me to a young people's and children's meeting that I was to hold. She sat back, and listened to every word I said. When I asked all to come forward who would seek to have their sins forgiven, some others came, but she seemed to know that that did not mean her. When I asked those who wanted to have the Saviour take all sin out of their hearts to come to the altar, she came and knelt down, and began to whisper a prayer for herself. When we arose from our knees, and a chance was given for any to speak who had trusted Jesus for what they sought, she was one of the first to say He had made her heart clean.

If that little girl is living, she is now a young lady. I have never seen her since that day. I don't know whether or not she became the wonderful Christian I thought she would be. But I believe that little children

may give their whole hearts to Jesus, and have Him with them all the time,—in their play, in their studies, in their temptations, in the little troubles that are as hard for them to bear as greater ones are for grown people. And I am praying that everywhere the children may find out that it is a great deal easier to love Jesus and do just what He wants them to, if they let Him wash their hearts "whiter than snow" in His own blood.

That little girl asked her Heavenly Father for Jesus' sake to make her heart whiter than snow. You see it must all be for the sake of Him who died on the cross that we might be saved from our sins, small as well as great ones; those that nobody can see, as well as those that make us disagreeable.

A little girl was about to say her prayers one night, and she said: "Mamma, if you please, I will not say 'for Jesus' sake' any more." "Why, Mary! What makes you say that?" "Why, mamma, I can be good my own self if I have a mind to be. I don't

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need to have Jesus help me be good." Her mother saw that her mind was made up, and that she would have to find out for herself what a dreadful mistake she was making. So she said: "Well, Mary, you need never say 'for Jesus' sake' again, unless you choose to; and now, if you are going to do right by yourself, you must try very hard to be just as good as you know how to be." "Yes, ma'am, I will." "And mamma will help you," continued the mother. "She will give you fifty gold dollars, to be all your own, to spend just exactly as you please, if you will be good a whole month without Jesus." "Oh, mamma, that money will be easy to earn; you are very kind. I'll do it. I'll begin to-morrow morning; shall I mamma?" "Yes, dear, begin when you get up to-morrow morning." Mary's heart seemed to fail her a little, the next morning, for the first thing she did was to put her head in at her mother's door and say: "Mamma, if you please, will you tell them all not to be very provok-

ing to-day?" "Yes, dear, we will all help you." So after breakfast the mother called in the coachman and the gardener, the second girl, and all the rest of them, and told them that Mary was going to be good without Jesus, and they must all help her as much as they possibly could. They promised to do so, and Mary set about what she thought was going to be very easy. At night she came to her mother and said: "Mamma, if you don't mind, I would like to begin over to-morrow morning, for I have been naughtier than usual to-day, though I did try very hard to be good my own self." "Very well, Mary, you may begin over again to-morrow morning." The next night Mary was quite sad when she came to her mother and said: "Mamma, I would like very much if you would let me begin over again to-morrow morning, for I have been worse to-day than I was yesterday." "Well, Mary, begin again to-morrow morning." The next night Mary came to her mother with the tears slipping down over her

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face. She said: "Mamma, will you please ask Jesus to forgive me for trying to be good without Him? There can't anybody; can there, mamma?"

Some people trust Jesus to forgive their sins, but they think they have to do the rest themselves. They must subdue their bad dispositions; they must keep from being fretful, and saying unkind things behind people's backs. But after awhile they come to find out, as little Mary did, "There can't anybody be good without Jesus; can they?"



CHAPTER XI.

ROSES.

"I THOUGHT you would have to give us some roses," exclaims laughing Miss Cheerible; "of course we couldn't get along without roses; they are the prettiest of all flowers." To be sure; the rose is the queen, and I want my little girls to be queenly. No, I don't mean to have them throw back their heads, and step loftily, as queens are supposed to do.

I never saw Queen Victoria. Perhaps no woman in the world has more power than she. She is Queen of the British Empire, and also Empress of India. I am told she is so simple

and kind-hearted that she loves to have her lap full of grandchildren as well as any woman that lives. The little children of her children, the Prince of Wales, the Empress of Germany, and the rest of them, come running in to climb into her arms and kiss her dear face, just as you love to pet your grandmother. Some poor woman who would not dare ask to be admitted to the presence of Queen Victoria, puts on far loftier airs, and holds her head higher, than she does.

Another of my little women looks up with a perplexed twist on her face. "Please tell us just what you mean," she says; "we are to be so meek and good as to give up everything to everybody without making a fuss, and yet you want us to be queenly, as you call it. I can't see how they go together."

How can I make you understand what I mean by being queenly? You can see the difference between being modest, straightforward, with a look of nothing-to-be-ashamed-of in the face, and that boldness that rushes

in, and puts in its word on all occasions, proper and improper.

I know a little girl who always hangs back and whines out "I can't," if you ask her to do anything that will make folks look at her for a moment. She blushes and wriggles about, and digs her teeth into her thumb-nail, and looks silly when she is spoken to by older people, especially if they are strangers.

I am afraid her mother is to blame for the foolish way in which the child acts. I know that the lady has hung back in just about that style, when she has been asked to go through a congregation to get people to become members of a missionary society, or to speak to them about giving their hearts to the Saviour. She would claim that she was quite too modest to do such bold things, though I am told that she can dance all night, with all sorts of men, with her dress low in the neck and no sleeves, which to me seems neither a proper nor healthful kind of clothing. I am afraid the poor woman does not know quite what is

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right in such things, and she has taught her little girl to simper and look shy, because she thinks it will make her seem modest.

Another child of my acquaintance will go right up to people, and call them by name, even if they are old enough to be her mother or father. She will call out, "How d'ye do?" and sometimes even "Halloo!" which is a very impolite way of speaking to any person. When older people are talking, she will put in a word, as if she were the oldest of them all. If a general question is asked, you will hear her voice piping out the answer, as if she were the most important person in the room. She is a good-hearted child, and it is a pity for her to be so bold in her manners.

People will not stop to get acquainted with us before they make up their minds whether or not they are going to like us. If our ways do not please them, they hardly care to know anything more about us.

That is one reason why a little girl should always be neat and simple in her dress. If

she is careless and shabby, strangers make up their minds that she has not a good mother; or else that her spirit is coarse and common, like a weed instead of a delicate flower, and they don't care to get acquainted with her. If she wears "loud" and striking things, to make people look at her the second time, as she passes them on the street, if she tries to dress like a young lady, wearing jewelry and all sorts of finery, they are quite likely to be displeased with her taste.

The same is true of her language, which is the dress of her thought. If it is rough or coarse, priggish or stilted, as though she were putting on fine lady airs, sensible people will be quite apt to take a dislike to her, because they will think her thoughts are not worth trying to get at. And they will not be far out of the way, either. If a child is foolishly shy, or disagreeably bold, the fault is usually in her mind; either she thinks meanly of herself, or she thinks herself much more important than she really is. She lacks proper self-respect, or she is vain and forward.

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If a child is too bashful, she is quite apt to be imposed upon by bad people. You know if you shy away from an ugly dog, he is twice as apt to bite you, as he would be if you went straight along as if you had a right to your part of the sidewalk. Satan is more ready to try to get us to do something mean, if we do not think enough of ourselves to say bravely: "No, I belong to Christ, and it would be a shame for one of His children to do such a thing." On the other hand, if you are too bold, and go stumbling along, you step into pitfalls that you might have seen, if you had been looking. You make serious mistakes that you might have avoided, if you had been a little more careful. The way to avoid both faults is to think how noble, and yet how simple, a thing it is to be a child of the Lord Jesus Christ, and to have Him live in your heart. He made you, and if He had wanted you to be very wise, or grand, He could easily have made you that way. For His sake, because He loves you and notices

every thought you think, and every word you say, be just your own plain, simple self, and do not try to be like other people who are greatly admired.

If He lives in your soul, there is no need to be ashamed of anything, as long as you please Him. He is a great King and you are a princess.

When one of Queen Victoria's children was going about with her nurse, she did not need to have everybody say: "Stand aside; here comes the princess." They would be sure to give her attention enough, because her mother was the queen. She would be very apt to say: "Please let me run along, and see things like other children. I know I am a princess, and people seem to think I am an important person because my mother is a queen and lives in a palace, but I don't want to be thinking about that all the time."

If a child's heart is full of the dear Lord's love, she will not care for the little, outside things that others may seem to think of so

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When one hears His word of approval in the soul, it is like having heard the best music. Other things are poor and cheap after that.

When one has His smile of love, it does not matter very much what people think. She feels so sure that she is a child of the King, she can be as grandly happy in a cabin as in a palace.



CHAPTER XII.

THE VINE.

ONE of the sweetest things that our Lord taught His disciples was given with the vine for an object lesson. In those days the vines of Palestine were rich and beautiful, bearing abundantly most delicious fruit. Jesus had eaten the passover, and reproved their foolish quarrel about which should sit nearest Him at the table, by washing their feet. Then He had instituted the Lord's supper, and they had risen to go out. The eleven stood around Him while He preached His last sermon to them, that one in the fourteenth chapter of

John, beginning so beautifully: "Let not your heart be troubled; ye believe in God, believe also in me." He said: "I am the vine and ye are the branches. He that abideth in me and I in him, the same bringeth forth much fruit; for without me ye can do nothing."

The words of Jesus never grow old, or out of date. They have as much meaning for us as they had for the people to whom He first said them. This lesson may be as helpful to us as it was to the apostles.

We may be one with Him. He may be the life of our lives, and work by us to do others good. We cannot live the spiritual life without Him. If we go away from Him for one hour, we will die as certainly as the branch would die if broken from the vine.

He needs us, also. The vine doesn't bear its fruit on the stalk, but on the branches. So, as if He wanted us to know how helpful we might be to Him, He said: "Herein is My Father glorified that ye bear much fruit."

To bear much fruit the vine has to be pruned.

ed. The ends of the branches must be pinched off, so that the strength may go to make the fruit grow. We do not enjoy having the nice things taken from us, but it is for the best, and we must not draw back from the pruning knife. We must take the troubles and trials that come to us as from the father's hand, and thank Him that He thinks it worth while to so prune and cut us that we may bear much fruit.

The vine must be watered. He has promised to come down like dew on the mown grass, and like showers that water the earth. Every time we pray by ourselves till we are sure He hears us, we have a sense of being refreshed, just as the plant that is wilted by the hot sun is brought to strength and beauty when the rain falls on it or it is dampened by the dew.

The vine must have sunshine. It cannot ripen its grapes in the shade. The old prophet called Christ the "Sun of Righteousness." We must let Jesus shine into our hearts by

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trusting for His presence. The best Christians always know the truth of those words of Christ: "Low I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world." Elisha spoke of the Lord, before Whom he stood. His strength came from always knowing that the Lord was with him.

Children may bear much fruit in their lives. I read the other day of a poor man who worked at making pottery. He had a little child at home who was a cripple, and every day when he went from his work, he would pick up a piece of bright paper that he would cut into some pretty shape, or a bunch of flowers, or a curious stone—some little thing to please the invalid. He never said much about her, but the men all came to know that there was such a child, and that her father did these things to amuse her during the long hours that she had to lie on her cot. So without words they went to work, one after another, to make pretty little things that they would put in his hands at night to take home

to the little cripple. One morning it was whispered about among the men that he would not be back that day, but that the little funeral procession would pass along the street at the end of the lane on which stood their workshop. The men all went to their employer and got a half-day off, losing their half-day's wages, that they might go and stand with their heads uncovered at the end of the lane while the man went by on his way to the cemetery with the little coffin that held his crippled child. His quiet, silent, constant care of her had made her seem to belong to all his fellow workmen.

If our hearts are steadily loyal to Christ we may draw other people toward Him, whether or not we use words.

The little girls who belong to Jesus ought to be the brightest, gladest, sweetest, kindest and best scholars in their school. I know one who gets on so nicely with her lessons that her mother is quite surprised by the way she passes her examinations. She asked her

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how she remembered so much of what was in her books. "Why, mamma," she said. "I kept praying every question. I did the best I could; and trusted the Lord to help me, and he did."

Children can help by words of which they themselves hardly know the meaning. I read the other day of a man who had formed the dreadful habit of swearing. After he was married, he tried very hard to give it up. But once in a while a bad word would slip out in spite of him. One day he was shaving, and cut himself with the razor, and before he knew it, in his anger he had uttered the name of our Father in heaven. His little daughter was playing on the floor, and she came up to him, looked in his face and said, "Where is He, papa?" "Where is who, dear?" "Where is Dod? Didn't you speak to Dod dus' now. Where is He? I didn't see Him." The word was like an arrow in the man's heart. He dropped into a chair, and covering his face with his hands, asked God to forgive

him for taking His name in vain, and promised to give Him his heart, so that He could make it clean from that sin. And the Lord answered his prayer.

The little girls who believe in Christ, must try in every way to make people love and trust Him.

A woman asked a housemaid once: "How do you know you are converted?" "Oh, I know it by a great many things," she replied; "one is, I always sweep under the mats now." If you go to school with your hair all tousled, with face and hands untidy, a sleeve half ripped out of your dress, the people will think: "What a pity that little girl hasn't a better mother, to fix her up and make her look neat and nice." If you pass a poor examination, and do not seem to half know the studies that you have gone over, people will think, "That child has a poor teacher." If you want to be a credit to your mother and teachers, you must let people see what a neat, tidy child and good scholar you can be. If you

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Because you belong to Him you must let
Him make you always bright and sunshiny,
that you may help everybody be happy and
glad.

There is a dial in Naples to show the time
of day when the sun shines upon it. It has
these words upon its face: "I record only the
hours that are serene." Remember the
bright things; give God thanks for them al-
ways. Trust Him to keep you in the grace
that will make people want to be like Him.
That will be glorifying Him by bringing forth
much fruit.

The heathen think that all girls are good
for is to sell for money, like colts and cattle.
Christians are finding out that there are many
beautiful, brave things that women can do to
get people to Christ. You must prepare your-
self for a part in the blessed work women are

doing and are to do. Study, read, think, and pray, and trust Jesus to make you strong, true, and pure, so that when you are grown up, if you hear the Lord asking: "Who will do this good work to get the people to love and trust Me?" you can answer gladly: "Here am I; send me."

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