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# CONVENIENT FOOD.

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BY THE AUTHOR OF

"THE WEEK," "MY STATION AND ITS DUTIES," &c.

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'Open thy mouth wide, and I will fill it.'—*Psalm lxxxv. 10.*

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See Page 6.

## CONVENIENT FOOD.

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LITTLE Frances was crying ; her sister Mary, hearing her sobs, ran in haste to inquire what had happened ; and saw her sitting in a corner of the nursery, looking rather sulky, as if she had recently received some disappointment.

“ What is the matter, dear little Frances ? why do you cry so ? ”

Frances pouted, and would make no reply.

“ Tell me, dear Frances ; perhaps I can do something for you. ”

“ Nothing, Mary, ” she sobbed, “ only ”—

“ Only what, little Frances ? It cannot be *nothing* that makes you cry so bitterly. ”

“ Only mamma would not give— ” she looked a little ashamed, and did not finish her sentence.

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“ *What* would she not give ?”

“ Nothing.”

“ Nothing ! O Frances, I am afraid there is something naughty.”

Frances shook her elbows, as if troubled by Mary’s inquiries, but the tears continued flowing down her cheeks.

Just at that moment their sister Anne came into the room, singing in the joy of her heart, with a piece of plum-cake in her hand, holding it up, and turning it about before her sisters to exhibit her newly-acquired possession, on which Frances fixed her eyes with eager gaze, and the tears flowed still faster, accompanied with a kind of angry sob.

“ Frances ! what is the matter that you are crying so ? see what I have got ! you will spoil all the happiness of our feast.”

At the word *feast*, Frances’ tears seemed arrested, and her mouth looked as if she was going to smile. She left the corner, and immediately prepared to do her part for the feast, setting a little square table, and then, drawing her own little stool, seated herself in readiness as a guest.

“ Stay,” said Anne, “ we will make some little paper dishes and plates, and divide the cake ;” so saying, she began the operation, and laying down the paper dishes, “ there at the top, see ! there shall be two chickens, at the bottom a piece of beef, at one side some potatoes, and at the other some cauliflower ;” breaking her cake into small pieces to correspond to her imagined provision.

Frances looked very impatient at the long preparation, and as Anne seated herself, inviting Mary to partake Frances stretched out her hand to take the beef for her own portion.

"No, no, Frances, you must not help yourself, you know ; wait until we all begin in order."

Frances very reluctantly withdrew her hand, and, whilst she waited, betrayed her impatience by a little jerking motion of the body, that threw her breast against the table, as if she would beat time into quicker motion.

"Oh we must not forget William !" Anne exclaimed ; "Where is he ? he must taste our feast ; stay here, Mary, with Frances, and I will go and find him."

Away she ran, and left poor Frances in a fret at this additional delay, but she began to amuse herself by picking up the small crumbs that had been scattered on the stool, and at last proceeded to touch the beef and chickens.

"Do not do so, Frances," Mary said, in a reproving voice.

Frances colored.

"Do not sit *looking* on, if you are so impatient ; employ yourself, and get a seat ready for William."

"You may get it, Mary."

"Very well : only do not meddle with Anne's feast."

Mary had to go into another room for the seat, and whilst she was away, Frances quickly helped herself to half of the pieces which were on the dishes, and, when Mary returned, resumed her position as if nothing had happened. Mary was so busy in arranging the seats, that she did not observe what had been done.

Presently Anne came back, accompanied by her brother William ; hastening to her place, and looking on her table, she started with surprise, and seemed to say to herself, as she gazed, 'How came I to make a mistake, and think my pieces of cake were larger ?' but the expression of her face called Mary's attention, who at once said,

“ Anne, I am sure you placed larger pieces on your dishes.”

“ Indeed, I thought so, Mary ; who has taken any ?”

“ I do not know.”

“ Oh you are only *pretending*, and you have been hiding some.”

“ No, Anne ; I would not have said ‘ I do not know,’ if I had *hid* it.”

“ No, no more you would, dear Mary. Never mind,” she said, glancing a look at Frances, not altogether without suspicion, “ it is only to *play* with, it does not signify whether it is much or little.”

“ William, shall I help you to a little chicken ?”

“ Oh no, Anne, you have forgot, help the *ladies* first ; and beside, you ought to have placed me at the bottom of the table to carve this dish. What is it ?”

“ Beef, William.”

“ Oh, beef, very well ! Come, Miss Frances, let me sit there, and you come to the side of the table.”

In haste to begin the eating part of the play, she rose immediately to change places, when, to her disgrace, a quantity of crumbs, which had lodged unobserved in a fold of her frock, fell out, and disordered the neatness of the table.

“ There !” said William, “ we have no question to ask who took the liberty to lessen the dishes.”

“ For shame, William, I—”

“ O Frances, take care what you say, tell no falsehoods ; I will tell one truth, and say you are a greedy girl.”

Frances began to cry again, “ For shame, William, to call me names.”

“ I tell no names, I only say what I think ; and how

can I help it, when it is only just now you cried so, because you said mamma had given me a larger piece of cake than yourself; for you must know," he continued, turning to Mary, "we have both had one piece before, and she half of mine to make her quiet; and then she cried again, because a piece was put by for you and Anne, and she cannot be contented now, though Anne shares hers amongst us. If this is not being greedy, I do not know what greedy means. It is no names, it is only saying what a thing is."

"Now I know another thing," said Anne; "when mamma called me to receive my piece of cake, she said, 'And you shall take a piece also to Mary,' but when she unfolded the paper, there was only *one* piece; mamma did not say any thing, but I think she *thought* something."

At this remark, Frances redoubled her crying, but, for the sake of a share of the present feast, did not attempt to leave the party. No more was said, and the feast was concluded in good humor by all except the conscious greedy girl, and they then all went into the garden together to finish their hour's recreation before they were called again to their lessons.

There was a little plantation of young fir-trees at one corner of the garden, intended to grow there for shelter from the north-west wind: the grass was so high amongst them, that the gardener had orders to go and carefully mow it down. He was engaged in the business when the children ran out to see him work.

"Hush! hush!" he exclaimed, as they approached, "I have just cleared a bough from the grass, and see what's there!"

All curiosity, they went forward on tip-toe, and were

directed to something lodged on the spreading branch of a young larch.



“A bird’s nest!” said William.

“A bird’s nest!” they all repeated. “But what is in it, I cannot tell.”

“Look steadily,” said the gardener, “and you will find out.”

It was difficult to trace what it was; something all in a heap, brown naked skin; alive, as might be known by the heaving breathing.

William putting his finger to touch them, immediately four wide mouths stretched open, with little tongues raised, and the opening of their throats extended to the utmost.

“Look at the little things,” said William; “they thought their mother was come, when I touched the branch, and they have opened their mouths to be ready to receive what she would put in.”

“They are *blind!*” said William.

"Yes, they cannot have been hatched more than two days."

"Will they take what the mother gives them?" asked William.

"Yes," said the man, "they trust her, and swallow down what she puts into their mouths."

"I wish the mother would come," said Anne.

"But she will not whilst we are here," William replied.

"Touch it again, William," said Frances.

William touched the edge of the nest. "See!" said he, "they think the mother is come, they stretch their mouths still wider."

"Hark!" said Mary, "what an impatient noise they make, they look ready to stretch themselves out of their nest, and as if their little mouths would tear."

"Poor little things! do not disappoint them, give them something," said Anne.

"We have not proper food for them," said William.

"I will run and fetch some crumbs," said Mary.

Mary soon returned with a piece of bread, and giving it to her brother as the most experienced, he broke it into extremely small crumbs, and, again touching the nest, awakened the expectation of the young birds: they opened their mouths wide, and as he dropped a small crumb into each, they moved their tongues, trying to make it pass down into their throat. "Poor little things, they cannot swallow well, they want the mother to put it gently down their throat with her beak."

"See! see!" said all the girls, "they want *more*; give them more."

William dropped his crumbs again.

"More. more, William; see! they are not satisfied."

“I dare not give them more for fear of killing them : we cannot feed them like the mother. We will stand still at a little distance, and you will see them go to sleep.” When all was quiet, the little nestlings shut their mouths, and dropped their heads.

“I should like to see the mother feed them.”

“You would see how much better she would do it than we can ; perhaps, if we could conceal ourselves behind that laurel, she would come, but she will be very frightened, because all is so altered now the grass is cut down, and her nest is exposed : but I dare say she is not far off, she will be watching somewhere.”

They took William’s hint, and retreated behind the laurel ; they had not waited ten minutes, before the hen bird flitted past, and, darting over the larch, as if to inspect whether her little brood was safe, she disappeared again. In a few minutes more, she returned ; and skimming round to reconnoitre that all was safe, she perched upon the nest. Instantly the little nestlings were awake to the summons of her touch and chirp, and, opening their mouths wide, were ready for what she would give. She dropt a small fly into the mouth of one of them, and, having no more, flew away to provide for the other hungry mouths as fast as she could. As soon as she was gone, they again shut their mouths, and dropped their heads in silence.

“What a little bit she gave them,” said Frances.

“Yes,” answered William, “but she knows it is *plenty*.”

“How contented the others seem to wait till she comes again !”

“Yes, Mary,” William again answered, unable to resist the comparison which had come to his mind,”

“they did not take the little bit away from the other. Shall we wait till she comes again?”

“O do!”

“Very well, I want to see whether the one that was fed first will take away the bit the others get.”

The allusion made a little laugh, but, seeing that Frances understood and felt that it applied to her, Anne said, “Do not let us tease Frances; it is better to tell her at once what her fault is, than to seem to like to hurt her.”

“Indeed, dear Anne, I have not spared to tell her her fault, as she knows very well, for she has often given me reason, but I cannot make her ashamed of such things; and I know mamma is very uneasy to see it in her.”

Frances looked grave, but did not cry; turning pale, however, she said, “O Mary, take me out of this laurel—I am so sick!”

Mary hastened to take her into the freer air, but all in vain. The sisters were alarmed, and took her in to their mamma; who received her gravely, without expressing any concern for her indisposition.

“What can we do for Frances, Mamma? Will you let her have your smelling bottle; or shall I run and get some sal volatile?”

“Neither, my dear Mary; it is an indisposition caused by her own selfish appetite, and probably the relief may be obtained by her stomach rejecting what she so improperly forced upon it. We will wait a short time, and if not, I will give her something, less palatable, perhaps, than plum-cake, but necessary to remove it.”

Frances was too ill to make any remark; she became paler still, and then quickly flushed almost a crimson

color: her eyes were oppressed, and her eyebrows contracted, and she impatiently complained,

“Oh my head! how it beats! What shall I do, Mamma?”

“Bear the consequences of your own inordinate appetite, Frances, and learn to subject it to the wholesome rules of temperance.”

“Oh the nasty plum-cake! I wish you had not given me any, Mamma.”

“You *once* thought the plum-cake *nice*, and would not be contented with the small portion I knew to be sufficient and safe for you.”

“Oh my head! I think it is very cruel, Mamma, that you do not pity me.”

“I do pity you, Frances, and will take care of you, now that I see you require help, as I perceive you will not have any relief without medicine.”

Frances began again to cry, “Oh, I am so sick! I cannot take medicine! I am sure I cannot!”



“Come to your room, Frances; I shall give you something proper, and you had better lie down after

you have taken it ; you will, perhaps, drop into a sleep, and be well when you awake again." Her mamma took her hand, and led her up stairs, and Frances knew very well it was in vain to make any objection, as her mamma always made a point of obedience. The medicine was administered, although for some time Frances refused to look at it. When she laid down, her mamma placed the pillow high under her head, and drawing the curtain to shade the light, left the room that she might be perfectly quiet. And when she returned to the drawing-room, she inquired of the other children what they had been doing, and received a full account of the feast, and the bird's nest, and all the little circumstances of each.

It was time to resume their studies, and, except that Frances was not in her usual place, all things proceeded as before. When the lessons were finished, they entreated their mamma to go with them, and see the bird's nest.

"It is so pretty, Mamma!" said Anne; "and they know when the mother comes, and they take what she puts into their mouths."

"We will first inquire after Frances," she answered; "if she is well enough, she can accompany us."

"I will run up, if you will be putting on your bonnet and shawl, Mamma."

"Very well, I hope you will find her recovered: we will wait your return."

Anne soon returned,—*"She is gone! I do not see her any where!"*

"Gone! Oh perhaps we shall find her at play in the garden."

In this expectation they all went out, and as they drew near the spot where the nest was, they saw

Frances looking very eagerly into the nest, and seeming to be in some agitation. Then she threw something out of her hand, and ran away, as if wanting not to be seen.

"She is about some mischief," William said, and ran forward to the nest. But what was his grief to see one of the little birds dead on the ground, two others in the nest with pieces of bread sticking in their mouths, gasping, unable to swallow or reject it, and the fourth with its crop gorged, and slowly moving its little unfledged head from side to side, struggling in death.

Full of sympathy with the little sufferer, and indignant with Frances, he exclaimed, "Provoking girl! she has stuffed the little creatures as she would like to stuff herself; and I believe she has killed them all."

The lively interest the other children had in the nest, impelled them to hasten to the spot, and their lamentations, and even tears soon flowed.

"William, William, cannot you do any thing for them? do try."

"Well, stand still, and do not shake my arm;" so saying, he began the attempt, and drew the bread carefully out of the distended mouths of the two.

"Now the other! the other, William!"

"That I cannot help," he answered: "see! she has forced it down, and we cannot get it back again; it is dying now."

Anne picked up the dead body from off the ground, and stroking it with her forefinger, "Poor little thing!" she said, "was she so cruel to you?"

It was not long before they heard a rustling in the tree near the place, and then a chirp of fright and distress. "Ah!" said their mamma, "there is the mother!"

poor things, we will go a little distance to let her come to the nest ; perhaps she will be able to save the two."

They all withdrew, and the little parent bird was soon on her nest, fluttering and chirping to awaken the dead and dying little ones, till at length she sorrowfully brooded down on her nest, and spread her wings over them, occasionally chirping as if to solicit an answer from her little brood.

"Oh !" said Mary, bursting into tears, "I cannot bear it ! cruel Frances, to be so unkind to the little birds !"

"Go and find Frances," said their mamma, "and bring her to me."

"I will go," William answered, "I think I know where she will hide herself."

It was not long before William returned, leading Frances, who very reluctantly yielded to accompany him.

"Come here," said her mamma, stopping the accu-



sations she saw were ready to overwhelm the offending little girl ; "come here, and let me talk to you about

this sad thing you have done to the little birds. Do you see what you have done by your ill-judged kindness?"

"Kindness! Mamma," they all exclaimed.

"Yes, dear children, she has been very faulty, but I believe she meant to be kind, and through ignorance did this thing which proves the death of the birds. You would not have done it, William, because you have already learned there is such a thing as a necessary prudence to deal out your morsels with wisdom, and in a measure suited to the age and the capacity of the birds, and also that their food should be of a wholesome kind, suitable to their nature. Nothing of this did Frances know, and it seems she had not learned wisdom from the circumstances she had herself so lately fallen into.

"It reminds me of the Scripture, which teaches us to profit. 'Open thy mouth wide, and I will fill it.' These little birds first attracted your attention by their *open mouths*, which they had stretched to receive what their poor mother was preparing to put into them. As she lighted on the edge of their nest, they instinctively opened their little yellow-edged beaks; she delighted to see them do so; and they, taking with content what she had provided for them, with the utmost confidence swallowed it down. She had a bit for every one of them in turn, and they waited patiently until it was given them. All was well whilst they were nourished with parental tenderness and prudence, and none other meddled with them, or ventured to give them other things, which they, being blind, received and knew not the hand that gave, nor the consequences of eating food not such as their parent would have provided.

"Here you see Frances, neither prudent nor aware of consequences, has stuffed these little birds with im-

proper food, both in quality and quantity. The consequences are fatal; one is dead, another is dying, and it is very uncertain whether the others also will not die. She fed them without measure, and their crops and throats were gorged so as to stop their breathing. They took it greedily, because they knew not the fatal consequences.

“Frances, you are a greedy girl. You had been suffering for this offence, and had not the wisdom to leave it to me to apportion your food. You opened your mouth wide, but you must remember it is not written that *you* are to fill it according to your own desires. ‘I will fill it,’ saith the LORD. He knows what is good for us, and he will measure his bounty according to his own wisdom.”

Frances began to look ashamed and sorrowful.

“I was to you,” her mamma continued, “in the affair of the cake, endeavoring to fulfil this my duty, but you rebelled against my discretion, and would covet more than was right. You *helped yourself*, you gorged your stomach. You were cross and peevish, and ill, and when the medicine had relieved you, as it was designed, you, without reflection, sallied forth and suffocated the little birds. You could not feed them as the *mother* would. You could not find in the air and on the ground the little insects, and small worms and little grains which were their proper food, and you should have left it to their own mother to fill their opened mouths. *She* would have made no mistake either in the quality or quantity *convenient* for them.”

“Oh,” Mary said, “how that reminds me of the scripture in *Proverbs xxx. 8*, ‘Feed me with food *convenient* for me.’ ”

“Yes, my dear girl, it is a Scripture of great import-

ance; and often does it impress my mind in combination with the other I mentioned, *Ps.* lxxxii. 10, 'Open thy mouth wide, and *I* will fill it,' in their spiritual application, when I am providing for you, and dividing out your portions, and considering what diet is most suited to your constitution, and limiting the quantity of dainty or rich luxuries not *convenient* for you. I am also frequently led to apply it to myself, and to offer my petition to the LORD that he will graciously judge for me, both temporally and spiritually to *fill* my mouth, and feed me with food *convenient* for me."

"I think too, Mamma, that there is some meaning belonging to this in our LORD's teaching us to pray, 'Give us this day our daily bread,' *Matt.* vi. 11."

"Assuredly, my dear child, and I am rejoiced to find you are led by this subject to compare spiritual things with spiritual.

"You see how the word of God interprets itself, and we are taught to go direct to the bounteous hand who giveth liberally, but never wastefully. Our daily bread is sufficient for the day, and we must wait on him still for the daily bread of the succeeding day; so we are instructed to open our mouths wide to ask the LORD to fulfil his promise and to fill them, and to be contented with convenient food."

"Oh, Mamma, you cannot think how many Scriptures seem to come to my mind, and to give me a clearer understanding. You know the manna which was given in the wilderness, was *convenient* food when it was gathered daily as the LORD commanded, but when they laid it up, you know it was no longer *convenient*, for it stunk and bred worms. Does not this teach us to trust God as well as not to *disobey* him?"

“May this ready application of the word of God proceed from that grace, my child, which teaches you, like Job, to esteem the word of God more than your necessary food, for you will also remember what our Lord said to the tempter, ‘It is written, Man does not live by *bread alone*, but *by every word* that proceedeth out of the mouth of God.’ But we are too apt to forget this, and to imagine we can provide well for ourselves by fulfilling the desires and lusts of the flesh, and by so doing, we are likely to be brought to *forget* God, the bountiful and wise Supplier of all our wants.”

“I remember the text, Mamma, which has in it, ‘Feed me with food *convenient* for me;’ and in another part, ‘lest I be full and deny thee,’ *Prov. xxx. 9*: and this little bird’s nest has helped me to understand it better.”

“May the HOLY SPIRIT engrave it on your heart, for it will often remind you of the thankful contentedness with which you ought to wait on the LORD.”

“Yes, Mamma,” William said, “but there is no harm, you know, in opening the mouth *wide*.”

“No, William, certainly no *harm*, for it is a *duty*. ‘Open thy mouth wide,’ is an injunction of God, but it is immediately subjoined and strictly said, ‘and I will fill it.’ Therefore bear in mind the double instruction. Neither take the filling on yourself, nor be ready to swallow every crude and unwholesome morsel which the ignorant or the wicked would present to you. Do you remember a certain day last week when something happened?”

William looked anxious to recollect what his mamma alluded to, and in less than a minute he shook his head, and said, “Ah, Mamma, that is too bad, you mean when Mrs. Arnot called, and you were out.”

“Yes I do, William; you all opened your mouths wide, and *she* filled them. Her sweet things did not prove *convenient* food. You see, therefore, we should learn to discriminate between a heavenly Father’s provision, and that of a stranger, whose busy interference may cost you your life. I was not many minutes away from my little nest, when a stranger came, and, by mistaken kindness, made you all ill.

“Frances, have you never read that scripture: ‘Put a knife to thy throat, if thou be a man given to appetite.’”

Frances cried, and, sobbing, said, “I do not know what it means.”

“What can it mean, my dear Frances, but parallel with those, ‘If thy right eye offend thee, pluck it out; if thy right hand offend thee, cut it off. It is better for thee to enter into life halt or maimed, than, having two hands or two feet, to be cast into everlasting fire,’ *Matt. v. 29, 30; xviii. 8, 9.* It means that spirit which will sacrifice the lust of the heart, and deny itself, though .. should be a present mortification. The *throat* of an inordinate or diseased appetite is to be cut, and its carnal desires crucified.”

“Was it not something of this kind that Isaac fell into when he sent Esau to hunt venison, and make him savoury meat, such as his soul loved? *Gen. xxvii. 4.*”

“Yes, William, and this very thing he desired presented the temptation by which he was deceived. And you might have mentioned, too, how Esau himself yielded to his appetite, and sold his birthright for a mess of pottage, *Gen. xxv. 29.* When we yield to these propensities of the flesh, we lay a snare for our own souls, and expose our weakness to an adversary,



ever ready to take advantage of our infirmity. It is a common fault in children to desire with greedy appetite such food as is pernicious, and to wish for more than even a mouth opened wide requires—till at length they learn to lust after *forbidden* things. And what does it lead to? Frances, you began to pick and steal, and your own iniquity chastised you:—you were sick and ill.”

Frances hid her face in her frock.

“Ah, Mamma,” said Anne, “I shall be afraid of wanting any thing, as I used to do; and I hope I shall remember how much better you can feed me, than I can feed myself.”

“I wish I may too,” said William. “If Eve had but waited for the Lord only to fill her mouth, she would not have eaten that which brought sin and death.”

“Tell me, Frances, if you feel the force of all we have learned from the little birds, and your own mistaken idea of what would be good for them?”

Frances did not answer.

“But you know, my child, you were guilty of another fault; when the medicine was offered, which was likely to do you good, you *refused* to open your mouth, and was long before you would let me fill it; so you see we must leave it all to the LORD to give us much or little, bitter or sweet, just as he knows to be *convenient* for us.”

“Yes,” Mary said, “these poor little birds will long teach us a lesson. We may imitate them to open our mouth wide, but we must be warned by what happened to them, to let the LORD only fill them.”

“Let us look again at the nest.” They approached, and frightened the mother so, that she flew off.

“See, see! William,” said Anne, “the two little things are opening their mouths again. Oh how delightful! let us never meddle with them any more. Only remember, ‘Open thy mouth wide, and I will fill it.’ Now, Frances, do not cry any more: come, we will play together, and make a coffin, and bury these little dead birds.”

Frances wiped her eyes, and Anne giving her a kiss, they went away to do as she proposed. After they had made a little coffin, they put the two little dead birds into it. Then William got a spade, and dug a grave just large enough to hold the little coffin: and, as he lowered it into the grave, Mary wiped away the tears which gathered in her eyes. When William had filled up the grave, they all returned to their mamma, who said—

“My dear children, do not let us dismiss this interesting subject without a closer application. My dear Frances, come near to me, and hear what I have to say.”

Frances drew near with some timidity. Conscious of

her faults, and expecting the word of truth to be directed to her heart, she had at that moment rather have escaped from it. But her mamma, taking her hands into hers, and sitting down on a garden stool that was nigh, she felt that the words would be words of love, and her heart beginning to soften, the tears were ready to flow, for she knew her mamma would speak to her of JESUS and of his blood, which was shed for sinners.

“Do you know quite well, my child, that among the fruits of the SPIRIT enumerated, *Gal* v., there is one called TEMPERANCE?”

“Yes, Mamma,” she replied.

“Are you not also conscious, my dear child, that your desire of indulging your appetite is quite contrary to this holy fruit?”

“Yes, Mamma.”

“Then what are you to do in order to overcome the one, and to obtain the other?”

“I must ask the Lord JESUS to give me the Holy Spirit.”

“Yes, my child, to him must you come for all help, and he will not send you empty away. Here is a subject on which you must indeed open your mouth wide, in earnest prayer, and wait on the LORD for his gracious answer. ‘Ask, and ye shall receive,’ he says, and after showing how an *earthly* father will act toward his child that asks for bread, how does he conclude?”

“He says, ‘How much *more* will your *heavenly* Father give the *Holy Spirit* to them that ask Him?’”

“Will you then, my dear Frances, profit by this gracious instruction, and will *you* ask for the Holy Spirit?”

“Yes, Mamma, I will try.”

“Do you believe the LORD will give you the Holy Spirit when you ask?”

“He *says* He *will*, Mamma.”

“That is enough, my child; what the Lord says is yea and amen. It is written, ‘Hath he said, and will he not do it?’”

“Yes, Mamma, I know God is *Truth*, He cannot lie.”

“But you know also, my dear Frances, when the Holy Spirit is given, he takes up his abode in the heart, and he *acts* in the soul, and will not dwell there without producing his holy fruit; and tell me now what is the fruit you particularly want to overcome this sinful desire of appetite which prevails in your heart.

“Is it not *temperance*, Mamma?”

“Yes, and if He comes into your heart, he will give it you, and moreover teach you to *repent* of your sins; for consider, my Frances, sin is an offence against him, and needs to be repented of. Do you repent?”

“I am very *sorry*, Mamma.”

“But repentance is more than sorrow; it will make you ashamed before God, and make you feel yourself vile; and it will also make you carefully watchful against the temptation; it will make you anxious to quit the sin, and clear your soul from its power; it will make you indignant against it, and urge you to seek that strength from the Spirit, which will resist the sin, and overcome it. When, therefore, you ask for the HOLY SPIRIT, be *willing* that the LORD should *fill* you. Be ready to *exercise* the mighty gift for *all* his offices, to convict you of sin, to lead you to true expectations, and to strengthen you to overcome your sin, giving you that grace which is specially opposed to the leading sin of your heart.”

"I wish I had this gift; for my sin makes me very unhappy: I know it is wrong."

"Do not stop in *wishes*, dear child, go and *pray*; 'Ask, and ye shall receive.' 'Open your mouth wide' in the full utterance of all your distress, and of all you desire; pray for what you *want*, *name* it; pray for *repentance*, and for *temperance*. Pray that the *lust of your appetite* may be *crucified*, and pray that the blood of JESUS, the Lamb of God who taketh away sin, may be sprinkled upon your guilty soul, and cleanse it from all sin. He giveth liberally, and upbraideth not. He is angry only when we neglect his promises and his gifts.

"It is not long since, dear Mary, that you and I conversed on this text, 'My people would not hearken to my voice, Israel would none of me: so *I gave them up to their own hearts' lusts*,' Ps. lxxxi. A dreadful judgment! what would become of *you*, dear Frances, if you were given up to the dominion of your appetite?"

"But, my dear Mamma," Mary said, "do you not remember the end of that psalm, what a sweet verse there is?"

"Repeat it, dear girl, and let little Frances hear it?"

"'Had they hearkened and obeyed, then should he have fed them with the finest of the wheat, and with honey out of the rock should I have satisfied them.'"

"O my children," said their Mamma, "here is spiritual food for the spiritual appetite! You know who is the Bread of Life, and who is the Rock of our salvation. Turn unto him with your whole heart, and though you feel the burden of the body of this death, you shall soon be able to thank God, who, through JESUS CHRIST our Lord, will deliver you."

POOR Esau repented too late,  
That once he his birthright despised,  
And sold, for a morsel of meat,  
What could not too highly be prized :  
How great was his anguish when told,  
The blessing he sought to obtain  
Was gone with the birthright he sold,  
And none could recall it again !

He stands as a warning to all,  
Wherever the Gospel shall come ;  
O hasten and yield to the call,  
While yet for repentance there's room  
Your season will quickly be past ;  
Then hear and obey it to-day,  
Lest when you seek mercy at last,  
The Saviour should frown you away.

What is it the world can propose ?  
A morsel of meat at the best !  
For this are you willing to lose  
A share in the joys of the blest ?  
Its pleasure will speedily end,  
Its favor and praise are but breath ;  
And what can its profits befriend  
Your soul in the moments of death ?

If JESUS, for these, you despise,  
And sin to the Saviour prefer,  
In vain your entreaties and cries,  
When summon'd to stand at his bar :  
How will you his presence abide ?  
What anguish will torture your heart !

The saints all enthroned by his side,  
 And you be compell'd to depart.  
 Too often, dear Saviour, have I  
 Preferr'd some poor trifle to thee ;  
 How is it thou dost not deny  
 The blessing and birthright to me ?  
 No better than Esau I am,  
 Though pardon and heaven be mine ;  
 To me belongs nothing but shame,  
 The praise and the glory be thine.

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#### ON PROFITING BY INSTRUCTION.

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DEAR children, have you ever thought  
 That you will come to school in vain,  
 Unless you think of what you 're taught,  
 And try instruction to obtain?

God's holy word says, "Meditate upon these things ;  
 give thyself wholly to them : that thy profiting may  
 appear unto all."—1 *Timothy* iv. 15.

Read what our Saviour teaches us in *Matthew* vii. 21 to  
 29 ; and in *Matthew* xxv. 14 to 26.

Why do you go to school ?—To get instruction.  
 Is it enough to remember the *words* which you are  
 taught ?—No, you should try to understand them.  
 Is this all ?—No, you should practise what you know.

How may you prove that you have not come to school in vain this past year?—By being *doers* as well as hearers of your heavenly Master's will.

How may you endeavor to profit by what you read and learn?—By meditating upon it afterward.

In what way shall you study spiritual things?—Give yourself wholly to them.

What is to be the fruit of your knowledge?—That profiting may appear unto all.

How may you evidence that you profit by instruction?—By your holy walk and conversation.

Let us now to JESUS turn,  
For our misspent moments mourn.  
Let us in His SPIRIT's power,  
Promise to stand still no more.  
All our time and vigor give,  
Serve our Maker while we live,  
Use for GOD the talent given,  
Work on earth, and rest in heaven.

THE END.

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1853.

BEAUTIFUL JUVENILE BOOKS.

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# The Shadow of the Cross.



BY THE REV. WILLIAM ADAMS.

WITH BEAUTIFUL ENGRAVINGS,  
From Designs by Chapman.

(1)

## The Shadow of the Cross; The Distant Hills.

“These are among the most suitable presents for the approaching festival, which Christian parents or friends can select for their children. The only allegories which we think entitled to be compared with them are the ‘Pilgrim’s Progress,’ and those of Archdeacon Wilberforce. While the mixture of an erroneous theology checks our admiration of the, in some respects, unrivalled work of Bunyan, there is no drawback of that kind from those of Wilberforce or Adams. The allegories immediately before us are brought into a small compass, and will be easily understood by all but very young children. The printing and general getting up of the books is worthy of the books themselves; and the illustrations which have been added to the American edition are in the best style of American art. We cheerfully give to these books the very highest commendation.” [ *True Catholic.*

\* \* \* \* “Not long ago, as we lay on a sick bed, the ‘Shadow of the Cross’ was read to us; and we thought, at the time, that there could be nothing more beautiful or more affecting. This impression has never since been effaced; and we regard these allegories as worthy of a place in every family, and every Sunday-School Library.” \* \* \*

[ *Young Churchman’s Miscellany.*

“Written in simple, earnest language, free from affectation, or attempt at fine writing; they also possess much narrative interest, and no small degree of descriptive power. Such qualities render it an eligible work to put into the hands of children. The wood engravings are unusually well executed, from the elegant designs of Chapman; they are charming specimens of the art. The paper, print and binding, are all of good quality; and show that good taste and good judgment have presided over the mechanical as well as the intellectual department.” (2) [ *Literary World*

BEAUTIFUL JUVENILE BOOKS.

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# The Distant Hills.



BY THE REV. WILLIAM ADAMS.

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WITH BEAUTIFUL ENGRAVINGS.

From Designs by Chapman.

(3)

## The Distant Hills.

“We have before us a little work entitled, ‘The Distant Hills; An Allegory,’ from the press of the General Protestant Episcopal Sunday-School Union, whose Depository is at Number 20 John-street. It is a most touching and tender allegory, and is altogether worthy of its predecessor, ‘The Shadow of the Cross.’ Over the pages of these narratives there is shed an aroma of purity, suited to the pictures which they so exquisitely paint. Indeed, the pictures themselves seem to be rather *breathed* than painted. We know not how to express our sincere admiration, as we believe it would be impossible to meet with works of this kind more charmingly conceived and finished. They ought to be widely circulated among the young, in whose pure hearts they would be engraved indelibly in days when the feverish novel would interest them no more. As allegories they possess the highest merit. The outlines are distinct, the accessories replete with classic grace, and the embodiment of the *truth* palpable. The *Distant Hills*, bedecked with green and rife with melody; the *Crumbling Ruin*, crawled over by the green lizard, and given to decay; these are symbols which a *child’s* heart may interpret, and over which a man’s eyes may weep. And it is delightful to see ever in the foreground of the pictures, whether meandering in the meadow or gushing from the rock, the purifying waters of the flood, over which

—‘The eternal dove  
Hovers on softest wing.’

“For the Christian parent, these works, so pure and happy in influence, so exquisite in embellishment, so compressed in compass, are most desirable for *gifts*. They would be received with smiles, and perused with tears, and gratitude would be returned by the intermingling of both.”

[Knickerbocker, Oct., 1849.

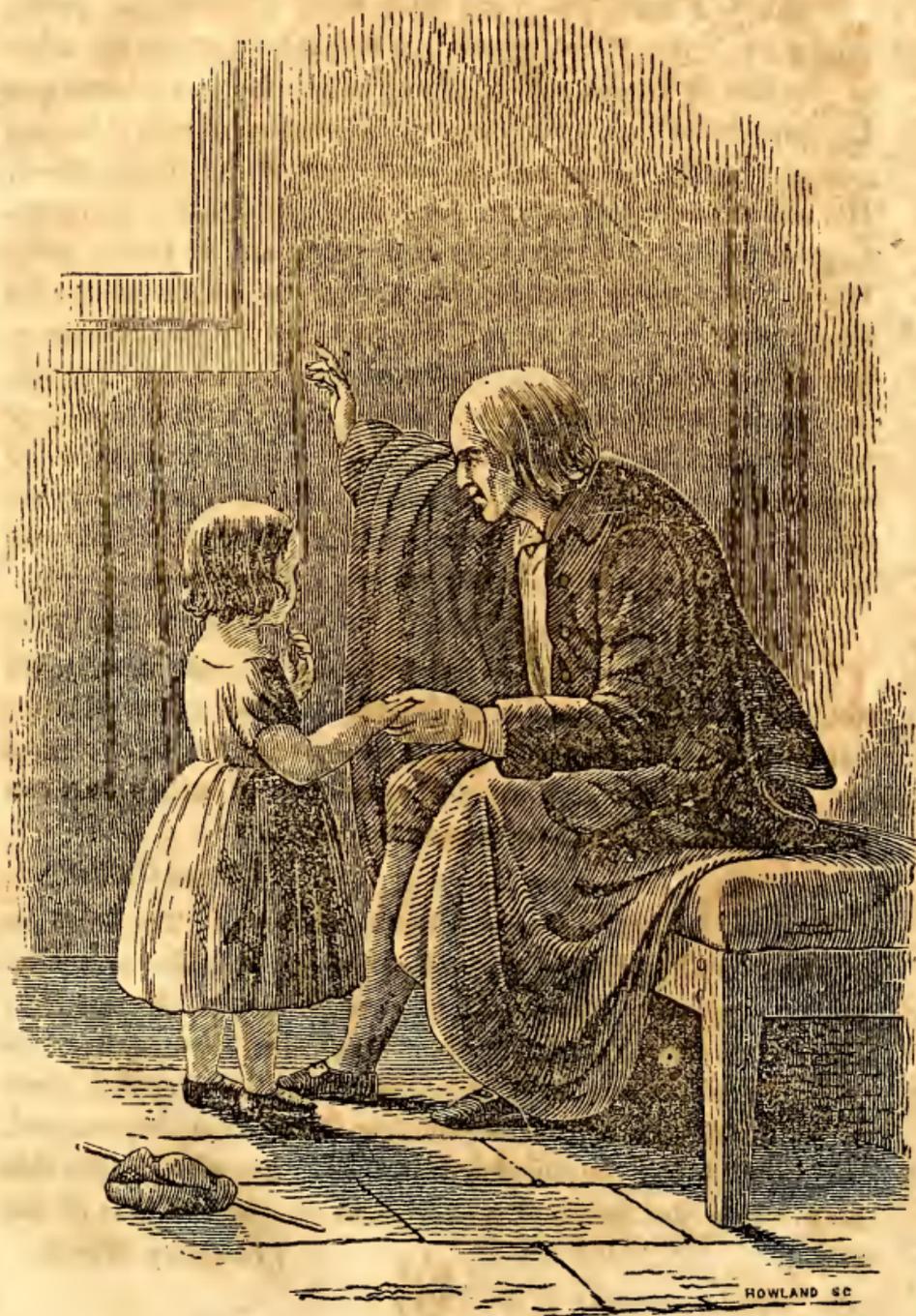
“With respect to this,” (Bunyan’s *Pilgrim’s Progress*,) “the class of works which we now notice, may be considered as minor allegories, although perfectly carried out and finished. They have been, perhaps, more read and admired than anything of the kind since the days of John Bunyan, although their best praises have not been loud. They have been the silent tears shed on their perusal. *The Shadow of the Cross* was the first allegory from the pen of the Rev. Mr. Adams, and its favorable reception prepared the way for that continued series which has since followed, to cheer the Christmas holidays, and to impart instruction and delight to thousands. It is written in the purest Saxon-English, and filled on every page with touches of the most tender beauty. If for chastity of style alone, it is worthy of being read and admired with the finest models in the language. Alas! the author of these exquisite productions has gone whither the Cross casts no ‘shadow;’ but the noon-tide sun shines constantly, and ‘sorrow and sighing are done away.’ What we have from his pen, we treasure up and lay to heart. He has gone to the Eternal City, and to the *Distant Mills*, which he has pictured so beautifully. Parents, and others, who wish to furnish suitable presents for the young, will find at the Depository, No. 20 John-street, a selection of the choicest books, whose external embellishments accord with that which is written. The page on which these works are printed is like a little slab of Parian marble; so pure, so white, so polished; and rivals the utmost luxury of the English press.”

[*Knickerbocker*, Feb., 1849.

“The publications of the Gen. Prot. Episcopal Sunday School Union, (Daniel Dana, Jr., Agent,) are exceedingly beautiful—superior, indeed, to any books of the kind we have ever seen.”

[*Vermont Watchman*.

# The Old Man's Home.



HOWLAND SC

With Beautiful Engravings, from Designs by Weir.

## The Old Man's Home.

"This is a narrative of an 'Old Man' of ninety-six years, whom the writer first meets in a romantic dell, on the coast of the Isle of Wight, and in whose mind the one all-engrossing thought, which took complete possession of every feeling and sympathy of his nature, was that of his final *Home*. His residence in the asylum for half a century, his literal interpretation of the precepts and promises of God's Holy Word, his reputed insanity, his allegorical conversation, his attachment to 'little Annie,' his past history and bereavements, his death, and his resting-place in the church-yard, are incidents which the gifted author has woven into a story told with great simplicity and effect. The illustrations of the engraver are as tastefully executed as the designs (which are original with the Union) are happily conceived. We are not surprised at the popularity of Mr. Adams' books."

[*Church Review.*]

\* \* \* \* \* "If it is not true, there is an air of truth about it which is unequalled except by De Foe. But whether truth or fiction, it is one of the most instructive little books we know of; and one, to the tendencies of which we can give the most unreserved recommendation."

[*True Catholic.*]

"'The Old Man's Home' is by the author of 'The Shadow of the Cross,' and may well take place by its side as a companion volume. The title plainly indicates the subject. Devoid of the slightest approach to rant or turgidity, the touching and simple story is told with much purity and grace of style; and the interest which is early excited, is sustained, without flagging, to the very last page. Let a book like this be put into the hands of a child, and we have no fear of the result."

[*Literary World.*]











