

1918-A-1
July 10, 1918.



Little



Neighbor Stories

Little
Mountain
Neighbors



American Missionary Association
287 Fourth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Little Mountain Neighbors

AL-O-N-G time ago a little boy lived in a poor cabin built of logs, on a mountain top down south in Kentucky. There were no windows in this cabin and no floors except the dirt; when the little lad went to bed at night he climbed up on a ladder of pegs, stuck in the posts of the house, to a loft where he snuggled down into the straw and went to sleep. Sometimes the wind came through the chinks between the logs—sometimes the rain and snow came in, and it was very cold and uncomfortable.

This little boy was named Abraham by his mother; there were no neighbors to play with, but his older sister Sarah and he were never lonely, for there were the birds who sang in the big trees, the squirrels who chattered in the branches, and other woodland creatures with whom he made friends. These were their neighbors and they knew them all. Then there were chores to do. Sarah helped her mother to cook and sew, and Abraham worked with his father in the field and forest; so they grew strong and sturdy.

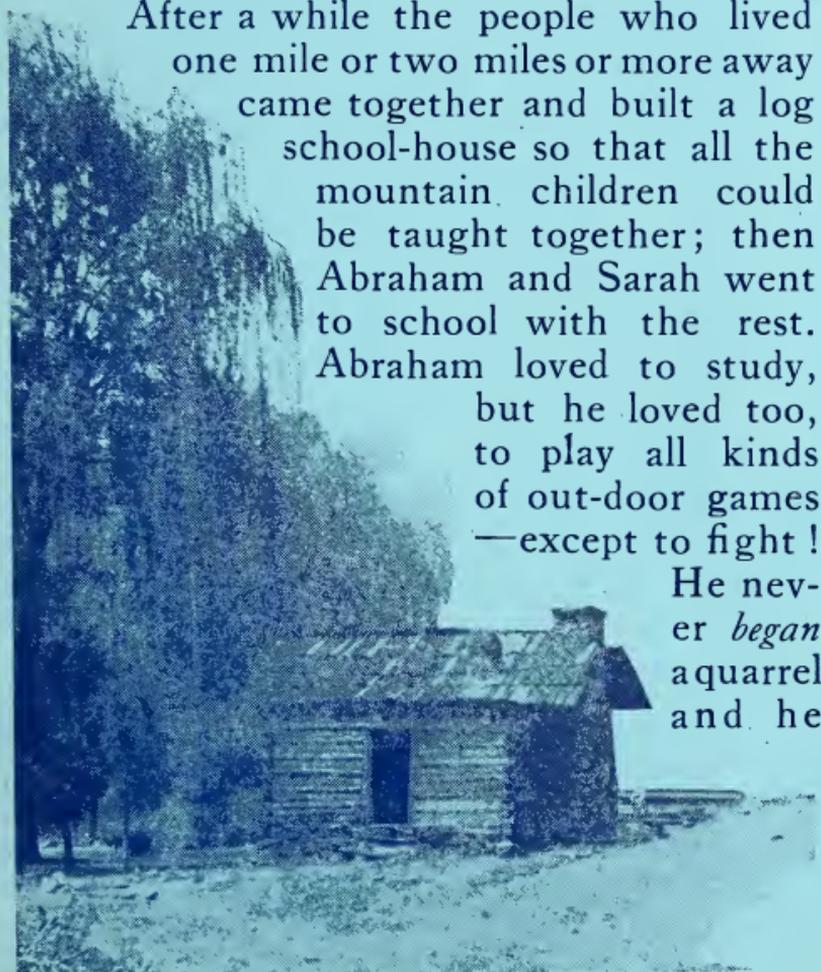
At the close of each day, when it began to grow dark, the children loved to throw on the big hearthfire the spicy branches which the little boy had chopped and brought home. They had no lamps, and no light except the firelight to read by; but the branches made such a bright

fire that their mother could see to read them the same Bible Stories which your mother reads to you. I wonder which story they liked best? Do you? There were *no* picture books nor children's stories in that mountain cabin, so they listened to books written for big folks. You wouldn't like to do that, would you?

Abraham and Sarah could not go to school for there *was* no school; so their mother taught them to read, and to be kind and honest and true. And they learned their lessons well and *never* forgot!

After a while the people who lived one mile or two miles or more away came together and built a log school-house so that all the mountain children could be taught together; then Abraham and Sarah went to school with the rest. Abraham loved to study, but he loved too, to play all kinds of out-door games —except to fight!

He never began a quarrel and he

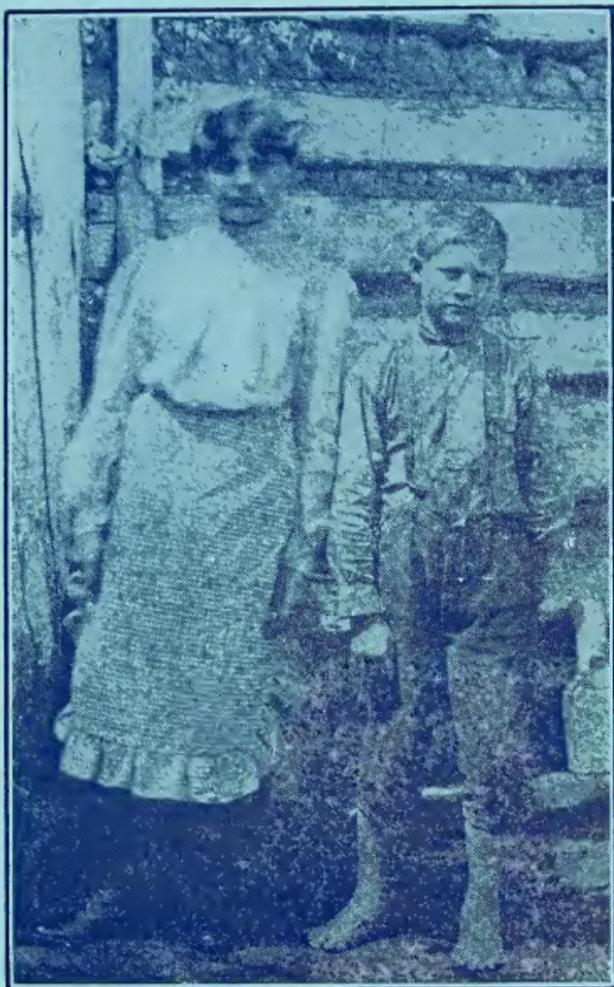


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There are many boys and girls in these same mountains to-day who need to be taught to be kind and true, and many other things; *their* mothers can not teach them because they were never taught themselves.



There will be no one to help them unless we *send* some one. These are our little mountain neighbors.

Would you like to give some of your money to help?