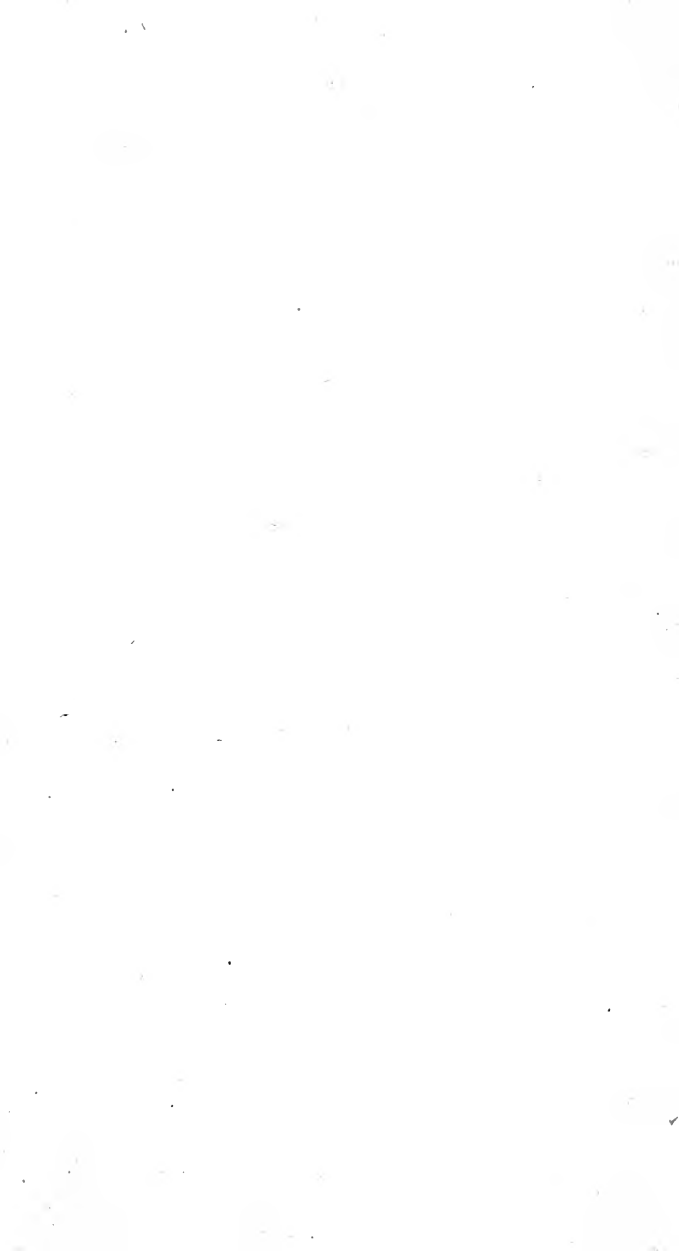


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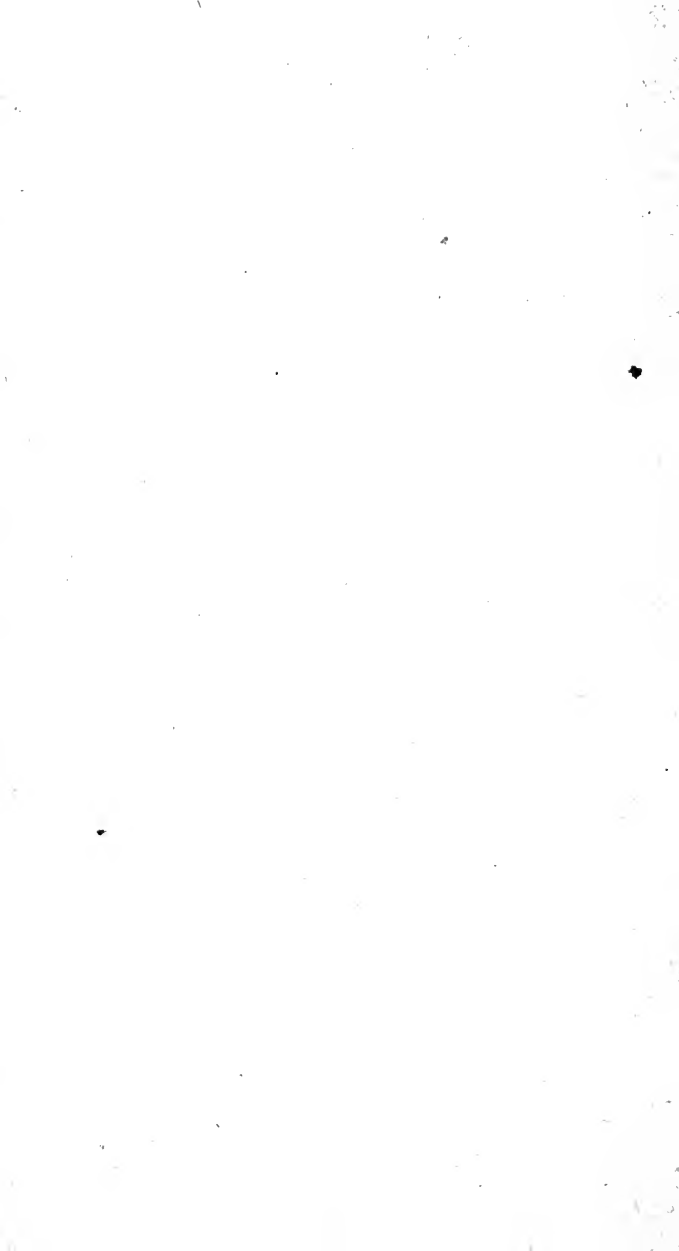


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STORIES

EXPLANATORY OF

THE CHURCH CATECHISM.

BY MRS. SHERWOOD,

Author of "Little Henry and his Bearer, &c. &c."

Baltimore:

PUBLISHED UNDER THE DIRECTION OF THE RT. REV. DR. KEMP,

By the

Protestant Episcopal Female Tract Society of Baltimore.

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Advertisement.

THE Managers of the Protestant Episcopal Female Tract Society being impressed with the importance of presenting to the rising generation a summary of Christian doctrine and duty, in a form at once familiar and alluring, have determined to publish the following Stories, composed by Mrs. Sherwood for the benefit of children in India. The scenery and circumstances are all descriptive of that interesting portion of the earth; and in the English copy the dialect of the country may be said to be in some measure used, and the work encumbered with some terms with which the younger portion of readers can scarcely be supposed to be familiar. To remedy this inconvenience such verbal alterations have been made as were considered essential to adapt it fully and completely to the taste and language of our country, without changing, in any degree, the general structure of the author's style; whose high reputation both in Europe and America, and the superior merit of whose publications, are too well known to need any comment.

AT the request of the Managers of the *Protestant Episcopal Female Tract Society of Baltimore*, I have revised the following work of Mrs. Sherwood. In some of the conversations, which, it seems, were thought necessary to preserve the character and connection of the stories, there are a few things that may appear frivolous; still in a work intended to arrest the attention, with a view to enlighten the minds and improve the hearts of children, this is hardly to be obviated. I have made a few alterations principally to maintain the views and to illustrate the doctrines of the church, as contained in the Catechism, and I have, in some cases omitted texts of Scripture, when I supposed their meaning was mistaken. The work, however, I think well calculated for the religious instruction of children, and also for the benefit of those, whose principles and morals have been neglected in youth.

JAMES KEMP.

St. Paul's Parsonage, Aug. 1, 1823.

STORIES

EXPLANATORY OF

THE CHURCH CATECHISM.

STORY I.

“Q. What is your name?”

ONE day the wife of Sergeant Mills called her little girl to her, and said, “Mary, get on your clean frock and bonnet, and, as soon as the sun is down, we will go over to the captain’s, for his lady has got a little baby, and she has given me leave to bring you to see it.”

So little Mary was pleased, and she hastened to put on her clean frock, and was ready to go out with her mother, as soon as the men went to parade.

Now when Mrs. Mills and little Mary got to the captain’s, they saw the lady sitting with her baby on her lap. Little Mary ran up to the baby, and kissed him; and was so glad that she almost made him cry. Then the captain’s lady said, “You must not kiss him so roughly, my dear; for he is very young, and you will hurt him.”

Little Mary replied, “I would not hurt him for the world; for he is very pretty, and his skin is as soft as velvet. Pray, Madam, tell me what his name is.”

Then said the lady: “My dear, he has no name yet, excepting his father’s name. His father’s name is Smith: so this little boy has the surname of Smith; but he has no Christian name. When he is baptized he will receive another name, and that will be his Christian name.”

Mary. Baptized! what is that, Ma’am?

Captain’s Lady. It will take some time to explain to you what *baptism* means, but I will try to do it as well as I can; and you shall go with my little boy when he is taken to church to be baptized, if you are a good girl.

Mary. I should like, very much, to go and see the baby baptized. And will you please now to tell me, Ma'am, what Baptism is?

Captain's Lady. To make you understand this matter, I must go back a long, long time, and explain to you the history of mankind, even from the beginning of the world. I must ask you some questions. Do you know who made the world?

Mary. Yes, Ma'am. *In the beginning God created the heaven and the earth.* (Gen. i. 1.)

Captain's Lady. Who made men and women?

Mary. *God created man in his own image; in the image of God created he him; male and female created he them.* (Gen. i. 27.)

Captain's Lady. Where did God put Adam and Eve when he had made them?

Mary. In a beautiful garden called Paradise; and gave them all the trees of the garden to eat, excepting the tree of knowledge of good and evil. God told them, that in the day they ate of that tree they should surely die.

Captain's Lady. You have answered well. Did they eat of that tree which God had forbidden them to taste?

Mary. Yes, they did; for the devil came in the shape of the serpent, and tempted them to eat of the forbidden fruit.

Captain's Lady. And did they die that day?

Mary. I don't know.

Captain's Lady. We are led to understand from the holy Bible, my dear, that Almighty God, foreseeing that mankind would fall by the malice of Satan, provided a Saviour even before the foundation of the world; this Saviour is Christ, the Son of God. And we believe that when our first parents sinned, they would instantly have died, and gone into eternal punishment, had not the power of Christ interfered in their favour. Therefore it is written in St. John's Gospel, "in him was life, and the life was the light of man." St. John i. 4.

Mary replied, "I do not know exactly what you mean, Ma'am."

"You must understand, my dear, said the lady, that the moment Adam and Eve sinned, they brought themselves under the sentence of death; temporal death, which is the destruction of the body; and eternal death,

which is an everlasting separation from God. And this sentence of death would have been instantly executed upon them; that is, they would immediately have died and gone to hell, after they had sinned, had not the Lamb slain from the foundation of the world stood between them and death, and obtained for them and all their children a delay of the sentence. Thus our Saviour obtains for all the sinful children of Adam a time for repentance and turning to God; and for those among us poor sinners who are mercifully led to believe in him, and love him, everlasting life and glory. But although the execution of the sentence of death is put off, through the mercy of Christ, yet at the time when Adam sinned, he brought that evil into our nature, which, without divine help, will assuredly separate us from God. Adam and Eve, after their disobedience, became of themselves utterly sinful; and all their children, that is, all the people who now exist, or who ever have existed upon the face of the earth, partake of the same evil nature. Our hearts naturally bring forth all manner of wickedness. As soon as a baby begins to speak or to walk, it follows after evil: so that it is written in 1 John v. 19, *We know that the whole world lieth in wickedness; and again, in Romans iii. There is none that doeth good, no, not one.*"

Mary. My mother has often talked to me of the Lord Jesus Christ, and told me, that if I did not love him I should never go to heaven. But, Ma'am, you say we are all sinners. Surely that pretty babe in your lap is not a sinner? Sinners are wicked people; that babe is not wicked?

Captain's Lady. I am a sinner, and his father is a sinner; therefore, this poor baby being born like his father and mother, will, as soon as he is able, shew naughty tempers. He is like the little tiger which I once saw. Nobody was afraid of him, because he was so young and small, and had no teeth; but give him only a few months, and he will grow up to be as fierce as any tiger in the woods. So it is with my poor baby: if the Lord does not change his heart, and give him a clean and holy heart, he will grow to be as naughty as other children, and become as full of wickedness as other men.

Mary. Oh, alas! alas! And must this baby grow up to be wicked, and go to hell?

Captain's Lady. God forbid that any such thing should be! God forbid that my poor baby should ever be condemned to hell! But I know that unless he becomes the child of God, and gets a clean heart, he cannot go to heaven. And, as he can do nothing for himself now, I, being his mother, must do all I can for him. Therefore, to-morrow morning, which will be Sunday, I shall take him to church, where the clergyman will receive him, and sprinkle him with pure water, as a sign that God will wash his heart clean by the blood of the Lord Jesus Christ, which cleanseth from all sin; and I pray that God will take him, and make him his own child: and then he will receive a name, and this name will be his Christian name.

Then the lady gave Mary an orange, and told her to come early in the morning, and she should see the little boy baptized.

Q. Who made the world?

A. In the beginning God created the heaven and the earth.

Q. Who made men and women?

A. God created man in his own image; in the image of God created he him; male and female created he them.

Q. In what does the world lie?

A. We know that the whole world lieth in wickedness.

Q. Is there no one good in the world?

A. There is none that doeth good, no, not one.

STORY II.

“Q. Who gave you this name?”

EARLY the next morning, Mrs. Mills and Mary dressed themselves quite clean; and when they had ate their breakfast, they took their Prayer-books in their hands, and went over to the captain's.

When they got into the yard, they saw all the ladies and gentlemen, waiting to go to church with the baby. There was the Captain and his lady, and the nurse with the little baby; besides these, there were two gentlemen, officers of the same regiment, and one lady. These

two gentlemen were to be the little boy's godfathers, and the lady was to be his godmother: for every little boy that is baptized must have two godfathers and one godmother, and every little girl that is baptized must have one godfather and two godmothers.

Now it was time to go to the church, and all the ladies and gentlemen got into *palanquins*, for the heat was very great; and one of the gentlemen was so kind as to lend Mrs. Mills and little Mary his *palanquin* to go to church in.

While they were carried along, little Mary said to her mother: "Why do those two officers and that lady go with us to church?"

Mrs. Mills. Those two officers are to be the little baby's godfathers, and that lady his godmother.

Mary. O! I know now. I have a godmother in the barracks. But why do people have godfathers and godmothers?

Mrs. Mills. I will try to make you understand, my dear. What are we going to church for now?

Mary. To offer the baby to God, and to make him a child of God.

Mrs. Mills. When people become children of God, what should they do?

Mary. They should be good, and love God, and not follow sin any longer.

Mrs. Mills. But does this baby know this? Can we make him understand it?

Mary. No, mother; for he does not know any thing that is said to him; he is too young.

Mrs. Mills. True, my dear: therefore as he cannot himself understand that he ought to be good, and to love God, it is necessary to have some grown people to go with him, who shall promise for him, that he shall be led to Christ our Saviour, without whom, as the lady told you yesterday, man's natural corruption will surely bring about his destruction, and who shall take care that he is taught his duty, when he is old enough to learn it.

Mary. O! now I know what godfathers and godmothers are for. And now I understand the reason why my god-mother in the barracks makes me read to her, and hears me my Catechism so often.

By this time, they were come to the church, and the ladies and gentlemen got out of their *palanquins*, and

Mary and Mrs. Mills followed. They went into the church, and they took the baby up to the clergyman, who was standing near a small table, upon which was a basin of pure water.

Then little Mary listened to every thing which the clergyman said, and she remembered many of his words, and repeated them to her mother when she went home.

The first thing he asked was, "Hath this child been already baptized or no?"

And when they had answered, "No," he went on and said, "Dearly beloved, forasmuch as all men are conceived and born in sin, and our Saviour Christ saith. (St. John iii. 5.) None can enter into the kingdom of God, except he be regenerate and born anew of water and of the Holy Ghost; I beseech you to call upon God the Father, through our Lord Jesus Christ, that of his bounteous mercy, he will grant to this child that which by nature he cannot have, that he may be baptized with water and the Holy Ghost, and received into Christ's holy church, and be made a living member of the same."

After this they all knelt, and the clergyman prayed for the baby, that the Lord Jesus Christ would receive him and make him holy; and Mary attended to all the words of the prayer.

Then the clergyman and the people rose from their knees, and the clergyman read a part of the 10th chapter of St. Mark, in which Mary remembered these words well: *They brought young children to Christ, that he should touch them; and his disciples rebuked those that brought them. But when Jesus saw it, he was much displeased, and said unto them, Suffer the little children to come unto me, and forbid them not; for of such is the kingdom of God.*

After this, the clergyman repeated many more words, and enquired of the godfathers and godmother, what things they promised in the name of the child—but Mary could not remember every thing that was said.

But she was very much pleased when the clergyman, having asked what name the baby was to have, took him in his arms, and, sprinkling his face with pure water, said, "Charles, I baptize thee in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost."

Now, when the child was baptized, the ladies and gentlemen went home to Captain Smith's, and every

body kissed little Charles. The clergyman, who was a pious and faithful minister of the Gospel, blessed the infant and prayed, that as he was now made a member of the church of Christ on earth, he might also be a member of the church in heaven.

Then the captain's lady invited little Mary and her mother to stay and eat some plum-pudding. So they stayed, and Mary had her dinner in little Charles' room, And after dinner, in the evening, the clergyman came, and the company finished the day, not in rioting and drunkenness, but in singing psalms, and reading a chapter, and praying. So little Mary went home with her mother.

Q. Before any one goes to heaven, what must happen to him?

A. Except a man be born of water and of the spirit, he cannot enter into the kingdom of God.

Q. In whose name should persons be baptized?

A. In the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost.

Q. Who must go to God?

A. Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not; for of such is the kingdom of God.

STORY III.

“A member of Christ, a child of God, and an inheritor of the kingdom of heaven.”

While the men were at parade on Monday morning, Sergeant Browne's wife, who was Mary's godmother, came over to Mrs. Mills's, to ask leave for Mary to go home with her, to spend the day. Mrs. Mills gave her leave with all her heart, for she knew that little Mary never learned any harm at Mrs. Browne's: for both she and the sergeant feared God. So Mary made haste to get ready, and took her Bible and Catechism in her hand. Neither did she forget to take a bit of cake for her godmother's parrot; for Mrs. Browne had a very fine parrot, which could almost say any thing it heard, and used to sing.

So little Mary and Mrs. Browne set off, and got to Mrs. Browne's before the sergeant returned from parade;

and Mary amused herself with talking to the parrot till the sergeant came in and breakfast was ready.

After breakfast, her godmother called Mary to say her Catechism, and told her, if she would say it without missing a word, she would take her, some day, to the European shop and buy her a silver thimble. So Mary tried to say her Catechism as well as she could, but she missed three words; however, her godmother forgave her, as there were but three words wrong, and told her she should have the thimble. Then her godmother asked her some questions, to see if she understood her Catechism, and if she remembered the things which had been taught her. So she began to question her.

"Mary," said her godmother, "you were at the captain's little boy's baptism yesterday, and what was his name?"

Mary answered, "Charles."

Mrs. Browne Can you, my dear, give me an account of what baptism is, or what is the benefit of it?

Mary. Our Catechism says, that when persons are baptized, they are made members of Christ, children of God, and inheritors of the kingdom of heaven.

Mrs. Browne answered, "If baptism is considered as it ought to be, not only an outward and visible sign, but also an inward and spiritual grace, they who are truly baptized, are indeed made members of Christ, children of God, and inheritors of the kingdom of heaven?"

Mary. Godmother, I do not rightly understand what you say!

Mrs. Browne was silent for a few minutes, and then answered. "My dear child, many wiser persons than I have found it difficult to express themselves well on these subjects. I therefore speak with fear, lest, when attempting to lead you in the right way, I should prove to be like the blind leader of the blind; but I will try to make this matter clear to you. As our Church Catechism has it, baptism is one of two sacraments ordained by Christ. Now a sacrament is composed of two parts; the outward part of baptism is water, with which the person is washed. Still we know that water has no natural efficacy to wash away sin; but it is symbolically used, to denote that sins are done away by the blood of Christ. And to be baptised in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost, is the way ap-

pointed by the Divine Head of the Christian church to be initiated into that spiritual community, and vested with a right to all the privileges of the covenant of grace. The inward part of this sacrament, is called in the Catechism, "a death unto sin, and a new birth unto righteousness, for being by nature born in sin, and the children of wrath, we are hereby made the children of grace." We do not mean, that by this death unto sin, there is an extinguishment of all sinful passions, but that by grace we acquire an ascendancy over them so as to become dead to the dominion of sin, that we will not follow or be led by it.

Mary. Godmother, what do you mean by "a new-birth unto righteousness," or "being made the children of grace?"

Mrs. Browne. I mean that we are placed under the gracious system of the gospel, where we enjoy divine assistance and divine means to enable us to subdue the corruption of our natural state, and to attain that holiness without which no man shall see the Lord.

Mrs. Browne then asked *Mary*, what we are by nature? To which *Mary* replied, "children of wrath."

Mrs. Browne. You are right, my dear. Every child that was ever born into the world, excepting our Lord Jesus Christ, was born in sin; as it is written in the 51st Psalm. v. 5, "Behold I was shapen in wickedness, and in sin hath my mother conceived me." How then are we made children of grace?

Mary. "Not by works of righteousness which we have done, but according to his mercy he saved us, by the washing of regeneration and renewing the Holy Ghost." *Titus*, iii 5. You taught me that verse, godmother, when I was here last.

Mrs. Browne. And I taught you another verse about the wickedness of men. Can you remember it? It is from *Ecclesiastes*.

Mary. O, yes, I do. It is this: "There is not a just man upon earth, that doeth good and sinneth not." *Ecclesiastes*, vii. 20.

Mrs. Browne. What is the punishment of sin?

Mary. "The wages of sin is death." *Rom.* vi. 23. First, the death of our body in the grave; and next, the death of our souls, or eternal death in hell.

Mrs. Browne. All sinners will suffer the first death; so every mortal *body* must go down into the grave and see corruption. But will every sinner go to hell?

Mary. No, godmother, I hope not; for then you and I would surely go to hell, for we are sinners.

Mrs. Browne. What must we then who were born in sin do to be saved?

Mary. We must believe in the Lord Jesus Christ.

Mrs. Browne. You must believe in him, you must abide in him, and continue a member of him. Do you know, Mary, what we mean by the words "Member of Christ," which are used in our Catechism?

"A member of Christ?" said little Mary: "O! it means—it means—I don't know what it means."

Mrs. Browne. If you don't know what it means, why did you not ask me? That is very silly, Mary, to say words and not to think what they mean. I have a great mind to teach you no more. I might just as well teach my parrot, as a little girl that does not think what she is saying, but repeats her words like a foolish bird. Come here, Poll, Sit on my finger, and I will teach you your Catechism. You will soon say it as well, and know what it means as well, as this little girl does.

Mary was ashamed, when Mrs. Browne said the parrot would soon learn as well as she could; and told Mrs. Browne, that she would not say her Catechism any more like a parrot, but would try to understand it; and if she met with any words that she did not understand, she would ask the meaning of them.

"Then," said Mrs. Browne, "I will endeavour, Mary, to make you understand what a member of Christ means. You know, my dear, that you have but one body, and that this body is made of many parts: but although there are in each body a great many members, these members have but one head. In like manner, although there are many individuals in the true Church of Christ; yet they have all only one head: Christ is the head, and they are the members, "chosen in him before the foundation of the world, that they should be holy and without blame before him in love." *Ephesians*, i. 4.

Mary. O! now I understand this. Every Christian is joined to the Lord Jesus Christ, as my hand is to my head; and for that reason we are called members of Christ.

Mrs. Browne. My dear child, be careful to observe this thing: that there are many, calling themselves Christians, who are joined to the Lord Jesus Christ merely in talk, or in some outward form. Let us take care how we fall into this mistake, which may end in everlasting misery.

Then Mrs. Browne explained to little Mary, what an inheritor of the kingdom of heaven meant. "Suppose," she said, "your father and mother were to die, who would have their clothes, and books, and table, and chairs, and cots, and money?"

Mary thought a little while. At last she said, "I suppose I should have them, for I am their child, and they have no other."

Mrs. Browne You have answered right, my dear. You are your father's heir, and you will inherit all his things when he dies. So, my dear, the Lord Jesus Christ, when he died upon the cross, left to those persons who are his children the kingdom of heaven as an inheritance. If you are a child of God, when you die you will have a place in the kingdom of heaven; and I will teach you a verse about it. from Romans viii. "If ye are children of God, then shall ye be heirs, heirs of God, and joint-heirs with Christ."

Little Mary wanted to ask Mrs. Browne some more questions: but Mrs. Browne had some work to do, so she was obliged to leave off talking for that day; and Mary hemmed her god-mother a pocket handkerchief, after which she went to play with the parrot. And Mrs. Browne heard Mary say to the parrot, "So my god-mother says I am no wiser than you, Polly; and that you might be taught to say the Catechism as well as I do! but I won't be like you any longer, Mrs. Polly; for I will try to understand the words I say, and that's what you can't do, with all your fine talking."

In the evening Mrs. Mills came over to drink tea with Mrs. Browne, and took little Mary home with her at night.

Q. How do we know that we are born in sin?

A. Behold I was shapen in wickedness, and in sin hath my mother conceived me.

Q. How then are we made children of grace?

A. Not by works of righteousness which we have done, but according to his mercy he saved us, by the washing of regeneration and renewing of the Holy Ghost.

Q. Is there a good man upon earth?

A. There is not a just man upon earth, that doeth good and sinneth not.

Q. What is the punishment of sin?

A. The wages of sin is death.

Q. If we are children of God, what shall we be also?

A. If ye are children of God, then shall ye be heirs, heirs of God, and joint heirs with Christ.

STORY IV.

“*Q. What did your godfathers and godmothers then for you?*

“*A. They promised for me, that I should renounce the devil and all his works.*”

ON Saturday evening, it being shady and cool, Mrs. Browne came over to Mrs. Mills's, to ask if Mary might go with her to the great market to buy a thimble. Mrs. Mills gave her leave, and made haste to get her ready; and Mary, as soon as she was dressed, took hold of her godmother's hand, and set off, so full of joy, that she could not walk without skipping and jumping.

Before they were gone many steps, Sergeant Mills came after them. “Here,” said he, “Mrs. Browne, is four double pennys for Mary to spend; but I'll thank you, not to let her have any fruit, as her mother says she has not been well these two or three days from eating fruit.” Mrs. Browne promised she should not, and they went on.

“O! godmother,” said little Mary, as soon as her father was gone, “I love you very much.”

Mrs. Browne. What do you love me for, my dear?

Mary. Because you take me to the market, to get a thimble.

Mrs. Browne. Have you no other reason for loving me?

Mary. O, yes! I love you for a great many things. I love you for taking such pains to make me good.

Mrs. Browne. Do you know why I take so much pains to teach you?

Mary. Yes:—because you are my godmother, and you promised for me at my baptism.

Mrs. Browne. What did I promise for you?

Mary. I can tell—It is in the Catechism. You promised three things in my name: first, that I should renounce the devil and all his works, the pomps and vanity of this wicked world, and all the sinful lusts of the flesh; secondly, that I should believe all the articles of the Christian faith; and thirdly, that I should keep God's holy will and commandments, and walk in the same all the days of my life

“Right,” said Mrs. Browne. “Can you tell me, Mary, what renouncing the devil, is? I promised, first, that you should renounce the devil.”

Mary. Renounce the devil, godmother—renounce the devil—why, renouncing the devil is—renouncing the devil.

Mrs. Browne. Why, my dear, that's no answer at all. I ask you, what renouncing the devil means?

“Indeed, godmother,” said Mary, “I don't know.—Please to tell me.”

Mrs. Browne. To renounce any thing, or any person, is to have nothing more to do with them. Just as if I were to say, that Mary Mills is a silly little girl: I will have nothing more to do with her—I renounce her. So I promised that you should have nothing to do with the devil, or any of his wicked ways—that you should be taught to renounce him.

Mary. O! I know what renounce means now.

Mrs. Browne. Can you tell me, my dear, who the devil is?

Mary. The devils are wicked angels, who sinned against God, and were cast down from heaven into hell. I can say a verse about their being cast into hell.

Mrs. Browne. What is it, my dear?

Mary. “God spared not the angels that sinned, but cast them down to hell, and delivered them into chains of darkness, to be reserved unto judgment.” 2 *Peter*, ii. 4.

Mrs. Browne. True, my love: these fallen angels are now become devils, and these devils hate God, and all their works are sin. And it is these works which I promised for you, at your baptism, that you should not do: for “he that committeth sin, is of the devil; for the devil sinneth from the beginning. For this purpose, the Son of God was manifested that he might destroy the works of the devil. 1 *John*, iii. 8.

Mary. Pray, godmother, teach me that verse: I like it very much.

By this time, Mrs. Browne and Mary were come almost to the corner of the last barrack, just as the road turns to go to the market, and they heard a loud noise of people swearing dreadfully; and Mary looked back, and saw two men standing in the piazza, who were swearing at each other in a frightful manner. Then Mrs. Browne gave Mary a pull, saying, "Make haste, Mary: don't stand to listen to these wicked men. Don't you hear how dreadfully they are swearing? These men are doing the works of the devil, and not of God; for our Lord Jesus Christ says, "Swear not at all: neither by heaven, for it is God's throne; nor by the earth, for it is his footstool; neither by Jerusalem, for it is the city of the great king. Neither shalt thou swear by thy head, because thou canst not make one hair white or black. But let your communication be, Yea, yea; nay, nay: for whatsoever is more than these, cometh of evil." *Matt. v. 34--37.* Swearing, my dear, and taking the holy name of God in vain, are some of the wicked works of the devil, which you must renounce."

Mrs. Browne and Mary were now almost out of sight of the barracks, and were come into the high road; and as they were going along they met two white women, dressed in very fine clothes, but very dirty, and covered with dust. Before they came up to them, they heard them talking very loud, and when they came near, they found that they were women of the regiment; and Mrs. Browne perceived that they were both very tipsy, one, in particular, was so far gone, that she could not walk straight; and their faces were quite red. Then said little Mary, when they had passed, "I am sure they have been drinking too much: they look quite tipsy, and that is very shameful."

Mrs. Browne. Very shameful indeed, my dear! and very wicked! Poor women! we must pray God to shew them their sin, for drunkenness is one of the works of the devil, and it is written, "No drunkard shall inherit the kingdom of God." *1 Cor. vi. 10.*

By this time, Mrs. Browne and Mary were come in sight of the great market, and just at the entrance of it, a great many black people were assembled before a small house, or temple, in which was one of the false gods

which the black people serve; and they had daubed themselves with red and yellow powder; and they had small drums and trumpets, and were dancing and shouting before the wooden god that was in the temple. Then said Mrs. Browne, "We white people do the works of the devil; but these black people are not contented to do the devil's work, but they must make a god of him: "They worship devils, and idols of gold, and silver, and brass, and stone, and of wood: which neither can see, nor hear, nor walk." *Rev. ix. 20.*

The black people were so thick before the temple of their idol god, that Mary and Mrs. Browne had difficulty to get by, and they were almost deafened by the sound of the drums and trumpets, and the noise of so many voices; however, with some difficulty, they got through the crowd and went on into the market; and, just as they came into the main street, they saw before them, at a shoemaker's stall, the wife of Corporal Price, and her son, a great lad about twelve years old.

Mrs. Browne, when she came near to her, spoke, as her manner was to all the women of the regiment, very civilly, saying, "How do you do, Mrs. Price, and how is your husband?"

"O!" said Mrs. Price, "we are well enough, thank you, Mrs. Browne; but I am plagued to death with this lad, Dick Price. I came here this afternoon, for the very purpose of getting him a pair of shoes, for he is almost barefoot, and here's a pair that fits him to a nicety, and the man would let me have them very cheap; but Dick says, No; he will have a pair of boots."

"And so I will, mother," said Dick.

"I tell you, lad," replies his mother, "they will do you no service: and they are half a crown a pair."

"Mother," cried Dick, "I'll have the boots, or go barefoot." "Well," said Mrs. Browne, "and if you were my son, you should go barefoot, till you knew better how to behave to your parents."

"Oh!" answered Mrs. Price, "he is the saddest boy that ever lived, and the plague of father and mother."

All this time young Dick was putting on the boots; and as soon as he had got them on, off he ran, saying, "Now, mother, you may pay for them, or let it alone, just as you like;" and away he went shouting and laughing. Mrs. Browne was so angry with the boy, that she

could not help saying, "Mrs. Price, if you do not chastise that lad well, he will, some day make your heart ache. Do you not know what the Bible directs us to do to an undutiful child? 'Thou shalt beat him with the rod, and shalt deliver his soul from hell.'" *Prov. xxiii. 14.*

Mrs. Price made no answer, for it was not her way to correct her children.

Mrs. Browne then took Mary's hand, and walked away; and as soon as she was out of Mrs. Price's hearing, "Mary," she said, "here is another of the devil's works. Did you see how disobedient that bad boy was to his mother? I fear he will come to an ill end, for it is written, 'The eye that mocketh at his father, and despiseth to obey his mother, the ravens of the valley shall pick it out, and the young eagles shall eat it.'" *Prov. xxx. 17.*

Mary. Godmother, I could not have thought, that in going from our barracks to the market, we could have seen so many works of the devil.

Mrs. Browne. Why, my dear, do you not know, that the whole world lieth in wickedness? and it is hard to step out of one's own door, or even to look out of the window, without seeing some of the works of the devil. But you, my dear child, will, I hope, renounce the devil and all his works; and that you will have nothing to do with him—but fly from him, and pray to God, for his dear Son's sake, to help you to overcome him; and the Lord assuredly will help you, according as it is written, "Resist the devil and he will flee from you" *James. iv. 7.*

By this time, they had reached the door of the European shop, so Mary and Mrs. Browne ceased talking, and went in.

Q. What do we learn in the Bible about the fall of the angels?

A. God spared not the angels that sinned, but cast them down to hell, and delivered them into chains of darkness, to be reserved unto judgment.

Q. Who came to destroy the works of the devil?

A. For he that committeth sin is of the devil; for the devil sinneth from the beginning. For this purpose the Son of God was manifested, that he might destroy the works of the devil.

Q. What is said of swearing by our Lord?

A. But I say unto you, Swear not at all: neither by heaven, for it is God's throne; nor by the earth, for it is his footstool; neither by Jerusalem, for it is the city of the great king. Neither shalt thou swear by thy head, because thou canst not make one hair white or black. But let your communication be, yea, yea; nay, nay: for whatsoever is more than these, cometh of evil.

Q. *What is written in 1 Corinthians, vi. 10?*

A. No drunkard shall inherit the kingdom of God.

Q. *How are the gods of the heathen described in the Revelation?*

A. They worship devils, and idols of gold, and silver, and brass, and stone, and of wood: which neither can see, nor hear, nor walk.

Q. *What should be done to an undutiful child?*

A. Thou shalt beat him with the rod, and shalt deliver his soul from hell.

Q. *What will be the end of the child who despises his father and mocks his mother?*

A. The eye that mocketh at his father, and despiseth to obey his mother, the ravens of the valley shall pick it out, and the young eagles shall eat it.

Q. *If we resist the devil, what will he do*

A. Resist the devil and he will flee from you.

STORY V.

“The pomps and vanities of this wicked world, and all the sinful lusts of the flesh.”

THE European shop into which Mrs. Browne and Mary went, was a very large one, and full of all sorts of things. One side was set out with caps and bonnets, ribbons, feathers, sashes, and what not. On another side were all kinds of necklaces, gold ear-rings, bracelets, coloured shoes, and many other things of which I cannot remember the one half. Then there were dolls and toys of all kinds. In short, you cannot think of a thing that was not to be found in that shop. In the piazza were many kinds of gaudy palanquins, and fine furniture; and even wheel carriages, adorned with gold.

The master of the shop was very busy just then in talking to two white women, belonging to the same

regiment with Mrs. Browne and Mary. So Mrs. Browne, not willing to interrupt them, led Mary up to that end of the shop where most of the fine things were set out; and she said, "Mary, these are some of the pomps and vanities of this wicked world, which I promised, at your baptism, that you should renounce. We are apt to like fine clothes, and fine coaches, and furniture, and silver, and gold; for this reason, because we are all sinful and worldly, and because it is natural to us to love any thing better than God; but we do not please God when we adorn ourselves in finery. Do you remember the verse upon this subject which I taught you once?"

Mary. O! yes, godmother, very well. "Whose adorning, let it not be that outward adorning, of plaiting the hair, and of wearing of gold, or of putting on of apparel; but let it be the hidden man of the heart, in that which is not corruptible, even the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit, which is, in the sight of God, of great price." 1 *Peter*, iii. 3, 4.

Mrs. Browne. Well remembered, Mary. I hope you will never grow up, my dear child, to love finery and vanity, or to follow after the pomps and vanities of this wicked world. "Love not the world, neither the things that are in the world. If any man love the world, the love of the Father is not in him. For all that is in the world, the lust of the flesh, the lust of the eyes, and the pride of life, is not of the Father, but is of the world. And the world passeth away, and the lust thereof; but he that doeth the will of God abideth for ever." 1 *John*, ii. 15, 16, 17.

By the time Mrs. Browne had said these verses, the master of the shop came up to her, and with him the two women: one of them was Mrs. Simpson, and the other Mrs. Dawson, both sergeants' wives in the regiment. "Your servant, Mrs. Browne," said Mrs. Simpson: "who would have thought of seeing you here? You are come to buy something smart for your little god-daughter, I hope; and to learn the fashions. Well, and it is time; for long as I have known you,—six years, I believe,—I have never seen you with a bit of any thing smart about you. And your friend, Mrs. Mills, is just such another, or she surely would have put something a little smarter than that plain white bonnet on her little girl."

Mrs. Browne did not answer rudely, as some people are apt to do when any body laughs at their clothes, but she said, "Mrs. Simpson, my husband likes to see me plain, and I have no mind to be fine! so we agree very well as to that matter."

"Well," answered Mrs. Simpson, "if people can please themselves, it is nothing to other people, to be sure. But come. now, do buy your god-daughter a bonnet. Look, here is a pretty straw one, with red roses; and here is another, with yellow flowers, only four *rupees* a-piece: and what's that to you? You have plenty of money." Then Mrs. Simpson called Mary to her, and pulled off her white bonnet, and put on the bonnet with yellow flowers, and held Mary up to the glass, to look at herself. Mary, who was a silly little girl, admired herself amazingly in the yellow bonnet. She did not speak, to be sure, but she looked very hard at her god-mother, as much as to say, do, god-mother, buy me this bonnet.

Mrs. Browne went up gently to Mary, and taking the fine bonnet off her head, she gave her her own little white one again, saying, "Come, Mary, we must be looking for the thimble, or we shall be too late at home." She then led Mary away from the caps and bonnets; and when she was out of Mrs. Simpson's hearing, "Mary, my dear," she said, "if I had thought it right, and it had been proper, I would, with pleasure, have bought you that bonnet; but did I not promise, at your baptism, that you should renounce the pomps and vanities of this wicked world? and I could not be so wicked, surely, as to be the first to lead you into them?"

Then Mrs. Browne called to the master of the shop, saying, "Pray, Sir, shew us some of your best silver thimbles." So Mary chose a thimble, which fitted her very well, and Mrs. Browne paid for it. Then Mary began to think how she should spend the money which her father had given her.

So, after she had considered a while, she laid out one double penny in needles, one in thread, and one she paid for a little box to put her needles, thread, and thimble in. Mrs. Browne was very well pleased at the manner in which Mary had spent three double pennys; but there was one still left, and Mary did not know how to spend it.

Then they went out of the shop and through the market, towards home; and as they were going along, Mary

saw some very nice fruit to be sold. So she said, "O, god-mother, do let me buy some with this money which is left."

"What," said Mrs. Browne, "have you forgotten what your father said, that you were not to have fruit?"

Mary. O! I did not remember it just then; but I do very much long to have some. And she stood still, just before the shop, looking at it.

"Come, come, Mary," said Mrs. Browne, "that's very naughty. Have you not read in the Bible how Eve desired the forbidden fruit, and was tempted to take it at last, and how she brought us, her children, to sin and death, by her wicked longing after the forbidden fruit?—and now you are doing the very thing that Eve did. You are wishing for fruit, when your father said you must not have any. Come away, and pray to God to forgive you for your wickedness."

When Mary heard what Mrs. Browne said, she was sorry, and came away immediately; for she had not, at first, considered how wicked it was to stand and look, and long for a thing, which her father had forbidden her to have.

Then Mrs. Browne looked at Mary, and saw that she was ready to cry. So she said to her, "Mary, you have but one double penny left: give it to the next blind or lame beggar you see, and that will be spending it well; and it will not tempt you any more to be naughty." So Mary attended to what Mrs. Browne said, and gave her money to a poor blind man, whom she met just as she was coming out of the market.

As they were coming home, Mrs. Browne said to Mary, "I have explained to you, my dear, this evening, in some degree, what the works of the devil are, which I promised, for you, that you should renounce. You know, also, what the pomps and vanities of this wicked world are, which you must likewise renounce. I will now tell you what the sinful lusts of the flesh are, which I also promised you should have nothing to do with. When any body longs after, or desires any thing which is forbidden by God, as you did, just now, for the fruit, then that person gives way to one of the sinful lusts of the flesh. Suppose I were to desire as much arrack or gin as would make me drunk, then I should fall into one of the sinful lusts, as every one does who longs after

that which is forbidden. Then said little Mary, "I was very wicked, god-mother, when I wished for that fruit, and am very sorry for it."

Mrs. Browne. My dear, we are all, by nature, such poor sinful wretches, that there is not a day, nor an hour, nor scarcely a moment, in which some evil thought does not come into our minds; so that we have need always to be watching against them; and we must pray to God, in the name of the Lord Jesus Christ, to send his Holy Spirit into our hearts, to make them clean, and holy, and pure, and to take all our evil thoughts and wicked wishes out of them.

Afterwards, Mrs. Browne taught Mary these verses: "This I say then, Walk in the Spirit, and ye shall not fulfil the lust of the flesh. For the flesh lusteth against the Spirit, and the Spirit against the flesh, and these are contrary the one to the other; so that ye cannot do the things that ye would. But if ye be led of the Spirit, ye are not under the law." Gal. v. 16, 17, 18.

By the time Mary had learned these verses they were at home: so Mrs. Browne took Mary to Mrs. Mills's, and Mary shewed her mother the box, with the thimble, needles, and thread in it; and she did not hide from her mother how wicked she had been in wishing for fruit.

Q. How should women adorn themselves?

A. Whose adorning, let it not be that outward adorning of plaiting the hair, and of wearing of gold, or of putting on of apparel; but let it be the hidden man of the heart, in that which is not corruptible, even the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit, which is, in the sight of God, of great price.

Q. Why must we not love the world?

A. Love not the world, neither the things that are in the world. If any man love the world, the love of the Father is not in him. For all that is in the world, the lust of the flesh, and the lust of the eyes, and the pride of life, is not of the Father, but is of the world. And the world passeth away, and the lust thereof: but he that doeth the will of God abideth for ever.

Q. If we wish to please God, what must we be led by?

A. This I say then, Walk in the Spirit, and ye shall not fulfil the lust of the flesh. For the flesh lusteth against the Spirit, and the Spirit against the flesh: and these are contrary the one to the other; so that ye cannot

do the things that ye would. But if ye be led by the Spirit, ye are not under the law.

STORY VI.

“Secondly, that I should believe all the articles of the Christian faith.”

ONE day, Sergeant Browne being on guard, Mrs. Browne came over, as she often did on such occasions, when she had sent her husband his dinner, to drink tea with Mrs. Mills, and brought her work in her hand.

While Mrs. Mills and Mrs. Browne were sitting at work, with Mary on a stool between them, making her doll a frock, they heard a man in the barracks, close by Mrs. Mills’s window, beginning to swear dreadfully. Mrs. Mills called out to him, saying, “Prithee, John Roberts, don’t swear so. Don’t you know that God takes account of every bad word that comes out of your mouth?”

John Roberts did not stop, but when he heard Mrs. Mills speak, he moved farther off; so that they could not hear him so plainly.

Then said Mrs. Browne, You to’ld John Roberts that God heard every word he said. He is afraid of offending you, I see, because your husband is pay-sergeant, and so he moved off a little: but if he had the fear of God, he would know that God could hear at one end of the barracks as well as at another.

Mrs. Mills. Poor wicked man! I imagine he neither believes in a God nor devil.

Mrs. Browne. Alas! unhappy creature, then he is a lost man indeed. For though there are too many among us, I fear, who have not a right faith, yet, I hope, there are not many so hardened as to call in question the very being of God. I remember hearing our good parson, Mr. King, preach on this text, and a fine sermon it was: “Without faith, it is impossible to please God: for he that cometh to God must believe that he is, and that he is a rewarder of them that diligently seek him.” Heb. xi. 6.

“And do you remember,” asked Mrs. Mills, “how he expounded the text.”

Mrs. Browne. My husband was at the pains of putting some part of that sermon down when he came home; so, I had an opportunity of refreshing my memory with what he wrote.

Mrs. Mills. I should be glad to hear what you can recollect on the subject.

“Why,” replied *Mrs. Browne*, “he described faith to be two-fold, or of two different kinds; and pointed out that both these kinds were necessary to salvation, as the text has it: ‘He that comes to God must believe, first, that God is:’ and secondly, ‘that he is ‘a rewarder of them that seek him.’ ‘It is not enough,’ said *Mr. King*, ‘that a man should believe that there is a God, and suppose, as the Hindoos think of their great god, that he is so full of his own power, and goodness, and happiness, that he never troubles himself about men. Such a faith is a dead faith: it would have no power to make a man better, because it never touches the heart; and faith, without a root there, will not purify the heart.’ *Mr. King* pointed out, that we read of some who heard the word of God, and received it with joy, and believed it for a while, but having no root, fell away. Luke viii. 13. ‘Thus, mere belief that there is a God, will not save; but that faith described in the second part of the text,—that belief that God ‘is a rewarder of them that diligently seek him;’ that faith which makes a man cry out, ‘What must I do to be saved?’ *Acts* xvi. 30. and which makes him gladly receive the offer of salvation through the blood of Christ,—that is the second kind of faith, whereby we are justified, which worketh by love, and which purifieth the heart.”

Little *Mary* had laid down her doli’s frock, and had been listening to *Mrs. Browne* while she was speaking; and when she had done, she said, “God-mother, I cannot understand what you have been saying. What is faith?”

Mrs. Browne. My dear, it is not very easy to make you understand what it is, but I will try. I have been saying to your mother, that there are two kinds of faith: one of which is a dead faith, because it has no power to make men better; and the other is a living faith, because it makes the heart clean. Did you ever see the king of England, *Mary*?

Mary. No, god-mother.

Mrs. Browne. Do you believe that there is such a person?

Mary. Yes, god-mother.

Mrs. Browne. So far your faith is a dead faith, my child. Your believing that there is a king of England makes you neither better nor worse: but suppose you could believe that the king of England knew every thing that you did, and would punish you for every thing that you did naughty, how would your belief then work upon you?

Mary. O! then I should try to please the king.

Mrs. Browne. Then your faith would become a living faith. It would be no longer dead. At any rate, it would make you fear to break the king's law. Did you ever see God, Mary?

Mary. O! no, never. I know a verse about that: "No man hath seen God at any time." *John* i. 18.

Mrs. Browne. But do you think there is a God?

Mary. Yes, I am sure there is a God: quite sure.

Mrs. Browne. Then you have faith so far as relates to the being of God. This is a dead faith, if you believe no more concerning him.

Mary. But I do believe more. I believe that he sent his Son to die for me, and that if I love him I shall be saved.

Mrs. Browne. Many have known and believed as much as you do, Mary, and yet have not been saved. Many have prophesied and preached in the name of the Lord, whom we are told will be cast out in the last day. If you wish to be saved by faith, you must not only believe that God sent his Son to die for you, but you must receive the Saviour with all your heart. You must not trust in any other way of being saved. You must not think that you can save yourself by any thing you can do, and you must be willing to be saved by God in his own way.

Mary. God-mother, how do we know what is true about God, and what is not true?

Mrs. Browne. Every thing that is necessary to be known about God is written in the Bible, and we must believe every thing that is in the Bible. I promised for you, Mary, at your baptism, that you should believe all the articles of the Christian faith: I will, therefore, try to make you understand what things they

are which you ought to believe. You say you believe in God, Mary?

Mary. Yes, godmother, I do. But then I don't know much about him, though I have read the Bible very often.

Mrs. Browne. There is but one God, Mary; but in that God there are three persons—three persons in one God.

Mary. I have heard that before, and I know what these three persons are,—God the Father, God the Son, and God the Holy Ghost. And I know a verse about them: “For there are three that bear record in heaven, the Father, the Word, and the Holy Ghost; and these three are one.” 1 *John*, v. 7.

Mrs. Browne. Can you tell me what these three holy persons are called?

Mary. The Holy Trinity.

Mrs. Browne. I promised for you, at your baptism, that you should believe in this Holy Trinity. When you were baptised, you could not answer for yourself; but now you are getting older, you must attend to these things, and pray to God to give you faith, that you may believe in them, and be saved.

Mary. Please to ask me more questions, godmother, that you may see what I know, and what I don't know.

Mrs. Browne. What did God the Father do for you?

Mary. He made me and all the world.

Mrs. Browne. How do you know that he made you and all the world? Did you see him make the world?

Mary. No, to be sure; it was made long before I was born.

Mrs. Browne. Then by what do you know that he made the world?

Mary thought a little while;—at last she said, “By faith I know that God made the world.”

Mrs. Browne and Mrs. Mills were both pleased with Mary's answer, and Mrs. Browne shewed Mary a very pretty verse about it: “Through faith we understand that the worlds were framed by the word of God. So that things which are seen were not made of things which do appear.” *Heb.* xi. 3.

Then Mrs. Browne asked Mary what God the Son had done for her.

Mary. He died for me and all mankind, upon the cross.

Mrs. Browne. What was the Son of God called when in this world?

Mary. The Lord Jesus Christ.

Mrs. Browne. Who is the Lord Jesus Christ?

Mary. The Son of God.

Mrs. Browne. Is he as great as God the Father?

Mary. I don't know.

Mrs. Browne. Look, my dear, at Philippians ii. 5—11. "Let this mind be in you, which was also in Christ Jesus: who, being in the form of God, thought it not robbery to be equal with God; but made himself of no reputation, and took upon him the form of a servant, and was made in the likeness of men: and being found in fashion as a man, he humbled himself, and became obedient unto death, even the death of the cross. Wherefore God also hath highly exalted him, and given him a name which is above every name; that at the name of Jesus every knee should bow, of things in heaven, and things in earth, and things under the earth; and that every tongue should confess that Jesus Christ is Lord, to the glory of God the Father." By that verse you see, my dear, that Jesus Christ is as great as God the Father. Can you tell me how the Lord Jesus Christ came into this world?

Mary. He was born like a baby.

Mrs. Browne. Who was his mother?

Mary. The Virgin Mary.

Mrs. Browne. Who is his father?

Mary. God.

Mrs. Browne. How did he die?

Mary. He was crucified for our sins, upon the cross.

Mrs. Browne. Under whom was he crucified?

Mary. Pontius Pilate.

Mrs. Browne. Was the Lord buried?

Mary. Yes: he was buried in the sepulchre of Joseph of Arimathea.

Mrs. Browne. Where did the spirit of the Lord Jesus Christ go when his body was in the grave?

Mary. He went down into hell.

Mrs. Browne. What do you mean by his going into hell?

Mary. I don't know.

Mrs. Browne. He went to the place of departed spirits. How long was his body in the grave?

Mary. Three days.

Mrs. Browne. After the three days, what happened?

Mary. The Lord rose from the grave.

Mrs. Browne. Where is the Lord Jesus Christ now?

Mary. He is sitting in heaven, at the right hand of God.

Mrs. Browne. Will he ever come down from heaven?

Mary. Yes: he will come at the end of the world, to judge all people.

Mrs. Browne. Who is the third person in the Holy Trinity?

Mary. The Holy Ghost.

Mrs. Browne. What does the Holy Ghost do for you?

Mary. He comes into my heart, and makes it clean.

Mrs. Browne. What is the Church of God, the Holy Catholic Church?

Mary. I don't know exactly.

Mrs. Browne. The Church of God is that spiritual community which our Lord established, while he was here on earth; for he ordained apostles, and vested them with power to ordain successors. He instituted sacraments, and commissioned his apostles and their successors to preach and extend his religion, and to administer his sacraments. What is the communion of saints?

Mary. I don't know.

Mrs. Browne. It is the fellowship, or brotherhood, which exists between the children of God; by which they all partake of one faith, one baptism, one atonement for sin, one Spirit, and all enjoy the same hopes of glory. What does the Bible teach you about the forgiveness of sins?

Mary. The Bible teaches me, that if I believe in the Lord Jesus Christ, my sins will be forgiven me.

Mrs. Browne. Is there no way of having our sins forgiven us but through the Lord Jesus Christ?

Mary. I can answer that by a verse which my father taught me: "Neither is there salvation in any other: for there is none other name under heaven given among men, whereby we must be saved." *Acts iv. 12.*

Mrs. Browne. What will become of your body, after it is dead and fallen to corruption?

Mary. I know three verses about that: "We shall not all sleep: but we shall all be changed, in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, at the last trump: for the trump-

et shall sound, and the dead shall be raised incorruptible, and we shall be changed. For this corruptible must put on incorruption, and this mortal must put on immortality." 1 Cor. xv. 51—53.

Mrs. Browne was pleased with Mary's answers; and she said. "Come, Mary, one or two more questions, and I have done for to-day. What is eternal life?"

Mary. Going to heaven, to live for ever with God.

Mrs. Browne. What is eternal death?

Mary. Living for ever with devils in hell.

By this time the tea was ready, so Mrs. Browne left off questioning Mary. After tea, she went home, but promised Mrs. Mills and Mary to come soon again.

Q. Can we please God without faith?

A. Without faith it is impossible to please him; for he that cometh to God must believe that he is, and that he is a rewarder of them that diligently seek him.

Q. Has any man ever seen God?

A. No man hath seen God at any time; the only begotten Son, which is in the bosom of the Father, he hath declared him.

Q. How many are there that bear record in heaven?

A. There are three that bear record in heaven, the Father, the Word, and the Holy Ghost: and these three are one.

Q. By what do we know that God made all the world?

A. Through faith we understand that the worlds were framed by the word of God, so that things which are seen were not made of things which do appear.

Q. By what verse do you know that the Lord Jesus Christ is God?

A. Let this mind be in you, which was also in Christ Jesus: who, being in the form of God, thought it not robbery to be equal with God; but made himself of no reputation, and took upon him the form of a servant, and was made in the likeness of men: and being found in fashion as a man, he humbled himself, and became obedient unto death, even the death of the cross. Wherefore God hath also highly exalted him, and given him a name which is above every name; that at the name of Jesus every knee should bow, of things in heaven, and things in earth, and things under the earth; and that every tongue should confess that Jesus Christ is Lord, to the glory of God the Father.

Q. Is there any name, except that of the Lord Jesus Christ, by which we can be saved?

A. Neither is there salvation in any other: for there is none other name under heaven given among men, whereby we must be saved.

Q. What will become of our bodies after death?

A. We shall not all sleep, but we shall all be changed in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, at the last trump: for the trumpet shall sound, and the dead shall be raised incorruptible, and we shall be changed. For this corruptible must put on incorruption, and this mortal must put on immortality.

STORY VII.

“Thirdly, that I should keep God’s holy will and commandments, and walk in the same all the days of my life.”

LITTLE Mary had been tolerably good for some time, she had answered her questions well, and had not needed punishment. Her father, who loved her very much, bought some muslin to make her a new white frock, which her mother made and sent to the washer woman, and it came home on Saturday night.

Mary was to spend the next day with her godmother Browne; and her mother said she should put on the new frock.

Mary thought of nothing but the new frock, till she fell asleep that night; and the new frock was the very first thing that came into her head the next morning.

She wanted her mother to put it on as soon as she was out of bed, on Sunday morning; and she was, I am sorry to say, very sulky, when her mother said she was not to have it on till after breakfast. Mrs. Mills, being busy, did not see how sulky Mary was, or else, I am sure, she would have whipped her; for she was not one, like Mrs. Price, who never corrected her child; she had given Mary many and many a good whipping; and so had the sergeant. For they both remembered that it is written, “Foolishness is bound in the heart of a child, but the rod of correction shall drive it far from him.” *Prov. xxii. 15.* But, be it as it would, Mary did not get her whipping that morning, though she wanted it very much.

After breakfast, her mother washed her, and put on the new frock, and, giving her her Bible and Prayer Book, wrapped in a clean pocket-handkerchief, she sent her to her godmother Browne, with whom she was to go to church: for Mrs. Mills was not well enough to go that day herself, and the sergeant was on guard.

Miss Mary set off in her new frock, and so mightily well satisfied was she with herself, that she could not walk like any body else, but was looking at herself behind and before, and making quite a simpleton of herself.

When she came to her godmothers, she found Mrs. Browne sitting at the door, ready to go to church, as soon as the bell should begin to ring. Mrs. Browne was glad to see Mary, and made her sit down by her.

So Mary sat down, and spread her frock out upon her knees, and pretended to shake the dust off it, and twenty other little tricks, to make her godmother take notice of it; but Mrs. Browne was thinking of something else, and never perceived any difference in Mary's dress from what she wore every Sunday.

Mrs. Browne having a little time before the bell began to ring, thought she would ask Mary a few questions. So she said to her, "Mary, my dear, what was the third thing I promised for you at your baptism?"

Mary. O! I know very well, godmother. It was this: that I should keep God's holy will and commandments, and walk in the same all the days of my life.

Mrs. Browne. Very well, my dear: and can you tell me how many commandments there are?

Mary. O, yes! there are ten.

Mrs. Browne then made Mary repeat to her the ten commandments; and Mary said them very well.

Mrs. Browne asked her if she thought there ever was a man in the world who had kept all the commandments of God?

Mary thought a while.—At last she said, "No, godmother, I think not, except the Lord Jesus Christ, when he was in the world; he kept them all."

Mrs. Browne. True, my dear: the Lord Jesus Christ never broke any of the laws of God; but as to us poor creatures, there is not a day, nor an hour, nor perhaps even a moment, if we are left to ourselves, in which we do not break some of the commandments.

"Not a day, nor an hour, nor scarcely a moment?" said

Mary. "Dear godmother, I could not have thought that we break God's commandments so often. I don't think I have broken any of them lately."

Mrs. Browne was surprised to hear Mary boast so, for she had not heard her boast in such a manner for a long, long while: so she turned and looked hard at her, thinking to herself, what's the matter now, that my little god-daughter is so full of herself to-day? and as she looked at her, she spied the new frock, and guessed how things went. However, she said nothing about the frock, but, putting her hand into her pocket, she pulled out a new little book, fresh from Europe, with a gilt cover, and said, "Mary, I met with this little book yesterday, and if you don't break one of the ten commandments before we come from church, I will give it to you."

"O! godmother, thank you!" said Mary: "and I have a piece of pink silk, which my mother gave me, and I will make a bag for it, with a button and a string."

"Stop! stop!" said Mrs. Browne: "stay till you have it, before you make the bag."

Mary. O! I don't fear I shall get it. Surely, I sha'n't break one of the commandments at church, of all places!

Mrs. Browne. Well, do you see to that, Mary. You know that's your business—not mine.

By this time the bell began to ring, and Mary and Mrs. Browne set off to go to church.

Now, as they went along the road, they saw before them, and behind them, and on all sides of them people going to church also; and Mary looked to see if any body was admiring her new frock; but nobody took any notice of it, till, just as they came to the church gate, they overtook Mrs. Simpson. Mrs. Simpson found out Mary's new frock in a moment; for she was one of these women who examine every thing that people have on, from head to foot: and she pretended to understand the fashions as well as the finest lady in the place. When she saw Mary, she called out to her, "So, so, you have got a new frock, and very handsome it is, and good muslin, and well made too, and you look very well in it. Who made it for you? It's quite in the fashion: sure, that's not your mother's work?" Mary had no time to answer, for the clergyman had, by this time, got into the church, and all the people hastened in after him. Though she had not time to answer Mrs. Simpson, yet she was

mightily pleased with what had been said about her frock; and she became more proud than ever of herself, and of her dress, and thought of nothing but her clothes all church-time. She said the prayers in the Prayer Book after the clergyman, it is true, but she thought no more of their meaning all the time, than her godmother's parrot would have done, had it been taught to repeat them. And in the Litany, at the very time she was saying, "Lord have mercy upon us, miserable sinners," she was thinking, what a nice, pretty little girl I am, and how good;—so far was she from humbling herself before God.

Now Mrs. Browne knew well enough what Mary's thoughts were running upon; for even when the child was kneeling down, she was turning to look at her sleeves, or at the tucks of her frock, or at the muslin bows which fastened her belt. However, Mrs. Browne said nothing to her in the church, nor as they walked home, because there were so many people about them; but when she got home, "Mary," said she, "do you think I am to give you the book?"

"Yes, godmother," said Mary.

Mrs. Browne. Have you not broken any of God's commandments since you left this house to go to church?

Mary. No, godmother, I have not: I have been very good.

"Good!" said Mrs. Browne, "there is none good, but God. I believe, Mary, if I were to be hard upon you, I could shew you that, since you left this house, you have broken several of God's commandments; but I will only speak of one, which, I fear, you have broken twenty and twenty times.

Mary stared at her godmother, and turned very red: she could not think what she meant.

Mrs. Browne. What is the third commandment, Mary?

Mary. The third commandment?—O! it is, Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain, for the Lord will not hold him guiltless that taketh his name in vain. Dear, godmother, I have not been swearing.

Mrs. Browne. No, my dear, I did not say you had; but there are a great many ways of taking God's name in vain, besides swearing. Pray, how many times did

you use the name of the Lord God in the prayers at church to-day?

Mary. Why, godmother, I should be a long time counting the times, that name comes over so often.

Mrs. Browne. And pray, Mary, to-day, at church, what were you thinking of while you were repeating the holy name of your God? Come, my child, be honest; don't add sin to sin by denying the truth.

Mary looked very much vexed, yet she did not tell a lie; but said, "Godmother, I will own the truth, whether I lose the book or not: I thought of nothing at church but my frock."

Mrs. Browne. You have done well to speak the truth, my dear. And now tell me how you broke the third commandment at church.

Mary. By thinking of my clothes, and of foolish things, while I was repeating the holy name of God.

Mrs. Browne. True, Mary; you took the sacred name of God in vain, and that not once or twice, but as I said before, twenty and twenty times, thereby offending the majesty of God, who knows the most secret thoughts of our hearts.

The tears came into Mary's eyes, to think how wicked she had been; and Mrs. Browne, seeing her grieved, said, "My dear, pray to God to forgive you what is past, and I will give you another chance for the book. It is now two hours till our dinner will be ready: if I do not find you out breaking one of the commandments before dinner, you shall have the book to take home with you to-night."

Mary was a little comforted with this promise, and resolved to try again for the book; and she was resolved that she would have the book this time. So, to make herself, as she thought, quite sure, she took her Bible and a stool, and went and sat in one corner of the room, thinking to herself, I will not stir till dinner-time, and, surely, I cannot break one of the commandments while I am sitting here with my Bible in my hand. For half an hour Mary seemed to do well, and made sure of the book; but unluckily for her, just as the clock struck twelve, Mrs. James, and her daughter Kitty, who was just Mary's age, came into Mrs. Browne's room. Mrs. James was the sergeant-major's wife, and she had called to ask Mrs. Browne how she did. Mrs. James was one that loved finery very much, and always dressed her

daughter in the best and smartest of every thing; accordingly, Kitty James had a worked muslin frock on, much finer than Mary's, and a pink sash and pink slippers, with white beads around her neck.

Mrs. James sat down, and Kitty placed herself upon a stool by her, just opposite Mary, and Mrs. James began talking to Mrs. Browne. All this time little Mary's eyes were upon Kitty's sash, and fine shoes; and she could not help wishing, and wishing for them, till she was quite uneasy, so much did she long for them. Mrs. James sat talking till the dinner-drum beat, when she got up and went away; and then Mary, rising from her seat, ran up to her godmother, and said, "O! godmother, what a beautiful sash! I wish—I wish I had it!"

"Mary! Mary!" said Mrs. Browne, "fie! fie! How can you allow yourself to covet and desire what is not your own?"

Soon after this the dinner was brought in, and Mary said, "Now, godmother, for the book. It is dinner-time, and I have not broken any of the commandments since I came in from church."

Mrs. Browne. Stop, stop, Mary; don't be too sure of that.

Mary. Why, godmother, how can I have broken a commandment since church? I have been sitting in that corner till this very minute.

Mrs. Browne. Yet you have broken a commandment, I assure you.

Mary. No, godmother, no. I ought to have the book. I have been very good.

Mrs. Browne. Indeed, Mary, you have not been very good; for, to my knowledge, you have broken one commandment, at least, since church-time.

Mary looked rather cross, and said, "What commandment, godmother?"

Mrs. Browne. What's the tenth, Mary?

Mary. The tenth commandment?—"Thou shalt not covet thy neighbour's house, thou shalt not covet thy neighbour's wife, nor his servant, nor his maid, nor his ox, nor his ass, nor any thing that is his."

Mrs. Browne. Pray, my dear, did you not but just now covet and desire Kitty James's sash?

Mary could not say she had not: so she sat down to dinner with Sergeant and Mrs. Browne, without her

book; and she could scarcely eat her dinner because she was so vexed. However, Mrs. Browne once more comforted her by saying, "Mary, I will give you another chance for the book. If I do not find you out breaking one of the commandments before the bugle sounds for parade, you shall have the book to take home with you."

Mary thanked her godmother, and determined to try for it again.

Now there was in the same barrack, but at the other end of it, a woman who was very sick, and Mrs. Browne used to go very often to see her: so, after dinner, the sergeant said to his wife, "Do you go now to see Sally Jones, and I'll take care of Mary." Mrs. Browne gave Mary a hymn book to read, and went to see Mrs. Jones, leaving Mary and her husband together.

The sergeant took his Bible in his hand, and sat down, bidding Mary also to sit down to her book; he being much engaged with his Bible, quite forgot that he was to take care of Mary.

Mary sat a little while reading very busily, but presently she got tired of reading, and began to count the leaves of her book; and behold, while she was counting the leaves, she heard a monkey chattering in the piazza, so up she must get, to look at the monkey, and out she must go into the piazza, where she found two or three rude children, riding on sticks. Miss Mary presently found a stick too; and when sergeant Browne thought of Mary, and looked to see where she was, she was coursing up and down the piazza, though it was Sunday, upon a stick, with most of the rude boys and girls in the barrack. The sergeant was sadly vexed at her. He soon brought her back, and tied her to the foot of the bed with his pocket handkerchief; and bid her repeat the fourth commandment to herself, and try to keep it better another time. It was a sad tale to tell Mrs. Browne when she came back, that Mary had been romping and rioting on Sunday evening, with all the rude lads in the barrack. Mary cried, and was very humble, and said, "Godmother, I have done very wrong. I have broken one of God's commandments again. I am a wicked girl."

Mrs. Browne untied her, and took her upon her lap, and kissed her, saying, "Mary, I am glad to see you so humble and sorry for what you have done; and I hope,

my dear child, that you will never again boast, and say that you are able to keep God's commandments; "for know, that in us (that is in our flesh) dwelleth no good thing: for to will is present with us: but how to perform that which is good we find not. For the good that we would, we do not: but the evil which we would not, that we do." Rom. vii. 18, 19.

Then said Mary, "You may put away that pretty little book, godmother, for I shall never gain it, I am sure."

Mrs. Browne. What! won't you try again to-morrow, Mary?

Mary. O! no, no, godmother; for I shall never get it by my own goodness. I now know that I am a miserable sinner, though I did not know it this morning at church.

Mrs. Browne. Then, my dear child, you have learned the best lesson you ever learned in your life.

Mary cried and sobbed very much, and said, "Godmother, if I cannot be good half an hour, to gain this little book, how can I be good all my life, to gain heaven?"

Mrs. Browne. If we were to gain heaven by our own goodness, we should none of us ever get there.

Mary. But will God take me to heaven with all my sins and wickedness? Godmother, I am not fit to go to heaven.

Mrs. Browne. Certainly not. But if you believe in the Lord Jesus Christ, you will be washed from your sins by his blood: and your heart will be made clean, and white, and pure, so that you will be able even now to love God and keep his commandments.

Mary. O! godmother, I know now why I have been so wicked to-day. I have not loved the Lord Jesus Christ to-day; but I have loved myself all day, and therefore I could not keep God's commandments, because I did not love him.

Then Mrs. Browne taught Mary these verses: "Jesus answered and said unto him, If a man love me, he will keep my words: and my Father will love him, and we will come unto him, and make our abode with him. He that loveth me not, keepeth not my sayings: and the word which ye hear is not mine, but the Father's which sent me." John xiv. 23, 24.

By the time Mary had learned these verses, it was parade time, so Mrs. Browne sent her home. But before they parted, she kissed her, and said, "I hope, my child, that you will remember what has happened to-day, and bear in mind continually, that if we all had what we deserved, it would not be heaven and a crown of glory, but hell and the lake which burns with fire and brimstone; and that we have nothing to trust to but the cross of Christ. "God forbid that we should glory, save in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ, by whom the world is crucified unto us, and we unto the world." Gal. vi. 14.

When little Mary went home, she told her mother all that had happened. Mrs. Mills felt very much obliged to Mrs. Browne, for the pains she took with her little girl; and Mary went to bed more humble, I am glad to say, than she got up.

Q. What is bound in the heart of a child?

A. Foolishness is bound in the heart of a child, but the rod of correction shall drive it far from him.

Q. Who is good?

A. There is none good, but God.

Q. Why must not we boast?

A. For I know that in me (that is, in my flesh,) dwelleth no good thing: for to will is present with me; but how to perform that which is good I find not. For the good that I would, I do not: but the evil which I would not, that I do.

Q. If we wish to keep God's commandments, who must we love?

A. Jesus answered and said unto him, If a man love me, he will keep my words: and my Father will love him, and we will come unto him, and make our abode with him. He that loveth me not, keepeth not my sayings: and the word which ye hear is not mine, but the Father's which sent me.

Q. What is the only thing we poor sinners should glory in?

A. God forbid that I should glory, save in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ, by whom the world is crucified unto me, and I unto the world.

STORY VIII.

Continuation upon the Commandments.

It happened the next day, that a lady in the regiment (being taken ill) sent for Mrs. Mills to nurse her; for Mrs. Mills was a nice woman among sick people. And while her mother was out, Mary was sent to Mrs. Browne, to stay both day and night, with whom Mary spent her time very pleasantly. In the morning she used to work, spell, and to learn her verses; after dinner she read aloud, while Mrs. Browne sewed; and in the evening they took a walk. While they were walking, they used to talk, and Mrs. Browne would ask Mary many questions, and teach her many pretty things.

The first evening that Mary was at Mrs. Browne's, she took Mary to walk in a very pleasant garden, about half a mile from the barracks. This garden belonged to a black man, who was very civil, and would let Mrs. Browne come in at any time, because she never meddled with any thing.

It was a garden full of flowers, and tall shady trees, in which were doves and nightingales. I will relate to you what Mrs. Browne and Mary talked of as they walked in this garden.

First Mary said, "Godmother, I have been thinking all day how naughty I was yesterday; and not only yesterday, but what a poor miserable sinner I have been all my life, and how many, and many, and many times I have broken God's commandments."

Mrs. Browne. The reason, my dear, why we break God's commandments so often is, because we really do not love the Lord Jesus Christ. If the love of Christ was always in our hearts, we should not be so continually sinning as we now are. If you were to read the 14th chapter of St. John, and consider it well, you would find, that those people who love the Lord Jesus Christ, are enabled to keep his commandments; and that those who do not love him, do not keep his commandments.

Mary. O! godmother, I can say several verses out of that chapter of St. John. "He that bath my commandments, and keepeth them, he it is that loveth me: and he that loveth me shall be loved of my Father; and I will

love him, and will manifest myself to him." John xiv. 21. And then there is another verse, which you taught me yesterday, when I had been riding on a stick in the piazza, which has almost the same meaning.

Mrs. Browne. Now can you tell me, Mary, why you did not keep God's commandments yesterday?

Mary. Because I did not love the Lord Jesus Christ.

Mrs. Browne. Suppose you had loved him a little, do you think you would have kept his commandments better yesterday?

Mary. Yes; I think, I should.

Mrs. Browne. And suppose that yesterday you had loved the Lord Jesus Christ with all your heart, and with all your soul, and with all your mind, and with all your strength, do you think you would have broken any of his commandments at all?

Mary. No, godmother, not if I had loved him with all my might; for then his Holy Spirit would have been in my heart, and I should have done every thing right.

Mrs. Browne. True, Mary. It is because we do not love the Lord Jesus Christ, that we fall into sin. If we loved God entirely, we should not require to be held to our duty by strong laws enforced by severe penalties. "For," as St. Paul says, "rulers are not a terror to the good works, but to the evil. Wilt thou then not be afraid of the power? Do that which is good, and thou shalt have praise of the same: For he is the minister of God to thee for good. But if thou do that which is evil, be afraid; for he beareth not the sword in vain; for he is the minister of God, a revenger to execute wrath upon him that doeth evil." Romans xiii. 3, 4.

By this time, Mrs. Browne and Mary had come to a bench, under some sweet smelling trees. Then said Mrs. Browne, "Let us sit down, Mary, on this bench, and I will tell you a story." So they both sat down, and Mrs. Browne told Mary a story.

A great many years ago, there lived, in this garden, a certain gardener, who had the care of three little boys; and these little boys used to work in his garden. The boys' names were Fijou, and Paton, and Juman. Fijou was a good tempered boy, and loved his master so much, that he would not do him an ill turn for the world; but tried to please him in every thing: neither would he hurt

a tree, or a flower, or any thing belonging to his master, upon any account. Paton liked his master very well, but loved himself better: accordingly, he did not think of serving his master, so much as of pleasing himself. He would pull the fruit in the garden, and eat it, or running over the flowers, break them, and so do a great deal of mischief, though he did not intend it. But Juman, the third of these boys, quite hated his master, and sought every way of spiting him, and hurting his trees and plants, and killing the birds, which his master loved.

Now Paton and Juman did so much mischief, that the gardener was forced to make laws for them. The first law was, that they were not to gather fruit, without asking leave; the second law was, that they were not to throw stones at the birds; the third law was, that they were not to break the heads of the flowers:—but the gardener made no laws for Fijou, because Fijou loved his master, and “love worketh no ill to his neighbour: therefore love is the fulfilling of the law.” Romans xiii. 10.

Now, it happened once, that the gardener must go to a market, a great way off, to sell his fruit, and must be out two or three days. So, before he went, he called his boys, and to Fijou he said. “Fijou, love me till I come back.” But to Juman and Paton he repeated his laws, to wit: Do not gather any fruit; do not throw stones at the birds; and do not break the heads of the flowers. “Moreover,” he added, “if you do not remember my laws, and keep them, I will punish you with a very sore punishment.” So the gardener went his way. Now when he was gone, Fijou, still remembering his master, and loving him as if he were present, tried all in his power to do his master good; he watered his flowers, fed his birds, and guarded his fruit. But the wicked Juman said, “Our master is gone, and will not come back for many days, so I eat will the fruit of the garden, and trample the flowers under my feet, and kill the birds for my sport, for I hate my master.” Then Paton, when he saw Juman eating the fruit, thought he should like some too, for he loved himself better than his master. So he gathered and ate, and broke the laws also, as Juman did.

After a few days, the master came home: and when he had taken account of the boys, he took the faithful

Fijou into his house, and made him as his son; but Juman and Paton he cast out of his garden, and they became porters in the market.

Then said Mrs. Browne, "Which of these boys were you like yesterday?"

Mary. I think I was like Paton: for though I did not hate God so much as Juman did his master, yet I did not love him well enough to keep his laws.

Mrs. Browne. And should you like to be cast out as Paton was, and to have your portion with the wicked?

Mary. No, no, godmother.

Mrs. Browne. But I tell you, Mary, if you do not love God, you will be cast into hell: for "the Lord Jesus shall be revealed from heaven with his mighty angels in flaming fire, taking vengeance on them that know not God, and that obey not the Gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ: who shall be punished with everlasting destruction from the presence of the Lord, and from the glory of his power. 2 Thess. i. 7, 8, 9.

"O!" said Mary, "I wish I could love the Lord Jesus Christ as Fijou loved his master! then he would take me to heaven, and make me his child."

Mrs. Browne. If you really wish, Mary, to have a heart to love God, you must pray to God to send his Holy Spirit to change your vile and sinful nature, and to fill you with love for your Redeemer.

Mary. I will pray, godmother.

Mrs. Browne. And you must read your Bible often. The Bible is God's book, and it speaks of all the great and kind things which the Lord God did for us, and how much he loved us sinful creatures. "For God so loved the world, that he gave his only-begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life." John iii. 16. And you should think about the Lord Jesus, when you are lying in your bed at night, and when you are getting up, and when you are sitting at work, and at all times when you can: and think how much he suffered to save you from going to hell: that he came down from heaven, and became a poor weak baby, and lived thirty-three years in the world, in poverty, and in great hardships; and how at last he was nailed upon the cross, and died a cruel death to save you from going to hell. Surely, you can-

not think of all these things, without loving him who endured so much for you?

Then said little Mary, "Ah! godmother, how wicked I am not to love him more!"

Mrs. Browne. Then let that thought, my dear, make you feel very humble, and lead you, from the bottom of your heart, to say, (what indeed we have all cause to join in,) Lord, Lord, I am a miserable sinner!

It was time now for Mrs. Browne and Mary to return home: so they got up from their seats, and as they went back through the garden, Mary could not but notice the beauty of the flowers and trees—the roses and the jessamine, and the orange trees bending with the weight of the golden fruit, with the pretty sound of the doves in the trees, and the nightingales, who were just beginning their evening song.

Then said Mrs. Browne, "What is this garden, pretty as it is, to the place which our Redeemer hath prepared for them that love him? We cannot, my dear, unless divinely taught, form any notion of the glory and happiness of heaven, as it is written, 'Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man, the things which God hath prepared for them that love him.'" 1 Cor. ii. 9.

Mary. O! godmother, what a pretty verse! Tell me another about heaven.

Mrs. Browne. "And one of the elders answered, saying unto me, What are these which are arrayed in white robes? and whence came they? And I said unto him, Sir, thou knowest. And he said to me, These are they which came out of great tribulation, and have washed their robes, and made them white in the blood of the Lamb. Therefore are they before the throne of God, and serve him day and night in his temple: and he that sitteth on the throne shall dwell among them. They shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more: neither shall the sun light on them, nor any heat. For the Lamb, which is in the midst of the throne shall feed them, and shall lead them unto living fountains of waters: and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes." Rev. vii. 13—17.

As they walked along, Mrs. Browne taught Mary these verses, and they had scarcely time enough to set the tea things before the serjeant came in from parade.

So they drank tea; and, after they had prayed and read a chapter or two, they all went to bed.

Q. Who are those that keep God's commandments?

A. He that hath my commandments, and keepeth them, he it is that loveth me: and he that loveth me shall be loved of my Father; and I will love him, and will manifest myself to him.

Q. For whom are laws necessary?

A. Rulers are not a terror, &c. Romans xii. 34.

Q. Why are not laws necessary for those who love God and their neighbours?

A. Love worketh no ill to his neighbour: therefore love is the fulfilling of the law.

Q. What will be the punishment of those who know not God?

A. The Lord Jesus shall be revealed from heaven with his mighty angels, in flaming fire, taking vengeance on them that know not God, and that obey not the Gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ: who shall be punished with everlasting destruction from the presence of the Lord, and from the glory of his power.

Q. By what has God chiefly shewn his love for us?

A. For God so loved the world, that he gave his only-begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life.

Q. Can we form any idea of the glory of heaven?

A. Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man, the things which God hath prepared for them that love him.

Q. What is the account in Revelation of the eternal happiness of those who have been washed in the blood of the Lamb?

A. And one of the elders answered, saying unto me, What are these which are arrayed in white robes? and whence came they? And I said unto him, Sir, thou knowest. And he said to me, these are they which came out of great tribulation, and have washed their robes, and made them white in the blood of the Lamb. Therefore are they before the throne of God, and serve him day and night in his temple: and he that sitteth on the throne shall dwell among them. They shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more: neither shall the sun light on them, nor any heat. For the Lamb, which is in

the midst of the throne, shall feed them, and shall lead them unto living fountains of waters: and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes.

STORY IX.

The first Commandment.—"Thou shalt have no other gods but me."

THE day after Mary and Mrs. Browne had been walking in the pretty garden, Mrs. Browne, wanting some tea and sugar, took Mary with her to the great market, to get some. It happened that day, that there was no evening parade, and the men, being at liberty, were running here and there, up and down the country, and some of them were going the same way with Mrs. Browne and Mary; but they did not join them, for Mrs. Browne was not one who had much to say to any of them, though she was civil to all that came in her way.

Now, as they were going along, Mrs. Browne said to Mary, "Of what is it said in the Bible that Christians should talk as they walk by the way, Mary?"

Mary. Of God's word, I think, godmother, and his works.

Mrs. Browne. Yes, my dear, you have answered rightly. The command given in the Bible, is, that we should speak of the words of God at all times. "Therefore shall ye lay up these my words in your heart and in your soul, and bind them for a sign upon your hand, that they may be as frontlets between your eyes. And ye shall teach them your children, speaking of them when thou sittest in thine house, and when thou walkest by the way, when thou liest down, and when thou risest up." Deut. xi. 18, 19. And now, Mary, the portion of God's word which I wish to talk of this evening, is the first commandment. Can you say it?

Mary. Yes, godmother, to be sure.—"Thou shalt have none other gods but me."

Mrs. Browne. Do you think you have ever broken that commandment, Mary?

Mary thought a little—at last she said, "No, I think not. I never remember saying my prayers to any other God but one God."

Mrs. Browne. My dear, don't be too sure that you never broke this commandment; for I believe there is not a man or woman alive who has not broken it. There are many ways of breaking it: but I will speak of one way first. To keep this commandment rightly, it is not enough to believe that there is but one God, and to worship that one; but as I told you once before, we must have a right notion of the God which we worship. Now the Mahometans, or Mussulmauns, say, that there is but one God, and say their prayers only to him: but their God is not the God of the Christians; no, nor at all like him. If you were to read their holy book, which is the same to them as our Bible to us, you would be frightened at the account it gives of their God: there is no manner of likeness between him and the God of the Christians. Do you think that these people, when they worship the God spoken of in this book, keep the first commandment, which says, 'Thou shalt have no other Gods but me?' Did you never, like these Mahometans, say your prayers without having right notions about God, or even without wishing to have them?

Mary. Why, godmother, I can't say I ever thought much about God till very lately; and if I did happen to think a little, I thought wrong about him. One thing I used to think, that, if I said my prayers, he would, for my sake, take me to heaven, and forgive me my faults. I thought nothing about the Lord Jesus, though I knew there was such a person.

Mrs. Browne. Then, my dear, you were no better than one of these Mahometans. Your notion of God was quite wrong. You knew no more of the true God, the God of the Christians, than the poorest and most ignorant Mussulmaun.

Mary. And when I prayed to God, without knowing or thinking what he is, and without going to him in the name of the Lord Jesus Christ, did I break the first commandment?

Mrs. Browne. To be sure, you did; because God has told us in his Bible what he is, and how he would be served. And if we do not strive to learn about him from his holy book, and to worship him in the way he has ordered us, we break his first commandment—we do not worship him, but a god of our own fancying.

Mary. What do the Mahometans say about their God?

Mrs. Browne. Like us, they say, that there is but one God: but they believe that he will pardon sin without an atonement: that is, a dying Saviour. Now, we know that the true God cannot do this; because he is perfectly just, and requires that sin should be punished: therefore has Christ died, the just for the unjust, to make satisfaction for our sins. Then the Mahometans do not make out their God to be a lover of holiness and purity, like the God of the Christians; but they say that he has prepared a place for those that love him, where men will be rewarded by sinful pleasures.

Mary. Please to tell me again, godmother, what are the things most necessary for me to believe about God.

Mrs. Browne. The true God, my dear, is he that "was in Christ reconciling the world unto himself." 2 Cor. v. 19. He is called in the Bible, the Lord Jehovah; and although he is but one God, yet he has taught us, that in this one God there are three persons.

Mary. I do not understand how there can be three persons, godmother, in only one God.

Mrs. Browne. Can you tell me, my dear, how you are made up of a soul and a body, and yet are but one little girl?

Mary. No, godmother.

Mrs. Browne. Then, my dear, if you cannot tell what you are yourself, can you be supposed to understand the nature of God?

Mary. No, godmother, to be sure.

Mrs. Browne. You must believe the holy doctrine of the Trinity, as we learn it in the Bible; and be content till we go into another world to understand this and many other things better.

Mary. I do believe that there are three persons in one God; and I know what these three holy persons are—the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost.

Mrs. Browne. And you ought to know, my dear, that no person must presume to go to God the Father, but in the name of God the Son; and that if any man dares to pray to God the Father in any other name but the name of the Lord Jesus Christ, he breaks the first commandment.

Just as Mrs. Browne had spoken these words, she heard the steps of some one following her: and, looking

back, she saw sergeant Burton, one of the next company to her husband's, walking close behind them: and it seems he had been listening for some time to what they had been saying. Sergeant Burton, though not a young man, had as little fear of God as any man in the barracks, and never set his foot within a church door, except when under orders so to do. The sergeant smiled when Mrs. Browne, looked back, and, stepping forward, he said, "upon my word, Mrs. Browne, if our parson had been here, he could not have preached a longer sermon to that little lass than you have done. And so you would make out that every man who does not worship God after your fashion, is no better than one of those Mussulmaun fellows in the market.

"I meant no offence to you, sergeant Burton," said Mrs. Browne, civilly. "This little girl is my god-daughter, and I am willing to take all opportunities of instructing her; for, God knows in this country, where we hear of so many sudden deaths, how long I may be spared to her."

Sergeant Burton. Mrs. Browne, are you not teaching the child a very hard doctrine? Is every body who does not serve God after your fashion to go to hell? I say my prayers most nights, and I believe there is but one God; and yet, I suppose, you would make me out to be a breaker of the first commandment, and to be no better than a Mussulmaun, because I go to God in my own name?

"Why, you are not a Christian, sergeant, by your own account," said Mrs. Browne; "for a Christian never goes to God in his own name, but in the name of the Lord Jesus Christ: for in John xiv. 6, Christ has said unto us, "I am the way, and the truth, and the life: no man cometh unto the Father, but by me."

"What a pity it is," said the sergeant, "that you are not a man, Mrs. Browne! You would make a capital parson." Then, laughing at his own wit, he walked on; and Mrs. Browne said, as soon as he was out of hearing, "Mary, my dear, let us pray to-night for that poor man: for now he despises his Redeemer; but how will he feel, when he sees him whom he has set at nought coming in the clouds of heaven, and all his holy angels with him, with power and great glory!" Mark xiii. 26.

Mrs. Browne added, soon afterwards, "Poor sergeant Burton is another example of one who breaks the first commandment. He does not worship the true God, the

Holy Trinity: for he believes only, you see, in the first person; he will have nothing to do with the second: so he does not worship the true God, but a God of his own fancying."

Then Mrs. Browne told Mary, that there were yet many other ways of breaking this commandment, besides the one she had already pointed out. "Whoever," said she, "loves house, land, husband, wife, son, or daughter, more than God, makes a God of that thing, and worships the creature instead of the Creator."

Then said Mrs. Browne, "many years ago, Mary, I had one little boy, (I never had but one,) and he was a very lovely babe. I loved him so much, that I thought of nothing but my sweet baby, morning, noon and night. I loved him so, that I forgot the God who made him and gave him to me, and I made a God of my baby. When he was two years old, he fell sick and died, and then, in my grief, I recollected how wicked I had been; for "he that loveth father or mother more than me is not worthy of me; and he that loveth son or daughter more than me is not worthy of me." Matt. x. 37.

Mary could not help crying when she heard of Mrs. Browne's baby; and said, "godmother, is he in heaven?"

Mrs. Browne. Yes, my dear, I believe that he was received into heaven for the sake of his blessed Saviour; for the Lord Jesus loves little children, and has said, "suffer the little children to come unto me, and forbid them not; for of such is the kingdom of God. Mark x. 14.

Just as Mrs. Browne had repeated this verse, there came a woman straight towards them, from the market. She was loaded with all kinds of things, which she had been buying, and was ready to drop under the weight of them, for it was a warm evening. When she came near, "I do think," said Mrs. Browne, "that is Sally Hicks, of the grenadiers: what can she have loaded herself so for, this warm evening? Was there not a porter to be had in the market."

When Sally Hicks drew nearer, Mrs. Browne saw that she was ready to faint with heat; and Mrs. Browne called to her, saying, "Mrs. Hicks, you will kill yourself. Do let me call a porter to help you."

Mrs. Hicks set down her basket upon a heap of clay in the road, and stood fanning herself with her bonnet, till

Mrs. Browne came up, and again said to her, "Do, Mrs. Hicks, let me go for a porter, you will kill yourself."

"O, dear!" said Mrs. Hicks, "do you think that I am like your fine ladies, that can't carry a bit of a basket?"

Mrs. Browne. O! as to that, I see no shame in carrying any thing: but the weather is hot, and you will fatigue yourself to death. Next thing I shall hear will be, that you are gone to the hospital with a fever.

Sally Hicks. If it were ten times hotter, I could not find in my heart to give a penny to a fellow for just carrying a basket. Why, I shall be ruined without that! Do you know, all I could do and say, I could not get as much sugar, by two ounces, for eightpence, as I did last twenty-fourth? And then the butter! only two balls for three shillings! and so small! I'll have no more butter. I'll use fat for the next stew I make. Butter is enough to ruin a body.

Mrs. Browne. Come, come, you should not fret. Think how much better we are off than in England.

Mrs. Hicks. Better! better! I don't see that. I am sure I strive, and strive, and yet, last month, I could only lay by eight rupees and eight pennys. And there's my husband, he won't sell his drams; and he will have a white loaf every Sunday for his breakfast.

Mrs. Browne. Well, if he only drinks his own, he does very well.

Mrs. Hicks. Very well, Mrs. Browne! Dear, how you talk! You sergeants have no pity for us poor folks. We strive, and strive, and pinch, and pinch, and yet can save next to nothing. And then, there's the money that I have at interest, it does not bring me in so much as I thought it would.

"O! Mrs. Hicks," said Mrs. Browne, "how over anxious you are about money! Do you expect that you will live in this world for ever, that you are so anxious to lay up for the morrow? Do you not know what our Lord said, in his sermon on the mount? 'Lay not up for yourselves treasures upon earth, where moth and rust doth corrupt, and where thieves break through and steal: but lay up for yourselves treasures in heaven, where neither moth nor rust doth corrupt, and where thieves do not break through nor steal: for where your treasure is, there will your heart be also.' " Matt. vi. 19—21.

Mrs. Hicks stared at Mrs. Browne, and did not seem to understand one word of what she said, but, taking up her basket, off she trudged.

When she was out of hearing, "Mary, my dear," said Mrs. Browne, "what is poor Mrs. Hicks's god?"

Mary answered, "I think she makes her god of her money.

Mrs. Browne. What commandment does she break, by loving her money so much?

Mary. She breaks the first: for she worships another God besides the Lord Jehovah.

Mrs. Browne. True, my dear, and I can teach you a verse to the very purpose. "Mortify therefore your members which are upon the earth; fornication, uncleanness, inordinate affection, evil concupiscence, and covetousness, which is idolatry. Col. iii. 5.

By this time, Mary and Mrs. Browne were come into the entrance of the market, and they saw, under an old tree, several frightful images, with monstrous faces, and many hands, such as the Hindoos worship.

Then said Mrs. Browne, "What commandments do the Hindoos break, when they worship those vile images?"

Mary. They break the first, and I think the second too.

Mrs. Browne. Yes, my dear, and the third also: for, in the first place, they make a vile image; secondly, they give to this vile image the worship due only to the Lord Jehovah; and thirdly, they take the holy name of God in vain, by giving it to their vile images, which are devils.

Mrs. Browne was now come to the shop where the tea and sugar were to be had: so she bought what she wanted, and made haste home, for it was late.

Q. When should we speak of the things belonging to God?

A. Therefore shall ye lay up these my words in your heart and in your soul, and bind them for a sign upon your hand, that they may be as frontlets between your eyes. And ye shall teach them your children, speaking of them when thou sittest in thine house, and when thou walkest by the way, when thou liest down, and when thou risest up.

Q. How do we know the Christian God from every other God?

A. God was in Christ reconciling the world unto himself.

Q. If we would go to God the Father, in whose name must we go?

A. Jesus saith, I am the way, the truth, and the life: no man cometh unto the Father but by me.

Q. Who will come in the clouds of heaven?

A. Then shall they see the Son of man coming in the clouds, with great power and glory.

Q. Must we love any thing more than we do God?

A. He that loveth father or mother more than me is not worthy of me; and he that loveth son or daughter more than me, is not worthy of me.

Q. What does Jesus Christ say about little children?

A. Suffer the little children to come unto me, and forbid them not; for of such is the kingdom of God.

Q. Where should we lay up our treasures?

A. Lay not up for yourselves treasures upon earth, where moth and rust doth corrupt, and where thieves break through and steal: but lay up for yourselves treasures in heaven, where neither moth nor rust doth corrupt, and where thieves do not break through nor steal; for where your treasure is, there will your heart be also.

Q. What must we mortify?

A. Mortify therefore your members which are upon the earth; fornication, uncleanness, inordinate affection, evil concupiscence, and, covetousness, which is idolatry.



STORY X.

The Second Commandment.—“Thou shalt not make to thyself any graven image, nor the likeness of any thing that is in heaven above, or in the earth beneath, or in the water under the earth. Thou shalt not bow down to them, nor worship them: for I the Lord thy God am a jealous God, and visit the sins of the fathers upon the children unto the third and fourth generation of them that hate me; and show mercy unto thousands of them that love me and keep my commandments.”

WHILE the sergeant, Mrs. Browne, and Mary were sitting at breakfast the next morning, who should come up to the door of their room but Black John, as the soldiers used to call him, with a basket of eggs and some

fine fresh radishes. "O!" cried little Mary, "if you want any real good eggs, godmother, here is Black John." Now this black John was an old native, who used to come about with eggs, fowls, and garden stuff to sell; and there was this thing remarkable in him, that he always spoke the truth. If he said his eggs were fresh, fresh they were sure to be; and so with his fowls or garden stuff: he never put off any thing bad for what should be good, and was content with a moderate price; only he did not like ill words; and those who gave him such, never saw him again at their berths.* Black John was a Christian, though he dressed altogether like a native, excepting that, in the cold season, he was very fond of an old English cloth coat, and beaver hat or cap; and nothing pleased him better than a present of a cast-off scarlet jacket from any of the men. Having mixed much among the white people for many years, Black John could speak English surprisingly well, and he could read it also.

Black John's chief favourite in the barracks, at that time, was sergeant Browne: for the sergeant, understanding he could read, had given him several books, one in particular, which he prized very highly; it was a Common Prayer Book, in a large handsome print, which the sergeant had purchased very cheap at a sale. It was a thing which Black John had long desired, but he could never muster the money to buy it; for Prayer-books are very dear in the European shops.

"Why, John," said the sergeant, while Mrs. Browne was looking out the money for the eggs and radishes, "you have not been our way this long time."

"Saheb," answered Black John, "I have had nothing lately to sell. But I shall have plenty soon, of all kinds of things from the garden; young chickens too, and pigeons, if you want any. But, Saheb, you promised me some time ago, that you would come to see me at my house, and yet you never came."

Sergeant Browne. I don't know where you live, John.

Black John. Do you know those trees beyond the hospital, by the river's side?

Sergeant Browne. Yes I do.

Black John. Just at the further end of those trees, is my house and garden.

* The place appointed for an individual in a barrack,

The sergeant promised to come and see him the next evening in which there was no parade, or other duty; and Black John went away with his basket.

One evening towards the end of that week, there was no parade, and the sergeant was quite at liberty for two or three hours. So he thought of Black John, and he, his wife, and Mary, set out to go to see him.

It was as pleasant an evening as could be for this country; for the sun was under clouds, and the wind blew fresh, and many of the trees being in blossom, the air was full of sweet smells.

They soon found Black John's house. It was, as he said, by the river's side, beyond the hospital, close by an old clump, or grove of trees; and his house and garden might be known from a thousand others, by being so very neat. His garden was full of trees, and well fenced round with a ditch and myrtle hedge. His house, indeed, was but small, being built with clay, with only two rooms within; but in the front was a pretty bamboo porch, which had a very pleasant appearance. The old man himself was busy in his garden, with his son, a lad about twelve years old; and his wife, who was a native woman, was feeding the fowls and pigeons at the house door, when the sergeant and Mrs. Browne came up.

At the sight of the sergeant, John's wife ran in and hid herself, as the fashion of his country is for women to keep very private; but Black John came forward, and brought his visitors into the porch, where he was hard put to it, to get them seats to sit down upon, for he had not such a thing as a chair in his house. However, he found a stool for Mrs. Browne; and the sergeant and Mary made shift to sit on a little mat. So they soon fell into discourse; and the sergeant, after a while put the question to Black John, How he came to be a Christian? and whether he was born of Christian parents? And so, from one thing to another, they went on till Black John told the sergeant all his history.

"I was born at the Upper Buxar," said John, "of the brahmun cast; but I remember neither father nor mother. They died when I was quite an infant. And I believe I also should have died too, of downright want, had not an old brahmun, or holy man, who lived in a grove, under a large fig-tree, where was an idol of *Vishnou*, taken

pity on me, and given me my food; for I neither wanted house nor clothes."

"Brahmun!" said Mrs. Browne: "though I have often heard of brahmuns, I cannot say that I rightly know what brahmuns are."

Sergeant Browne. Why, wife, I take it, the brahmuns are the descendants of people in this country, from which the priests are chosen.

Mrs. Browne. Somewhat, I suppose, like the Levites among the Jews: all the priests are chosen from them.

"True," said the sergeant.

Black John went on with his story:—"The first thing that I can remember, was being in this grove, sitting under this holy tree as I was taught to think it. At the foot of this tree was a little stone figure of *Vishnou*, (that is, one of this country gods,) as frightful a figure as you can imagine, not above a foot high, with a face as big as all the rest of his body together. This ugly image I was taught to reverence as a most powerful God; and the old man used to tell me long stories of wonderful things that were done by this piece of stone. The country people, too, used to come sometimes from a very great distance, to worship this vile image, and to bring presents of rice and sweetmeats to it. The old man would entertain these people, as he did me, with long stories of miracles done by the image, and of what it said to him, and they believed it; but for my part I never saw it stir from its place, or so much as open its ugly mouth: and, though I was a child, I began to suspect my old man of being a great liar.

"The poor old man, however, behaved well enough to me. We lived on the rice and presents that were brought to our idol, and I used to be well pleased to hear the wild stories and tales which he told. I was about ten years of age, or somewhat more, when, one morning in the midst of the cold season, when I got up I found my poor old man dead: I suppose with the cold. At first, I could not believe that he was dead. I turned his head about and about, and called to him, and shook him; but when I found he was really dead, I set up such a loud howling, that the woods rang again: but no one made answer to my cries, excepting the pigeons and brahminee kites.

“Towards mid-day, the corpse of the poor old man began to change, and to look so frightful, that I could bear to stay with it no longer. So I left the body for the jackalls and crows to devour, and, taking the old man’s brass drinking vessel, which was all the riches he had, I set off from the wood, and went towards the river which was not, at high water, above a half a *cosse* from the wood.

“When I came down to the river, I saw a boat fastened to the shore, and a company of brahmuns, who were going from Hurdwaur, or source of the Ganges, to Calcutta, gathered together on the river bank; some cooking their victuals, some smoking, and some fast asleep. I went up to them and told my history; saying, I was the son of a brahmun, and begged their charity. But they went on with what they were about, and paid little heed to me: only one threw me a handful of dry rice, which I was glad enough of, I can tell you. While I was gathering up the rice, I heard a rustling in some long grass near me, and saw a serpent, who having been disturbed by some of the company, was gliding out of the grass towards an old brahmun who was asleep. I snatched up a stick, and running up to the old man, killed the serpent, just at the moment it was darting at him. When he had learned my history, and was told what I had done for him, and that but for me he had now been a dead man, he told me I should go with him to Calcutta, and that he would provide for me; and he was as good as his word. I went on board the boat with him that night, and he took me to Calcutta.

“The old man was a priest of one of the idol temples, or great Pagodas, near Calcutta. He had had a dream, in which he fancied that his idol had ordered him to go on a pilgrimage to Hurdwaur, (which is reckoned a very holy place among the Hindoos,) from which place he was returning when I met with him in the way I have told you. He was as full of superstitious tales and lies as my old man who died in the woods; but he was, withal, more greedy of gain, and full of pride, abounding in all manner of wickedness, and filthy and abominable conceits, so that a more vile old man could scarcely be; yet he behaved well enough to me, seeing I had saved his life

“When I came to the great pagoda, of which my master was one of the chief priests, my eyes were at first dazzled with all its gaudy ornaments; and I admired the monstrous idols painted on the walls in gold and scarlet colour. I was about ten years old when I first arrived at Calcutta, and I served in this pagoda, in some of the humblest offices, for four years: and, were I to tell you all the wickedness which I saw done before these idols, more especially on the days of the great feasts, when the temples were lighted up, and the horns and drums sounded, it would make you tremble, and say, that the devil was there indeed, and that hell was come upon earth. But such things should not be once named among Christians.

“Now, as I said, I had been about four years in the service of my master, the brahmun, doing some of the meanest offices about the great pagoda, when, one day, a very rich native came from Calcutta, to be cured of a severe sickness with which he had been troubled many years; for my master pretended to cure all kind of sickness. I was standing by my master, while he sat discoursing with this native, and I heard him tell the sick man, that he could do nothing for him, unless he first made a present of a silver ornament, of a certain weight and shape, to his idol. Accordingly, the sick man went back to his house; and a few days after, at the feast of the *Hooley*, (a religious festival of the Hindoos) he returned again, and brought the ornament, which was a heavy chain of wrought silver, and hung it round the neck of the idol. From the time that I saw the chain, Satan filled my mind with covetous desires, so that I could think of nothing, night or day, but of stealing it. But how was this to be done? I could not do it by day, without being seen; and my master slept at night in the temple, at the foot of the idol.

“My covetousness would not let me rest, and I determined, cost what it would, to try to get the chain. So, one night, when there was no light from the moon and stars, I resolved to make the trial. My usual sleeping-place was upon a little mat, under a shed, in one corner of the court of the pagoda. So, when all was quiet I crept from my corner, having thrown aside all my clothes but my *cumberbund*, (the cloth with which the waist is girded) and made my way to the inner door of the

pagoda. There was a lamp burning before the great idol, and my master was, as I thought, asleep at the foot of it. I crept around the wall as softly as I could, and, first blowing out the light, I twiched the chain from the neck of the idol, and was making off as I thought safe enough, when I felt some one seize me by the throat. It was my master. We struggled for some moments; but he, being very old, I was stronger than he. I took him by his long hair, and dashed him upon the ground. I fear that I killed him, for I heard him groan as I fled from the pagoda, not daring to stay there any longer. I made my way through the gates of the court, and ran I knew not which way, for I fancied people were after me all night.

“At break of day I found myself far enough from Calcutta, in a wild marshy country, without clothes, without home, without friends, and nothing to comfort me but my chain; and I fancied I heard my old master’s frightful groan. I would have given all I had to be as I was the morning before: but what was past could not be called back.

“I hid my chain in my *cumberbund*, and ran on all day, as if pursued; and got more and more among the marshes of the *Sunderbunds*.”

“The *Sunderbunds*!” said Mrs. Browne; “what are those?”

Sergeant Browne. Why, my dear, yon river, which is the Ganges, empties itself into the sea, down below, by, at least, a hundred mouths. And the country round about those mouth of the Ganges is all swamp and salt marshes: a dismal wild country, full of tigers and other fierce creatures, as I have heard some of our men say who came through it; so that, except here and there, no human creature can live in it.

Black John. There are, however, some few villages thereabouts, but they are poor places; and I was, at that time, so conscience-struck, that, for many days, I could not face a fellow-creature, but kept wandering about the woods and marshes, till I was nigh famished. And what finished my misery was, that, when I came to examine my chain, I found that it was not silver, but some base metal washed over with silver; for my old master had been beforehand with me, and had, I doubt

not, taken the silver one to himself, and got this made to put in its stead. So I cast it away in my grief.

But not to make my story too long, while I wandered among the woods I had many thoughts, such as had never come into my mind before:—first, of my own wickedness, and of the wickedness of all the world. I began to think that the great blocks of wood and stone, which I had been accustomed to serve, could not be real gods, otherwise they would not stand quietly, and suffer us to put the tricks upon them which we did. At last, being ready to die with hunger, I was compelled, to leave the more lone woods and marshes, and seek some habitation of man: and in the first village I reached there happened to be several families of white people, as well as many natives; it was a pretty village, but lying very retired.

When I came into the village, I looked about for some I might ask charity of; and, at length, I came to a little thatched house, standing in a garden: and a white *padre*, it being the cool of the evening, was gathering vegetables in the garden.

“*A padre!*” said the sergeant; “What, a parson do you mean? Are there any of our parsons thereabouts?”

Black John. No, not of your sort: this was a Roman catholic *padre*, from Europe as well as your *padre*, and a white man. There are many of the Roman *padres* down about Calcutta, and in many parts of the country.

Mrs. Browne. I saw one the other day here. He had a long black gown on, down to his heels; and a cord, or rope, round his waist: with a small black silk cap on his head.

Black John. Well, I made up to this white *padre*, for I knew what he was well enough, and telling him a long story, very little of which was true, I begged a little money for Heaven’s sake.

After having asked me several questions, he told me, that if I was willing to give up my employments and the customs of my father’s house, he would relieve my wants. I had nothing to loose. I knew that I must never again show my face among the brahmuns and I told him that I was ready to perish with hunger; that I was his slave, and would do any thing to serve him.

“But,” said he, “are you willing to give up the gods of your fathers, and to follow the religion which I will teach you? You say you are an Hindoo.—Will you for-

sake the worship of the Hindoo gods, which are no better than devils, and be taught of me?"

"I was too hungry to stand arguing with him. I said I would do what he pleased; and he ordered one of his servants immediately to bring me a dish of boiled rice and salt.

"The next day, he sent me to work in his garden for some hours, and afterwards gave me some instructions in his religion. He had many followers in the village; to whom he preached, at least, once every day, besides catechising the younger sort. I soon found out the way to please my master was, to seem to believe that his religion was the only true one, and to take heed to his instructions, so as to be able to repeat the answers to his catechism over again exactly. I wanted not cunning, nor a good capacity for remembering. So I soon became a mighty favourite of his. He removed me from his garden to his house; he baptized me, giving me the name of John; clothed me well; took me wherever he went; and even would set me to teach the children of such as were his followers.

"Moreover, he taught me to read and write, and speak the English tongue: for he was from Ireland, where, as I understand, they speak the same tongue as they do in your country."

"To be sure they do," said the sergeant: "we are all under one king, and are as one; only there is a little bit of a sea between us. But there are a number of those Romans in Ireland."

Black John. Well, now I was a Christian in name, and in outside shew, as much as the best of you. But that was all: for while I lived with my *padre*, I had no more notion than yon crow has of the real Christian religion, and was but a very little further from idolatry than I had been before; and I found no manner of change in my heart, neither did I learn the need of it.

Though my master taught me to read, yet he never put a Bible in my hand. The common catholics don't hold it good for the people to read the Bible.

Sergeant Browne. Then, I take it, that's the bottom of all their wrong doings. Why, if I miss my Bible but one or two days, I find myself, as it were, going back.

Black John. My *padre* was as full of wild tales about his saints, as ever my old man in the woods could be about his gods. I have turned the Bible over and over to find one of those stories which he used to tell me about the Virgin Mary, and Saint Andrew, and Saint James, and fifty more, and I never could meet with one of them.

Sergeant Browne. Then you may be sure that these tales have nothing to do towards salvation; because we know that the Bible contains all things necessary to salvation, as the prophet Isaiah has it: "To the law and to the testimony: if they speak not according to this word, it is because there is no light in them." Isaiah viii. 20.

Black John. Now these saints were no more (as I could make out) than men and women like ourselves, and born as we are, in sin; yet my master held that, after baptism, they not only sinned no more, but were enabled to do as many good works as were sufficient to save their own souls, and some to spare for their neighbours in need.

Sergeant Browne. Why, that was destroying, altogether, the doctrine of Christ's being the only way to heaven. Where was the need of Christ's dying for us upon the cross, if men and women have power to save themselves and others by their good works?

Black John. My master taught me to pray to these saints, and gave me many little images of them, for the very purpose of saying my prayers to them. He gave me, also, the figure of our Lord Jesus Christ, cut in stone, and hanging upon the cross, and an *Agnus Dei*, or lamb of God; and to these too I was to make my prayers. So, as I said before, I was no further from idolatry with the *padre*, than I was when I was living under the great fig-tree, or in the pagoda. And after I was baptized, my master having taught me that all my past sins were washed away, and that I might now, by my own good works, make my way to heaven, like other saints and holy men, I became full of pride and self-conceit; and though my heart was not changed, and sin reigned therein, I think more than ever, (for I felt inclined to commit every kind of crime which might fall in my way,) yet I counted myself among the best of the saints, because I repeated long prayers, so many scores in a morning, so many scores at noon, so many at night, and because, just to please my master, I catechised the

children and attended mass, that is the name which the Romans give to the Lord's Supper.

'But,' said Black John, "I must hasten to the end of my story. I lived with my master the *padre*, till I was twenty-one or twenty-two years of age, at which time he went over to live at Calcutta, and I went with him; for I was then so changed, by being grown, and wearing a dress of a different fashion, that I was not afraid of being known by the brahmuns.

"At Calcutta my master hired two or three rooms in a house belonging to an elderly English gentleman, who seemed to be not much richer than my master; but he was a quiet man, and a good neighbour and of what little he had, he was ready to give to all who wanted. He had a way of keeping a little bag of pennies in his writing-box, and when any poor man came to the door, he had something always ready to give him. My money at that time ran rather short, and I thought that I might as well help myself out of the old gentleman's bag. Accordingly, I went, many days, when I thought I had him safe out of the way, and took out one, two, or three according to the number in the bag. A drop of holy water and a score or two of prayers to one of the saints, I thought would wash away these little sins. One day it happened, when I thought that I had my old gentleman safe, that I went to the box as usual, and was going to help myself, when he came into the room, and caught me with my hand in the bag. I thought I was a lost man. I fell down at his feet, and begged his mercy. He raised me up kindly, and said, 'My young man, I forgive you: so may God forgive me.' And then he spoke to me in such a feeling way of the wickedness of stealing, and of God's hatred to sin, that I was cut to the heart. But I was the more touched, when he took his little bag of money and gave it to me, saying, 'My young man, I know that your master is not rich, and you may sometimes, be at a loss for a little money: if so, I would rather that you should tell me, and so far as I am able, I will help you. You bear the name of a Christian: I should be sorry that one bearing that name, should be lost for a few pennies.'

"I thanked him for his kindness with tears; for I had never met with such goodness as this before. And I remember, that I made him a number of promises that I would never again be guilty of thieving."

“My young man,” said he, “you speak very fair: but you seem not to know, that, from the wickedness of your heart, you are not able of yourself to keep these promises. You cannot do well without help from Heaven: it is not in your power.”

“I will pray then,” said I, “to all the saints for their help.”

“Those saints,” said the old gentleman, “are only men and women, like yourself. They can do nothing for you. You must ask God, for assistance, and not apply to a creature who is as weak and sinful as yourself.”

I then took from my bosom an *Agnus Dei*, (which, as I said before, is the figure of a little lamb, signifying the Lamb of God, or Jesus Christ,) and said, “I will pray to this: this is the image of God himself, and he will help me.”

The old gentlemen said, “My son, know you not the commandments of God?—that there are ten chief and primary commandments, the second of which is, “Thou shalt not make to thyself any graven image, nor the likeness of any thing that is in heaven above or in the earth beneath, or in the waters under the earth. Thou shalt not bow down to them, nor worship them: for I the Lord thy God am a jealous God, and visit the sins of the fathers upon the children, unto the third and fourth generation of them that hate me, and shew mercy unto thousands of them that love me and keep my commandments.”

“You see,” continued the old gentleman, “and you despise the gross idolatry of the Hindoos, and think their religion hateful; but wherein are you better? You worship, like them, stocks and stones, men and women: you make images of God, (of which you are forbidden to make any likeness,) and fall down and worship them. You are as much an idolater as the poor natives are in the pagodas, and while you continue to follow this vile worship of images, your heart will remain polluted with sin, and the land will groan, as this does with murder and robbery and uncleanness of every kind; for there is no blessing promised to idolaters and to their children, but God will shew mercy unto thousands who love him and keep his commandments.”

The old gentleman finished by giving me a Bible, and earnestly begging me to read it. After his kindness, I

could not refuse what he asked:—I read it, indeed privately, for I did not dare to let my master see that I had such a thing. I soon began to take a great interest in my Bible, and I used often to go to the gentleman to ask the meaning of such parts as I did not understand. When we had been at Calcutta about a twelvemonth, my master was taken ill and died; and the old gentleman took me into his service, and, as he was in trade, I became very useful to him, and lived with him many years. It was he who brought me up the country. I remained with him, in all twenty years; for he was very old indeed when he died. And in his service, though not till after some years had passed away, I got that which was better than all the money I could save—a true and right knowledge of the Christian religion gathered from the Bible itself. He persuaded me to renounce all my Roman doctrines; to trust no longer in my own good works or deservings, the best of which, he said, were but filthy rags; and to take fast hold by faith of the Lord Jesus Christ, in whom alone we can hope for salvation. “For all the gods of the people are idols, but the Lord made the heavens.” 1 Chron. xvi. 26. By the knowledge of these truths, I was led to lament and abhor the wickedness of my past life, and to discover the vileness of my heart: and I learned where to go (even to the cross of the Lord Jesus Christ) for the pardon of my sins, and for grace to teach me, a poor miserable sinner, how to live in some degree, to his glory.

“And God has blessed me,” said Black John, “most wonderfully since I renounced all my idols. I have this pleasant house and garden, and store of good things of this world; a wife who fears God; and a son, who is exceedingly dutiful, to whom God, I trust, will shew mercy, and will withhold from turning back to the idolatries of my forefathers.”

“You must pray for him,” said the sergeant, “and put the Bible into his hands.”

“That I do daily,” answered Black John.

“Well,” said the sergeant, getting up and giving Black John his hand, “It has done me good to hear this story. Would to God, that there were more of your sort, John! No matter what the colour of the skin is, when the heart is right. I hope, John, that you and I may meet in a better world.”

“God grant it!” said Black John.

The sergeant and his family took leave; and the sergeant had to step pretty briskly, to be in barracks by roll-call.

Q. If any one pretends to teach any thing or doctrine which may not be found in the Bible, what may we know of them?

A. To the law and to the testimony, if they speak not according to this word, it is because there is no light in them.

Q. What are all our good works?

A. We are all as an unclean thing, and all our righteousness are as filthy rags.

Q. What are all the gods of the nations?

A. All the gods of the people are idols: but the Lord made the heavens.

STORY XI.

The Third Commandment.—“Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain; for the Lord will not hold him guiltless that taketh his name in vain.”

It was on Saturday evening, that the sergeant went to see Black John; and on the Sunday following, there was no service in the church, owing to the illness of the clergyman. Now it happened, as the sergeant was reading to his family, that three or four men who were sitting, talking, upon a guard cot, just at the door, in the piazza, began to take the name of God in vain, after the fashion of too many in this country, and, indeed, of the irreligious in all countries. They were not speaking in any heat of anger either; for they were telling each other tales of what had happened to them in other places, and all, in good humour.

The sergeant was reading John Bunyan's *Pilgrim's Progress*, “For,” said he to his wife, “Mary will understand it better than a sermon book.” But when the men began with their oaths, the sergeant got fidgety, and shifted from place to place. At last, down went the book: “Wife,” said he, “we are in Vanity Fair, if ever

poor pilgrims were. Of all the inconveniences of barracks, this is the worst—being forced to hear so much profane discourse.” So saying, he went out, and speaking to the men, he said, “My lads, I wish I could persuade you to let that holy name alone.”

“What name?” asked the men.

“What name?” said the sergeant: “Why, God’s name. You have it at every word. It’s a bad custom, my lads—a very bad custom.”

“O!” said one of the young men, whose name was Dick Rowe, “we mean no harm by it, sergeant Browne. It’s just a way of speaking we have. We mean no offence to God; nor to you either.”

Sergeant Browne. But don’t you know, Rowe, that there is a direct, downright command against taking that name in our mouths every minute? Did you never learn your Catechism, my lad?

Dick Rowe. O! the Church Catechism?—To be sure, I have. What did I go to school for?

Sergeant Browne. Well and what’s the third commandment?

Dick Rowe. The third commandment?—No; I can’t say that I rightly know it. It’s a good while since I left school.

Sergeant Browne. This is it.—“Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain: for the Lord will not hold him guiltless that taketh his name in vain.

Dick Rowe. So it is, sergeant; so it is. I remember it now.

Sergeant Browne. You see, Dick, by this commandment, that we are not to take God’s holy name in our mouths every minute. “*Holy and reverend is his name,*” says King David Psalm cxi. 9.

Dick Rowe. But, sergeant Browne, God is not so particular as all that comes to: he does not notice every word that a man may use in conversation with his fellow. I should be sorry to offend you, sergeant, because you have stood my friend many’s the time; and so, when I think of it, I wont say the word again in your hearing. But I cannot think that it is such a sin, just to repeat God’s name in our common talk, as you would have it.

Sergeant Browne. Why, as to its being a sin, and a very grievous one, there can be no doubt of that, Dick. Think how great God is, and how very holy his name is;

and again, that he has given us particular orders not to repeat his name in a light way. Why, if there is an order given out from the colonel, if it is about ever so little a matter, a good soldier thinks it is his duty to observe it:—how much more then is it our duty to obey God's commands! and he has as I have shewn you, forbidden us, in the plainest words, to use his name lightly; and, more than that, he has forbidden us to use any kind of oaths. What does our Lord say on this subject? "I say unto you, Swear not at all: neither by heaven; for it is God's throne: nor by the earth; for it is his footstool: neither by Jerusalem; for it is the city of the great King. Neither shalt thou swear by thy head, because thou canst not make one hair white or black: but let your communications be, Yea, yea; nay, nay; for whatsoever is more than these, cometh of evil." Math. v. 34—37. And again, "But above all things, my brethren, swear not, neither by heaven, neither by the earth, neither by any other oath: but let your yea be yea; and your nay, nay; lest ye fall into condemnation." James v. 12.

Dick Rowe. But this is a fault, sergeant, into which so many fall—God help us, if we are all to be damned who are guilty of it. The world is in a bad way, if all the good people say be true.

Sergeant Browne. Who ever doubted that the world is in a bad way? Why did God himself come down from heaven, and take man's nature on him and die upon the cross a cruel death, if the world was not in a bad way, by reason of sin? But, as to taking God's holy name in vain, I could tell you a story, which happened before my eyes, when I was young. Many's the time I have thought of it since. It is now many years since I came to this regiment. I might have been about seventeen or eighteen then, and was from the very same town as our colonel, and being known to him, and to all his family, I was in his favour, and he employed me to take care of his horse and wait at table, and such things. Our regiment then lay in Yorkshire.

Dick Rowe. Not this same colonel we have now?

Sergeant Browne. No, nor the one before him. It was one colonel Drummond. He had been as fine a man in his younger days, I am sure, as you could see; but he was then far in years, and was the father of a noble set of children, mostly grown up, and brought up in the

fear of God; for both the colonel and his lady were God-fearing people.

"While I served the colonel," continued the sergeant, "one of his sons, a young gentleman not quite fifteen, came from one of the London schools, and his father had interest to get him an ensigncy in this regiment. He was a fine boy: but, like other boys of his age, mighty full of himself, and much harder to please than his father.

"It would have made you smile to have seen him swagger about when he got his first uniform coat, and to hear how he blustered before his sisters, and before the men on parade, when the old gentleman was not within hearing: His name was Frederick Drummond: I remember the name well, though I don't know that ever I heard it either before or since. Well, it happened, one day, when I was waiting at table, that Master Frederick came out with the name of God, as he was speaking to one of his sisters; whereupon his father rebuked him, and that more sharply than I ever heard him before upon any occasion; for colonel Drummond never allowed any profane word to be used in his presence, nor any sacred thing or person to be spoken lightly of.

"Master Frederick answered, that the young men at school were in the habit of using God's name on all occasions.

"Be that as it may," said his father, "if you wish for my favour, never let me hear a word of the kind again: and do not think, young man, that you are either the better gentleman, or the better soldier, because you dare to be profane."

Dick Rowe. Why, sure, colonel Drummond was one of a thousand.

"I hope," said the sergeant, "there are many like him now, and God grant that there may be more hereafter. But to go on with my story, I don't know that I ever heard young Mr. Frederick come out with a word of the kind again before his father; but on parade, before the colonel came on, he would often give the company a spice of what he learned at school: for, like most lads of his age, he was a mighty bully where he could be, though he afterwards became a very fine officer and worthy man.

"One king's birth-day, I was standing on parade with the colonel's horse: by a little copse or grove of trees,

and a hay-stack: and my master the colonel, was standing just within the trees, talking on some business with the major, and so placed that, without intending it, for he was above being a mean listner, somewhat of what passed at our end of the parade could not but reach his ears.

“Mr. Frederick came on parade before any of the other officers of his company, and began to call about him in a wonderful manner, taking the sacred name of God in vain every other word, not once dreaming who was so near: but his father was, at first, so much busied with what he was saying to the major, that he did not hear what his son was about.

“There was, at that time, in the same company with Mr. Frederick, a private who had received a wound on the head on the Continent. He was at most times, a quiet good fellow as could be; but one cup of beer more than common, made him quite mad, and then, I believe, had the king come before him, and affronted him, he would not have spared his majesty. He was found soon afterwards, unfit for service, and discharged. The men used to call him Crazy Will. It so happened, that this day, being the king’s birth-day, Will had taken a pint of beer extraordinary, and had an answer ready for any one; and unluckily, Mr. Frederick, not knowing his infirmity, rebuked him sharply, as he stood in the ranks.—I forget what for. No sooner had he spoken, than Will broke out, as none but a madman would have done, to be sure; repeating the name of Mr. Frederick with the utmost contempt, and that so loud, that the whole regiment could not but hear from one end to the other. And the officers, by this time, being mostly come on parade, Mr. Frederick was ready to burst with rage, and seeing his father step forward to mount his horse, he went up to him, to ask what he should do with that madman, as he rightly called him: the young gentleman, in his passion, forgetting his father’s orders, and using the name of God as freely as Crazy Will had done his own.

“The colonel—I shall never forget him—listened to what his son had to say with the greatest coolness; and when Mr. Frederick asked him how the man, who had thus publicly insulted his authority, was to be punished, he made him no answer, but, ordered the bugle to sound for breaking up the parade, he dismounted, and taking

his son by the arm, led him into the copse, bidding me follow with the horse.

“When the colonel was out of hearing of the regiment, he stopped, and taking his son’s hand, ‘Frederick,’ he said, ‘I am not willing that you should lose the lesson which, this day will afford you, if rightly received. The Almighty God who is Ruler of all things, the God of gods, the Kings of kings, and Lord of Hosts, has signified his will, that his name should never be lightly used by his creatures. A regiment, which consists, at most, of not above twelve hundred men, cannot exist, if contempt of orders and insubordination is permitted from any one inferior to a superior. How much less can God’s kingdom prosper, if he allows his creatures to break his commands and despise his holy name? You felt what it was to day to have your name disrespectfully used in the front of the whole regiment; and yet, Frederick, what has been your constant habit lately? Whose sacred name have you daily profaned? Whose commands have you openly despised? You call upon me to punish the poor madman who has offended you, but what would be the case, Frederick, if God should be extreme to mark what you have done amiss?’”

“I heard every word of this: I believe the colonel meant I should, and I saw poor Mr. Frederick blush and hold down his head, for he could not speak for some minutes.

“‘That poor man who offended you, Frederick,’ said the colonel, ‘is at times mad; but, for the sake of example, for the sake of order and military discipline, he must be punished.’”

“‘No, sir, no,’ said Mr. Frederick: ‘let him be forgiven, and so may God forgive me.’”

“The colonel answered, ‘His punishment shall be as slight as military discipline will permit, Frederick, I promise you. And, O! my son! my son! if you love your father, if you love your mother, let this lesson sink deep into your heart; and as you know the importance of respect to superiors in the military life, pay due honour to your Almighty God and Father that you may be promoted in the armies of Heaven.’”

“‘I shall never forget the old gentleman’s words and manner while I live,’ said the sergeant. “From that

time, I never heard Mr. Frederick use a profane word; and, as I said before, he became a very fine officer."

"Well," said Dick Rowe, "I cannot but say that this story is somewhat to the purpose; and I wish that I could take these matters more to heart: for, after all, I believe you pious people have the best of it, even in this life; and nobody can dispute who is on the right side when the dying hour comes."

So Dick Rowe and his companions got up, and walked off to the other end of the barrack.

Q. What does King David say of God's name?

A. Holy and reverend is his name.

Q. What does our Lord say about swearing?

A. I say unto you, Swear not at all: neither by heaven; for it is God's throne: nor by the earth; for it is his footstool: neither by Jerusalem; for it is the city of the great King. Neither shalt thou swear by thy head, because thou canst not make one hair white or black; but let your communication be, yea, yea; nay, nay: for whatsoever is more than these, cometh of evil.

Q. What does St. James say on the subject?

A. But above all things, my brethren, swear not, neither by the earth, neither by any other oath: but let your yea be yea; and your nay, nay; lest ye fall into condemnation.



STORY XII.

The Fourth Commandment.—"Remember that thou keep holy the Sabbath-day. Six days shalt thou labour and do all that thou hast to do; but the seventh day is the Sabbath of the Lord thy God. In it thou shalt do no manner of work; thou, nor thy son, and thy daughter, thy man-servant, and thy maid-servant, thy cattle, and the stranger that is within thy gates. For in six days the Lord made Heaven and earth, the sea, and all that in them is, and rested the seventh day: wherefore the Lord blessed the seventh day, and hallowed it."

THE next morning, when Mrs. Browne and Mary were sitting at work, Mrs. Browne said, "Mary, what is the fourth commandment?"

Mary. O! godmother, I know that very well. It was that which sergeant Browne made me repeat last Sunday when I was tied to the foot of the bed. It is about keeping Sunday.

Mrs. Browne. Let me hear you say it, Mary.

Mary. Remember that thou keep holy the Sabbath-day. Six days shalt thou labour, and do all that thou hast to do; but the seventh day is the Sabbath of the Lord thy God. In it thou shalt do no manner of work; thou, nor thy son, and thy daughter, thy man-servant, and thy maid servant, thy cattle, and the stranger that is within thy gates. For in six days the Lord made Heaven and earth, the sea, and all that in them is, and rested the seventh day: wherefore the Lord blessed the seventh day, and hallowed it.

Mrs. Browne. When did God first appoint one day in seven to be kept holy?

Mary. At the very beginning of the world. In six days God made the world, and on the seventh day he rested from his work, and ordered it to be kept holy.

Mrs. Browne. How do you think that Sunday, or the Sabbath-day, should be kept?

Mary. We must do no work on Sunday; and we must read the Bible and go to church.

Mrs. Browne. And what else?

Mary. We ought to talk of God on Sundays, and not to go visiting about, to see people who do not love God.

Mrs. Browne. Very well, my dear. And now, to make you understand better, I will tell you a story of something that happened when I was young.

My father and mother died when I was a baby, and I and my brother, who was two years older than me, were brought up by my grandmother, a good old woman, who lived in a small house in a little town in England.

My grandmother took great pains to make us fear God, and my brother was as pious a young man as any in the whole country, and behaved so prettily to his grandmother, who became blind at last, that it was quite pleasant to see them together. When my brother became a man, he followed the trade of a carpenter, and earned so much money, that he in his turn, kept his old grandmother; so that she wanted for nothing in the world. When my brother was about twenty-two years of age, he said, one day, to his grandmother, "Grand-

mother, I am now in a very good way of business, and can earn, thank God, plenty of money for all purposes. I have been thinking, some time, that I should like to choose a wife; but, as you have been so kind to me, I would not choose one that is not agreeable to you, upon any account: because, as we must all live in one house, it would be very hard for me to bring a woman here to make you uncomfortable in your old age."

"Grandson" said the old lady, "I cannot but be pleased at your dutifulness in consulting me upon this matter; but, as I have been blind some years, and seldom go out, I know very few of the young women of our town, and so cannot give my opinion upon who is fit, and who is not, for your wife. However, as you ask my opinion, my advice is, don't be in haste, but look about you, and see what families in the town keep the Sabbath well, and choose a wife from those who keep it best; for the Lord blesses those people who keep the Sabbath-day as it is written in Isaiah, lviii. 13, 14. "If thou turn away thy foot from the Sabbath, from doing thy pleasure on my holy day, and call the Sabbath a delight, the Holy of the Lord, Honourable; and shalt honour him, not doing thine own ways, nor finding thine own pleasure, nor speaking thine own words: then shalt thou delight thyself in the Lord; and I will cause thee to ride upon the high places of the earth, and feed thee with the heritage of Jacob thy father: for the mouth of the Lord hath spoken it."

"Grandmother," said my brother, "I fear if I am to find a wife among those only who keep Sunday well, I shall not have many to choose out of."

"Never mind, son," said the old lady, "you know you only want one wife, and if you leave this matter to God, and don't follow your own opinion, God will provide you with a suitable one." My brother followed my grandmother's advice, and began to look about to see who kept the Sabbath best among his neighbours, that he might be directed thereby in his choice of a wife.

The first Sunday after he had held this discourse with his grandmother, he went to church, as usual; and in the evening, my brother went to some of the neighbours' houses, and did not come in till we had our tea, and my grandmother and I were sitting by the fire, while I was reading the Bible to her. My grandmother bid me lay

the Bible down when he came in; and said, "Why, grandson, where have you been?"

My brother answered, "Grandmother, I have borne your words in my mind ever since what you said to me the other day about choosing a wife and have been this evening to some of our neighbours, to see how they keep their Sunday."

"Well," said my grandmother, "let us hear what kind of persons you have met with." My brother took a chair by us, and told us where he had been, and what he had seen.

"First," said he, "as I came out of church this afternoon, I stepped into William Rock's house to see how he and his wife and daughters were spending their Sunday, for they had not been to church: and behold, when I opened the door, I heard a loud noise of people singing and talking, and going in a little further, I saw neighbour Rock, his wife and two daughters, and two young men, whom I had seen once before, sitting over the fire, with their pots and glasses, drinking away; at least the men were, and taking God's name in vain, every other word. I can't say whether the young women were drinking, for I did not stay to see; but they were laughing very loud, as if they did not disapprove what was going on. So I turned upon my heel, and was out of the house in a minute; saying to myself, 'Here's no wife for me.'

"The next place I called at, was at the widow Jones', who keeps the tea and sugar shop. You know she has a well looking smart girl for her daughter. So I went into a little parlour, where Mrs. Jones and her daughter Betsy were sitting, and they were very civil, and made me sit down; but I scarcely was seated in my chair when there was a knocking at the shop door, and a woman came in for a pound of tea. 'O!' said Mrs. Jones, 'Betsy, do go and serve the woman, and see that she gives you good money.' So Betsy went, and presently came back; but, scarcely was she seated in her chair before there was another knocking, and somebody came for two pounds of white sugar. 'Do you, Betsy,' said Mrs. Jones, 'and serve the sugar, and could not help saying then, 'Why, Mrs. Jones, what a rule of serving your customers on Sabbath-day? I thought it was a sin to buy and sell on the Sabbath-day. I remember my grand-

mother, when I was quite a lad, shewing me these words: "If the people of the land bring ware or any victuals on the Sabbath-day to sell we should not buy it." Neh. x 31. And again, "Bear no burden on the Sabbath-day, neither carry forth any burden out of your houses on the Sabbath-day, neither do ye any work; but hallow ye the Sabbath-day." Jer. xvii. 21, 22. Mrs. Jones looked a little angry at me, and said, 'What, I suppose I am to affront all my customers, because I won't weigh a pound of tea on Sunday. That would never do for a poor widow like me, who have nothing to trust to but my shop.' So, when her daughter came back, she told her what I had said, and Betsy answered, 'Bless me, young man, you are mighty particular, to be sure!' I did not make her any answer," said my brother, "but, soon after, bid them good evening, and came out of the house."

"Well," said my grandmother, "and did you call any where else?"

"Yes," said my brother, "the next house I stepped into was neighbour Dickson's, the tailor. I found him sitting alone, in the kitchen, his two daughters being up stairs. I did not see any Bible or good book about: however, being invited, I sat down, and we talked upon the weather and the sermon. 'Well,' said Dickson, after we had sat awhile, 'I wish my girls would come down, and we would have some tea. Here, Jenny, and Susan, come down. What are you about there dressing all day long? First, in the morning, to go to church; then again in the evening; and now, I suppose, there will be something new put on to drink tea in. 'My girls, 'added the old man, laughing, 'think of nothing but fine clothes, and it is all their Sunday's work to dress and undress.' 'That is a bad way,' said I, 'of spending Sunday.' 'O! as to that,' said the old man, 'they might do worse. I don't see much harm in that: young girls always love finery.'

"By this time, Jenny and Susan came down, and truly, they must have spent half the day in dressing themselves. Their hair was curled in a thousand little curls, and they were so bedecked with flounces, frills, ribbons, bows, necklaces, and what not, that I was sure they could have thought of nothing else all the day but bedizening themselves. This won't suit my grandmother, though, and I was glad when we had done our tea, and I could see the way."

“Well,” asked my grandmother, “and have you been any where else to-night?”

“No,” said my brother, “I am come home as I went. I have met with no one family yet, who keep the Sabbath holy.”

“Well,” said my grandmother, “you must have patience: there are many pious families, even in this little town, who serve God and delight in his Sabbaths, and God will, in his good time, provide you a wife from among some of them.”

The next Sunday, when my brother was coming from church in the evening, he met with Farmer Thomson, a decent kind of looking man, who was going home a little way into the country to drink tea with his family; for he had a wife, and many daughters, who bore good characters and were constant at church, and he asked my brother to accompany him home, and drink tea with him. My brother was willing to go, because he thought he should have a good opportunity of seeing how this family kept the Sabbath; and perhaps, thought he, I may find a wife among the farmer’s daughters. When they got to the farmer’s the family were all sitting round the fire, in a very clean kitchen. They were just come in from church but the daughters had no finery on, and were very neatly and prettily dressed. My brother was at first much pleased with them, and sat down to his tea quite contented: but before they had sat long, he began to be a little less pleased; for the farmer, and his wife, and daughters, instead of talking of God and his words, as we are commanded to do on Sunday, spoke of nothing but the business of the next week. “Wife,” said the farmer, “we shall kill the pig to-morrow morning at sunrise; see that you get the water hot to scald it.” “Husband,” said the wife, “I wish you had told me sooner, for we have no salt in the house. Molly, (that was the eldest daughter,) mind you go to the shop to-morrow, and bring us a peck; and if you have any thing else to get take the boy with you to help you.”

“Yes mother,” said Molly, “for I shall go, at the same time to the shop for my bonnet, it’s done now, I dare say.

“O!” said another of the daughters, “if you go for your bonnet, fetch me a dozen needles, for I broke the last in stitching father’s shirt.”

"Shirt!" said the mother, "what is not that shirt finished yet, you idle young creature? I have a good mind, for that, that I won't give you the new ribbon which I promised. See that it's finished to-morrow, Kate or I'll be as good as my word, and you sha'n't have the ribbon."

"Dear, mother," said Kate, "have not I been knitting brother's stockings all the week? How could I knit and sew too?"

"Sister," said the brother, "that last stocking is too little."

Thus they went on talking of their affairs all the evening: so that my brother was quite vexed, and could not help saying to himself, "These people might as well be killing their pigs, and knitting their stockings, as to be talking and thinking of nothing else all the Sunday. This is not keeping the Sabbath holy, and pleasing that God who knows the very hidden thoughts of our hearts." So my brother came home that Sunday just as he had done the Sunday before, without seeing any body likely to suit him for a wife.

Mary. And did he ever find a family who kept the Sabbath?

Mrs. Browne. Yes, my dear, he did, at last, by the blessing of God; and I will tell you how it was. There was in our town a very poor widow who had been lame many years, and lived by keeping a little shop. She had one daughter; but nobody knew much about them, for they never went out, except to church; and were so poor that nobody cared much to keep company with them. It happened, one Sunday, as my brother and I were walking by their house, that a smartish looking woman went up to their door and knocked. The old widow came and opened it. The smart woman said, "I want a pound of snuff."

"I am sorry, Mrs. Williams," said the widow, "that I can't give it you to-day."

"What, have you got none?" said Mrs. Williams.

"Yes," said the widow; "but to-day is Sunday."

"Sunday!" said Mrs. Williams: "well, what of that?"

"We must not buy and sell on a Sunday," replied the widow.

“O! very fine, truly,” said Mrs. Williams: “give me the snuff, and let us hear none of that nonsense.”

“I have made a law to myself, for many years, that I will not sell on a Sunday,” said the widow, “unless it is in case of any person being sick, and wanting any thing out of my shop.”

“Pho! Pho!” said Mrs. Williams: “very fine for such people as you to have your whims and fancies! I want the snuff, and if you don’t give it me, I will never come to your shop again.”

The widow said, “God has commanded us to keep his day holy, and to rest from our work on this day. I must not break his commandments. ‘How then can I do this great wickedness, and sin against God.’” Gen. xxxix. 9.

Mrs. Williams was very angry, and, calling her a canting hypocrite, left the house, and said she would never, as long as she lived, come to her shop again.

We were so pleased with this poor widow, that we contrived to get acquainted with her; and found, that, in all things, she obeyed God, for she loved him. And her daughter was as pious as her mother; and was modest, industrious, and gentle. My brother, the more he saw her, the more he liked her. So he married her and brought her home to his house, and she made him a very good wife; and she could not have been more kind to my grandmother, if she had been her own child. And God blessed my brother’s family: so that he often used to say to my grandmother, “The best piece of advice you ever gave me, grandmother, was advising me to choose a wife from a family who observed the Sabbath.”

“O!” said little Mary, “that is a pretty story, grandmother. I will tell it to my mother when she comes back.”

Dinner being brought in, Mary and Mrs. Browne were obliged to leave off talking.

Q. Who are those who shall delight themselves in the Lord, and shall ride in the high places of the earth?

A. If thou turn away thy foot from the Sabbath from doing thy pleasure on my holy day; and call the Sabbath a delight, the Holy of the Lord, Honourable; and shalt honour him, not doing thine own ways, nor finding thine own pleasure, nor speaking thine own words: then shalt thou delight thyself in the Lord; and I will cause

thee to ride upon the high places of the earth, and feed thee with the heritage of Jacob thy father: for the mouth of the Lord hath spoken it.

Q. If people bring things to sell on Sunday, should we buy them?

A. If the people of the land bring ware or any victuals on the Sabbath-day to sell, we should not buy it.

Q. May we carry burdens or do work on the Sabbath?

A. Bear no burden on the Sabbath-day, neither carry forth any burden out of your houses on the Sabbath-day, neither do ye any work; but hallow ye the Sabbath.

Q. When we are tempted to any sin, what should we say to ourselves?

A. How then can I do this great wickedness, and sin against God?

STORY XIII.

The Fifth Commandment.—“Honour thy father and thy mother; that thy days may be long in the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee.”

JUST as Mrs. Browne had finished telling Mary the story of her brother, they heard a loud noise on the parade, and, going to the door of their room, to see what was the cause of this noise, they saw a crowd of black people coming from the market, who were carrying something in the midst of them, which looked like a sick or dead person, stretched upon a bed, such as the natives use. Mr. Williams, a merchant in the place was leading these people on, and they came directly to the barracks. At the noise, the men came running out of the barrack rooms, so that presently all the place was in an uproar. It was some time before Mrs. Browne could learn what was the matter. The crowd made for the second company's barrack, and they that carried the bed went in. “I fear,” said Mrs. Browne, “that some sad accident has happened to one of our men.” Soon after, Mrs. Browne and Mary saw several of the men running over to the doctor's, and, scarcely a minute after, one came in to Mrs. Browne, saying, “Do, pray, Mrs. Browne,

run over to poor Mrs. Price; she is in dreadful fits, and bring your smelling bottle, if you have such a thing."

"What's the matter?" said Mrs. Browne, while she hastened to look for her smelling bottle.

"Didn't you hear," said the man, "that poor Dick Price was found dead in the way from the big market just now? and the body is brought into the barracks by Mr. Williams the merchant."

Mrs. Browne made no answer, but ran off, to the second company's barrack; little Mary following her, frightened out of her wits. Before they were half across the way, they heard poor Mrs. Price's screams, and very dreadful they were. And, O! what a sight was there to be seen when they got into the barrack: Poor Mrs. Price was in shocking fits, so that two men could not hold her; and, as fast as she got out of one fit, she fell into another. The body of poor Dick lay upon the bed. It was covered with dust and dirt, the eyes were staring open, and the jaws fallen; for the people had not time to do any thing to the corpse, so much were they busied about the miserable mother. On the legs of the poor corpse were those very boots which the unhappy boy had got in such an undutiful manner.

Poor corporal Price was leaning against the head of the cot, his face covered with his hands, and groaning in a piteous manner; and Nelly Price, their daughter, stood crying and sobbing violently, sometimes looking at her father, sometimes at her mother, and then at the corpse of her poor brother. Mrs. Browne went up to Mrs. Price, and tried to give her some assistance, and to comfort her; but the poor distracted woman could receive no comfort from any one, but continued screaming in a most dreadful way.

There were now so many about, that Mrs. Browne found she could be of no service, but was only doing harm, so she took Mary by the hand, and went home. But neither she nor Mary could speak for some time to each other, they were so shocked at what they had seen; neither could they eat any dinner. Sergeant Browne, too, seemed very low.

About three o'clock they were invited to attend poor Dick's funeral which was to be at sun-set; for the weather was so exceedingly hot, that the corpse could not

be kept till morning. So Mrs. Browne made haste to prepare herself and Mary.

Mrs. Browne was not one of those who take the opportunity of a funeral to shew their best bonnet and cloak, &c.—a shocking custom, which, I am sorry to say, too many women fall into. She always used to keep a suit of black, neatly wrapped up in a handkerchief, in case any accident should happen, that she might have a proper and decent dress to appear in. So, at five o'clock she put on her black clothes, and, tying a black ribbon round Mary's waist; she went to the second company's barrack. Poor Mrs. Price was not present, for the doctor had ordered her to the hospital; and Nelly was gone with her mother. But the corporal was there, and very sad, indeed, he appeared to be; but he said, "I will see the last of my poor lad—I will see him to his grave."

Every body was asked to see the corpse, before the coffin was nailed up. Mrs. Browne and Mary went up among the rest. The poor corpse was much changed since Mrs. Browne had seen it in the forenoon; for it was now quite yellow, and the eyes were sunk in the head. When Mary looked into the coffin, she could not help crying, and said, in her grief, "Poor Dick! Oh! poor Dick! I hope your soul is with the Lord Jesus Christ.—I hope it is."

Mrs. Browne put her hand upon Mary's mouth, to silence her, for Mary had just touched upon the worst part of the whole affair, for poor Dick had been brought up in wickedness, and had lived in it to his dying day; and it is written, "the unrighteous shall not inherit the kingdom of God," 1 Cor. vi. 9. therefore in the death of this poor lad, there was little hope.

Then the coffin was nailed up, and the corpse was borne to the burying-ground by the men of the company, the women following two and two, and poor corporal Price went next to the coffin. Little Mary had never been at a funeral before, and she could not help crying all the way she went; thinking what a little time it was since she had seen poor Dick mocking and making a jest of his mother, and now he was carried a poor corpse to the grave, and where was his soul?—that was the dreadful thought.

When Mary and Mrs. Browne came back from the funeral, it was quite dark, and sergeant Browne was come in from parade; so they sat down to tea. They were all very grave, and the sergeant sat some time without speaking: at last looking at Mary, "My dear," said he, "you have been crying much, I see."

Mary. Indeed, godfather, (for she always called sergeant Browne her godfather, although he was not so,) I am very sorry for poor Dick Price.

Mrs. Browne then said, "I don't know when I have been so grieved with any thing as this affair of Dick's. Poor lad! to be cut off so suddenly. And I cannot learn what was the cause of his death: at the funeral one said one thing, one another; and I did not like to ask any questions before the poor father."

Sergeant Browne. The affair was a very dreadful one and the whole history of poor Dick, from first to last, should be a warning to all parents who are so unkind and so impious as to withhold the rod from their children.

"Come hither, Mary," continued the sergeant, "I would have a little serious talk with you; perhaps you may learn a lesson to-day which may do you good, with God's blessing, to your dying day, and for ever after. What are children by nature, my lass? Are they holy and innocent? Or, are they grievously prone to sin and wickedness?"

Mary. Children are all wicked.

Sergeant Browne. What, all, Mary?

Mary. Yes, every one.

Sergeant Browne. You have answered right. Children are by nature exceedingly wicked: and if their wicked nature continues unchanged until their death; if they receive not a new nature, and a clean heart, on this side the grave, they must go to hell. And now Mary, tell me, can fathers and mothers change their children's hearts?—Could your mother, for example, give you a clean heart?

Mary. No, to be sure, she could not. God only can give us new hearts:—the blood of the Lord Jesus Christ only can wash us from our sins.

Sergeant Browne. True, my dear; your mother cannot make your heart clean: that must be God's work: 'Tis the work of God the Holy Ghost to change the heart.

but still, a father or mother must do all that is in their power towards the good of their children. There are two things which God hath in his book pointed out as necessary to be used with children for their improvement. Do you know what these are?

Mary. No, godfather, I don't.

Sergeant Browne. These two things are, first, Correction; and, secondly, Teaching them the word of God. And, first, What is correction?

Mary. O! I know. It is beating and punishing people when they are naughty.

Sergeant Browne. Are fathers and mothers, do you think, ordered in the Bible to correct their children when they are naughty?

Mary. Yes, I know they are. For almost the first verses I learned, were these:—"Foolishness is bound in the heart of a child; but the rod of correction shall drive it far from him." Prov. xxii 15. And then there is, "Chasten thy son while there is hope, and let not thy soul spare for his crying." Prov. xix. 18. "He that spareth his rod hateth his son: but he that loveth him chasteneth him betimes." Prov. xiii. 24.

Sergeant Browne. Then you see, my dear, that we are commanded in the Bible to correct our children, and that it is even wicked not to do it. But is correcting them the only thing we ought to do, in order to the clearing of their hearts?

Mary. We should teach them God's words.

Sergeant Browne. When should we teach them the words of God?

Mary thought for a short time, and then said, "Therefore shall ye lay up these my words in your heart, and in your soul, and bind them for a sign upon your hand, that they may be as frontlets between your eyes. And ye shall teach them your children, speaking of them when thou sittest in thine house, and when thou walkest by the way, when thou liest down, and when thou risest up. And thou shalt write them upon the door-posts of thy house, and upon thy gates." Deut. xi. 18—20.

The sergeant was well satisfied with Mary's answer, for he stroked her head with his hand, which he always did when he was pleased with her. "But my dear," said he, "to return to poor Dick Price and his father. I have now been twelve years in the same regiment with cor-

poral Price and his wife. The first six years I was in the same company and same room with them. Poor Dick and Nell were then little ones. Many and many a sore argument have I had with Price and his wife about those children. He never would correct them, let them do what they would: neither he nor his wife would lift a hand against them; no, nor give them any other correction. Then, as to teaching them God's word, the children were so unruly, that had the parents been disposed, they could not have made them learn without correction; and, as I said, Price and his wife always set their faces against that.

"Poor Mrs. Price! she would often say, 'I never beat my children, not I.' And to be sure, those children were the plague of the whole barrack-room; there was not a bad word or a bad trick which they had not.

"Price, I remember, once had a great many words with me about the boy, and I had hard work to prevent a downright quarrel with him on the occasion. It was one afternoon, I had just received my dram, and had put it into a little tin pint, and set it on the shelf, thinking I would drink it at night. The boy, Dick, saw where I had put it, and, when my back was turned, whipt up the pint, and had the dram at his mouth in a moment. I just happened to turn, and see what he was about; and I gave the child two or three smart raps with my hand. His father saw it, and came running towards me, in a violent passion: instead of correcting the child he took him in his arms, and was so angry with me for having touched him, that, as I said before, I had difficulty to avoid a dreadful quarrel; and, for more than a year after, his wife would not speak to mine, on account of this matter. And thus this foolish father and mother encouraged their poor child in every wickedness, and all out of pretended love, forgetting what is written: "Withhold not correction from the child; for if thou beatest him with the rod, he shall not die. Thou shalt beat him with the rod, and shall deliver his soul from hell. Prov. xxiii. 13, 14.

"And so," continued sergeant Browne, "they went on indulging Dick more and more, till he became quite above control. And this morning—only this morning,—he asked his father for money to buy some liquor. His father refused him: upon which, dreadful to tell, he

struck his father. The father was enraged, and gave the boy a severe thrashing, saying, 'You young dog, I wish I had given you this ten years ago.' Dick ran out of the barracks, and took off into the great market, although his mother called to him, and entreated him to come back. This was about seven this morning. About eight he was seen by one of our men, bartering a gold breast pin of his mother's for some *arrack*.

"The man asked him what he was doing there, and how he came by the pin; and would have had him return with him to the barracks, but he refused, at the same time cursing his father for having struck him.

"The man was forced to leave him, it being near roll-call: and it is supposed that he got the spirit, and drank a great quantity, and that this, with the heat of the sun, caused his death; for it was, you know, an exceedingly hot day.

"Mr. Williams, who keeps the great European shop, passing by, about eleven o'clock, found the body of the poor unhappy boy on the great road, just opposite the old tree, as you come out of the market. He was then quite dead, and had been so (Mr. Williams thought) some time, for the crows were come to the body."

"O!" said Mrs. Browne, "this is, indeed, a most shocking story. Poor unhappy Dick! this should be a warning to all parents."

Sergeant Browne. Yes, and to all children, to take care how they disobey their parents. You know the fifth commandment—Honour thy father and thy mother; that thy days may be long in the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee.

Mrs. Browne. Poor Dick! his days, indeed, were very short. "Whoso curseth his father or his mother, his lamp shall be put out in obscure darkness. Prov. xx. 20.

That night, when Mary was in bed, she could not sleep, thinking of the sad end of poor Dick, and of his disobedience to his parents. And, in the night as she lay awake, she began to look into herself, and to ask herself, how she had behaved to her parents. And now she remembered how often she had neglected to obey her father's and mother's commands, and how she had despised many things which they had said to her; and she thanked God that she had not been cut off in the midst of her wickedness, like poor Dick Price, before

she knew the Lord Jesus Christ, in whose name only can any of us receive forgiveness of our sins.

Let us now go and consider how we have behaved to our fathers and mothers, and our masters and teachers; and whether we are any better than poor Dick Price.

Q. What is written concerning the unrighteous?

A. The unrighteous shall not inherit the kingdom of God.

Q. What is bound in the heart of a child?

A. Foolishness is bound in the heart of a child but the rod of correction shall drive it far from him.

Q. What must we do for our children while there is hope of making them good?

A. Chasten thy son while there is hope, and let not thy soul spare for his crying.

Q. Who hates his son, and who loves him?

A. He that spareth his rod hateth his son: but he that loveth him chasteneth him betimes.

Q. When should we teach our children the word of God?

A. Therefore shall ye lay up these my words in your heart, and in your soul, and bind them for a sign upon your hand, that they may be as frontlets between your eyes. And ye shall teach them your children, speaking of them when thou sittest in thine house, and when thou walkest by the way, when thou liest down, and when thou risest up. And thou shalt write them upon the doorposts of thy house, and upon thy gates.

Q. What are we forbidden to withhold from a child?

A. Withhold not correction from the child: for if thou beatest him with the rod, he shall not die. Thou shalt beat him with the rod, and shalt deliver his soul from hell.

Q. What is said of him who curseth his father or mother?

A. Whoso curseth father or mother; his lamp shall be put out in obscure darkness.

STORY XIV.

The sixth Commandment.—"Thou shalt do no murder."

THE next morning Mrs. Browne meant to have gone to see Mrs. Price, but it was so hot, that she was afraid to venture till evening. So she and Mary, after breakfast, sat down to work; and, while they were sitting, they heard two women, wives of the soldiers, beginning to quarrel in the barrack-room. These two women had come out together in the same ship, and once were great friends, and had pretended mighty love to each other; but their love not being of a right sort, they being women of no religion, the first offence that the one gave to the other was the occasion of their falling out, and they became bitter enemies.

The names of these two women were Kitty Spence and Fanny Bell. Their husbands were both private soldiers, quiet men enough; but they were much to blame in not compelling their wives to be quiet too, for in such matters as these it is the duty of a man to rule his wife. Fanny Bell's berth was in one corner of the barracks, close to Mrs. Browne's room; and Kitty Spence's was in the other corner over against it, so these great enemies, unfortunately, lived too near each other. It was no uncommon thing for them to set the whole place in an uproar; for when they were enraged, they minded nothing that they said—there was no name too bad for them to give each other, making out the words of the Bible: "The tongue is a little member, and boasteth great things. Behold, how great a matter a little fire kindleth! And the tongue is a fire, a world of iniquity: so is the tongue among our members, that it defileth the whole body, and setteth on fire the course of nature; and it is set on fire of hell. For every kind of beasts, and of birds, and of serpents, and of things in the sea, is tamed, and hath been tamed of mankind: but the tongue can no man tame: it is an unruly evil, full of deadly poison. James iii. 5—8.

Now there happened to be, at that time, in this place a merchant, called Dawson, who had a wife, a flashy kind of light woman, who used to keep company with all the worst women in the barracks. She always had one or

other with her, and, while they were in her favour, which, perhaps, might be for two or three months, more or less. just as they pleased her, she would load them with presents—case-bottles of liquor, new gowns, both white and coloured, European ribbons, gloves, silver spoons, bugles, broaches and every thing you can think of. When the regiment first came to this place, Kitty Spence was the favourite of Mrs. Dawson; and she used to come home from her house of an evening, loaded with all manner of presents, to the envy of most in the barrack, but more especially of Fanny Bell, who, when she saw all the fine things spread out in Kitty's berth, would be ready to die of spite, and would say all kinds of malicious and provoking things of Kitty.

After a while, Mrs. Dawson got tired of Kitty, and then Fanny Bell contrived to get into her favour; and now she, in her turn, came home with her bundles of new clothes, and her case-bottles of liquor, and her dishes of cold meat. Then was Kitty, in her turn ready to die of envy; and the brawls and quarrels between these women became every day more and more bitter, so that poor Mrs. Browne was often disturbed by their quarrels both by night and day, and many and many a time had she strove to make peace between them. Mrs. Browne was one of those who always kept these words of our Lord in mind: "Blessed are the peace-makers, for they shall be called the children of God." Matt. v. 9. All that Mrs. Browne could do was to no purpose, there was no peace to be made.

The next morning after poor Dick Price's funeral, as Mrs. Browne and Mary were sitting at work in their room, the door being open towards the large barrack-room, on account of the heat, Fanny Bell came in from Mrs. Dawson's, with a large bundle of things, which she began to unfold and spread upon her cot. Kitty Spence was in her berth, playing at cards with her husband and two other men: and it seems she had had a dram extraordinary that morning, for the men had just got their pay.

As soon as Fanny came in, Kitty's eye was off the cards in a minute; and she began muttering, "What a bundle that creature has brought! She did not come honestly by all those things, I am sure. Mrs. Dawson

is not quite such a fool neither, as to bestow all those things on so good-for-nothing a hussey."

All this time, Fanny Bell went on taking the things out of the bundle, and spreading them upon the cot, on purpose to spite her neighbour. First, she pulled out a Barcelona haadkerchief, not a bit the worse for wear; then a handsome European cotton gown, as good as new; and lastly, a black silk cloak trimmed with excellent lace. At the sight of the cloak, Kitty Spence could hold no longer, but down went the cards, up she got, and began to abuse Fanny Bell in a voice so loud, that she made the whole barrack-room ring again, using such language as I would not repeat for the whole world.

Fanny Bell replied in the same manner: and all the men were soon gathered around them; some calling, shame upon them! and others encouraging them, for their own entertainment. The sergeants came forward, and tried to silence them, fearing they should get blamed by the captain for the disturbance; but all in vain. Mrs. Browne came out, and, in a kind way, tried to persuade them to be quiet: but she might as well have tried to quiet the wind when it is blowing a storm. They went on scolding and raging like two furies: their faces became red as a piece of scarlet cloth, and their eyes flashed fire at each other, and every wicked and provoking word which they could think of, they applied to each other.

At length, Fanny Bell, trying to force her way towards Kitty Spence, would have struck her, but some of the men kept her back, while others held Kitty Spence; whereupon, Kitty Spence, finding she could not get at her enemy, in her rage, took up a three-legged wooden stool, which she had been sitting on to play at cards, and threw it, with all her force, at poor Fanny Bell. The corner of the stool, which was sharp, struck just against the side of Fanny's head, near her eye, and it was her death-blow—down she dropped, and never spoke again.

When Fanny fell, the people were frightened, and so was Kitty Spence; but nobody, at first, thought she was dead. But when they began to suspect that Fanny was more hurt than they at first supposed, the noise in the barrack was hushed in a moment, so that one might hear a pin fall.

"You have done her business," said one of the men, who tried to lift up the body. "I fear, you wicked hussey, that you have killed her."

Kitty turned deadly pale. The people lifted the body upon the bed, and ran over for the doctor; but, before he could come over, the breath was gone out of her body. They that stood by, knew the moment of death, by a dreadful groan which she uttered, just as she breathed her last: and she had been dead some minutes when the doctor came in and tried to bleed the body.

As soon as Kitty Spence found that Fanny was really dead, she was like a mad woman. "Oh! what shall I do? what shall I do?" she said. "I shall be hanged, and then I shall go to hell. I am a murderer." Then turning to one of the sergeants, "But I did not mean to murder her—I did not, God is my witness," she said: "God is my witness that I had not a thought of the kind!"

"You wicked woman," said one of the men, "have I not heard you say, twenty and twenty times, that you hated poor Fanny Bell? And did I not tell you, many and many a time, from the Bible, that he that hateth his brother is a murderer?" 1 John iii. 15.

"Well, well," said the sergeant, "this matter must be talked of in another place." So saying, he ordered a file of men to carry Kitty Spence to the guard-house.

In the mean time, the surgeon, having tried every thing he could think of to bring poor Fanny Bell to life, but all in vain, left the body to Mrs. Browne and the other women, who laid it out as decently and respectably as they could.

Mrs. Browne, and two other women, with poor Fanny Bell's husband, who was on guard when the accident happened, watched the corpse that night; and, early in the morning, they attended the body to the grave, which was close by that of poor Dick Price.

When Mrs. Browne came back from the funeral, what with her distress about Dick Price, and her fright and fatigue with Fanny Bell, she was quite ill; and the doctor ordered her to the hospital, as she had a great deal of fever. She sent to sergeant Mills to know what was to be done with Mary, as Mrs. Mills was not come home; and the sergeant himself came over, saying, "Do, Mrs. Browne, take Mary with you, if she can be any comfort to you. Perhaps, now you are sick, the child

may be company for you; and the doctor says, that your fever is not catching." Mrs. Browne was very glad of Mary's company, and Mary was quite pleased to go, for she loved her godmother with all her heart. So Mary and Mrs. Browne were put in a litter and carried to the hospital.

When they got to the hospital, they were put in the same ward where there were three other women. Poor Mrs. Price was one of them; another was Mrs. Thomson, a dressy kind of woman, and one not of the best character, who was in the hospital with a sick husband; and the third was Mrs. Francis, who was also with her husband.

Mrs. Francis's berth in the hospital was the very next to Mrs. Browne's, which she was very glad of: for in all the barracks, or, perhaps, in all this country, there was not a more holy woman, high or low, rich or poor, than Mrs. Francis. As soon as she saw Mrs. Browne, she went up to her, helped her to her bed, and brought her a nice dish of tea, in less time than some women would have taken to have talked about it; and when she had seen her husband get every thing he wanted for the night, she left her little boy Thomas to take care of his father, and came to Mrs. Browne's bed side. "I am sorry, my friend, to see you here," said she; "but I am glad that you are so near me, that I may be able to do any little thing for you that you may want."

Mrs. Browne thanked her, and said, "I believe a few days' quiet will restore my health, for the sad accidents which have lately happened in the barracks are, I believe, the cause of my sickness, and nothing else."

Mrs. Browne then told Mrs. Francis the whole story of poor Fanny Bell's death: upon which Mrs. Francis answered, "How dreadful a thing it is to indulge malice and envy in the heart! Ill-will begins, at first, only with an angry word, and ends in murder."

Mrs. Browne. Do you remember that verse in Proverbs xvii. 14? "The beginning of strife is as when one letteth out water: therefore leave off contention before it be meddled with"

Mrs. Francis. I am sure, Mrs. Browne, when I have looked into my own heart, and considered the malice, and envy, and ill-will which there is in it by nature. I have thought that my heart is like the heart of a devil.

Mrs. Browne. Indeed, Mrs. Francis, we poor human creatures are by nature little better than devils: "being filled with all unrighteousness, fornication, wickedness, covetousness, maliciousness; full of envy, murder, debate, deceit, malignity; whisperers, backbiters, haters of God, despiteful, proud, boasters, inventors of evil things, disobedient to parents, &c." Romans i. 29, &c. But there is one who, if we apply to him, will cleanse us from all our uncleanness.

"Ah!" said Mrs. Francis, "that is true, Mrs. Browne: there is one who can, and will, give us new and holy hearts, if we would but ask him." Then, turning to Mary, she said, "My little girl, who is it that can wash us from our sins, and who will make us holy and lovely, even as he is?"

Little Mary answered, "I know who it is. It is the Lord Jesus Christ, who will wash us from our sins by his blood."

Mrs. Browne then asked Mary, "What was the new commandment which the Lord Jesus Christ left with us?"

Mary. Is it not in St. John's Gospel, godmother?—"A new commandment I give unto you, that ye love one another; as I have loved you, that ye also love one another. By this shall all men know that ye are my disciples, if ye have love one to another." John xiii. 34, 35.

Then said Mrs. Browne, "You saw yesterday, my dear child, the dreadful consequences of giving way to hatred; you saw the angry words of those poor women end in murder:—let us pray, that God will, for his dear Son's sake, take all malice out of our hearts, and that, with the assistance of the Holy Spirit of God, we may be enabled to love each other, even as God loved us. For herein "was manifested the love of God towards us, because that God sent his only begotten Son into the world, that we might live through him." 1 John iv. 9.

By this time it was late; so Mrs. Francis knelt down by Mrs. Browne's bed, and prayed with her; after which she went to bed.

Q. What does St. James say of the tongue?

A. The tongue is a little member, and boasteth great things. Behold, how great a matter a little fire kindleth! And the tongue is a fire, a world of iniquity: so is the tongue among our members, that it defileth the whole

body, and setteth on fire the course of nature, and it is set on fire of hell. For every kind of beasts, and of birds, and of serpents, and of things in the sea, is tamed, and hath been tamed of mankind: but the tongue can no man tame; it is an unruly evil, full of deadly poison.

Q. Why is peace-making a blessed work?

A. Blessed are the peace-makers, for they shall be called the children of God.

Q. What is that man who hates his brother?

A. He that hateth his brother is a murderer.

Q. What is the beginning of strife, or quarrelling, like?

A. The beginning of strife is as when one letteth out water: therefore leave off contention before it be meddled with.

Q. What is the heart of man by nature full of?

A. Being filled with all unrighteousness, fornications, wickedness, covetousness, maliciousness; full of envy, murder, debate, deceit, malignity; whisperers, backbiters, haters of God, despiteful, proud, boasters, inventors of evil things, disobedient to parents.

Q. What new commandment did the Lord leave with us?

A. A new commandment I give unto you, That ye love one another; as I have loved you, that ye also love one another. By this shall all men know that ye are my disciples, if ye have love one to another.

Q. How did God show his great love for us?

A. In this was manifested the love of God towards us, because that God sent his only begotten Son into the world, that we might live through him.

STORY XV.

The Seventh Commandment.—"Thou shalt not commit adultery."

THE next morning, Mrs. Browne found herself so much better, that she was able to sit up in her bed; and, it being Sunday, she spent the morning, after she had breakfasted, in hearing Mâry read, and in catechising her. She asked her a great many questions about the

commandments, which Mary answered very prettily. But when they came to the seventh commandment, which is,—“Thou shalt not commit adultery,—Mary said, “Godmother, what does that commandment mean?”

Mrs. Browne answered, “My dear, it is not altogether necessary, at your age, that you should know; yet, I believe I can make you understand a little of this matter. Do you not know, that, when the first man, Adam, was made, there was no fit companion found for him, and that the Lord said it was not good for man to be alone, and that then God caused the man to fall into a deep sleep, and while he was asleep, the Lord God took out one of the man’s ribs, that is, one of the bones out of his side, and of that he made a woman, and brought her to the man to be his wife?”

“O!” said Mary, “I remember that very well; and, also, what Adam said when he saw the woman: ‘This is now bone of my bones, and flesh of my flesh: she shall be called Woman, because she was taken out of man. Therefore shall a man leave his father and his mother, and shall cleave unto his wife; and they shall be one flesh.’” Gen. ii. 23, 24.

Mrs. Browne. Right, my dear: and our Lord Jesus Christ, when speaking of marriage, said, “Have ye not read, that he which made them at the beginning, made them male and female;—wherefore they are no more twain, but one flesh? What therefore God hath joined together, let not man put asunder.” Matt. xix. 4—7. And now, my dear, you understand, that if a man leaves his wife, and goes to live with another woman, he breaks the seventh commandment; and if a woman leaves her husband, and goes to live with another man, she breaks the seventh commandment; and it is a very great and dreadful wickedness, and one which, unless repented of, and washed away by the blood of the Lord Jesus Christ, will surely bring those who are guilty of it to hell fire.

Mary. But, suppose a woman does not love her husband, and suppose he should use her ill, must she stay with him? Is not that hard?

Mrs. Browne. Whether it is hard or not, my dear, we must obey God’s commandments; and, sooner or later, we shall find the good of it.

Just as Mrs Browne spoke these last words, John Francis, the husband of Mrs. Francis, who was sitting

on the side of his cot, which was the next to hers, called Mary to him, and said, "Come here, my dear: my wife and Thomas are gone up to the barracks, and, as you are talking on this subject, I will shew you what a good wife can, with God's blessing, do for a bad husband.

"When I married my wife, we were both young, and she as well-looking a woman as any you could see. Just after we were married, we came out to this country. On board ship, I don't know how it was, I took a vast inclination for liquor; and, when I came first into this country, I was so fond of it, that I was drunk twice a day. Every penny that I could lay hold of went for liquor. I was ever in the guard-house, and nigh being flogged more than once.

"My poor wife all this while went bare of every thing, and often, shameful to tell! wanted a meal. And many a hard word and blow she got from me in the mean time, wicked wretch that I was! But the way in which she behaved under these hard trials, proved that the Holy Spirit of God was with her; for no woman, without God's grace, could have behaved as she did.

"With the poor rags she had, she used to keep herself as tight and clean as possible. We had not much in our berth, but that little she always kept in its place, and rubbed quite bright. No person in the barrack ever heard her complain of me; nor did she ever, while I was in liquor, say any thing to aggravate or provoke me. Yet she would often take occasion, when she saw me a little sober, and likely as she thought to take it well, to talk to me of the wickedness of my ways: that they would not only disgrace and ruin me as a soldier, but that they would, if not repented of, bring me to everlasting punishment in hell.

"But, in all these discourses, I never once heard her complain of what she herself suffered by my wickedness. When she talked to me in this manner, I used to be, for the most part, sulky; but sometimes, as I before said I was so wicked as to beat her; but still her patience never failed her, for the grace of God was with her. I have often found her, when I came home at night, crying very bitterly, and this used to provoke me to use her more and more ill: being vexed with myself for my base behaviour to such a good woman, I longed to have

some fault to find with her, and thought that it would be some excuse for me if I could find any sin in her.

“One night, I had been drinking with a set of young men of my own wicked sort. I came home very sulky, and finding her reading her Bible, by a little bit of candle, I went to bed, not saying one word to her, and being drunk, was asleep in a minute. It might be about an hour after, I awoke, something sober, she was not come to bed. I just looked through the curtain, with my mouth, as it were, full of wicked oaths and curses, ready to give them to her, when I saw her kneeling down, and heard her praying: and being earnest in her prayers she spoke louder than she was aware of. She was praying for me; beseeching God, for the Lord Jesus Christ’s sake, to turn the heart of her dear husband, (for she called me dear, little as I deserved it,) and to make us as happy together as we once had been; and to give me timely repentance, that I might not die in my sins, and be eternally miserable in hell. I was ashamed of myself, but my heart was not changed by this. I laid myself down in my bed, and lay quite sullen and out of humour, till I fell asleep. I could not bear to think that my wife should be so much better than myself, and, the very next day, got drunk again. Now many women, even good women, would have lost all patience with such a husband, and have ceased to pray for me; but this was not my wife’s case.

“It was about six months after this, that God pleased to give us a little son, not this that we have now, but another, who is now, I trust with God. All the time this poor boy lived, which was only a year, I behaved very ill to my wife, and, even after the dear child died, which he did when he was one year old, I still continued to get drunk and beat and abuse my poor wife.

“There were several people who would have tempted her to leave me after the child died: one rich gentleman, in particular, who promised her all manner of riches and finery, if she would but come and live with him; for as I before said, she was then a very comely woman: but she always answered, ‘No, I have joined myself with my husband, and will remain with him until death. What God hath joined together, let no man put asunder.’

“This was her answer to every one (as I afterwards was told) who would have persuaded her to leave me. And, through all my ill usage of her, she remained a faithful, patient, and obedient wife, trusting in God, that he would deliver her, in his good time, out of her trouble. Our poor little boy died in Dinapore, and was buried there. We put a monument over him; and my wife used, often, more especially when I treated her ill, to go and see her poor babe’s grave and sit and cry by it.

“It happened, one new year’s afternoon, that there was no parade, and I got drunk in another man’s berth; yet not so drunk as not to know what I was doing. About four in the afternoon, I had occasion to come to my own berth, for something I wanted, and I found my wife sitting with her Bible in her hand. I was in a very ill temper, and soon found something to quarrel with her about. I called her several bad names. She made no answer. ‘What!’ said I, ‘are you sulky?’ She still did not speak. I lifted up my hand and gave her a blow; and from one blow, I went on to another, till I beat her so severely that she ran out of the barracks. I did not care much for this just at the time, for my heart was quite hardened, but returned to my companions, as if nothing had happened.

“Well, it was dusk when I went back to my berth, and my wife was not returned. I always loved a cup of tea in the afternoon; but there was no one to get it ready; there was no one to light the candle, and put the cot to rights. I sat myself down, tried to whistle, and put off my uneasiness; but, somehow, I could not. I went to the door, to see if she was coming; but could not see her. I went back and sat down again.

“Somehow or other, though I tried to put it off, I could not help being very uneasy. I thought of my dead child, and of my wife, and how ill I had used my poor woman, and what a loss she would be to me, if any thing should happen to her; and, all I could do, I could not shake off these thoughts, they came upon me with such force. After about half an hour, it was getting still darker, I went again into the piazza, to look for her, and, just at the door, I met Mrs. Simpson coming in; ‘Mrs. Simpson,’ said I, ‘have you seen my wife any where?’

“‘No,’ said she: ‘what have you lost her? Well, you deserve it. She is a hundred times too good for you;

and, if I had been in her place, I would have left you long and long ago, and gone to them who would have used me better.’

‘This was all the answer I could get from her. Neither did I get more satisfaction from others whom I asked concerning my wife: for one said, ‘If you have lost your wife, it’s no more than you deserve.’ And another said, ‘What, you want to give her another beating, do you?’

‘It was night and would have been quite dark, had it not been for the moon; and I began to think that my poor wife had perhaps, been driven by my hard usage to go and live with some gentleman who would carry her away, and I should never see her more. I was almost mad at the thought of this; but I might have been easy enough, for my wife was too good a woman, ever to think of going to live with another man.

‘So, as I said, it was evening, and there was no light but from the moon. I went out of the barrack, and, not knowing which way to look turned towards the burying-ground, for I knew that my poor wife often went there. I found the gate of the burying-ground locked, but there was a place where the wall had been broken down in the late rains, and had not yet been repaired. I made towards that place, and went in. I made my way among the tombs, towards the grave of my poor boy, and what do you think I should see but my poor wife at prayer there.

‘I went softly up towards her, and heard her pray, aloud, for me, that God would please, for his dear Son’s sake, to soften and turn my heart, and to deliver me from the power of sin and the devil, that, in the world to come, she and I, with our departed infant, might through the merits of our Lord Jesus Christ’s blood, shed for us, be raised into everlasting joy. Her prayers were often broken by her sobs. It pleased the Almighty God at that moment, to break my stubborn heart, by the power, no doubt, of his Holy Spirit. All my vile carriage towards my dear wife, in a moment came before me. I ran to her, and, falling on my knees, I begged her pardon for all my wicked behaviour; praying to God, very earnestly, that he would, for his dear Son’s sake, give me a new heart, and make me to abhor the sin of drunkenness, which had been the means of making me commit all my other grievous offences.

“I cannot tell you how transported my poor wife was when she saw me kneeling and praying to God for a new heart, in the name of his dear Son. She put her arms round my neck, and her tears fell upon my face. ‘O! my dear, dear husband!’ said she, ‘God has now heard my prayers for you. I knew he would, sooner or later. I was sure he would.’

“When we returned home, our neighbours were surprised to see us coming in so lovingly, and to see me sit down quietly in my berth, and hear me speak gently to my wife.

“From that time, God be praised, I found a great change in myself: not that I altogether left off my bad habits at once, but, by the grace of God, I dropped them one by one, taking up better ones in their stead; my dear wife, all the while, leading me on from one good habit to another, and making all good things so pleasant to me, that, I believe I may say, for the last eight years, that is, ever since the birth of our little lad Thomas, there has not been such another happy pair in all India, aye or in the world beside. And thus, my little girl, you see what a good wife, with the grace of God, may do for a bad husband; and I hope should you ever live to be married, that you will remember this story.”

Mary had scarcely time to thank Francis for the story which he had told her, before they were disturbed, and almost deafened by a dreadful noise in the same ward, the occasion of which I will tell you.

In the berth nearly over-against Mrs. Browne’s, was one John Thomson, lying very ill of a fever. His wife, Peggy Thomson, was, as I said before, none of the best of women. Early that morning, she had got up from her poor sick husband, and putting on one of her smartest gowns, and her best bonnet, (not forgetting, like the wicked Queen Jezebel, to paint her face,) she took herself off, nobody knew where, but I fear it was not to any proper place, leaving poor Thomson to the care of the porters; and the poor fellow would have been ill taken care of, indeed, had it not been for James Law, a godly man, in the same company with Thomson, who hearing how ill he was, came down from the barracks to see him, with his Bible in his hand.

James Law was sitting by poor Thomson, trying to prepare him a little for death, if it should be God’s will

for him to die, and to bring him, with God's grace, to the knowledge of our Lord Jesus Christ, of whom he had ever, poor man, remained in gross and wilful ignorance, when the doctor came round. The doctor felt poor Thomson's pulse, and said, "Why, Thomson, you are better to-day. Don't you feel yourself so?"

"Doctor," said he, "I think I am: and I think I should be still better, if you would allow me a little wine."

"Not for the whole world!" said the doctor. "When your fever is gone, you shall have wine; but one glass now might cost you your life."

The doctor went away, and James Law went on reading, and poor Thomson seemed to give heed; and thus they were employed till about twelve o'clock, when Peggy Thomson came in. She had no need of paint then, for her face was as red as fire, I suppose, from what she had been drinking. Coming up into the berth, and first looking that the doctor was not near, she pulled out a bottle from under her shawl, and pouring some of the liquor out of it into a tin pint, she gave it to her husband to drink, before James Law was aware of what she was doing.

Now Peggy Thomson was afraid that she should get a scolding from her husband, for going out, and she knew that there was but one way of stopping his tongue, and that was, giving him some of what he loved best—strong liquor: and whether it killed him or not, she did not care.

"What's that you are giving your husband?" said James Law.

"Toast and water," answered Peggy: for she knew, well enough that the doctor had forbidden her husband any thing strong.

"Let me see," said James Law, taking the empty pint, and smelling it. "Oh! you wicked woman, its brandy! and you have killed your husband."

"Brandy," said she "and if it is, what's that to you? Mind your own affairs!"

"Where have you put the bottle?" said James Law: for she had slipped the bottle under the bed-clothes.

"Mind your own affairs," said she. "Who sent for you, you canting fellow?" with a great many words more violent and abusive than those, and all so loud that

the whole ward rung again. All the sick people were disturbed, and some awakened from their sleep, while poor Thomson began immediately to feel the effects of the brandy, of which he had drunk two glasses or more; his fever returning upon him, raging and burning, his head immediately becoming light, so that he began to rave and storm louder than his wife.

The whole hospital was presently in an uproar. The sergeant came running in, and, for some time, it was impossible to make out, clearly, what was the matter; for Peggy said one thing, and James Law another: and poor Thomson, who but a short time since was lying at ease on his bed, listening calmly to the word of God, and in a way of doing well, both in soul and body, was raving like a madman, and in a way of losing both; and all through the wickedness of his wife, who gave him the liquor, as she had often done before, to make him drunk, that he might not inquire into her wicked ways.

The uproar and disturbance were so great, that they were forced to send for the doctor, who saw, by the way poor Thomson was in, that James Law's story was true. Moreover, the brandy bottle was found under the bed-clothes; and, indeed, if it had not been found, James Law's word would, any day, have been taken against Peggy Thomson's. So Peggy was ordered out of the hospital, and forbidden ever to come into it again. But she had done for her poor husband. His fever came on him again, through drinking the brandy, and it was his death: although he lingered longer than was expected, for he lived till that day fortnight; but he suffered very much.

James Law, Mrs. Francis, and Mrs. Browne, when she got a little better, did all they could for him: and James Law read and prayed continually with him, when he was off duty; but whether he was able to profit by it or not, God only, who can look into man's heart, can tell.

The day poor Thomson was buried, Mrs. Browne, being still in the hospital, for her illness was a tedious one, made Mary learn these verses, from Proverbs, last chapter. "Who can find a virtuous woman? for her price is far above rubies. The heart of her husband doth safely trust in her, so that he shall have no need of spoil. She will do him good, and not evil, all the days of her life. Her children arise up, and call her blessed;

her husband also, and he praiseth her." But, "The adulteress will hunt for the precious life." Prov. vi. 26.

Q. Why must a man love his wife more than his father and mother?

A. This is now bone of my bones, and flesh of my flesh: she shall be called Woman, because she was taken out of Man. Therefore shall a man leave his father and his mother, and shall cleave unto his wife: and they shall be one flesh.

Q. Why is it unlawful to part a man and his wife?

A. Have ye not read, that he which made them at the beginning, made them male and female; wherefore they are no more twain, but one flesh? What therefore God has joined together, let not man put asunder.

Q. What is more precious than rubies?

A. Who can find a virtuous woman? for her price is far above rubies. The heart of her husband doth safely trust in her, so that she shall have no need of spoil. She will do him good, and not evil, all the days of her life. Her children arise up, and call her blessed; her husband also, and he praiseth her.

Q. What does the adulteress hunt after?

A. The adulteress will hunt for the precious life:

STORY XVI.

The Eighth Commandment.—"Thou shalt not steal."

A DAY or two after Thomson's funeral, Mrs. Mills came down from the lady she was attending, to see Mrs. Browne and Mary; and brought with her, from the lady, a pot of sweetmeat for Mrs. Browne.

The next evening, Mrs. Browne, finding herself a little better than usual, took a turn with Mrs. Francis in the air, leaving the pot of sweetmeat on the table, and a spoon by it. Now Mary was not a child that loved sweet things; for she had taken her medicine in sweetmeat once when she was sick, and her mother never could get her to take any afterwards: so Mrs. Browne never thought of telling her not to touch the sweetmeat,

though she left her in her berth. When she came back, however, she found the cover taken off the pot, and the spoon, which she had left clean upon the table, all daubed with the sweetmeat.

Mrs. Browne was surprised, and said, "Mary, have you been at the sweetmeat?"

Mary answered, "No, godmother."

"Tell the truth, if you have," says Mrs. Browne, "and I sha'n't be angry with you: only, another time, I would rather that you would ask me for any thing, and not take it silyly."

"Godmother," said Mary, "I do tell you the truth. I have not taken it, for I don't like it. If I had liked it, and seen it on the table, I hope that I should not have taken it. But I don't like it, therefore it was no good in me that I did not take it."

Mrs. Browne could not help smiling at Mary's way of speaking, and said, "If you have not touched it, somebody has.—Who is it?"

Mary coloured, but did not answer. Mrs. Browne said, "Come, Mary, be honest, and tell me. Have you been out of the berth?"

Mary. No, indeed, godmother.

Mrs. Browne. Then you can tell who took the sweetmeat; for somebody has, you know.

Mary. Yes, godmother, I can tell; but I do not like to tell tales of my neighbours. Pray don't ask me. Only have patience with me, and I will try if I can persuade the person who did it to confess it to you, and then he won't be punished.

"No," said Mrs. Browne, "not if he comes and tells the truth." For she now guessed who the thief was; for little Thomas Francis, who was in his mother's berth, looked very red, when he heard what they were talking of.

Mary waited a little, and when she thought Mrs. Browne did not see her, she slipped away to little Thomas, and whispered to him to come and own that he had taken the sweetmeat. For Mary was right; she had not touched it.—The little boy was the thief.

But Thomas that day was in a very naughty fit, and he would not come to own what he had done, and to beg pardon. So Mary came back to her godmother, and said, "Godmother, I cannot get the person who took the

sweetmeat to own it; I shall, therefore, be forced to tell of him, though I did not wish it."

Mrs. Francis heard all that passed: so she called Thomas to her, and examining his hands and mouth, and finding that they were daubed with the sweetmeat, "Now, Thomas," said she, "I am sure that you have been the thief, and if you had confessed when Mary begged you, I would have forgiven you; but since you would not confess, I shall take the rod and correct you, that I may save your soul from hell."

So, without another word, she took up a little switch, and, carrying the little boy out of hearing of the sick people, she switched him well; and when she brought him back, she tied him to the foot of the bed, saying, "There, Thomas, I have not done this because I don't love you, but because I do, and because I would use all the means appointed by God for saving my child from hell."

Poor Thomas was very humble, and confessed how naughty he had been, and prayed to God to forgive him for the Lord Jesus Christ's sake. So Mrs. Browne, seeing how humble he was, begged he might be forgiven. He was, therefore, untied; and he went and kissed his father, and mother, and Mary, and Mrs. Browne, and all were friends again.

Then said Mrs. Browne, "I think I have a little story written upon the very subject of what has just now happened, I mean upon stealing, and Mary shall read it, as we sit here all together."

So Mrs. Browne directed Mary to look in the table-drawer, for a little book with a gilt cover. Mary looked, and it was the same book which she had tried to gain by keeping God's commandments the Sunday she was tied to the foot of the bed for riding on a stick; so she brought it to Mrs. Browne, who found the story, which Mary read aloud.

THE STORY OF TWO POOR WIDOWS WHO LIVED AT CALCUTTA.

There lived once at Calcutta, two poor old white women, who were widows. I know not how they came to this country, or how it happened that they were so poor; but so it was. Now there was at Calcutta, at that time, a rich merchant, who had in his house all manner of

European things, both clothes and furniture, with preserved fruits, sweetmeats, toys, ornaments, &c. to sell.

This man had a wife, who was very charitable. When she was told of these two poor women, she placed them in a small house, near to her own, in which were two pleasant rooms, with a little piazza round them; and she gave to both of them a small pension—just enough to keep them above want, but not enough to buy them any of the luxuries or vanities of this world.

Now the younger of these widows, whose name was Judith, had a little son, who lived with her; and the elder, whose name was Sarah, had a grandson, nearly of the age of Judith's son. So the condition of these two women was very equal, as far as this world goes: and if one was happy, one would think the other might have been so also. But this was far from being the case; for whereas Sarah and her little grandson were exceedingly well contented, Judith and her son were very miserable.

Sarah was contented with the coarsest gown which could be had, if it were but clean and tight; and she could thankfully make her dinner on a little fish and rice. But Judith was ever coveting the fine clothes and dainty dishes of her neighbours, and striving to purchase them as cheap as she could: so she was ever craving, and ever wanting, making good the words of the Bible: "Godliness with contentment is great gain. For we brought nothing into this world, and it is certain we can carry nothing out. And having food and raiment, let us be therewith content. But they that will be rich, fall into temptation and a snare, and into many foolish and hurtful lusts, which drown men in destruction and perdition. For the love of money is the root of all evil." 1 Tim. vi. 6—10.

If you wish to know what it was that made these two women so different the one from the other, it was nothing more or less than this: that Sarah loved God, and had faith in him, hoping, after death, for a better country than this, even a heavenly country; but Judith cared not for God, but cared for this world. So Judith was ever unhappy and discontented, while Sarah was as happy as any body can be in this life.

Now Judith's son, and Sarah's grandson, as I remarked before, were nearly of the same age: the name of the

son of Judith, was Philip, and the other little lad's name was Ralph. These little boys used to be playmates, while they were little; but the manner of their bringing up was so different, that, when they became older, the one could not take delight in the company of the other, as he had formerly done.

Old Sarah used to teach her little grandson, that he would live in this world only a very few years, but that the life to come would last for ever and ever, without end; and that it was very little matter whether he was rich and great, or poor and despised, in this world, provided he could find the right way to be happy in the next. Then she would tell him that the way to be happy in the world to come, was for him, by faith, to lay fast hold of the Lord Jesus Christ, and to try to please him, for he is the way to heaven, and there is no other.

Poor old Sarah did not read very well, but she could read a little: and she used to try to teach her little boy to read also, saying, "Ralph, my child, you must learn to read, that you may be able to read the Word of God, which holy word will, if properly attended to, lead you to Heaven."

When she had taught him to read as well as she was able, and when he could read a chapter in her old Bible, she sold the best gown she had, (it was the only European gown she had left,) and bought him a new Bible with the money: and then she and little Ralph used to read every day together, verse by verse; he in his Bible, and she in hers. And it was pretty to see them sitting together: the old woman with her spectacles on, in an elbow-chair, and little Ralph on a mat on the floor, reading verse by verse. So Ralph early learned the Word of God, and though the little lad had his faults, like other children, yet the fear of God was with him, and he was not hardened in his sins, but was always sorry when he did wrong, and knew who to go to, to cleanse him and wash him from his sins.

But poor Philip was brought up quite in a different manner. His mother used to tell him that he must try to become a great and rich man in this world: for that poverty, such as they lived in, was shameful, and despised by all men. For this reason she taught him to read, not that he might be able to read God's words, but because, she said, without learning, he would never become great

in the world. And she told him, that she hoped, some time or other, to see him riding in his coach, and waited on by many servants.

Moreover she taught him to bow, and scrape, and fawn to his betters: not because it is right to give all men the honour due to them, but that he might, by pleasing the great, raise himself in the world.

Thus were these two boys brought up:—Philip, all for this world; and Ralph, all for the next. Now we shall see which way, in the end was most profitable—old Sarah's godliness, or Judith's love of the world.

When the two boys were about eight years of age, Mrs. Hawkins, the merchant's wife, invited them both, one new year's day, to dine at her house. Accordingly, they put their best clothes on, and went. She gave them a good luncheon about one o'clock, and told them to amuse themselves as they liked best till tea-time, in playing about the house, but to be sure to do no mischief. So she sat still in her parlour, and the children went to play.

In this house there were all manner of things for sale. So the children, in their play, found their way into the shop, or warehouse, where many of the goods were stowed, and began, as children will do, to look about them, to see what all these things were. And first, they found a jar of fine raisins, so they fell to and ate their fill; then they got some European playthings, with which they amused themselves till Philip broke the head off one of the horses, and Ralph broke a whip all to pieces. Next Philip found a drawer full of knives and scissars: "O! what numbers of knives and scissars!" said Philip, "What would I give for a pair of these scissars!"

"O! what would I give for one of these knives!" cried Ralph. "My grandmother wanted a little knife yesterday to unrip her work, and she had not one."

"Well," said Philip, "do you take a knife, and I'll take a pair of scissars; out of all these nobody will miss them."

"But won't it be wicked?" said Ralph. "God will know."

"Never mind," said Philip, "I'll take a pair of scissars, and you may do as you like. I don't think God will see." So Philip took a pair of scissars, and hid them in his hat-crown; and Ralph, being over-persuaded, took a knife, and put it in his pocket.

Soon after, they were called to tea, and when they had had as much as they wished, they were sent home, and Mrs. Hawkins was so good as to give each of them half a crown.

When Ralph's grandmother was undressing him to put him to bed, the knife fell out of his pocket. The old woman picked it up, and holding it close to her eyes, for her eyes were very dim, "O! what a pretty knife!" she said. "It will be very useful, for we have but one, and that will hardly cut. Did Mrs. Hawkins give it you, my dear?"

Ralph made no answer. "Did Mrs. Hawkins give it you, child?" said the old woman again.

Ralph looked red, and could not speak. "I hope you have not stolen it out of the shop—I hope not," said the old woman. Ralph still was silent. "Speak this moment," said old Sarah. "Don't try to hide the truth from me, for I will go over to Mrs. Hawkins myself, and find it out; so you had best tell."

When Ralph found that his grandmother was resolved to know the truth, he owned that he had stolen the knife. The poor old woman was sadly grieved when she found that her boy had been guilty of this great wickedness. She gave him such a whipping as he never had before, and the next morning, before she gave him one mouthful of breakfast, she made him go over to Mrs. Hawkins, with the knife in his hand to return to her, and this was a worse punishment than the whipping. Moreover, she made him learn this verse, before she would forgive him: "Let him that stole steal no more: but rather let him labour, working with his hands the thing which is good, that he may have to give to him that needeth." Eph. iv. 28. So Ralph got nothing by his thieving, but a good whipping and much shame; and from that time, with the grace of God, he was never again guilty of the sin of thieving.

"Now I will tell you how Judith behaved about the scissars. When she was putting by Philip's best hat, at night, she found the scissars in the inside of the crown of it. "Where did you get these pretty scissars? Did Mrs. Hawkins give them to you?" said she to the child.

"No, no," said the boy, "I took them out of the drawer in the shop."

"Did any body see you?" said Judith.

"No: nobody knows but Ralph, and I am sure he won't tell of me," replied Philip.

"But the scissars will be missed," said she.

"No," said Philip: "I dare say there were an hundred in the drawer, and nobody will know that one pair is gone."

So Judith put the scissars in her pocket, and said no more.

After this, the lads continued to grow in years: and Ralph, through reading God's word, by God's grace, became every day a better boy. He had not much learning concerning the things of this world, to be sure, for his grandmother could neither give it him herself, nor pay for his schooling; but he was taught of God, to fear and love God, and the law of God was written upon his heart, which is far better than all the learning in this world without it.

When Ralph was fourteen, his grandmother got him a place in a merchant's house. In this situation he received only a trifle a month; for, not being able to write and cast accounts, he could be of little service. However, with part of this she hired a man to come every evening to teach Ralph to write and cipher, and to improve him in reading. And Ralph was so diligent, that by the time he was sixteen, he could write a pretty hand, and could cipher. Then his master, finding what a diligent and honest boy he was, and that he could now keep an account, increased his wages. So that he and his grandmother could now live exceedingly comfortable.

In the mean time, Judith's son went on improving himself in reading and writing, for Judith could do both herself very well, till he was about fifteen, when she began to think what trade to put him to. But before he was put out, he was guilty of a very great crime, and, I am sorry to say, his mother was his partner in this sin.

There was, in the same yard in which Judith and Sarah lived, a little mud house, with one door, which you could not go through without stooping. In this mud house a *faquir* (a religious mendicant) had lived many years: he was now getting an old man, and had subsisted by begging all his life.

Philip one day said to his mother, "Mother, I wish I could tell where that old rogue of a *faquir* keeps his

money, for I'll be bound he has, during his long life, gathered a pretty hoard of it."

"Do you think so?" says Judith. "I wish we had some of his hoard. It would do us more good, I am sure, than it does him."

From that time, Philip could think of nothing but the *faquir's* hoard; and he watched him so closely, that he, at last, found out where he hid his treasure. It was buried in one corner of the mud house, just under the wall. Philip found it out by peeping through a hole in the door, at night, and seeing the old man groping in that corner. So, one dark night, Philip made a hole on the outside, and grubbing underneath the house-wall with his hands, found two bags of money, which he carried to his mother, and she hid them in the thatch at the top of her room, while he went and filled up the hole he had made. And behold, all this was done, and every thing in order again, before sun-rise.

Now the *faquir* did not discover his loss till night; but, when he came home at night, and found his money gone out of the hole, he made such a crying and lamentation, that the people came running on all sides, to see if any body was killing the old man. He could get no comfort from his neighbours; for some would not believe that he had any money to lose, and others said, "The old rogue! if he was so rich as he said, why did he go about begging and asking money from us?"

The poor man was so grieved at his loss, that he laid himself down in his hut, and would take no food; and some said that he swallowed something to put an end to himself, for he died shortly after.

When he was dead, Philip and his mother were very glad; for they thought the story of the robbery they had been guilty of would never be known: but God knew it, though no man did.

Judith made friends with Mrs. Hawkins, and she got Philip a place at a rich merchant's house. Judith, when she sent him to his place, fitted him out with the best of clothes, which she bought with the poor *faquir's* money, so that Philip made a handsome appearance in the merchant's house; and having been taught to fawn and bow to his betters, he became a mighty favourite with his master, so that after a while, he trusted him even with his money. Judith left the little house she had lived

in so long with Sarah, and took another near her son's master's, and hired several servants, and bought some fine clothes, and would hardly speak to old Sarah, if she chanced to meet her in the street.

So they went on, for a while, in prosperity; but we must not think it strange, if, sometimes, we see the wicked going on, for a while, in great prosperity, and being great and high in the world; for it is written in the Bible, "Fret not thyself because of evil doers, neither be thou envious against the workers of iniquity: for they shall soon be cut down like the grass, and wither as the green herb. Trust in the Lord, and do good: so shalt thou dwell in the land, and verily thou shalt be fed." Psalm xxxvii. 1—3.

Accordingly, for a time, Judith and her son went on prosperously. He was riding about on his horse as smart as any gentleman; and she walked in the street in her silk gown, but, after a very little while, he became discontented with his wages and began to rob his master of little sums: for he, as I said before, trusted him with his money.

At first, he took very little at a time; but he became bolder and bolder in his thefts, till, at length, he took so large a sum, that his master found it out, took him up, and cast him into Calcutta jail.

When Ralph heard where poor Philip was, he went to see him, and tried to comfort him, by telling him, that, even now if he would turn to God, and take fast hold of Jesus Christ, all his sins would be forgiven him, and he might yet be happy, if not in this world, in the world to come: "For we are all grievous offenders," said Ralph, "and must be content, yea, rejoiced to be received in heaven as pardoned sinners, and not as if we had any good in ourselves."

But Philip had been brought up in great pride, and could not bear to be spoken to in this manner. He was quite sulky to Ralph, and as much as said, he did not want his company. But Ralph went again and again to see him, and tried all ways to bring him to the Lord Jesus Christ.

The time came near when Philip was to be taken out before the judge, to be tried; but, the night before the trial, he was found dead in the jail: and it is thought that he, like the poor *faquir*, had taken something to end

his days. So he died without repentance, or trust in the Lord Jesus Christ, and in his death there was no hope.

His mother died shortly after, of grief; for all her proud schemes were at an end, and she had ruined herself and the son she loved. Old Sarah nursed her in her last illness, and read and prayed *with* her and *for* her to the last. On her death-bed she confessed that she and her son had robbed the *faquir*.

Honest Ralph continued to be contented with the little he had to his dying day. He married a virtuous wife, and had many children whom he brought up to fear God, and never knew what the want of food, or clothing, or a comfortable house was, making out the words of the Psalmist: "I have been young, and now am old; yet have I not seen the righteous forsaken, nor his seed begging bread." Psalm xxxvii. 25.

"O!" said little Mary, when she had done reading, "what a pretty story!"

"Yes," said Mrs. Brown, "it is a pretty one; and as you behaved well about little Thomas, and were not in haste to tell of him, and get him punished, I will now give you this book."

Mary kissed Mrs. Browne, and said, "How good you are!"

Francis and his wife, Mrs. Browne and the children, all drank tea together. After which, Mrs. Francis read a chapter, and when they had prayed they went to bed.

Q. Wherefore is it wicked to be desirous of riches, and to be discontented with the things we have?

A. Godliness with contentment is great gain. For we brought nothing into this world, and it is certain we can carry nothing out. And having food and raiment, let us be therewith content. But they that will be rich, fall into temptation and a snare, and into many foolish and hurtful lusts, which drown men in destruction and perdition. For the love of money is the root of all evil.

Q. If we have ever been guilty of stealing, what must we do?

A. Let him that stole steal no more: but rather let him labour, working with his hands the things which is good, that he may have to give to him that needeth.

If we see wicked people prospering and doing well or a time, must we fret at it and think it hard?

A. Fret not thyself because of evil doers, neither be thou envious against the workers of iniquity: for they shall soon be cut down like the grass, and wither as the green herb. Trust in the Lord, and do good: so shalt thou dwell in the land, and verily thou shalt be fed.

Q. Are poor righteous people ever forsaken by God?

A. I have been young, and now am old; yet have I not seen the righteous forsaken, nor his seed begging bread.



STORY XVII.

The Ninth Commandment—"Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbour."

EARLY the next morning, sergeant Browne, having leave, came down to the hospital, to stay with his wife till she came out, for he was quite tired of being without her.

Mary was very glad to see her godfather, as she always called the sergeant; and she began chattering to him as fast as her little tongue would go, telling every think that had happened, good and bad, since they came into the hospital. All the time they were at breakfast she went on. It was, "Godfather, I'll tell you this;" and, "Godfather, do but hear that:" till the sergeant, at last said, "Why, Mary my lass, thou hast a tongue! Surely, it will be well for thee when thou art a woman, if this tongue of thine does not get thee into some trouble."

Mrs Browne said, "Why, that's what I have often told Mary—that her tongue will, some day or other, cause her some mischief. It's a bad custom for any one to talk too much. What does the scripture say on that subject?—'In the multitude of words there wanteth not sin: but he that refraineth his lips is wise.'" Prov. x. 19.

"Godmother," said Mary, "I will govern my tongue. I won't talk so much another time."

"My lass," said the sergeant, "don't say, 'I will govern my tongue. I won't talk so much another time.' Don't

you know, that no man has power over his tongue? The tongue can no man tame."

Mary. What must I do then, godfather?

Sergeant Browne. Why, you must make it a matter of prayer to God, through his Son the Lord Jesus Christ, that he will tame your tongue for you, and fill your mouth with wisdom.

Scarcely had the sergeant spoken these words, when Mrs. Price, whose berth was not far from theirs, came over to the foot of Mrs. Browne's bed, for she was now able to go about, being much better, and said, "Sergeant Browne, you are come down this morning, perhaps you can tell us what's to be done to Sally Hicks. Will she be hanged think you?"

"Sally Hicks!" said the sergeant, "no. What of her?"

"What," said Mrs. Price, "have not you heard what she has done?"

"No," said the sergeant and Mrs. Browne, in a breath: "I hope no harm."

"No harm, indeed!" said Mrs. Price. "Nothing less than stealing, if there's harm in that."

"I hope not," said Mrs. Browne, "I knew she always loved money too well; but I never took her for a thief, nor I can't believe it scarcely now."

"What's the story?" said the sergeant.

"The story!" replied Mrs. Price: "why, she was over at work at Captain Smith's yesterday, and she watched her opportunity, and broke open a box, where she had seen Mrs. Smith put her money, and took out ten golden guineas, which the captain's lady brought with her from England, and a beautiful shawl, worth a hundred rupees at least, and made off with them, as sly as you please. I suppose she would have Mrs. Smith believe that some of the blacks had stolen them. However, Mrs. Smith suspected who the thief was; and this morning, as I heard, a complaint was made to the adjutant; for he sent for her, and put her in confinement—safe enough, no doubt."

"Why, this is a strange story, Mrs. Price," said the sergeant: "at any rate, she was not a very cunning thief."

Mrs. Price. O! I'll be bound this is not the first time madam has tried her hand at thieving; for she would not have committed so bold a theft at first starting.

"Where did you hear this tale?" said the sergeant.

"O! if you doubt my word," said Mrs. Price, "go and ask Dick Jones, the young man sitting at the foot of that cot which was Thomson's: he told me. You'll believe him, perhaps, though you don't me."

Sergeant Browne. I have no reason to doubt your word; but, for my own satisfaction, I should like to know the truth of this business: for I have a very good will to poor Hicks, and, as to his wife, I wish her no ill, either.

"Do," said Mrs. Browne, "do, my dear, go and inquire of Dick Jones, where he heard the tale."

The sergeant went to Dick Jones, and little Thomas Francis ran after him. "My lad," said he to Dick Jones, "what's this story about Hicks's wife? What has she been about?"

Dick answered, "Why, Hicks's wife has been robbing the captain's lady of nine golden guineas, and a shawl."

Sergeant Browne. Nine guineas! Why, Mrs. Price said ten.

Dick Jones. O! that's her mistake. I only said nine, I am sure, and I had it from John Roberts.

Sergeant Browne. Is he in the hospital?

Dick Jones. Yes; but he will soon be out: he is almost well again. He stands there by yon door. You may go and ask him, if you have any doubts about the matter.

The sergeant stepped over to John Roberts, and put the same question to him which he had done to Dick Jones. John Roberts was a man who never could tell the least thing in the world without swearing to it: so, when the sergeant asked him, if he knew what Sally Hicks had committed, he answered, with half-a-dozen curses, that she had stolen eight golden guineas of the captain's lady, and a shawl.

"My lad," said the sergeant, "I only asked you a plain question, and wanted only a plain answer; what needs so many oaths to the point?"

"O! that's my way," said Roberts, with another oath.

"Then your way is a very bad way," said sergeant Browne. "But you say eight guineas, do you? Who had you the story from?"

"I had it from the cook-boy of our mess," answered John Roberts.

"Why, Thomas, my boy," said the sergeant, smiling, and speaking to the child, "we shall have but a poor story

to carry back to my wife and Mary. We lose a guinea every step we go."

The little boy was much entertained, and pulled the sergeant's coat, saying, "Ask the cook-boy, who told him."

"No, no, my child," said the sergeant, "we will go no further: we have got down from ten guineas to eight, and we are now come to a black cook-boy, and such people's words, as we well know, are good for nothing. We shall find that this story has nothing at all in it, like many other tales that are made out about nothing."

The sergeant turned to go back to his berth, when, just at that moment, who should he see but James Law, with his Bible in his hand, and a few oranges, which he was bringing to some of the sick men. "O!" said the sergeant, "there is James Law. He lives in the very next berth to Sally Hicks, and we shall have the truth from him." So the sergeant stood still till James Law came up.

The sergeant told James Law what he had heard of Sally Hicks, and how the guineas had come down from ten to eight, and that the story had been traced up to the cook-boy.

James Law heard him out, for he was not a man of many words. Then smiling, he said, "I believe I can tell you this wonderful tale, as I know all about it. Sally Hicks, poor body, is too fond of money, that we all know; and I have told her, many a time, how wrong it is. But as to her being a thief, I don't know that she is one; and in this matter, which you say there has been such a stir about this morning, she is as innocent as that little lad there by your side; for the thing is neither more or less than this. Yesterday Sally Hicks was all day at the captain's lady's, and in the evening she came home, with something tied up in the corner of an old shawl. 'What's that you have there Sally?' said her husband.

"'Half-guinea,' said she, 'which Mrs. Smith asked me to carry over for her to the adjutant's lady.'

"'What does the adjutant's lady want with it?' said her husband.

"'Why,' said Sally, 'I believe she wanted a bit of European gold to make a ring of, and Mrs. Smith promised her this half-guinea: but that's no business of mine. I'll ever with it.'

Accordingly, she went over; but the adjutant's lady being out she brought it back, and locked it in her box till this morning, when the adjutant's lady sent a sergeant over to her, to inquire what she wanted with her; and the sergeant took her over with him. This, I imagine, is the bottom of the matter. And I reckon," added James Law, "that the cook-boy, telling the story in his broken tongue, used the word *adah*, which, you know, in their language means half, and John Roberts, who never looks into the bottom of any matter, perhaps mistook the word for *auth*, which, we all know, means eight; and so the story grew. And in like manner has many a foolish story grown, by being taken up by people in haste."

The sergeant smiled, to think what an uproar had been made about nothing at all, and said, "I'll go back and set my wife's mind at ease about this matter." So he wished James Law a good day, and went back to his wife.

When sergeant Browne went back to his wife, and told her the true story of Mrs. Hicks, he called Mary to him and said, "My lass, do you remember what we were talking about when Mrs. Price came in with the tale of the ten guineas and the India shawl?"

Mary. Yes, godfather. You were talking to me about the government of the tongue and telling me that I must pray to God to guide my tongue; for that no man could tame his own tongue—it must be done by God.

Sergeant Browne. True, my dear. And I would take occasion to point out to you, from what has happened to-day, the mischief which people do by talking at random. Mrs. Hicks's character might have been taken away by the foolish talk of her neighbours, when she was as innocent as a babe unborn. Five or six people have, this day, in this room, in the case of Mrs. Hicks, been guilty of breaking the ninth commandment. They bore witness against her, that she was a thief, and John Roberts swore to it. Their witness was false; for the woman had not taken the things which they said she had. Thus, you see, their tongues led them to break one of the commandments of God; and no one can tell the mischief that great talkers do in the world, both to themselves and others. For this reason, my little lass, I am always telling you to hold your tongue—not to talk so fast, and such kind of things; for it is written in the

Bible, "Be not rash with thy mouth, and let not thine heart be hasty to utter any thing before God; for God is in Heaven, and thou upon earth: therefore let thy words be few. Ecclesiastes v. 2.

"And now," added the sergeant, "there are five rules, or laws, I would have you to lay down to yourself about the management of the tongue; and, as I said before, make it a subject of prayer to God, that he will, through his dear Son, give you power to keep these rules.

"The first is, that you must never speak of God, or of his book, or of his house, or of his servants, or of any thing belonging to him, but in words of praise; giving honour to God, and to all that belongs to him.

"The second rule I give you is, that you must be very particular in telling the truth—keep close to the truth in every thing, whether it seems, at the time, of any consequence or not, for God hates liars. 'All liars shall have their part in the lake which burneth with fire and brimstone.' Rev. xxi. 8. There are many in the world who have so little notion of the truth, that you can never believe any thing they tell you. If they have seen a tall man, they will tell you I have just met the tallest man I ever saw in my life. He is quite a giant! If they have seen a little man, they will describe him to be no bigger than a child; if they see any thing pretty, they tell you that it is the most beautiful thing ever seen; or, if they see a person who is not altogether well-looking, then they make him out to be hideous enough to frighten a horse: and so they go on through every thing, so that you cannot give credit to one word they say. Now this is a very bad custom.—Hold fast to the truth, my dear, in all things, even if it is about the size of a pin.

"The third rule I would give you is, not to be over-forward to talk of yourself, or of your own concerns. There are people in the world who talk of no one but themselves—'I do this,' 'I do that,' 'That's my way,' 'That's my custom,' they say. This is a disgusting custom to other people, and it is against the words of the Bible; for the Bible says, 'Let another man praise thee, and not thine own mouth; a stranger, and not thine own lips.' Prov. xxvii. 2. And if we consider that we are but miserable sinners, we shall not be over-forward to talk of ourselves. Now how many rules have I given you, my lass?"

“Three,” answered Mary.

“Well then,” said the sergeant, “I have two more to give you. My fourth rule is, that you speak not ill of your neighbour. He must be a bad neighbour, indeed, if something good cannot be said of him. But suppose a person is so bad, that we cannot say any good of him without a lie, why then the next best thing is not to speak of him at all. Let’s see what’s said about this in James iv. 11: “Speak not evil one of another, brethren. He that speaketh evil of his brother, speaketh evil of the law,”

“And now for my last rule, which is particularly useful to those that live, as we do, in barracks; never to use any vulgar or filthy language. We are often obliged to hear these things, to the sorrow of those who wish to do better. But if ever you hear a vulgar, bad word, or saying, turn away your ear, and never repeat it again.

The sergeant then set little Mary these verses: “But now ye also put off all these; anger, wrath, malice, blasphemy, filthy communication out of your mouth. Lie not one to another, seeing that ye have put off the old man with his deeds.” Col. iii. 8, 9.

Mary came to say these verses just before the dinner was ready, and she said them without missing a word. So the sergeant, his wife, and Mary, sat down to some fried eggs and bacon, and a country cheese; and just as they were sitting down, James Law passing by, the sergeant made him come in and partake with them of what they had: for both the sergeant and Mrs. Browne liked James Law very much, he being a godly man, from whose mouth never proceeded any evil communication.

Q. Wherefore is it good to use but few words?

A. In the multitude of words there wanteth not sin: but he that refraineth his lips is wise.

Q. Wherefore should we consider before we speak?

A. Be not rash with thy mouth, and let not thine heart be hasty to utter any thing before God; for God is in Heaven, and thou upon earth: therefore let thy words be few.

Q. Where will all liars have their part?

A. All liars shall have their part in the lake which burneth with fire and brimstone.

Q. Why must we not praise and speak well of ourselves?

A. Let another man praise thee, and not thine own mouth; a stranger, and not thine own lips,

Q. Why must we not speak ill of our neighbours?

A. Speak not evil one of another, brethren. He that speaketh evil of his brother, speaketh evil of the law.

Q. What must we put out of our mouths?

A. But now ye also put off all these; anger, wrath, malice, blasphemy, filthy communication out of your mouth. Lie not one to another, seeing that ye have put off the old man with his deeds.

STORY XVIII.

The Tenth Commandment.—"Thou shalt not covet thy neighbour's house, thou shalt not covet thy neighbour's wife, nor his man-servant, nor his maid-servant, nor his ox, nor his ass, nor any thing that is his."

THE next morning the sergeant called Mary to him, to read a chapter in the Bible. Mary asked him what chapter she should read. "Why," said the sergeant, "read me the 21st chapter of the 1st of Kings."

So Mary looked out the chapter: and it contained the account of Ahab, King of Israel, coveting the vineyard of Naboth; and of his wife Jezebel causing Naboth to be put to death, that her husband might take possession of his vineyard; and of the punishment which God declared, by the mouth of his prophet, was to be inflicted on them for this sin.

When Mary had finished reading this story, the sergeant said, "What commandment of God did King Ahab break?"

"The tenth," answered Mary.

Sergeant Browne. What is the tenth?

Mary. Thou shalt not covet thy neighbour's house, thou shalt not covet thy neighbour's wife, nor his man-servant, nor his maid-servant, nor his ox, nor his ass, nor any thing that is his.

Sergeant Browne. What did King Ahab's covetousness lead to?

Mary. It led to the murder of Naboth.

“By this you see,” said the sergeant, “what a wicked thing it is to covet or desire the things of other people. It begins only with an evil thought, but ends very often in deadly hatred and murder, with the ruin of families, and all manner of mischief.”

Mrs. Browne, who was sitting at work by her husband, and was listening to all he was saying to Mary, said, “What you are speaking of, my dear, reminds me of the sad history of poor sergeant Rose and his wife.”

“True,” said sergeant Browne; “do, my dear, tell the history of sergeant Rose, while you are sitting at your work, to Mary; for I must run up to the barracks, and shall be back again by the time you have done.”

So the sergeant set off, and Mary came and stood close to Mrs. Browne while she told her the story.

Then said Mrs. Browne, “Mary, my dear, as my husband wishes it, I will tell you this story, that it may be a warning and example to you, not that I take any pleasure, I trust, in speaking of the faults of my neighbours. These poor people I am going to tell you of, are now dead and gone. They are gone before God, to give an account of all they did in the body; and we ought only to remember their faults as a warning to us, to avoid that sin which was their ruin.

“Some time after we came to this country, my husband was made a sergeant. It was at Dinapore, and we had a nice corner berth, screened off from the rest of the barracks, so that we were very comfortable. Opposite to us, and so near that we could hear most of what they said to each other, was one sergeant Rose and his wife. He had been sergeant some years, and was pay-sergeant of the company.

“There was not much of the fear of God in this couple, which any one could see in five minutes’ discourse with them; but still they appeared, for a while, as well, and did as well as many others in the barracks; for the sergeant, at that time, was neither a drinking nor swearing man; nor was she a woman that used bad language, or any think of that kind. But these people were lovers of the world, more than lovers of God; and all they aimed at was to make a show and a figure in the world. Sergeant Rose was a man that could not see his neighbours have any thing good but he would covet it;

and if he could not get the thing itself, he would have something like it, or still better, if it was to be had.

“I remember my husband chanced to purchase a very pretty tent cot, with curtains, and every thing quite complete; and so cheap, that, though it was almost too handsome for me, yet he was tempted to buy it, and it was brought home, and put up. As soon as sergeant Rose saw it carried in, he was ready, poor man, to die of vexation; and he set off forthwith to the carpenter’s, and ordered one to be made for him and his wife, still larger and handsomer than ours, for which he had to pay twice as much as my husband had done.

“Again, I remember a man of our company had bought a chest, clamped with brass: a very handsome piece of goods it was. Sergeant Rose fixed his eye on it, and he could not be easy, poor man, till he had it. He many times offered the young man who possessed it as much, or more, money than it was worth. But the lad did not seem inclined to part with it. The sergeant, however, could not rest in peace without it: so one evening he got the young man into his berth, and gave him a good supper, and three or four drams; and when he saw that the liquor was in his head, he got a promise from him that he would let him have his chest the next day, for half what it was really worth; and he and his wife held the young man so close to his bargain, that he was forced, the next day, to let the sergeant have the chest.

“Poor Mrs. Rose was in her turn, so covetous of fine clothes, that she was never easy. She could not see a gown, bonnet, or single article of dress that was uncommonly handsome belonging to any of our women, but she coveted it; and that with so much eagerness, that she would be miserable till she got the thing itself, or something handsomer of the same kind; and it is sad to think into what sinful actions these covetous desires would sometimes lead her. About this time, there arrived from Europe a detachment of men for our regiment, and with it were several women, among whom was Susan Barker, a private’s wife, whose husband was attached to our company. This woman had a little girl about five years old. Now it would appear, that Barker had spent all his bounty in buying clothes for his wife; for there was not then in the regiment one woman who had such a box of clothes as Susan Barker; beautiful European print gowns,

a handsome black silk cloak, and velvet bonnet, and every thing suitable. Poor woman! they were not of much use to her; for I think, after she came to Dinapore, she never was out but once, and that was to church, she was taken ill immediately, and after a few weeks' sickness carried to her grave.

"The day Susan was at church, I happened to come out with sergeant Rose's wife. She remarked to me, as we were coming along, that she had observed Susan's cloak and bonnet, as well as her gown, and how exceedingly handsome they were; and that very evening I saw her sitting in Susan's berth, talking familiarly to her, and hugging and dandling her little girl just as it she was as dear to her as her life. I remember my husband saying to me, 'look there—Rose's wife will get some of that woman's good clothes from her,—mind if she does not.'

"My dear,' said I to my husband, 'how can you think of such a thing?'

"Mind my words,' said he.

"The very next day Susan was taken with that complaint, which ended in her death three weeks after. Mrs. Rose went to the hospital to see her every day, while she was there, and would not, if she could help it, let any body else come near her; and she pretended so well to her, that the last thing poor Susan said, just before her death, was to beg that Mrs. Rose would take charge of her little Peggy.

"Mrs. Rose had the child, although Mrs. Francis, who was a town'swoman of Susan's, would have taken it from the moment of its mother's death. I was cut to the heart when I saw Mrs. Rose, just after Susan Barker's funeral, with little Peggy in her arms. She brought her to my berth, and began telling me all about the mother's death and funeral.

"So,' said I 'you have got the child, Mrs. Rose. Do you mean to keep it, or will you let Mrs. Francis have it?'

"Sweet little darling! said Mrs. Rose, kissing the child, 'I would not part with it for all the world. little precious creature! I am sure, if I had a child of my own, I could not love it better than I do this little love. Then she kissed it again.

“As soon as she was gone, my husband whispered to me, ‘You’ll see that her love for the child will last till she has wheedled poor Barker out of all the mother’s clothes, and then it will be no more a precious darling.’ My husband’s words came true enough. She pretended love to the child till she got from Barker, one by one, the best of his wife’s clothes: first, one gown, then another, then a petticoat, then the velvet bonnet, then a pair of ear-rings, then stockings, then an apron, and last of all, the lace cloak.

“Several people took the liberty to warn Barker not to be in too great haste to part with all these things; but he was an honest, unsuspecting man, and he used to say, ‘Mrs. Rose is so good to my little Peggy, that if it would do her any service, I would cut my hand off and give it her.’

“But poor Barker soon began to find the difference. The very next day after he had given Mrs. Rose his wife’s cloak, and had nothing left but a few of her old every day things, he called, as his custom was, to see little Peggy, and he found Mrs. Rose full of complaints against the child. ‘Peggy has not been a good girl to-day,’ said Mrs. Rose. ‘She has broken me a china cup. Besides that she is very dirty. I cannot keep her clean, if you would give me the world. I don’t think there is such another dirty child in all the barracks.’

“Barker was surprised to hear such complaints against the child, but he said nothing. From that time, there was nothing the poor little thing could do, would please her. She did nothing but find fault with it. Neither did she feed it as it should be, but gave it the worst of victuals, and let the men give it as much liquor as they would.

“About that time, the men were ordered away in a hurry, on some duty, I forget what, and the women were left in Dinapore barracks. Then, indeed, Mrs. Rose did use the poor child sadly, so that it fell away from day to day; but no one had authority to take it from her, till the father came back.

“When poor Barker came home, we told him how his little one had been used, for it was our duty so to do; and he removed it immediately to Mrs. Francis, and there the poor little thing was very tenderly treated. But the ill usage and bad living it had at Mrs. Rose’s

brought on the same complaint of which her mother died; and all the doctor could do, with Mrs Francis's care, could not save her: for she lingered awhile, and then died, just a year and a half after her mother, and was buried in the same grave.

“After this sad affair, Mrs. Rose, instead of getting less greedy, and less full of strife and covetousness, became, I think, more so. About that time, we moved from Dinapore to Berhampore, and then sergeant James was made sergeant-major. Mrs. James then, to be sure, could afford many things which Mrs. Rose could not—the one being the sergeant major's wife, and the other pay sergeant's only. But Mrs. Rose had such an envious spirit, that she must have the same as Mrs. James, cost what it would; and her husband encouraged her in this temper, so that if Mrs. James bought herself a new bonnet or gown, next week you would be sure to see Mrs. Rose in one of the same, if not a handsomer. To support all this expense, what was to be done, but to take all possible advantage of the poor men in the company, more especially when they were drunk, cheating and over-reaching them in all manner of ways?

“My husband warned Rose many times, telling him, that if his over-reaching and cheating ways were to reach the captain's ears he would be broke. Moreover, he told him, that suppose his unjust actions should never be made known to the officers, yet God knew all his most secret actions, and would bring him to account for them, if not in this world, yet surely in the next; for ‘Thus speaketh the Lord of Hosts, saying, Execute true judgment, and shew mercy and compassion every man to his brother: and oppress not the widow, nor the fatherless, the stranger, nor the poor; and let none of you imagine evil against his brother in your heart.’ Zech. vii. 9, 10.

“My husband shewed sergeant Rose these words: ‘And he said unto them, Take heed and beware of covetousness: for a man's life consisteth not in the abundance of the things which he possesseth.’ Luke xii. 15.

“My husband's words had no effect on Rose and his wife. They went on gathering together money, fine clothes, and goods, till, at length, some of the unjust dealings of Rose towards the men were told to the cap-

tain, and the thing being proved against him, he was broke.

“Poor Rose was so much hurt and grieved at being made a private from a sergeant, that he never looked up after, but took to drinking, so that he became good for nothing, and his wife and he led a miserable life together; he blaming her for his ruin, and she him. ‘It was your covetousness that brought me to ruin,’ he would say. And she would answer in the same manner, so that they became the most miserable couple in all the barracks—he constantly drunk, and she very little better. So that all the fine clothes and handsome things they had did them no service, and their ends were exceedingly miserable, both being brought on by drinking; to drive care away. She died first, and in a very frightful manner, all her complaint lying in her head, so that she raved, poor creature, like a mad woman; and all her talk on her death-bed was about poor little Peggy Barker, crying out, ‘God doth execute the judgment of the fatherless—God doth execute the judgment of the fatherless,’ which is a part of a verse of the Bible. Deut. x. 18. After she died, he drank harder than ever: and, to keep himself in liquor, he sold, by little and little, all his wife’s clothes. He parted with the handsome cloak, which his wife had got from Susan Barker, to a black man for two case-bottles of brandy: so that it never did him or any of his, any good, and he died, poor fellow, not worth a penny beyond what would serve to put him in the ground.

“Thus you see, my dear, the folly, misery, and wickedness of coveting and desiring other people’s things, and letting one’s eyes rove after fine clothes and furniture; for when we go out of the world we can carry nothing with us, we must go out naked as we came in.”

Mrs. Browne made Mary learn these verses: “Lay not up for yourselves treasures upon earth, where moth and rust doth corrupt, and where thieves break through and steal: but lay up for yourselves treasures in Heaven, where neither moth nor rust doth corrupt, and where thieves do not break through nor steal: for where your treasure is, there will your heart be also. Matt. vi. 19—21.

Then, when Mary had learned these verses, Mrs.

Browne asked her a few questions, to know if she understood what she had learned.

Mrs. Browne. What's a treasure, Mary?

Mary. A treasure is a great many rich and good things put together.

Mrs. Browne. Where must we gather our good things together?

Mary. In Heaven.

Mrs. Browne. Why not in this world?

Mary. Because there are thieves, and many other things in this world, to take our good things away from us.

Mrs. Browne. Are there no thieves in Heaven?

Mary. No.

Mrs. Browne. But how can we go up to Heaven, to lay up good things for ourselves there?

Mary. We cannot go up to Heaven till after we die; but if we trust in the Lord Jesus Christ, and love him, he will prepare good things for us against we die.

Mrs. Browne. What will he get ready for you, if you love him?

Mary. A beautiful mansion in his Father's house.

Mrs. Browne. And what else?

Mary. A crown of glory, and a robe of righteousness, to appear in before God.

Mrs. Browne. And what else?

Mary. The fruit of the tree of life to eat, and living water to drink.

Mrs. Browne. And will he never take those things from us again?

Mary. No, never, never.

Mrs. Browne. Then pray to God, my dear child, that he will, for his dear Son's sake, take covetousness out of your heart, that you may desire a treasure in Heaven, not in this world.

By this time, the sergeant came in from the barracks, and the dinner was brought in.

Q. What direction does the Lord give us about our behaviour to our brethren, and the widow and fatherless?

A. Thus speaketh the Lord of Hosts, saying, Execute true judgment, and shew mercy and compassions every man to his brother: and oppress not the widow, nor the

fatherless, the stranger, nor the poor: and let none of you imagine, evil against his brother in your heart.

Q. What must we beware of?

A. Take heed, and beware of covetousness: for a man's life consisteth not in the abundance of the things which he possesseth.

Q. Who executes the judgment of the fatherless?

A. God doth execute the judgment of the fatherless?

Q. Where should we lay up our treasure?

A. Lay not up for yourselves treasures upon earth, where moth and rust doth corrupt, and where thieves break through and steal; but lay up for yourselves treasures in Heaven, where neither moth nor rust doth corrupt, and where thieves do not break through nor steal: for where your treasure is, there will your heart be also.

STORY XIX.

Shewing that, at the hour of death, we must have something else to trust to than our own obedience to the commandments.

A FEW days before Mrs. Browne was able to leave the hospital, Robert Berry, a private of the grenadier company, was brought in, in a litter, and put into the berth which Mrs. Price had left the day after sergeant Browne came down from the barracks. Robert Berry had been in ill health for some years; his disease was what the country people in England call a waste—though he had a good appetite, yet his victuals seemed to do him no good. Sometimes he would get a little better then would become worse; one week he was able to do his duty, and the next, perhaps, he was in the hospital; and so he lingered, from time to time. But now his disease had gained such ground, that it was plain enough to all about him, that he never would go out of the hospital again, but as a corpse; yet the poor man himself, having been so long ill, had no more thought of death now than he had had at any other time of his sickness.

The character which Robert Berry bore in the company was that of a good man, although he did not deserve it, for his goodness was all outside show. He had

always been clean, and regular at his duty, when able; he was a man of few words, so never was found in broils and uproars. When he got drunk, which he often did, he was careful that it should not be at times when he was liable to be seen by his officers, or when he was on duty; but he would take a cup, and that a pretty large one, just as he was going to bed, or at any time when he was well assured that the effect of the liquor would be gone off before he was called for: so that all the time he was a soldier, which was ten years or more, he never was in a scrape about drinking. When he did speak, he would mix oaths and curses with his discourse, like many other men; but, as I said before, being no great talker, he kept out of many scrapes which others fell into. As to religion, he never thought about it; he went to church when his company went, but never at any other time; and he used to glory in saying, that, for his part, he was no hypocrite, though he doubted not, he was, at bottom, as good as any body.

This was the character of poor Robert Berry; and I fear that there are many men in every regiment like him, who, while they keep fair with their officers, care little about pleasing God.

The day he came into the hospital, Mrs. Browne said to her husband, "Robert Berry looks very ill. I think he cannot last many days. Do you think he has any notion of preparing for death?—I wish, my dear, you would talk to him upon the subject."

Sergeant Browne answered, "I'll tell you what I will do. I will go up to the barracks, and bring James Law and get him to open the matter to him: James Law has been more used to deal with the sick and dying than I have."

Sergeant Browne was as good as his word, and brought James Law down that evening; and, when he had given him a cup of tea with his wife, they went over together, to Berry's berth. The poor man was lying on his bed, unable to speak from pain and restlessness—weary of his own thoughts, and glad of any company to pass away the time. So he was pleased to see them, and asked them to sit down by him. "Well, my friend," said James Law, "how do you find yourself?"

Robert Berry. Full of pain, full of pain—weary of my life, quite weary of my life.

“Well,” said James Law, “we have one great comfort when we are weary of this life—we have a better one to look to. The way to Heaven is, thank God, open to all; we have to knock, and the door to everlasting happiness will not be held shut against us.”

Robert Berry stared, not knowing what James Law meant by knocking at the door to everlasting happiness; and though he said he was weary of his life, he did not mean that he wished to die, for he had no wish to leave this world.

Then James Law spoke more plainly, and said, “My friend, this weariness of life, and these pains of a sick bed, are sent to us by our heavenly Father, in kindness, to warn us to make ready to be gone from hence. While we are in health, and things go well with us, we are too apt to forget that this world is not our home; and we neglect to make preparations for our march to the next.”

Robert Berry, hearing James Law speak in this manner, raised himself up in his bed, his poor yellow face becoming red with passion, “Why,” said he, “you don’t think I am likely to die this bout, do you?”

“I do,” said James Law, gravely, and so does every one else.”

Robert Berry swore at him, saying, “so you came here just to tell me I am a dead man, did you? I wish your tongue had been cut out before you came on such an errand.” The poor man used several other shocking expressions in his anger against James Law, after which, being overcome with weakness, he fell back on his pillow, and was silent.

Sergeant Browne put in a word or two of kindness, saying, that they did not come to frighten him, but as friends, to warn him of his danger. “My lad,” said the sergeant, “you will not die the sooner for our telling you that you are in some danger: a soldier should be ready to march at all times, whether the route be come or not. All we would persuade you to is, to look a little into your affairs, and to see that all is in order for the expedition which you may, perhaps, be shortly called upon to undertake. Now, my lad, you know that there are but two countries to which a man can be ordered to march in the life to come: the one is a most exceedingly beautiful and desirable country, where we shall be under the command of a Captain who scrupled not to

lay down his life for his followers; and the other is an abode of unutterable sorrow, a lake of everlasting fire, where Satan will be our captain, and his cursed angels our comrades. Now the matter which we would have you to consider, my lad, is this: suppose that God should this night require your soul of you, to which of these places do you think you would be sent by the great Judge?"

"To which?" replied Berry, "to which? Why, I hope I should go to Heaven."

"And we hope so too," said James Law; "but as this is a matter of much consequence—as your eternal happiness or eternal misery depends upon your not being mistaken in this point, we come to advise you, while God, in mercy, spares your life, to consider your ways, and if you have not done it already, to turn to Him who can save you. You say you hope that you shall go to Heaven; upon what ground do you rest your hope?"

"Upon what do I rest my hope, say you? I don't rightly understand you," answered Robert Berry.

James Law. Why, we wish to know, if you have ever considered for what reason God should give you the kingdom of Heaven? Have you deserved such an exceedingly great reward by any of your own works, or do you think that God will give you eternal happiness for the sake of any other person?

Robert Berry. O! now I understand you.—You want to know whether I think myself good enough to go to Heaven. Why, as to that, I believe I am as deserving as most other men; and, perhaps, am better than some who pretend to be very religious.

"But," said James Law, "you will not be asked at the day of judgment, whether you were better than such a man, or such a man—every man will be judged according to his own works, as St. John says: "And I saw the dead, small and great, stand before God: and the books were opened: and another book was opened, which is the book of life: and the dead were judged out of those things which were written in the books, according to their works. And the sea gave up the dead which were in it: and death and hell delivered up the dead which were in them: and they were judged every man according to their works. Rev. xx. 12, 13. Now the question is not whether you are better than I am; or whether

I am better than you are; but whether your works, the things which are written concerning you in the books, are such as will stand the trial?"

Robert Berry. I don't know why they should not—I have neither been a thief nor a murderer.

James Law. Well, suppose you have not broken those two particular commandments, (which, I am sure, is more than I can say,) yet are there no other commandments of God which you have broken? Have you lived all your life without sin? Is there nothing written against you in the book of remembrance?

Robert Berry. Why, it would be much to say that I never have committed any sin; but I am sure I have led a very regular life—I was never seen drunk by any of our officers, I was always clean on parade, and regular in my duty, and paid every man his due; and what more would you have? I'll tell you what; I think, if I am sent to hell, there won't be many of our company saved.

James Law. That's no concern of yours, my lad: let every one look to himself. The question is, are your works such as will stand the trial?—have you kept God's commandments, or broken them? God is a just Judge, strictly just; his law is pure, he never suffers it to be broken, even in the smallest point, without demanding satisfaction. From the beginning of the world, from the time of Abel, till the time when the Lord made satisfaction for the sins of the world upon the cross, it has been acknowledged, by all believers, that sin cannot be forgiven without the shedding of blood.

Robert Berry. I have had my little faults like other men, to be sure; but as to having been much in the practice of breaking God's commandments, I don't know that I have.

Then said sergeant Browne, "Just run over the ten commandments in your mind, and question yourself as you go along, how you have kept each of them in particular. I remember, when I was young, I began a custom, when on sentry at night, of repeating the ten commandments to myself, examining myself by them. I was taught this by sergeant Cowper, a good old man, who is now, I trust, with God."

Sergeant Browne and James Law were silent for some minutes, as if to give Berry time to think. At length, James Law said, "Well, Berry in examining yourself by God's law, how do you come off?"

Robert Berry. Come off! Why, I'll tell you what, I think you have a mind to put me quite out of conceit of myself. What, if I have broken one or two of God's laws in the course of nine and twenty years, is that a reason why I am to be sent to hell forever?

James Law. Supposing, as you say, that you have broken the laws of God only a few times in your life, yet still you will be condemned even for those few offences; for the law of God is so holy and so just, that it must not be broken with impunity. It is written, "Whosoever shall keep the whole law, and yet offend in one point, he is guilty of all. For he that said, Do not commit adultery, said also, Do not kill. Now if thou commit no adultery, yet if thou kill, thou art become a transgressor of the law." James ii. 10, 11.

Sergeant Broune. But what man can say he has broken God's law only a few times in his life? Take only the third commandment, which forbids us to take the name of God in vain,—can any man count the times when he has broken that commandment? Can any man say that he has not uttered the holy name of God in a vain and thoughtless manner a thousand and a thousand times in his life? Then there is the fourth commandment, how often do we break that? And I verily believe that there is scarcely a man on earth, aye, and pick from the very best, who does not continually break the ninth and tenth.

James Law. You may, in this manner, mention every commandment. Instead of inquiring how often the commandments of God are broken, we should rather inquire, who is able to keep them?

Robert Berry. At this rate, you are going on to damn all mankind.

Then said James Law, "No man ever can be saved by his own good works. There is not a man on earth that can stand the trial. The best man that ever breathed, if tried by the pure law of God, must be condemned to hell; for there is none good, no, not one. We are all filthy, all abominable, all unclean, all fit for hell-fire."

Robert Berry. And is this what you are come to tell me? If this is all the comfort that you have to give, I am sure you had better keep away.

James Law. What we have been striving at, is to convince you, that you, and I, and all men, are sinners;

that we cannot save ourselves; and thus to lead you to one who can save us, even the Lord Jesus Christ.

James Law then went on to tell Robert Berry how God the Son came down from Heaven, took upon him the nature of man, and died for us upon the cross; that we, through faith in his name, might be washed from our sins in his blood, and might be received into everlasting habitations. And he finished by entreating Berry not to trust to his own works, but to fly to the Lord Jesus Christ for salvation.

Berry made no answer to all this; but when Law ceased speaking he said, "Well, now you had better go, for I want to sleep."

So the sergeant went back to his berth, and James Law to the barracks. The sergeant told his wife that he feared they should lose their labour, for poor Berry seemed to be very sullen.

"Never fear," said Mrs. Browne: "it will be a good work if you should be enabled, by God's grace, to say a word in season to the poor dying man. Remember that 'he which converteth a sinner from the error of his way shall save a soul from death, and shall hide a multitude of sins.' " James v. 20.

"The work must be of God," said the sergeant.

"True," said Mrs. Browne; "but sometimes God condescends to employ very humble instruments to perform great works " So she encouraged him to go on; and accordingly he and James Law went again the next day to Berry's berth.

But Berry was determined, for that time, he would have no more of their preaching, as he called it; and to the intent of silencing them, should they come again, he got John Roberts to come and sit in his berth, and as soon as James Law began to speak upon religion. John Roberts also began to banter, and laugh, and talk in such a manner, that James Law and sergeant Browne thought it best to come away, and let Berry alone for awhile.

For a day or two Berry's health remained much in the same state; and, finding that he was not getting worse, he began to flatter himself that what James Law had said to him about his being likely soon to die, had no truth in it. Thinking death at a distance, he put off all uneasy thoughts about the day of judgment, saying to himself, "I am as good as other men." So he went on,

for three days after he came into the hospital, putting off all thought about the world to come; talking with one idle body or another, who chanced to come into his berth, and crying, "peace, peace, to his soul, when there was no peace." Jer. vi. 14.

But the third night, just about midnight, when all was quiet in the hospital, poor Robert Berry was taken with a convulsion fit, in which he might have died, had not sergeant Browne heard him groaning, and got up to his help: he, the hospital-sergeant, and Mrs. Francis, who was a nice woman about the sick, did all they could for him, so that, towards sun-rise, the fit left him, and he began to revive; but, poor man, had you seen him you would have taken him for a corpse. "Oh! Sergeant Browne! Sergeant Browne!" said he, when he was able to speak, "are you come to me again? Oh! that I had minded your words before; but now, I am afraid, there is no hope left for me. I thought, just now, I was already dead, and standing before the Judge loaded with my sins which were ready to sink me to hell. Oh! Sergeant Browne, I know now that I have been a sinner—that I have broken God's commandments a thousand and a thousand times. I have lived in the contempt of God all my life—I have mocked at his servants, and called them names—I have despised his book, his holy name, and his laws. Now death is come near to me, I see things quite different to what I did even three days ago. Oh! what shall I do to be saved? What shall I do to be saved?" Then the poor man began to cry like a young child.

"Are you willing, my friend," said sergeant Browne, "to give up all trust in yourself, and to throw yourself as a poor miserable condemned wretch, at the foot of the cross of the Lord Jesus Christ?"

"Indeed, indeed I am," said poor Berry, "very ready, and very willing. I have no hope, but from the mercy of God. I dare not stand a trial."

"What do you mean by the mercy of God?" said the sergeant.

"Mean!" replied Berry; "why, that I hope he will forgive me, if I own my sins to him, and am very sorry, and not proud and self-presuming, as I was the other day."

“Take care,” said sergeant Browne, “that you do not take this matter by the wrong handle. God, I tell you plainly, will not forgive you for your repentance and humility, be it ever so great. They who have studied the Bible know this thing better than you do your A, B, C, that God the Father never does, and never can, forgive sins without a sufficient satisfaction, and this satisfaction, which he has provided, is nothing less than the blood of the Lord Jesus Christ, the Son of God, who is one with God, and equal with God. God the Son descended from Heaven, took upon him the body of a man, and in that body was sacrificed for us upon the cross, that we, through faith in him, might receive pardon for our sins.

“Now, my poor lad,” added the sergeant, seeing Berry much troubled, “you have nothing to do, but to apply unto the Lord—confessing that you are nothing in yourself but a poor miserable wretch, and beseeching him to pardon you for his dear Son’s sake.”

Berry begged the sergeant to put these words into the form of a prayer for him. So the sergeant knelt down, and prayed aloud to the above purport, by the side of his cot, and Berry joined heartily in the prayer. By this time, Mrs. Francis had got a little sago and wine ready for the poor man, which, when he had taken he fell asleep; and James Law coming down the sergeant left him with Berry, while he went for the Reverend Mr. King, who was, at that time, the clergyman of this station, and as worthy a man as ever lived.

Berry, in the mean time, had a comfortable sleep, and was pretty easy when Mr. King came, so that he was able to pay much attention to what he said. It would take more time than I have to spare, to repeat all that Mr. King said to him: but he went to work much the same with him as James Law and the sergeant had done: for those who are true Christians, whether they be high or low, learned or unlearned, have all one faith, and one way of thinking concerning matters of salvation; only being a man of more knowledge and experience, than they possessed, he put the matter in a clearer light than they had done. The first thing Mr. King did, was to bring Berry to confess that he was a poor miserable sinner, which he was now ready enough to do; and from that Mr. King went on to

lead him to the knowledge of the Lord Jesus Christ who is able "to save them to the uttermost that come unto God by him, seeing he ever liveth to make intercession for them." Heb. vii. 25.

Robert Berry, by the mercy of God, lived nearly a week, during which time Mr. King visited him every day; and sergeant Browne and James Law, first one and then the other, were with him night and day, reading, talking, and praying with him, as often as he could bear it. As to John Roberts, though he had been an old comrade of Berry's, he never came near him for six days before he died; for he said, with an oath, "Those religious people have got hold of Robert Berry, so he must be content to do without my company, for I'll never set foot where they are, if I can help it." And it was a great blessing to poor Berry that John Roberts was of that way of thinking, for he left him to die in peace, without disturbing him with his oaths and curses.

Now there was much hope in the death of poor Berry: for, although he did not die rejoicing, as some holy men have done, who have served God for many years; yet he died very humbly, calling himself a miserable sinner, and saying, again and again, that he had no hope but in the blood of the Lord Jesus Christ. Sergeant Browne and James Law were with him at the hour of his death. He thanked them just before he became speechless, for their great kindness to him in bringing him to the knowledge of his Redeemer; and once he said, "I shall meet you in Heaven and thank you there better than I can here."

He begged that a certain hymn might be sung over his grave, and his request was granted. The hymn is as follows:

There is a fountain fill'd with blood
 Drawn from Immanuel's veins;
 And sinners, plung'd beneath that flood,
 Lose all their guilty stains.

The dying thief rejoic'd to see
 That fountain in his day;
 And there have I, as vile as he,
 Wash'd all my sins away.

Bless'd dying Lamb, thy precious blood
 Shall never lose its power,
 Till all the ransom'd church of God
 Be saved to sin no more.

E'er since, by faith, I saw the stream
 Thy flowing wounds supply,
 Redeeming love has been my theme,
 And shall be till I die.

Then in a nobler, sweeter song,
 I'll sing thy power to save;
 When this poor lisping, stammering tongue
 Lies silent in the grave.

Q. What account does St. John give of the last judgment?

A. And I saw the dead, small and great, stand before God: and the books were opened: and another book was opened, which was the book of life; and the dead were judged out of those things which were written in the books, according to their works. And the sea gave up the dead which were in it; and death and hell delivered up the dead which were in them: and they were judged every man according to their works.

Q. What does St. James say of the man who keeps the whole law, yet offends in one point?

A. Whosoever shall keep the whole law, and yet offend in one point, he is guilty of all. For he that said, Do not commit adultery, said also, Do not kill. Now if thou commit no adultery, yet if thou kill, thou art become a transgressor of the law.

Q. What is said of him who turns a sinner from his wickedness?

A. He which converteth a sinner from the error of his way shall save a soul from death, and shall hide a multitude of sins.

Q. What does the man who does not know himself to be a sinner keep saying to his soul?

A. Peace, peace; when there is no peace.

Q. What did the Lord Jesus Christ receive power to bring about by his death?

A. Wherefore, He is able to save them to the uttermost that come unto God by him, seeing he ever liveth to make intercession for them.

STORY XX.

“Q. What dost thou learn by these commandments?

“A. I learn two things: my duty towards God, and my duty towards my neighbour.”

A FEW days after the death of Robert Berry, Mrs. Browne came out of the hospital, and Mrs. Mills having come home, Mary returned to sleep at her mother's: but there was scarcely a day in which she did not come over to see her godmother.

On the Sunday following, the return of Mrs. Browne and Mrs. Mills to the barracks, Mr. King gave notice that he should publicly catechise all the children in the place, on the next Friday evening. What a bustle was there upon this occasion among the children in the barracks, from the Sunday to the Friday, conning over the Catechism; and as to Mary, she scarcely ever had her Bible and Catechism out of her hand. At last, Friday evening came; the children were all neatly dressed, to go up to the church; and many of the fathers and mothers went too, as the catechising did not begin till after parade.

The church was lighted up, and Mr. King was standing at a small table, with two wax lights and three most beautiful Bibles upon the table before him: one of these Bibles was bound in purple morocco leather, richly gilt with gold, and another in red leather, gilt in the same manner; and the third in the same manner, in green. He ordered that the children should be placed in a half circle round him, and the parents stood behind the children. Before Mr. King began to catechise the children, he spoke to them after this manner; “My little children, you see these three beautiful Bibles: it is my intention to give one of these to each of the three children who shall answer best the questions which I shall put to them relative to the Catechism—not to those who merely repeat the words of the Catechism best, but to those who shall prove, by their answers, that they best know the meaning of it: for if we learn words without knowing or thinking what they mean, we may as well learn words in an unknown tongue; and they who read the Bible, or any other godly book, without striving to

understand the things written therein, might just as well not read at all."

When Mr. King had said these words, he began the Church Catechism, and went through it with the children without putting any questions to them which were not in the book; and they, so far, answered very well. Nelly Price was, I think, the only one belonging to the barracks that made any mistake, and, I am sorry to say, she made several.

But now the hardest part was to come. Mr. King was to examine them whether they had any understanding of what they had been saying, or whether they had repeated the words of the Catechism like so many parrots. That part of the Church Catechism in which Mr. King thought proper to examine them, was—Our duty towards God, and our duty towards our neighbour.

First, he asked the little girl who stood at his right hand, (Sally Smith, I think it was, Corporal Smith's daughter,) what she had learned from the ten commandments.

She thought a moment: at last she said, "I learn two things—my duty towards God, and my duty towards my neighbour."

The next question fell to Mary: "Who is the true God?"

Mary answered, "He who sent his Son into the world to die for sinners."

Mr. King was pleased, and thought to himself, "Come, we shall do very well: I must be looking out for some more Bibles, I believe." The next question was, "And who is your neighbour?"

This question fell to private Jones's son, little Dicky Jones. "My neighbour?" said the boy, "one John Willis." That was the man who had the next berth to his father's.

Mr. King looked grave, and the children were ready to laugh. So the question was passed on. But although the children were so ready to laugh at Dicky Jones, the question was asked to five more before it was answered: at last, little Thomas Francis said, "All men are my neighbours." So Thomas Francis was put between Mary and Dicky.

The next question fell to one of the James's. James, as I said before, was sergeant-major of that regiment,

and had three children living: Charlotte, who was nearly fifteen years of age; William, who was eleven; and Kitty, who was just the age of Mary Mills. These three children stood together; and Charlotte, the eldest, standing first, Mr. King asked her, "How many Gods are there?"

She answered, "One God; but in that God there are three persons—the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost."

Not to make my story too long, I must tell you that Sally Smith lost her place the next time the question went round: and from that time till the catechising was over, not one child answered a question but Mary Mills, the sergeant-major's three children, and little Thomas Francis. And now I will repeat to you Mr. King's questions, and these children's answers; that you may be able to judge whether, if you had been there, you would have stood a chance for one of the beautiful Bibles.

Mr. King. Why must we believe in God?

Mary. "Without faith, it is impossible to please God; for he that cometh to God must believe that he is, and that he is a rewarder of them that diligently seek him." Heb. xi. 6.

Mr. King. Why must we fear God?

Thomas Francis. "Fear not them which kill the body, but are not able to kill the soul: but rather fear him which is able to destroy both soul and body in hell." Matt. x. 28.

Mr. King. Why should we love God?

Charlotte James. "We love God, because he first loved us." 1 John, iv. 19.

Mr. King. What was the greatest proof of love which God ever shewed the world?

William James. "God so loved the world, that he gave his only-begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life." John iii. 16.

Mr. King. How much ought we to love God?

Kitty James. "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind." Matt. xxii. 37.

Mr. King. Why must we worship God?

Mary. "It is written, Thou shalt worship the Lord thy God, and him only shalt thou serve." Matt. iv. 10.

The next question came round again to Mary, as none of the others could answer it.

Mr. King. How should we worship God the Father?

Mary. In the name of God the Son; for the Lord Jesus Christ says, "I am the way, the truth, and the life: no man cometh unto the Father but by me." John xiv. 6.

Mr. King. Why must we give thanks to God?

Thomas Francis could not answer this, but Charlotte James answered it: "Be careful for nothing; but in every thing by prayer and supplication, with thanksgiving, let your requests be made known unto God." Phillippians iv. 6.

Mr. King. Why is it good to trust in the Lord?

One of the children answered, "Many sorrows shall be to the wicked; but he that trusteth in the Lord, mercy shall compass him about." Psalm xxxii. 10.

Mr. King. Can you tell me wherefore we ought to call upon the Lord?

Mary. "Seek ye the Lord while he may be found, call ye upon him while he is near. Let the wicked forsake his way, and the unrighteous man his thoughts; and let him return unto the Lord, and he will have mercy upon him; and to our God, for he will abundantly pardon." Isaiah lv. 6, 7.

Mr. King. Why should we give honour to the word and name of God?

Charlotte James. Because it is written, "Thou art worthy, O Lord, to receive glory, and honour, and power: for thou hast created all things, and for thy pleasure they are and were created." Rev. iv. 11.

Mr. King. Why should we serve God?

Thomas Francis. Because it is written, "Thou shalt worship the Lord thy God, and him only shalt thou serve." Matt. iv. 10.

Mr. King had now gone through the duty towards God with the children; and next he proceeded to examine them in their duty towards their neighbour. And first he put this question to Mary: "Do you recollect what directions our Lord Jesus Christ gave to us when on earth, about loving our neighbour, and doing as we would be done by?"

Mary. "And as ye would that men should do to you, do ye also to them likewise. For if ye love them which love you, what thanks have ye? for sinners also do even

the same. But love ye your enemies, and do good, and lend, hoping for nothing again; and your reward shall be great, and ye shall be the children of the Highest: for he is kind unto the unthankful and to the evil." Luke vi. 31—35.

Mr. King. Why must we honour and obey our parents?

Charlotte James. Because, "the eye that mocketh at his father, and despiseth to obey his mother, the ravens of the valley shall pick it out, and the young eagles shall eat it." Prov. xxx. 17.

Mr. King. Why is it sinful to be disobedient to those who are put over us; such as our officers, if we are soldiers; or our masters, if we are servants; or our teachers and elders, if we are children? And why must every man honour and obey his king?

Not one of the children could answer this question; so *Mr. King* said, "When you go home, look at the 13th chapter of St. Paul's Epistle to the Romans, and there you will find these words: "Let every soul be subject unto the higher powers. For there is no power but of God; the powers that be are ordained of God. Whosoever therefore resisteth the power, resisteth the ordinance of God; and they that resist, shall receive to themselves damnation. For rulers are not a terror to good works, but to the evil. Wilt thou then not be afraid of the power? do that which is good, and thou shalt have praise of the same."

Then *Mr. King* said, "Why must we not hurt or do harm to any?"

Mary. "Be wise as serpents, and harmless as doves." Matt. x. 16.

Mr. King. Wherefore should we be true and just in all our doings, wronging and defrauding no man?

Charlotte James. Because it is written, "That no man go beyond and defraud his brother in any matter; because that the Lord is the avenger of all such, as we also have forewarned you and testified." 1 Thess. iv. 6.

Mr. King. Why is it very sinful to bear malice and hatred in our hearts?"

Thomas Francis. Because, "whosoever hateth his brother is a murderer." 1 John iii. 15.

Mr. King. Wherefore should we keep our hands from picking and stealing?

William James. "Let him that stole steal no more; but rather let him labour, working with his hands the thing which is good, that he may have to give to him that needeth." Eph. iv. 28.

Mr. King. Where is the wickedness of an unruly tongue spoken of?

Mary. "The tongue is a fire, a world of iniquity; so is the tongue among our members, that it defileth the whole body, and setteth on fire the course of nature; and it is set on fire of hell. For every kind of beasts, and of birds, and of serpents, and of things in the sea, is tamed, and hath been tamed of mankind: but the tongue can no man tame; it is an unruly evil, full of deadly poison. Therewith bless we God, even the Father; and therewith curse we men, which are made after the similitude of God." James iii. 6—9.

Mr. King. Wherefore should we keep our bodies free from drunkenness?

Charlotte James. "Be not deceived; no drunkard shall inherit the kingdom of God." 1 Cor. vi. part of 9th and 10th verses.

Mr. King. In what manner should we strive to live while we remain in this world?

Charlotte James. We should "study to be quiet, and to do our own business, and to work with our own hands; that we may walk honestly toward them that are without, and that we may have lack of nothing." 1 Thess. iv. 11, 12.

It was now so near the time of the evening drum beating, that Mr. King left off questioning the children, that the people might be in the barracks in time.

It was soon settled who was to have the Bibles. The first choice was Mary's, the second Charlotte James's, and the third little Thomas Francis's. When Mr. King presented them with the books, he said, "My dear children, take these holy books, and let them be a guide and rule to you through this world to the world to come. You have answered your questions very well, and seem, for your age, to have a considerable knowledge of the Word of God; but remember, dear children, that if you do not practise what you know, your condemnation will be greater at the day of judgment, than that of those people who never had an opportunity of knowing God's will: 'For it had been better for you not to have known

the way of righteousness, than, after you have known it, to turn from the holy commandment delivered unto you." 2 Peter ii. 21. Then he dismissed the children, and they, with their parents, made haste home, it being late.

As they walked home, Mrs. Mills said to Mrs. Browne, "Mary must thank you, Mrs. Browne, for the Bible which she got to-day. It lies not in my power to give her the instruction which you have done, and I bless God that I was directed to choose such a godmother for my little girl."

STORY XXI.

It might be about a fortnight, or a little more, after the catechising of the children in the church, that sergeant-major James called in at sergeant Browne's and said, "Mrs. Browne, you have not been over to see my wife, I don't know the day when. I wish you would come, for she wants to have a little talk with you."

"I hope there is nothing the matter," said Mrs. Browne.

"Why, no," said the sergeant-major; "no great things, I trust; but Charlotte gives my wife some uneasiness. The girl is not so dutiful as she should be; I must say the truth; and my wife wants to speak her mind upon it to you."

"Well," said Mrs. Browne, "I will come over to-morrow; not that my opinion is worth your wife's asking; but it may be some comfort to her, to have a friend to speak to upon what troubles her."

The sergeant-major took his leave, first saying, "You had better come before breakfast, Mrs. Browne, for it is a good step, and the weather is exceedingly hot."

As soon as the sergeant-major was gone, Mrs. Browne said to her husband, "I wonder what is the matter now? I am sure Mrs. James has taken pains with her children, and I should be very sorry if they should not turn out to give her comfort."

"Why," said the sergeant, "it never will answer, wife, to be serving two masters. Some few people (I wish there were more of them in the world) are all for serv-

ing God; and there are many others all for mammon; but as for poor Mrs. James, she is for serving both. She is a mighty one for making a figure in this world, and she would fain do well in the next too. But it wont do—I never saw it answer yet: ‘No man can serve two masters,’ as our Lord said: ‘for either he will hate the one, and love the other; or else he will hold to the one and despise the other. Ye cannot serve God and mammon.’ Matt. vi. 24. Those children of James’s have learned catechisms, hymns, prayers, and texts, without end; they shewed themselves to be good Bible scholars in the church, last Friday was a fortnight; but, as old serjeant Cooper used to say, though there is a plaister for all sores in the Bible, the plaister won’t heal, unless it is applied to the sore. So these children have, I fear, never been taught to apply the Scripture, and bring it home to themselves; neither have they seen their parents trying to shape their lives to the Bible rules, but, on the contrary, following the fashions of the world,—then, where is the wonder, if the young ones do not turn out as they should do?”

“There is much truth in what you say,” said Mrs. Browne.

Sergeant Browne. Mr. King gave us an excellent discourse while you were in the hospital: I never heard a better, and the text was this—“And Elijah come unto all the people, and said, How long halt ye between two opinions? if the Lord be God, follow him: but if Baal, then follow him. And the people answered him not a word. 1 Kings xviii. 21. There were many things in that discourse that made me look to myself with shame.

Nothing more passed between serjeant Browne and his wife on this subject that night; and the next morning, while the men were at parade, Mrs. Browne took her work, and went over to the serjeant-major’s.

She found Mrs. James sitting in the piazza, alone, for the children were gone to take a walk: so Mrs. Browne sitting down by her, they fell into discourse, and Mrs. James soon explained to her the cause of her trouble. “I am sure,” said Mrs. James, “from the day of their birth, no mother has been a greater slave to her children than I have been to mine. I have fed them with the best, I have clothed them with the best, and I have provided them with the best learning in my power. First,

Edward Burns, of Captain Smith's company, who was a capital scholar, taught them to read, write and cipher, and the whole of the Church Catechism by heart, and since he died, which is upwards of two years, James Law has come every day when he is not on duty, and hears them read, and sets them verses from the Bible, which I am at the pains of making them learn; and they go on with their writing and their ciphering. Charlotte can mark as pretty as any girl in the country; and as to stitching and flowering, and doing the carpet work, I will match her with the very best. I do not think that even your little god-daughter can read better than my Kitty, though Mary is the elder by four months. And now," added Mrs. James, "is it not very hard, when I hoped to begin to reap the fruit of all my labours, cares and expense, to see Charlotte going altogether wrong? The serjeant-major has great reason to expect an ensigncy in this regiment, in a few months: my children then will have a right to rank among the best; and Charlotte, who is a well-looking girl, might expect a husband even among the gentlemen, but her own obstinacy and undutifulness will be her downfall. In spite of all I can say or do, when my back is turned, she will run over into the barracks, and there she is for hours, gossiping with the women, and romping with the lads—for the officers to see when they come through. I have threatened to lock her up, and I will be as good as my word, for she will break my heart." Here the poor woman burst into tears, for her trouble was great; and Mrs. Browne, who was really very sorry for her, tried to comfort her.

"What can I do, Mrs. Browne?—What can I do?" asked Mrs. James, when she could speak. "Do give me your advice. You have brought up several motherless girls in the barracks, and they have, for the most part, done well: tell me what your method is."

"I strive to make them fear God," answered Mrs. Browne, "I teach them the word of God, and pray for them; and while they are young I don't spare the rod, when I see occasion."

"Well," said Mrs. James, and do I not cause my children to learn God's word? Could Charlotte have got that Bible in the church, if she had not some knowledge of religion? I cannot blame myself for neglecting her religious instruction—I cannot indeed, Mrs. Browne.

But do give me your advice—what can I do? Must I lock her up? Her father has beat her, and that several times.”

Mrs. Browne. Beating and locking up may do with little ones, Mrs. James; but it seldom answers with grown girls.

Mrs. James. But you do not tell me what I can do better. Pray point out where the fault lies, if any fault there is in my management of the girl? Do, Mrs. Browne, give me your opinion. You have had such success in the bringing up of several girls, now grown women, I would gladly have your advice.

Mrs. Browne had, it is true, brought up several young women well in the barracks, and they had married, and become good wives; and she now made answer to Mrs. James, that if she really wished for her advice, she would give it her, in the evening, when she should have had time to consider the matter better, and to judge a little of Mrs. James's method with her children.

By this time the sergeant major was come in, and the three young ones, and they all sat down to breakfast. Mrs. Browne, bearing in mind the talk she had had with Mrs. James, took a good deal of notice of the behaviour of the parents towards the children, and of the children to the parents. The sergeant-major, as soon as he came in, called for a tumbler of brandy and water, and made it pretty strong. The weather was very hot, and the poor man was ready to drop, so that there might be something said for his taking such an indulgence in a morning, although I have no doubt that a good dish of tea would have cooled him better, and done him more good; but Mrs. Browne was vexed when he had drunk two parts of the brandy and water off, to see him divide the rest between William and little Kitty, Mrs. James sitting by and taking no notice of it.

There was tea, bread and butter, and plenty of fried bacon, eggs, and fish, for breakfast, and the children were allowed to take what they pleased, and eat or leave, just as they pleased; so that they wasted more than they ate, which is an ugly and sinful custom, when we consider how many poor people would be glad of those bits and fragments which we have been fingering and throwing about.

Mrs. Browne also observed that the children spoke very pertly to their parents, and very rudely to each other, and that Mrs. James made much difference in her behaviour to Charlotte and to little Kitty; for nothing that Kitty could do was wrong, while she was continually finding fault with Charlotte, and snubbing her, even when there was no need. "And here again," thought Mrs. Browne, "is another great mistake of parents. While children are young, and a little strict management and proper chastisement does them great service, we withhold both the one and the other from them, indulging them in all their whims and little evil ways; but when they begin to advance to man's or woman's estate,—when the world becomes full of snares and temptations for them, and the only safe place for them is home, then parents are, from morning till night, contradicting and thwarting them, so that they are glad to get any where, to be out of the way of them."

Just as the family had finished their breakfast, and Mrs. Browne and Mrs. James had taken out their work, James Law came over from the barracks, and, calling the young people into the piazza, he heard them read a chapter, and gave to each their verses for the day. When he had done, Mrs. James called to him: "James Law," said she, "wont you come in, and sit a bit, and take a glass of any thing this warm day?"

"No, thank you, Mrs. James," he answered: "I must be going, only be so kind as to see that the young folks learn what I have set them."

"Surely," said Mrs. James. So she accordingly made them come in, and sit at one end of the room, learning their verses, while she and Mrs. Browne sat at work at another.

Mrs. James was plaiting some fine lace upon a worked muslin gown, and she said to Mrs. Browne, "I am getting this gown ready to go to Mr. Dawson's to-morrow. It's his birth-day, and there will be as many as five and twenty or thirty people there; and I imagine we shall have a dance."

"A dance!" said Mrs. Browne, smiling: "you will find it very hot. Last Wednesday night the people were complaining how hot it was in church, and some of them said that they would go no more till it was cooler. We should have thought it very hard, if we had been forced

to have got up then and danced, when we were complaining of such heat."

"O! but the large fan will be going all the time," said Mrs. James, "or else, to be sure, we could not bear the exercise."

She then called to her eldest daughter, "Why, Charlotte, what are you about there? Are not those verses learned yet? Don't you know that you have your own and your sister's frock to get ready for to-morrow night, and two or three more jobs? What are you daudling about there?"

Charlotte answered, "La! mother, what a hurry you are in! How am I to learn four verses in three minutes?"

Mrs. James. And how are you to get all the trimmings put on the frocks, if you don't make haste?

Charlotte. What, is there no tailor to be had in the barracks?

Mrs. James. Yes, truly, to soil the lace with their dirty hands!

Charlotte. I am sure they work very clean; cleaner than I do, any how.

Mrs. James. More shame for you to say so.

The dispute was stopped by little Kitty getting up, and saying, "Mother, see if I can say my verse well enough."

Mrs. James took the Bible in her hand, and the child repeated her verse, which was from 1 John iii. 17. "Who-so hath this world's good, and seeth his brother have need, and shutteth up his bowels of compassion from him, how dwelleth the love of God in him?"

The child said the verse very exactly, and her mother commended her, bidding her say it as well to James Law the next day. At that moment, there appeared, just opposite the door, a very old blind native woman, who was almost naked, and her bones scarcely covered with skin: a slender black child led her by the hand. She was a very dirty and miserable creature, and she begged for one penny—only one.

Mrs. James called out, "What's there? O! what a frightful object!"

"She wants a penny, mother," said Kitty.

"O! a penny indeed, I have something else to do with my money," said Mrs. James, "than to give it to such

vagabonds as those. Tell her to go, Kitty, or I'll send the cook-boy after her with a horse-whip."

"But she is blind, mother," said the child.

"Blind, indeed!" said Mrs. James; "if we are to give to all the blind beggars about, our house would never be free. Do tell her to be gone."

By this time, Mrs. Browne, who had been looking into her work-bag, found a couple of pennies in the corner of her house-wife, so she slipped them into Kitty's hand, and the child ran with them to the poor woman, who went away very well contented; and Mrs. James, who was now hearing Charlotte repeat her verses, either did not, or pretended not to see, what Mrs. Browne was doing.

Mrs. Browne then listened to hear what Charlotte's verses were. They happened to be one of her favourite passages of Scripture, and were taken from 1 Peter iii. 1—4, where, speaking of women, the apostle gives them these directions: "Likewise, ye wives, be in subjection to your own husbands; that, if any obey not the word, they also may without the word be won by the conversation of the wives; while they behold your chaste conversation coupled with fear. Whose adorning, let it not be that outward adorning of plaiting the hair, and of wearing of gold, or of putting on of apparel; but let it be the hidden man of the heart, in that which is not corruptible, even the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit, which is in the sight of God of great price." "O! mother," said Charlotte, almost before she had finished the verses, "there's the man with the necklaces, and the box of artificial flowers, just crossing the parade. He is going over towards the quarter-master's. Shall I tell the porter boy to run after him?"

"Do, do, child," says Mrs. James, "he is the very person I want. He is just come in time—I want both a flower and a necklace."

"What's that you say, wife?" cried the sergeant-major, who was writing at a small table, in a corner of the room. "What more trumpery! You have ha'f ruined me this month, as it is. Did not you lay out eight *rupees* at what-do-ye-call-him's ornamented barge, only last Monday, and I saw nothing for the money, but a yard or two of old lace?"

Mrs. James. Old lace! Why, it is this very lace that I am plaiting on my gown. Old! do you call it? Why, it has never been wet with water yet.

Sergeant-major. Well, I wish you could be content to dress like Mrs. Browne. Do you see any lace, any trumpery about her?—all plain, neat, and decent.

Mrs. James. Do you see any thing that's not handsome about me?

Sergeant-major. Don't suppose that you please me by all your finery. I had rather see you plain, and have the money in my pocket.

Mrs. James. You are not like another man then in the world. Would you have me disgrace you by my appearance?

"I tell you, wife, I had rather save my money," returned the sergeant-major.

By this time, the man had come in with his artificial flowers, feathers, and necklaces; and, just at the same time, an orderly came from the adjutant to fetch the sergeant-major: so Mrs. James and her daughters had time to examine the finery in the man's box without interruption—trying one flower and then another on their heads, and looking at themselves in a little glass which hung against the wall. Having made choice of such as they wished, the next business was to beat down the man's price; but the man being more obstinate than Mrs. James expected, she became excessively angry; and when the sergeant-major came in, he found the whole house in such confusion, that he was glad to pay the man and send him off.

All being quiet again, the girls sat down by their mother's side, to their needle-work. Mrs. James began to look about for her son; for in the midst of the bustle, Master William had laid his Bible down, and ran off to play. "Do, James," said she to her husband, "see where that lad is. He is gone off without saying his verses, or writing his copy, or any thing else which he should have done."

The sergeant-major, who had just sat down to his writing, got up again, and looking about for his cane, he went out, and presently brought in the boy, and laying two or three smart strokes over his shoulders, "Let me see you leave your books again, and go to play, my gentleman," he said, "and I'll give you more of this sauce, I can tell you."

"Why, father," said the boy, "I could say my verses, and my spelling too; but mother was so busy with that feather-man, that it was no use to ask her to hear me."

"Well," said Mrs. James, "if you could say your verses *then*, I suppose you can say them *now*."

"To be sure I can, mother," said the boy. So he brought his verses to her, and very pretty ones they were. They were from Matt. v. 43—45; and the boy said them very well.

Mrs. Browne was just thinking whether she might not put in a word, by way of enforcing to the boy what he had just repeated, when the sergeant-major, jumping up from his desk, (to which he had once more sat down) with a motion that made the whole room shake, "Wife," said he, "I forgot to tell you that that vile dog, sergeant Field, is like to be broke."

"Broke!" said Mrs. James, her face growing red with pleasure; "sure, that's too good news to be true."

"It is true, however, as sure as I am here," answered the sergeant-major; "and I would rather have lost a hundred rupees out of my pocket, than it should not be so. I only wish it had happened six years ago."

Mrs. Browne. Is it sergeant Field, of the grenadiers, you are speaking of? Poor man, I never heard much harm of him—what has he done now?

The sergeant-major then broke out more violently than ever against sergeant Field: "I don't know what he has done now, and I don't care; so as he gets broke, it's no matter to me what for. I only wish they would hang him. I know what he did six years ago for me. He carried a tale against me to the captain, and it went to the colonel. It was against me a long time. I should have been an ensign months ago, if it had not been for that. I never have forgiven him, and never will."

"No, that I hope you never will," said Mrs. James, "A low fellow! And I am heartily glad that he is like to be broke; and, as you say, I wish they could hang him."

"But," said Mrs. Browne, "without entering into the rights of this matter, Mrs. James, should not we practise forgiveness to each other, as we hope to be forgiven? William," said she, turning to the boy, "what were your verses to-day? Was it not 'Love your enemies, bless them that curse you, do good to them that hate you, and pray for them which despitefully use you, and persecute you; that ye may be the children of your Father which is in Heaven; for he maketh his sun to rise on the evil

and on the good, and sendeth rain on the just and on the unjust?"

Mrs. James interrupted Mrs. Browne by saying, "Who told you this news, James?"

Sergeant-major. Why, the adjutant told me it was sure to be so, and he should know.

Mrs. James. To be sure, if he does not, I don't know who should. But I still fear it is too good news to be true.

Mrs. Browne said no more upon the subject of Christian forgiveness, and the sergeant-major returned to his writing.

Mrs. James kept the children at their work till nearly one o'clock, for she was very desirous to make them industrious; and at one, they all sat down to dinner: after which, the young ones went into another room; Mrs. Browne stayed with the sergeant-major and his wife, while the sergeant major smoked and took a glass or two of spirits and water.

"Well," said Mrs. James to Mrs. Browne, as soon as the children were gone out, "you have seen our way of going on. We do most days as we have to-day; and I think you will say that we keep our children to their books and work as close as any family in the regiment."

"Yes," said Mrs. Browne, "I must say you keep them to it pretty well."

"And I think," continued Mrs. James, "if our children go wrong, we have nothing to blame ourselves for." To this Mrs. Browne made no answer. "I am sure I have done the part of the best of mothers," added Mrs. James.

Mrs. Browne was still silent; upon which, the sergeant-major said, "Mrs. Browne, you don't speak; have you any fault to find with my wife's management of her children? I am sure there is no neglect in the article of religion, and that's what you are very particular about, I know."

Mrs. Browne. Why, sergeant major, it is not altogether prudent to be meddling with other people's concerns. I have lived long enough in the world to know that it seldom answers any good purpose.

"O!" said Mrs. James, reddening, "don't be afraid, Mrs. Browne, I beg. You'll give no offence, I assure you, whatever you say." And she fidgeted in her chair,

and began smoothing her gown over her knees, and fanning herself with her pocket-handkerchief.

Mrs. Browne thought to herself, "I am now in a difficulty; whether I speak or hold my tongue, I shall give offence. But I must trust to God, to shew me what's right, and to bear me through." She, however, remained silent, till the sergeant-major again pressed her to say if she had seen any thing which she thought amiss in the management of the children.

"Why, sergeant-major," said she, "it is an old saying, that one who stands by, sees more of the game than those who play."

"True, Mrs. Browne," answered the sergeant-major, who, to do him justice, was not, at least on this occasion, so fiery as his wife: "so, if you please, let's have all out."

"Well, then," said Mrs. Browne, "you shall: and first, I must observe, that, to find out whether we are going on right in the management of our young ones, we should consider what the Bible tells us of the nature of children, and of the state in which human creatures are born into this world."

"True," said the sergeant-major: "that stands to reason, Mrs. Browne."

Mrs. Browne. You know, sergeant-major, that the Bible teaches us, that man's nature is filthy and abominable, and that, before it is made new again, every imagination of the thought of his heart is only evil continually; and that, in consequence of his exceeding sinfulness, every man born into this world deserveth God's wrath and damnation, unless he obtain forgiveness through the blood of the Lord Jesus Christ, and is made clean through his spirit.

Sergeant-major. Well, all that's true enough, Mrs. Browne.

"And so, I suppose," remarked Mrs. James, "that you think our children have more natural sin than other people's children. Where's your Christian charity now, Mrs. Browne?"

"I do not suppose they have more," answered Mrs. Browne, meekly; "but I know they have as much, because we are told in the Bible, that there is none good, no, not one: they are altogether sinful."

"Wife," said the sergeant major, "why do you interrupt Mrs. Browne? Hear what she has to say."

Mrs. Browne. I had not much to say, only this, that the nature of children being so very corrupt, and they being liable, in consequence, to eternal punishment, it has ever appeared to me to be the first duty of parents, and that to which all other concerns should give way, to strive, by every possible means, to fix religious principles in their children's minds. We cannot amend their evil natures—we cannot give them new hearts—we cannot give them faith, for faith is the gift of God, the work of the Holy Spirit; but we may give them religious instruction, and set them the example of that holy life which we hope that hereafter, with God's blessing, they will lead.

"Well," said Mrs. James, "and don't we give our children religious instruction? Why, Mrs. Browne, sure, your memory is mighty short!"

Mrs. Browne replied, "It is one thing, Mrs. James, to teach our children catechisms, hymns, and texts of Scripture; and another to shew them by our example, that we strive to live up to the word of God which we cause them to learn. Children take more notice of what passes than we think. They soon find out where the practice of the parents does not agree with the lesson they teach."

"I don't understand you, Mrs. Browne," answered Mrs. James, fanning herself more violently. "You must speak out plainer, if you wish me to be the better for what you have to say."

Mrs. Browne. The Bible is given us as a rule of life and of faith. Now, as I said before, it is of little use to teach our children to read it, and to learn it by heart unless we point out to them that they must be guided by it, and that they must strive, with God's grace, to act up to the laws laid down in it: and unless we shew them that we strive, at least, to set them the example ourselves of obedience to the Scripture.

Sergeant-major. All that is true enough, Mrs. Browne: but what has all this to do with our children? Come to the point, my good woman. What have you observed to-day wherein our practice goes against the Bible-lessons which our children have learned?

Mrs. Browne. Your three children had three different lessons set them to-day from the Bible.

"Well, so they had, Mrs. Browne," said Mrs. James.

Mrs. Browne. The first contained a command to those who had this world's good to help the poor and needy; and while your little girl was repeating the passage, a poor woman came and asked alms. There was a good opportunity of shewing the child, by your practice, that you believed the words she had just repeated to be the words of God, and that you wished to be obedient to them.

Mrs. James. And so I am to give to every idle vagabond that comes to the house, for example's sake to the children! I should soon be in a way to ask charity myself, I believe.

"No one was ever the poorer," said Mrs. Browne, "for giving to those who want; for 'he that giveth to the poor lendeth to the Lord.'"

Mrs. James. And I suppose I did wrong to buy those flowers and necklaces too, because, in Charlotte's verses, women are forbidden to put on ornaments and finery! and my husband, too, did wrong in rejoicing over the punishment of that vile fellow, Field, because we ought to do good to them that curse us, forsooth, as William had it written in his lesson to-day! Why at that rate, we must give up the world altogether, and be quite different from other people.

"Certainly," said Mrs. Browne, "we must either serve God or mammon. We cannot serve both."

"You are going too far now, Mrs. Browne," said the sergeant-major. "It was never intended that we should keep so close to the Bible as you would have us. My wife and I never pretended to despise the world."

Mrs. Browne looked grave, and answered, "I have no more to say, sergeant-major, than this, if you trust in God, and serve him sincerely, he will never forsake you nor your children; but if you strive to make the world your friend, you must expect that things will not be with you as you could wish. Remember that sweet passage in the Psalms: 'O ye seed of Abraham his servant, ye children of Jacob his chosen. He is the Lord our God; his judgments are in all the earth. He hath remembered his covenant for ever, the word which he commanded to a thousand generations. Which covenant he made with Abraham, and his oath unto Isaac; and confirmed the same unto Jacob for a law, and to Israel for an everlasting covenant; saying Unto thee will I give the land

of Canaan, the lot of your inheritance; when they were but a few men in number; yea, very few, and strangers in it. When they went from one nation to another, from one kingdom to another people; he suffered no man to do them wrong: yea, he reprov'd kings for their sakes; saying, Touch not mine anointed, and do my prophets no harm." Psalm cv 6—12. It is better to have the blessing of God for our children than the favour of the whole world."

The sergeant-major looked grave, as if weighing Mrs. Browne's words; but Mrs. James said, "Well, Mrs. Browne, you and I shall never agree we see, so we had best leave this matter. And she got up, and began stirring about the room, as if very busy. The sergeant-major put his tobacco in his mouth, and Mrs. Browne took up her work.

When the bugle sounded for parade, Mrs. Browne said, "I must go to get my husband's tea;" and Mrs. James not pressing her to stay, as she would have done at another time, Mrs. Browne went home: and glad enough she was to find herself again in her own room, with this comfortable reflection, that she had been enabled, with God's blessing, to deal sincerely with the sergeant-major and his wife, though she feared that no great good would come of what she had said.

Q. How many masters can a man serve?

A. No man can serve two masters: for either he will hate the one, and love the other; or else he will hold to the one and despise the other. Ye cannot serve God and mammon.

Q. What rule have we in the Bible whereby we are directed in the choice of our masters?

A. And Elijah came unto all the people, and said, how long halt ye between two opinions? If the Lord be God, follow him: But if Baal then follow him. And the people answered him not a word.

Q. If we do not give to the poor, can we pretend to be lovers of God?

A. Whoso hath this world's good, and seeth his brother have need, and shutteth up his bowels of compassion from him, how dwelleth the love of God in him?

Q. What directions does the Bible give to women concerning love of dress and finery?

A. Whose adorning, let it not be that outward adorning of plaiting the hair, and of wearing of gold, or of putting on of apparel; but let it be the hidden man of the heart, in that which is not corruptible, even the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit, which is in the sight of God of great price. For after this manner, in the old time, the holy women also, who trusted in God, adorned themselves, being in subjection unto their own husbands.

Q. Who should a christian love and do good to?

A. Ye have heard that it hath been said, Thou shalt love thy neighbour and hate thine enemy: but I say unto you, Love your enemies, bless them that curse you, do good to them that hate you, and pray for them which despitefully use you, and persecute you; that ye may be the children of your Father which is in Heaven: for he maketh his sun to rise on the evil and on the good, and sendeth rain on the just and on the unjust.

Q. Shall we be the poorer for giving to them that are in need?

A. He that giveth to the poor lendeth to the Lord.

Q. Can any one hurt those who trust in God?

A. O ye seed of Abraham his servant, ye children of Jacob his chosen. He is the Lord our God; his judgments are in all the earth. He hath remembered his covenant for ever, the word which he commanded to a thousand generations: which covenant he made with Abraham, and his oath unto Isaac; and confirmed the same unto Jacob for a law, and to Israel for an everlasting covenant; saying, Unto thee will I give the land of Canaan, the lot of your inheritance: when there were but a few men in number; yea, very few; and strangers in it. When they went from one nation to another, from one kingdom to another people, he suffered no man to do them wrong: yea, he reprov'd kings for their sakes; saying, Touch not mine anointed, and do my prophets no harm.

STORY XXII.

“My good child, know this, that thou art not able to do these things of thyself, nor to walk in the commandments of God, and to serve him without his special grace; which thou must learn at all times to call for by diligent prayer.”

THE next day after Mrs. Browne had been at Mrs. James's, it happened that, their husbands being on duty, Mrs. Mills and Mrs. Francis came in to drink tea with Mrs. Browne.

As they were sitting together, their discourse fell upon religious matters, as it generally did when they met; and more especially upon the best methods which pious parents could take to bring up their little ones in the way of righteousness. “Teaching children to repeat catechisms and verses from the Bible, will not do alone,” said Mrs. Browne, “unless we shew them that they must bring what they learn into practice.”

“And,” said Mrs. Francis, “we should be careful to let them know, that they have not in themselves the power to do this, and teach them to seek, by diligent prayer, this power from God, who, through his blessed Son, will help us to do all good things, as the Lord says, “I am the vine, 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.” John xv. 5.

Mrs. Mills. What you say is very true, Mrs. Francis. We can do nothing ourselves, we know, without God's assistance; and how should we expect from children what we cannot do? We should therefore be more careful, in directing them where to look for help, when we would have them do well.

“This discourse,” said Mrs. Francis, “brings to my mind a circumstance which happened in our neighbourhood when I was young. I knew the families well, and had the story from one who was well acquainted with all the particulars.”

“O!” said Mary, who was sitting at work at her mother's feet, “do, dear Mrs. Francis, tell us that story. Pray do; I am sure my godmother would like to hear it.”

“And I am sure my god-daughter would,” said Mrs. Browne, laughing. “Mary speaks one word for me, and two for herself; but do, Mrs. Francis, let us have it. I

love to hear such tales as you tell us: they are both pleasant and profitable."

Mrs. Francis began her story, for she was one who was always willing to make herself agreeable.

MRS. FRANCIS'S STORY.

There are many families in England, especially among the middling sort, I mean such as are neither high nor low, who live from father to son in a decent, creditable way making a fair appearance among their neighbours; but, knowing little more than the form of religion, and remaining quite ignorant of the plague of their own hearts, and because they fall not into any gross sin, they believe themselves to be very good, and would be mightily offended with any one who should say to them, "Ye are miserable sinners, and have need of the blood of the Lord Jesus Christ, to wash you from the pollution of your manifold offences." Now, we who travel into various countries, and keep all manner of company, and see many ups and downs in the world, have this advantage, that we may, if we will, become somewhat acquainted with our own evil hearts; forasmuch as we are continually liable to fall into various gross sins, to which persons are seldom tempted who live quietly at home. But now for the story which I promised you.

In the town where I was raised, lived a certain family, who possessed a good yearly income, and a very handsome house. The family was large, and lived in great credit; paying all their tradesmen and servants regularly, attending the church on Sundays, going well clothed, having the best of victuals on their table, and now and then giving a little of what they could spare to the poor. Moreover, they lived without quarrelling and wrangling among themselves; for many of the genteeler sort in England hold quarrelling and scolding in abhorrence; not so much, I fear, because it is displeasing to God, who has commanded us to love one another, but because it is a token of low breeding, and much practised among the poor.

The name of this family was Green. There was Mr. Green and his wife, and their three girls, Miss Susan, Miss Kitty, and Miss Margaret; besides Mrs. Green's

two sisters, who lived in the same house, genteel ladies both of them, though elderly.

Mrs. Green was a clever bustling body, very smart in her dress, and as neat and managing in her house as any lady in all the town, and exceedingly regular in giving her orders to her children and servants, and strict, too, in seeing that they were obeyed; and, as far as she could do it without being particular, she was for serving God herself, and making her household do the same. But her notions of religion were altogether wrong. Not knowing the wickedness of her own heart, or of other people's, she fancied it was no very hard matter to keep God's commandments; and she used to say, that those who did their best would be accepted of God, though they might now and then fail through the weakness of human nature: for she would allow that we are naturally weak, but not wicked. As to the Lord Jesus Christ, though she observed his birth by eating plum-pudding at Christmas, and kept a fast on Good Friday, which is the day of his crucifixion, yet I hardly think she had any correct notion of him as her Redeemer.

Miss Susan and Miss Kitty were like their mother, bustling, busy, managing bodies, and very neat in their dress, and genteel in their behaviour; so that Mrs. Green would have it, they were the best girls in the world. But Miss Margaret, the youngest, was altogether a different child. When she was a little baby, and cutting her teeth, she was so weakly, that every one thought she would die; and the doctor said, the only chance to save her, would be to put her out to nurse in the country. So Miss was sent eight miles out into the country, to be nursed: (the woman was my mother's own sister,) and Miss staid with her nurse till she was four years and a half old, and then Mrs. Green brought her home. The poor child cried sadly when she left her nurse, and fretted, I was told, many days and weeks after her mammy, as she called her. And my aunt fretted too, very much, after the little girl; but she lived so far off she could not often come to see her.

When Miss Margaret returned home to Mrs. Green, she was very fat and hearty, and had cheeks as red as roses; she was a little rude, romping girl, and would climb up the trees, and scramble over the wall of her papa's garden; if she had a clean frock put on, it was

so dirty in half an hour, that it was not fit to be seen. Moreover, she was always in mischief, breaking cups, saucers, and plates, dirtying the clean rooms, scratching the tables with pins, and doing many other troublesome things.

Her mamma did not like to see her so rude; but she thought that nurse had neglected to teach her good manners, and that she would soon behave better, with care. The fault was not in the nurse; it was in the child's temper. She was naturally of a giddy, thoughtless disposition; for, one child is inclined to one fault, and one to another.

Accordingly, Mrs. Green and Miss's aunts tried every way, as she grew older, to make her leave off her rude, troublesome tricks. Sometimes they locked her up in a room by herself, when she had been in mischief; sometimes they tied her hands behind her; sometimes they gave her no dinner; and her papa whipped her several times; but all to no purpose. As soon as the punishment was over, Miss was off again, and about some other naughty trick: and all they got by punishing her was, that she grew sly, and would try to hide her faults by telling lies about them.

Her two elder sisters had a room provided for them, in which they had each a little bed, with white curtains, and a chest of drawers to keep their clothes in. Between the chests of drawers, against the wall, were the Ten Commandments and the Lord's Prayer, of their own marking, set in gilt frames. Their mamma had accustomed them to make their own beds, and keep their clothes orderly in their drawers, so that they could find any thing in the dark. They were enjoined to remember the commandments of God, which were hung against the wall, and to repeat them often, in order that they might observe them; but it was never pointed out to them by any person, that their wills were so depraved, and their natures so inimical to God, that they could not keep these commandments while they possessed the wicked hearts which they inherited from their father, Adam. And poor Miss Susan, and Miss Kitty, while they remembered to keep their things in order, and at night, before they said their prayers, to repeat the commandments, never once dreamed that they were the

children of wrath, having hearts full of pride and selfishness, and all manner of evil thoughts.

When Miss Margaret was seven years old, a bed and chest of drawers were prepared for her, and she was allowed to take her place in her sisters' room, with many directions from her mamma and aunts how to keep her things tidy. She was, at first, very much pleased, and ran up stairs to put all things to rights; but, after a while, she grew negligent, and her sisters used to come to their mamma with constant complaints of her. Her clothes, instead of being in her drawers, were thrown about in every part of her room; her bed, instead of being made before breakfast, was seldom put to rights till noon; and she broke all the locks of her drawers in less than a week. She was as careless about her book and work, as her clothes; she never would say a task without being first punished; and as to work, she never did any, unless her mamma or her aunts were sitting by.

One day, when she was about eight years old, her mamma and aunts talked to her in the way I shall tell you of. They were all sitting at work in the parlour one afternoon, when little Miss was brought in by one of the servants, with the remains of a handsome china cup, which the child had broken by throwing a ball in at the kitchen window. The servant was sorry to tell on her; but she did not dare to hide the matter from her mistress, for Mrs. Green was very particular.

"Margaret," said Mrs. Green, "is there never to be an end of complaints against you? Have you not been forbidden to throw your ball against the house? and yet you have done it contrary to my commands. Know you not that you are commanded by God to honour your father and mother? and yet you pay as little heed to my words as to the wind."

Miss answered, that she did not mean to break the cup, and to make her mamma angry. She had forgotten, she said, that she had been forbidden to throw the ball against the house.

Then said one of her aunts, "You think, perhaps, Miss, that is a proper excuse to make, when you have broken your parent's orders, that you had forgotten them. And you are resolved, Margaret, to continue in disobedience to your parents? There is nothing, child, which you will do to oblige your friends; you give up your whole

thoughts to please yourself. You break your parents' commands, and endeavour to hide your faults by telling lies. Your whole time is spent in idleness; and the expense you put your father to in repairing what you waste and spoil, would keep a poor child."

Mrs. Green. Besides the constant uneasiness which you cause me. I have no comfort in you; and I dread lest you should grow up to be a disgrace to your family, and the occasion of your own eternal misery.

When little Miss heard her friends talk in this way, she burst into tears, and running up to her mamma and aunts, she kissed them, and promised that she would be a good girl. "I will keep all God's commandments," she said, as she ran up and kissed her mamma, "and all yours too. I will not break one of them; and I will be very good. You shall never find fault with me again."

Mrs. Green. And when will you begin to be good?

Margaret. To-morrow, mamma. You shall see how good I will be to-morrow.

And she intended to do as her mamma wished, because she feared the disagreeable consequences which would follow if she did otherwise; but she had no love of what was right; her will was corrupt, as are those of all the children of Adam who are not renewed by the Holy Spirit; she knew not the necessity of a change of heart. Her friends never directed her where to look for grace and strength to do right; so, the next day, confiding in herself, instead of being better than usual, she was in more mischief than common. She got up early in the morning, full of herself, and as well pleased as if she had really already done all the good things she had been talking of; but before her mamma came down to breakfast, she fell into a passion with one of her sisters, and beat her with a stick, and did several more naughty things; and though she begged her sister's pardon, and gave her a little pincushion to make up, yet her sister told of her. So they were both naughty; and Miss Margaret's good day, that was to be, was spent in her mother's closet; for, Mrs. Green was so angry with her, that she locked her up.

The next day, she was brought before her aunts and mamma, and told again, that if she did not do better, she would come to a bad end; she again cried, and promised to be good; and again broke her promise. So it

happened, not only once or twice, or ten or twenty times, but until every body was tired—Miss Margaret, of promising to be good, and her aunts and mamma of talking to her. So that, at last, her mamma and her aunts began not to love her so well as they used to do, and she became very unhappy, and often used to say, “I wish I was better, for I know that people don’t love me; but though I wish to be good, I do not know how to be so.”

When she was eleven years old, she went with her sisters to learn to dance, at a school, as was the fashion in that town; and Mrs. Green would have her family do every thing which was thought fashionable and genteel. One evening, in winter, Miss Margaret had danced till she was quite heated; after which, she came out into the cold air, without putting on a warm cloak, and she caught a violent cold. Her mother did not think much of this cold at first, more especially as the child played as usual, and was not less full of mischief; but when her cold continued for a long time, and she grew thin and pale, Mr. and Mrs. Green began to be frightened, for they still loved their child, with all her faults, and they sent for the doctor.

When the doctor came, he was surprised to see her so ill; and he advised, that she should be sent to change the air in some country place, as soon as the weather should get warmer.

When the doctor was gone, Mrs. Green called Miss Margaret to her, and told her what he had said. “O! mamma, mamma!” said she, “if I must go from home, let me go to my nurse’s; for I was good when I lived with my poor nurse, and I was happy then. I remember the corn fields, and the pretty blue flowers among the corn; I remember the wide common, on which the sheep fed, and the sound of the wether’s bell—I was happy then; but I have never been happy since; for as I have got older, I have become more and more naughty. No one loves me, and I do not love myself. I would be better, but I cannot.”

The poor child did not then know that she was like all the other children of Adam, who have not received a new heart by faith in the Lord Jesus Christ. She could do no good thing, indeed; and she did not know who to call upon, to deliver her from the power of sin.

Mrs. Green kissed her daughter, and said, "Well, my dear, if your papa gives his consent, you shall have your wish, and go to your nurse's; and as to what is past, I freely forgive you, my dear child; and so do we all."

Accordingly, Mr. Green sent for Miss's nurse, as soon as the winter was gone, and the poor woman came immediately. It had been some years since Miss Margaret had seen her nurse; for the truth was, Mrs. Green had not encouraged her to come, because Miss fretted so much after her, when she went away; and even now, when she saw her nurse, through the parlour window, coming up to the house-door, she almost ran her head through the glass for joy. The poor woman was very glad when she heard that her dear young lady was to go back with her; she could scarcely help crying for joy; yet she was sorry to see her look so ill. The nurse stayed that night at Mrs. Green's, and the next morning she set out to take Miss home with her.

As soon as they were in the carriage together, "My dear Miss Margaret," said the nurse, "I am sorry to find you so ill; but, with God's blessing, I hope, when I have you at home, to see you get better every day. You shall go out with me every morning and evening, to milk the cows in the meadow, and to gather heath and broom on the common. You remember the common, where you and my little Tommy ran after the sheep."

"Ah, nurse!" said Miss, "I was happy then; and I have never been happy since."

"Never happy since that time, my dear!" said the nurse. "What, not with your papa and mamma, and your aunts and sisters? I am afraid then the fault was yours."

"I believe it was, nurse," said she; "and yet I hardly know. They wanted me to be good, and I could not be good."

"How is that, Miss Margaret?" said the nurse. "I am afraid you did not wish to be good."

Margaret. Sometimes I did, indeed; but still I could not.

Nurse. Well, but my dear, what did your mamma want you to do which you found so hard?

Margaret. To be good, and to mind my books and my work.

Nurse. What do you mean by being good, my dear?

Margaret stared at her nurse, and said, "Why, keeping God's commandments is being good, and doing what my father and mother bid me."

Nurse. Obeying your father and mother, if they order you to do nothing wrong, is according to one of God's commandments. The fifth commandment says, "Honour your father and mother," you know. And so you have been unhappy, my dear, because your mother wished you to keep God's commandments?

Margaret. I have been unhappy a long time, nurse, because I could not do as my mother and other friends wished me to do. I was always doing something to offend them; and then one talked to me and another talked to me, till I was tired of them and myself too.

Nurse. And was this the case with your sisters?

Margaret. No.

Nurse. Then I suppose that they kept God's commandments better than you did.

Margaret. My mother and aunts did not find them out so easily; but they could steal sweetmeats and sugar candy, needles and thread, and tell lies too; but mamma did not suspect them.

Nurse. Well, my dear, we have nothing, at present, to do with them. It seems that you all are naughty, and that *your* naughtiness has, in particular, made you unhappy, and that you wish to be good.

Margaret. I should like to be good, but I know I never shall.

Nurse. Never shall, my dear! Do you know what you will come to, if you die in your sins?

Margaret. Yes; I shall go to hell, if I don't get good; and I can't be good.

Nurse. Then you must go to hell, it seems.

Margaret looked grave, and said, "I hope not."

Nurse. But what way have you of escaping?

Margaret began to cry and put her arms round her nurse's neck. "O! nurse, dear nurse, don't talk any more," she said; "I am very unhappy."

"My poor child," said the nurse, "have you lived so long, and have you never been taught the state in which you are by nature? Our church teaches us that the condition of man after the fall of Adam is such, that he cannot turn and prepare himself by his own natural strength and good works, to faith, and calling upon God. Where-

fore we have no power to do good works, pleasant and acceptable to God, without the grace of God by Christ preventing us, that we may have a good will, and working with us, when we have that good will." 10th Article.

Margaret. Nurse, I do not understand this. Cannot I be good without God's help? I never knew that before.

The nurse replied: "When our father Adam sinned, he lost the power of doing well; and we, his children, through his fall, are in the same plight, we cannot do well. But we must not take this as an excuse for our sin, nor will it be received as an excuse by God; for God is holy in his nature, and 'is of purer eyes than to behold evil, and cannot look on iniquity.' Habak. i. 13. We are by nature at enmity with God, and we must seek a new nature more pleasing to him."

"Nurse," said Miss Margaret, "I understand very little of what you are saying."

"Is it so, my poor child?" said the nurse, "Well, then, we will leave this matter till another day; only carry this in your mind, my dear, that you cannot, without God's special help, keep His commandments. Remember what the Catechism says: 'My good child, know this, that thou art not able to do these things of thyself, nor to walk in the commandments of God, and to serve him, without his special grace; which thou must learn at all times to call for by diligent prayer.' Now look before you; see yonder hill, with the clump of firs at the top. When we get near those firs, you will be able to see the common, and my little cottage, far off. Do you remember those trees, my love?"

"O yes, I do, nurse," said Margaret. "Did not we once go to a church near those trees, and afterwards to a house, where we had cream and strawberries? O! now I see the top of the church; and there's the house, nurse. Who lives in the house now?"

So Margaret went on, entertaining herself with recollecting things which she had seen before, till she came in sight of the nurse's little cottage. It stood just beside a common, where there were many sheep feeding, and a few cows. It was thatched, or, as we should call in this country, *chopped*; and it had a garden belonging to it, full of flowers and fruit-trees.

When they came nearer, they saw Tommy, the nurse's boy, milking the cows; for the nurse had brought him up to help her to manage her cows, and her garden, &c.; her husband having been dead some years. Now Tommy was only Miss Margaret's age; but instead of being a trouble, he was a comfort and pleasure to his mother. You cannot think how pleased Miss was, when she found herself in the little cottage again: and she thought that her nurse's tea and bread and butter were better than what she tasted at home; and she ate more than she had done since her illness.

At night, when the nurse had got Miss Margaret's little bed ready, and prepared all things for going to rest, she called for Tommy to bring the Bible.

"Where shall I read, mother?" said the boy, as he laid the Bible upon the little round table, on which they had been drinking tea.

"Turn to the first of Genesis, my dear." So he began to read aloud, and read till he came to the end of the 27th verse, which is, "So God created man in his own image; in the image of God created he him; male and female created he them."

"Stop there," said the nurse, "and tell me, child, what that verse means."

"Why, mother," said Tommy, "it means, that God made the first man after his own likeness—like himself?"

Nurse How like himself?

Tommy. Why, upright, and good, and holy.

"Right, my boy," said the nurse. Then turning to Margaret, "You see, Miss that God made men good; and when they were good, they loved God, and were able to keep his commandments: but Adam, by eating the forbidden fruit, lost his holiness in which God had made him; and he and his children have become so filthy and corrupt, that we cannot, of ourselves, so much as wish to do a good thing."

Margaret. I know that Adam and Eve made God angry by eating the forbidden fruit, and that God turned them out of Eden; but I never heard about their getting wicked hearts.

Nurse. Then, my dear, if you read the story of Adam and Eve, without considering that, you might as well not have read it at all; for that story, is told in the Bible, that we might know from it, first that we are wicked

creatures, yes, exceedingly wicked, and not able, as I said before, to do one good thing; and secondly, that our wicked and sinful hearts were not given us by God, but came to us through the disobedience of our father, Adam.

Margaret. But are all the children of Adam so very wicked, nurse? I never saw such wicked people as you talk of.

Nurse. There are many things which often prevent human creatures from appearing outwardly wicked; but, till we are changed by the power of God our hearts are so wicked, that we are not able to do any thing good; and if we could see the heart, as God sees it, we should find, that where there is not the grace of God there is no power to do right.

Margaret. But how do we know that this is true? for we can't look into people's hearts.

Nurse. We know it from the Bible. Tommy, turn to the 6th of Genesis, 5th, 6th, and 7th verses.

Tommy. I have, mother.

Nurse. What do you find there?

Tommy. "And God saw that the wickedness of man was great in the earth, and that every imagination of the thoughts of his heart was only evil continually. And it repented the Lord that he had made man on the earth, and it grieved him at his heart. And the Lord said I will destroy man whom I have created, from the face of the earth: both man and beast, and the creeping thing, and the fowls of the air: for it repenteth me that I have made them."

Margaret. O! but that was before the flood. People can't be so bad now, I think.

Nurse. You must not suppose, my dear, that there has been any change in the natural state of man's heart since that time. What does the Lord say after the flood? "I will not again curse the ground any more for man's sake; for the imagination of man's heart is evil from his youth: neither will I again smite any more every thing living, as I have done." Gen. viii. 21.

Margaret. Well, I wish I could see into people's hearts. I can hardly believe (though it is in the Bible, to be sure) that people are as bad as you say.

Nurse. Look into your own heart, my dear. You need look no further to see sin, and hatred of all that

is good. Did you not tell me to-day that you have never been happy at home, because your mamma wanted you to be good, and you could not be good?

Margaret. O! but I wished I could be good sometimes; and you say people can't be good without God's help.

Nurse. As to your wishing to be able to please your mamma, it might be a sign that your heart was changed, or it might not. If it was to please God that you wished to do well, then I should say that God had, by his divine grace, changed your heart; but if it was from the fear of being scolded or punished that you strove to do well, I would say it was no good sign at all.

Margaret. But how could I find out from what reason I wished to do right things?

Nurse. Why, my dear, did you try to behave well as much when your mamma was not looking at you, as when she was?

Margaret. No, I did not, nurse.

Nurse. Well, then, my dear Miss, I fear it was only from dread of punishment that you sometimes did what seemed right, and where was the change of your heart? It is from the fear of some kind of punishment that so many of us who have no love of God seem to do well. Many people are sober, because, if they were to get drunk, they would be disgraced among their neighbours; or drunkenness might hurt their health, or waste their money. Again, some people hate their brethren, and would be glad to see them dead, but dare not kill them, for fear of being hanged. Many ladies will not scold and quarrel, because they are afraid of being called vulgar, and so on. God can see all these things. We can hide nothing from him. "For the word of God is quick, and powerful, and sharper than any two-edged sword, piercing even to the dividing asunder of soul and spirit, and of the joints and marrow, and is a discerner of the thoughts and intents of the heart. Neither is there any creature that is not manifest in his sight: but all things are naked and opened unto the eyes of him with whom we have to do." Heb. iv. 12, 13.

Little Miss Margaret looked grave: and as the nurse thought that she had said enough for one time, she bade Tommy shut the Bible; and when they had sung a hymn, and prayed, they went to bed.

Had you seen Miss Margaret the next day, going out with the nurse, in such spirits, to milk the cows, and helping her to pare the apples for the pudding, and laying the table-cloth, and knives and forks, for dinner, you would not have thought that she had any remembrance at all of what the nurse had been talking of at night; yet she had a clear remembrance of it, and could give the nurse an exact account of their discourse, when they came to read and talk again at night.

“Nurse,” said Miss Margaret, “you told me yesterday, that we are all by nature sinners. I thought about what you said in the night, when I was awake, and I believe what you say is true enough; for, as for myself, I think there is no good in my heart, though my mamma has taken such pains with me.”

Nurse. Well, my love, I am glad to hear you say so. As you get bigger, and look more into yourself, you will, by the grace of God, find more and more the depth of the wickedness of your heart; for “the heart of man is deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked; who can know it?” Jer. xvii. 9. And when you know your heart, you will never strive to do any thing well without help.

Margaret. But will God give me his help?

Nurse. The beginning of true religion, my dear, is this, to know that we are, by nature, born in sin, and the children of wrath, as we say it in the Catechism; and that we cannot save ourselves, and get to Heaven, by any thing we can do; the next thing is, to look for one who is able and willing to save us. Do you know who that person is who came down from Heaven to die for us?

Margaret. The Lord Jesus Christ died for us.

Nurse. You are right, my dear: the Lord Jesus Christ—God the Son, took upon him the body of a man, and died upon the cross for the sins of the world; and there is no way by which sinners can be forgiven, but through faith in the Lord Jesus Christ, who shed his precious blood for us. Believe in this glorious Redeemer, my dear child, and your past sins will be forgiven you. Trust in him, and call upon him, and you will receive power to do well; for he will give you strength to keep his commandments, he will send his Holy Spirit into

your heart, and it will be changed, and be filled with the love of God, and hatred of wickedness.

When the nurse had done speaking, they sang a hymn, and prayed, and went to bed.

Miss Margaret stayed all the summer and autumn with her nurse; and it pleased God, after a time, to restore her health again, although she had one or two severe fits of illness while with her. The good woman took every opportunity, when she thought Miss Margaret would attend to her, of talking of the very great love of God to sinners; and how, when we had ruined and lost ourselves, he came down from Heaven, and himself bore our sins upon the cross; thus to save us from everlasting misery. She also related many histories of more excellent things which the servants of God had been enabled to do, both in these and former days,—and that through faith in his name; also, how they had been purified from sin, and had walked stedfastly in his ways.

There was no great change to be seen in Miss, notwithstanding all the pains which her nurse took with her, for the first two or three months of her stay at her house—she was just as wild and mischievous, and as little inclined to good, as ever; but it pleased God, after one of those severe attacks, which I spoke of before, to manifest a great change in her manner and way of thinking; insomuch, that her nurse began to hope that her heart was really become new, and that, from a child of wrath, her dear young lady was becoming a child of grace.

Almost the first sign that the nurse perceived of this change was, that the little girl used, very often, to get up stairs, by her bed side, to read her Bible and pray: and she was not so much for talking and boasting, and putting herself forward, as she used to be, but seemed to be thinking how to please other people, as if she were the worst and lowest in the company, and was willing to do any thing, however mean the office, for any person. One day, there came in a poor woman, who lived close by, to ask the nurse to get a thorn out of her foot. The nurse said, "Indeed, neighbour, I fear I can't do it, for my eyes are become dim of late."

"But mine are not," said Miss Margaret, and down on her knees she went, and took out the thorn, and then bound up the poor woman's foot with a bit of fine rag;

and when she said, that it was a shame for a young lady, like Miss Margaret, to do such things for a poor woman, Margaret whispered to her nurse, "Don't let her talk about it, for I am a miserable sinner, and don't like to be set up as better, in any way, than other people."

Another time, there was a poor woman in one of the cottages close by, who had twins; the poor woman had but few clothes, even for one child, but when it pleased God to send her two, she was quite at a loss what to do.

The nurse went over to her every day, and did all she could to assist her. She also looked out some linen, and cut it out into little caps and frocks, but she could not make them, as her eyes were so indifferent. "What shall I do," said the nurse, "now I cannot see to make these caps, even with my spectacles on?"

"But perhaps Miss Margaret could," said Tommy.

Miss Margaret was vexed when she heard what the boy said, for of all things in the world she hated sewing and, at the same time, she knew that she ought to try to make the things for the poor babies—she knew what was right, and wished to do it, but she found in her a law, that when she would do good, evil was present with her. Rom. vii. 21.

She sat, for a while, quite silent; at last, she jumped up, and ran up stairs, and the nurse going to the foot of the stairs a short time after to bring something that was standing there, heard her praying aloud, and could distinguish these words of her prayer: "O, Lord God, for thy dear Son's sake, help me to overcome my wicked idleness, that I may work for these poor babies."

The nurse heard no more for she did not like to stand listening; but she was much pleased when, a little while afterwards, she came down, and without saying a word of what she had been about, "Nurse," said she, "I think, perhaps, if you would shew me how they are to be done, that I could make those little caps and frocks. I can hem, and I can gather; so I only want to have the things pinned for me, and I can make them."

The nurse said, "So you can, my dear. I'll pin them for you, and when they are done we will take them over, and you shall give them to the poor little darlings."

Miss Margaret sat herself down to work on the nurse's little three-legged stool. It was about twelve o'clock when she began to work, and she finished one

frock and began another that night. She would hardly give herself time to eat her dinner or drink her tea. In four days, with a little of the nurse's help she finished all the things.

When she had finished them, which was on Saturday, the nurse washed and ironed them, and Miss Margaret put them in a little basket, which the nurse had brought her one day when she went to market, with some rose leaves over them, and a little bag of halfpence in one corner of it, ready against the next day; for the nurse said, that they would go, after church, to take it to the poor woman.

When she had put all her basket in order, she brought it to her nurse, and said, "See, how pretty all these things look; and I thank God that he gave me power to overcome my wicked idleness." She then told her how she had prayed to God, to help her to overcome this sin of idleness.

"God has pleased, my dear" said the nurse, "to shew you the way to holiness; give glory, therefore, to Him, my dear child, for it is the Lord who made you to differ from another. And now, from this time I trust, you will never seek to do any thing in your own strength, but endeavour to overcome all sin by diligent and frequent prayer. "If a son shall ask bread of any of you that is a father, will he give him a stone? or if he ask a fish, will he for a fish give him a serpent? or if he shall ask an egg, will he offer him a scorpion? If ye then, being evil, know how to give good gifts unto your children, how much more shall your heavenly Father give the Holy Spirit to them that ask him?" Luke xi. 11—13.

But I shall make my story too long. It will be gun-fire before I have done, if I were to tell you how many times Miss Margaret strove, by prayer, to conquer her evil tempers, while she stayed with my aunt, and how greatly changed she was, by God's grace, before she returned to her mother's house.

Mr Green's was not a religious family, neither could Mrs. Green ever be brought to a right notion of religion; for her love of the world, and of making a figure among her neighbours was always the hindrance. But she could see the goodness of Margaret, for Margaret remembered what her nurse had taught her, and endeavoured to seek by prayer, through her gracious Redeemer, strength

and power to do well; and as she grew, upt here was not, in all our town, a young woman, high or low, who could be compared to Miss Margaret Green. She was a constant church goer, both Sundays and week-days; very neat in her dress, but wearing no finery; constantly visiting the poor and sick, working for them, reading to them, and praying with them; a teacher of little children; and the most dutiful child to her parents that could be in the world: and all these good works were the fruits, not the foregoers, of her earnest and diligent prayer; for a young woman who lived at Mr. Green's, as house-maid told me, that Miss Margaret never passed a day without retiring often to pray, and to read the Bible, and that she often used to hear her singing hymns and psalms in her room, when her mother and the rest of the family were out visiting. The poor people used to say they wished more were like her.

The last I heard of her was, that she was married to the clergyman of our parish, a pious young man as could be, and one who loved her for her piety.

Q. Who is able to bring forth the fruit of good works?

A. I am the vine, 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.

Q. Is sin hateful in the sight of God.

A. He is of purer eyes than to behold evil, and cannot look on iniquity.

Q. In whose likeness did God create man?

A. God created man in his own image; in the image of God created he him; male and female created he them.

Q. What account is given of man's nature before the flood?

And God saw that the wickedness of man was great in the earth, and that every imagination of the thoughts of his heart was only evil continually. And it repented the Lord that he had made man on the earth, and it grieved him at his heart. And the Lord said, I will destroy man, whom I have created, from the face of the earth; both man and beast, and the creeping things, and the fowls of the air: for it repenteth me that I have made them.

Q. What account is given in the Bible of the corruption of man's nature after the flood?

A. And the Lord smelled a sweet savour; and the Lord said in his heart, I will not again curse the ground any more for man's sake; for the imagination of man's heart is evil from his youth; neither will I again smite any more every thing living, as I have done.

Q. We may deceive ourselves in thinking our hearts good, but can we deceive God?

A. The word of God is quick, and powerful, and sharper than any two-edged sword, piercing even to the dividing asunder of soul and spirit, and of joints and marrow, and is a discerner of the thoughts and intents of the heart. Neither is there any creature that is not manifest in his sight; but all things are naked and opened unto the eyes of him with whom we have to do.

Q. What is the heart of man?

A. The heart is deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked: who can know it?

Q. What is present even with those who wish to do well?

A. I find then a law, that, when I would do good evil is present with me.

Q. What verse have you to prove that we must be diligent in prayer?

A. If a son shall ask bread of any of you that is a father, will he give him a stone? or if he ask a fish, will he for a fish give him a serpent? or if he shall ask an egg, will he offer him a scorpion? If ye then, being evil, know how to give good gifts unto your children, how much more shall your heavenly Father give the Holy Spirit to them that ask him?

STORY XXIII.

On the Lord's Prayer.

It was cold weather again before Mary came to stay any time with her godmother; but her mother then being sent for, to wait upon a lady who was very sick, Mary, according to custom, was sent to Mrs. Browne.

The morning after she came to her godmother; having a cold, Mrs. Browne allowed her to lie in bed till parade was almost over; so that when sergeant Browne came in to his breakfast, she was but just dressed, and was kneeling down at the foot of her little cot, saying her prayers, and I don't know whether she was in a hurry for her breakfast, or how it was, but she was gabbling over the Lord's Prayer, as fast as if she was saying it for a wager. "Do but hear that girl," said the sergeant to his wife, while he was pulling off his sash and belt, "how she runs over her prayers this morning. I must have a bit of talk with her about it, by and by."

"Do," said Mrs. Browne, "for it is a sad wicked custom to repeat prayers in that manner."

Soon after, Mrs. Browne, said to her husband, "I am afraid, my dear, you must go without your white loaf this morning, for the baker has not brought it."

The sergeant loved a piece of white bread; however, he said, "It can't be helped, my dear. I wish I may never be put to a worse shift than to be forced to eat brown bread instead of white." So he sat down to the table, and was cutting himself a slice of the ration bread, when, all at once, laying down the loaf and the knife, "I don't know yet," said he, "that I shall be forced to eat brown bread this morning; I think I may contrive to get a white loaf still. Mary, my lass, look out, and see if the colonel is on parade yet. He was there, when I came away, talking with our captain."

"Yes, godfather," said Mary, "he is; and there are two or three more officers with him."

Sergeant Browne. Well then, Mary, do you run to him, and tell him that we want a white loaf for breakfast, and desire him, when he goes home, to send me one; and tell him, I should not care if he were to send me a cold fowl and some slices of ham along with it.

Mary opened her eyes and mouth as wide as she could on hearing these words; and Mrs. Browne herself set down the tea pot, and though she was pretty well acquainted with her husband's ways, she was quite at a loss to know what he was driving at now.

"Do you hear, lass?" said the sergeant, looking very grave. "Run, I say, to the colonel, and desire him to send me a white loaf."

"Godfather!" said Mary: "godfather!"

Sergeant Browne. Don't stand there, child, crying, "Godfather, godfather!" but run; I want my breakfast. Wife, pour out the tea, that it may be cool by the time the loaf comes.

Mary now could hold no longer; but she cried out, "Why, godfather, if I did not know that you never did such things, because you fear God, I should fancy that you had been drinking this morning, like Dick Smith, of the grenadiers, who was drunk one day before gun-fire."

"Drunk!" repeated the sergeant: "do I look as if I was drunk, Mary!"

Mary. No, you don't look as if you were; but then, you ask me to do such a very odd thing!

"What odd thing?" said sergeant Browne.

"Why," said Mary, "to go to the colonel, and ask for a white loaf, and a cold fowl and ham. Why, I dare not even ask such things of our captain, nor of any of the officers. But the colonel is such a great man! I never spoke to him in all my life."

Sergeant Browne. But I suppose you would not be afraid of speaking to him.

Mary. Indeed, but I should, godfather; and I don't think, if you were to kill me downright, that I could go on the parade, and ask him for a loaf and a cold fowl. I should think you were joking, only you look so very grave.

Sergeant Browne. Joking, child! What makes you think I am joking? I have heard you speak to one who is a thousand and a million times greater than our colonel, and ask for all manner of good things from him, without seeming to have the least fear upon you whatever; so I very naturally thought you would have no objection to go on parade, and ask the colonel for a loaf.

Mary. Why, godfather, you puzzle me more and more. I cannot think what you are about this morning. I never spoke to any body in my life so great as our colonel, that I know of; and as to asking for all manner of good things, I never ask for any thing that I can help. My mother has forbid me to ask for things; she says that it is wrong.

"As to its being wrong to ask for things," said the sergeant, "that depends upon what person you ask them of. We are not to be asking and craving from every one;

but there is one of whom we are commanded to ask, and from whom we have a promise, that if we do ask, we shall receive: 'Ask, and it shall be given you; seek, and ye shall find; knock, and it shall be opened unto you.'"
Matt. vii. 7.

Mary. But, godfather, who is this great person that I asked so many good things of? I cannot think what you mean this morning; you quite puzzle me.

"Think," said the sergeant; "who have you been speaking to, and asking favours of, this very morning?"

Mary. Why, I have not spoken to any body, but you and my godmother; and surely, you are not greater than the colonel.

"Well," said the sergeant, "I suppose you don't mean to go for the white loaf, so we may as well eat what we have for breakfast. Sit down, child; and I must have some more talk upon this matter with you, by and by."

All breakfast time, Mary could think of nothing but what her godfather had been talking of; and after breakfast, she would hardly give him time to settle some accounts, before she was begging and entreating him to tell her what he meant by the great person of whom she was not afraid to ask favours.

"I will now explain this matter," said the sergeant, (as he wiped his pen, and put it into a European leather case, which he always carried about him,) "and make you understand, if I can, Mary, what I was driving at this morning, when I told you to ask the colonel for a white loaf. But, first, you must recollect what you were about when I came in from parade.

Mary. Was not I saying my prayers, godfather?

"Right," said the sergeant: "and what prayer did you use?"

Mary. The Lord's Prayer, I think; for I was in a hurry, and had not time to say any more.

Sergeant Browne. In a hurry, were you, child? I thought as much. And pray, whose words are those you were repeating in such an expeditious manner?

Mary. The words of our Lord Jesus Christ. He taught this prayer to his disciples: I know that.

"And pray," said the sergeant, "to what person were you speaking, when you repeated that prayer after such a fashion as you did this morning?"

Mary coloured, and said, "Now, godfather, I know what you meant this morning, when you said there was one a thousand and a million of times greater than our colonel, that I was not afraid to speak to:—that person is God."

"You have it!" said the sergeant. "When I came in this morning, you were speaking to the Almighty Lord God, and asking all kind of favours of him, in a maner more disrespectful and careless than you would use to one of your fellow-creatures, who is made of dust like yourself. You were quite surprised when I desired you to go and ask a little favour of our colonel, and fancied, as well you might do, that I was scarcely in my right reason for thinking of such a thing; but you had none of this fear when you were speaking to God, but could gabble over the holy words which were put together by our blessed Saviour, without any manner of dread or awe upon your mind."

"Godfather," said Mary, "I have done wrong;" and her eyes were filled with tears in a moment.

"Enough, my lass, enough," said the sergeant, putting his hand upon her head; "I trust thou hast learned a lesson this day, for which thou mayest be the better all thy life. Thou hast learned to suspect thine own heart even in its best duties. The Bible tells us, that our best works are filthy rags, and that our prayers cannot be accepted but through the merits of our Redeemer. We fear our fellow-creatures, who are but as grass and the flower of the field, and we forget to give honour to the Lord our Maker, as the prophet Isaiah says: 'Who art thou, that thou shouldest be afraid of a man that shall die, and of the son of man which shall be made as grass; and forgettest the Lord thy Maker, that hath stretched forth the heavens, and laid the foundations of the earth?' Isaiah li. 12, 13. Wife," added the sergeant, "I wish you would, at your leisure, make Mary learn those verses I have just repeated. They were favourite verses of poor sergeant Cooper's; and, I remember, he pointed them out to me, one Sabbath evening, when we were on guard together on Gibraltar rock. Of all the men I ever knew, young or old, sergeant Cooper was the man who seemed, at all times, most sensible of the presence of God; in barracks—at church—on sentry—on board ship—

on parade—it was all one; that man had God always present with him.”

So Mrs. Browne made Mary learn those verses, according to her husband’s desire; and, moreover, she took occasion, while Mary remained with her that time, to examine her, from day to day, about the Lord’s Prayer, and to endeavour to make her understand it; for it is too common for people to repeat that prayer every day of their lives, once or twice, or oftener, from their childhood to old age, without once thinking what the meaning of it is. For the benefit, therefore, of such persons as wish to understand it, I shall repeat what passed between Mary and Mrs. Browne on the subject at this time, and on such other occasions as it was brought forward.

Mrs. Browne. My dear Mary, can you tell me why it is the duty of every body to pray?

Mary. Because we have nothing which did not come from God. He made us, and he gave us all the things which we have.

Mrs. Browne. Suppose that God were to take away his support from us for a moment, what would become of us?

Mary. We should die, godmother, and go to nothing.

Mrs. Browne. Is it good of God to let us pray to him, and to listen to us when we pray?

Mary. Yes, godmother, very good.

Mrs. Browne. What directions did the Lord Jesus Christ give us about praying?

Mary. He said, “When ye pray, use not vain repetitions.” Matt. vi. 7.

Mrs. Browne. Did you ever see the black people say their prayers?

Mary. Yes, godmother; I have seen them standing almost up to their chins in the river, repeating their prayers as fast as they can gabble them over; and looking about them all the time, at every thing that passes by.

Mrs. Browne. Poor creatures! they think that they shall be heard for their much speaking. I wish there were not some people, who call themselves Christians, and ought to know better, who are, in this respect, too much like them.

Then Mrs. Browne asked Mary the beginning of the Lord’s Prayer.

Mary. It begins with "Our Father, which art in Heaven," godmother.

Mrs. Browne. My grandmother used to say to me, "Before you speak to any person, child, always consider who the person is, whether younger or older, whether greater or less than yourself; for, though we ought to honour all men, that is, to be civil and kind to every one, yet what is due to one, is not to another; and it would be ridiculous to speak in the same manner to an old gentleman and a young lad. How much more then should we, before we speak to God in our prayers, consider his greatness, and power, and goodness, that we may not venture to speak to him in a disrespectful way. We cannot know much about God; but we know, from the Bible, as much as is necessary to us in this world, and when we go to Heaven, we have a promise that we shall see him face to face, and see and understand all his glorious providences and works."

Then Mrs. Browne said to Mary, "What is the first thing which the Bible teaches us about God?"

Mary. The first chapter in the Bible teaches us that God made all things.

Mrs. Browne. True, my dear: "By the word of the Lord were the heavens made; and all the host of them by the breath of his mouth. Let all the earth fear the Lord; let all the inhabitants of the world stand in awe of him: for he spake, and it was done; he commanded, and it stood fast." Psalm xxxiii. 6, 8, 9. Now, he that could make all the things which we see, and is able, after he has made them, to keep them all in their places, and save them from falling to nothing, must be great and powerful beyond all we can imagine.

Mary. And yet, godmother, we often feel more afraid of making one of our fellow-creatures angry than of offending God.

Mrs. Browne. That is because our hearts are bad, my child. The sin in our hearts makes us so stupid, that we cannot even have any proper thoughts of God without divine grace. Can you tell me, Mary, what we are directed to call God in the Lord's Prayer?

Mary. "Our Father, which art in Heaven."

Mrs. Browne. God may be called the Father of all men, because he made all men; but to what people is he more particularly a Father?

Mary. To good people, godmother.

Mrs. Browne. Good people, my dear; we are none of us good.

Mary. I mean people who love the Lord Jesus Christ, and have got new hearts from him.

Mrs. Browne. In what way has God shewn his very great love for his children?

Mary. O! I know the answer to that very well:—"God so loved the world, that he gave his only-begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life." John iii. 16.

Mrs. Browne. Where is our Father?

Mary. In Heaven.

Mrs. Browne. God, my dear, is a spirit, and he is present every where: but he is said to be in Heaven particularly, because there he shews the glory of His Majesty in the presence of his angels, and of the spirits of just men made perfect. "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" Psalm. cxxxix. 7—10.

This was as much as passed between Mrs. Browne and Mary about the Lord's Prayer in one day; for Mrs. Browne used to consider the weakness and giddiness of children, and never tired them out by talking too long to them upon serious subjects. But the next time they were alone together, at their leisure, she gave her some further instruction upon the Lord's Prayer, which I shall relate in my next chapter.

Q. What promises are given to those who seek God in prayer?

A. Ask, and it shall be given you; seek, and ye shall find; knock, and it shall be opened unto you.

Q. What does the prophet Isaiah say concerning the fear of man?

A. Who art thou, that thou shouldest be afraid of a man that shall die, and of the son of man which shall be made as grass; and forgettest the Lord thy Maker, that hath stretched forth the Heavens, and laid the foundations of the earth?

Q. What are the directions we find in the Gospel concerning prayer?

A. When ye pray, use not vain repetitions.

Q. By whom were the Heavens made?

A. By the word of the Lord were the Heavens made; and all the host of them by the breath of his mouth. Let all the earth fear the Lord; let all the inhabitants of the world stand in awe of him: for he spake, and it was done; he commanded, and it stood fast.

Q. Where can we flee from the presence of God?

A. 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.



STORY XXIV.

“Hallowed be thy Name, thy kingdom come, thy will be done on earth as it is in Heaven.”

THE next morning, just after Mrs. Browne and her husband had finished their breakfast, a man came who brought a letter for Mrs. Browne, from Mrs. Grove, who was a town's-woman of Mrs. Browne's, and had come to this country when quite young, I believe as a waiting-maid upon some lady; and here she had become acquainted with Mr. Grove, (a very worthy young man,) a kind of servant, or factor, to a rich indigo planter. Mr. Grove was not a rich man, but he had as much as he wished for; and desired no better than to live quietly with his wife and family, and to serve his God in peace. He was very glad of such a wife as the one he had met with; for she was a modest, pious young woman, and had had, for her station, a good education. They had been married about eight years, and had two children. They lived quite in a wild country, about four or five miles from the cantonments, and Mrs. Browne, since the regiment had been there, had, I think, been twice to see them. This letter was to invite Mrs. Browne again to come over for a few

days, saying, that if she would, Mr. Grove would send a trusty servant the next morning, before sunrise, with a convenient *hackery*,* to bring her over.

"I would have you go, by all means," said the sergeant, "as soon as he had read the letter; I only wish I could make one of the party; but that can't be. I would have you to take Mary along with you, if her father and mother will give leave. It will be a change for her."

"O! I am sure," cried Mary, "that my father and mother will let me go. I will run over now to my father's barrack to ask him."

Mrs. Browne. What, all through the sun, child?

Mary. It is not hot, godmother.

"To set you at ease, Mary," said sergeant Browne, "I'll step over myself."

So the sergeant went, and he got this answer from sergeant Mills: "Mary may go any where with her godmother; and her mother I am sure will say the same."

So Mary and Mrs. Browne busied themselves all day in getting ready; and before gun-fire next morning the *hackery* was waiting for them at the barrack door. The sun was not risen when they set out; and Mary was ready to leap out of the *hackery*, for downright gladness.

From the barracks up to the church, by which they were to pass, the ground rose all the way; and the road on each side was set with trees. The birds were scarcely beginning to move in the branches of the trees, and there was not a servant, stirring about the houses, it was so early. When the coach came to the gate of the church-yard, at the top of the hill, the bullock-driver stopped to put something right about the carriage, and Mary was surprised to hear the voices of men singing in the church. They listened, and heard this verse distinctly:

Holy and reverend is the name
Of our Eternal King;
Thrice holy, Lord, the angels cry;
Thrice holy, let us sing.

"O, godmother," said Mary, "how sweet that singing is. Who can these people be, who have met so early to praise God?"

* A cart generally drawn by bullocks.

Mrs. Browne. Why, this is halting-morning,* my dear; and I dare say some of our good men, with James Law at the head of them, have taken this opportunity of meeting here, to sing and pray. I have heard of their doing so before, and I know Mr. King never refuses them the use of the church.

Just as Mrs. Browne was speaking, two young men, genteely dressed and well mounted, rode by, and as they passed, Mrs. Browne and Mary heard the one ask the other, what that singing was? to which the other replied in very profane and wicked language, the purport of which was to ridicule psalm-singing, but I shall not repeat what he said

By this time, the driver had set off again, and Mrs. Browne remarked to Mary, "while we were stopping at yonder gate, which was not five minutes, we had an opportunity of observing how differently the children of God and the children of Satan employ the early part of the day:—The children of God arise betimes, to praise their heavenly father; and the children of Satan are scarcely out of their beds, before they begin to curse and to blaspheme. The wicked world^d despises these poor men who are met together in the house of their God, to praise his name; but in the sight of their heavenly Father they are very precious; and so is every person who loves his name, and seeks to honour it. We are taught in the Lord's Prayer, to say, 'Hallowed be thy Name.' Do you know, my dear, what the word *hallow* means?"

Mary. Yes, godmother, it means to keep any thing holy.

Mrs. Browne. Whose name ought we to keep holy, my dear?

Mary. The name of God.

Mrs. Browne. We ought not only to keep the name of God holy, but also to reverence every thing belonging to him; his house, his children, and every thing that is his.

At that instant, just at the turning of a wall, behind which were some very tall trees, a large elephant, with bells, met the *hackery* in which Mrs. Browne and Mary were sitting, and the bullocks turned aside and jolted the *hackery*, so that Mary, although she was not frightened, could not help catching hold of Mrs. Browne's

*The morning when there is no parade,

arm, and squeezing it well. "O! heavens!" said she when the elephant had passed, "what a great creature! I thought that the bullocks, in their fright would have jolted us in the ditch."

A few minutes afterwards, a stout, tall *faquir*, with an immense beard, and long matted hair hanging over his face and down his back, his whole body being bedaubed with mud, came up to the side of the *huckery*, to ask for some pennies, "O! mercy, mercy! you ugly creature!" cried Mary. "I have nothing for you. You are as able to work as I am."

"Mary," said Mrs. Browne, "you have brought one of my own faults to my mind, very often this morning."

"What's that, godmother?" said Mary. "I am sure I don't think you have many faults."

"Perhaps not such as you, my dear, are able to distinguish," replied Mrs. Browne, "because you are young, and I am old; and the faults of old and of young people are often very different. But the fault which I now think of, is a very bad custom I have of calling out upon any surprise, 'O! heavens!' 'O! mercy!' 'O! Lord!' and such words. I often catch myself at it, and am very angry with myself for it."

Mary. Why is there any harm in those words, godmother?

Mrs. Browne. To be sure there is, my dear; for if these words mean any thing at all, they are calling upon God; and, being generally used in a light way, are very profane. We should never, as I said before, speak of any thing belonging to God, but with the greatest respect—Hallowed be his Name.

Mary. Godmother, I will try to leave off saying these words.

Mrs. Browne. And pray to God to give you grace to keep his name holy.

By this time, they were come to the great town, for they were obliged to pass through the very heart of it to get into the road which led to Mr. Grove's house; and, indeed, it was a part of it, which, lying furthest from the barracks, Mary had never been in before. Perhaps there were not many persons in the barracks who had, especially among the women and children. Here lived most of the rich natives, and they had adorned it after their own heathenish fancies and fashions.

Some persons who may read this story, may not have seen a village in India; I shall, therefore, strive to describe it for the benefit of such: for they will hereby be able to form some notion of the difference between a village in Europe. (however poor it may be,) in which the true God is worshipped, where is a church and a clergyman—and a town or village, or *bazar* as it is called, in a heathen land, where the devil is their God, and the people have no other; and learn hence to thank God that they were not born in Sodom, Babylon, India, or any of those heathenish places; and as he that has seen one of them may be said to have seen all, for they are mostly built after the same fashion, I shall describe the one through which Mrs. Browne and Mary passed in their *hackery*, as a sample of all the rest.

The houses in the street were chiefly built of mud, bedaubed with cow-dung, having no windows towards the streets, and doors so low that a child of ten years old could scarcely go in without stooping: and as to a chimney, there was no such thing. The streets were so narrow in most places, that, as the old saying is, two men might shake hands over the way; and filthy gutters and puddles, which are never cleaned, except by some chance shower of rain, were before every door. The houses of the rich were little more convenient than those of the poor, only that they were much higher, some being three or four stories, and having little windows towards the top, which a man could scarcely put his head through; and now and then, a balcony, or railed gallery, on the outside, in which the master of the house, in an evening, is accustomed to sit and smoke his pipe. But what the people esteemed as the chief ornaments of these streets, are the *mosques* and *pagodas*, or temples of their idols.

The *mosques* are the Mussulmaun's place of worship, and are pretty buildings enough without, being built with two round high towers; but, for the most part, they are all outside show, for there is neither furniture, books, nor any thing else in them.

The *pagodas* are the places where the idolaters keep their false gods, and go to worship them. They are dark and frightful buildings, surrounded by high walls, and both within and without set round with horrid shapes and figures of devils, some painted on the walls in flaming colours, some carved in wood, and some in stone;

but all very frightful indeed, and worthy of Satan's head to invent. Now what passes in these *pagodas*, I cannot pretend to say; but I have been told, by such persons as should know, that there are things done in them not fit to be named.

Now, although it was yet scarcely day-break, the *bazar* was all in an uproar when Mrs. Browne and Mary went through. The streets were full of drunkards, reeling home from their midnight revels—fierce and bold women quarrelling with their neighbours—naked children screaming and fighting—miserable infants crying—dogs barking—bells tinkling from the *pagodas*—small drums—horns—creaking wheels—men beating their cattle—wicked cursings and oaths—cries of beggars—groans of the sick, with confusion and every kind of evil work.

“O!” said Mary to Mrs. Browne, “I wish we were well out of this wicked *bazar*”

Mrs. Browne. We think the barracks a bad place; but compared with this, it is like Heaven; and for this reason, that the worst of people who come out of a Christian country have some little notion of God, and of decency; but these poor heathens have none.

Mary. Are all places where God is not known as wicked as this?

Mrs. Browne. The answer to this, my dear, is best made from the Bible, where those who will not know God are thus described: “And even as they did not like to retain God in their knowledge, God gave them over to a reprobate mind, to do those things which are not convenient; being filled with all unrighteousness, fornication, wickedness, covetousness, maliciousness; full of envy, murder, debate, deceit, malignity; whisperers, backbiters, haters of God, spiteful, proud, boasters, inventors of evil things, disobedient to parents, without understanding, covenant-breakers, without natural affection, implacable, unmerciful.” Romans i. 28—31.

Mary and Mrs. Browne could talk together no more till they were quite out of the *bazar*; for what with the noise in the streets, and the jolting of their *hackery*, with the scolding of the driver, they could scarcely hear one word which they said to each other: and they were glad enough when they were fairly rid of all the noise and unpleasant sights and smells, and were come out upon a pleasant open country, lying westward.

The sun was indeed, risen, but being on their backs, it did not trouble them; and the country before them was as green and pleasant as a garden, for it was the finest time in the year—the end of the cold season. Mrs. Browne shewed Mary many groves of fine trees, which she told her were *mangoe-topes*, as they are called, beside which were wells of water dug for the convenience of travellers, with corn fields between the groves of trees which had a most agreeable appearance, particularly after having been through the frightful *bazar* which I have just now described.

“O!” said Mary, “how could we believe, if we had not seen it. that such a pretty country as this could be so near that dirty, horrible *bazar*?”

“This shews, my dear Mary,” said Mrs. Browne, “that it is the vile, sinful dispositions of mankind which make this world so full of ugly sights as it is. Wherever sin is, there is filth and confusion, and every kind of abomination. If Satan could have reigned in the Garden of Eden itself, he would have made it ugly: but we have, thank God, a promise in the Bible, that a time shall come when all the world will serve God, and love the Lord Jesus Christ as their King.”

Mary. What, will there be such a time as that? I never knew that before. I thought that the Lord Jesus Christ would rule, and have every thing as he wishes, in Heaven; but I never understood that, in this world, it ever would be so.

Mrs. Browne. You say, every day in your prayers, “Thy kingdom come, thy will be done on earth as it is in Heaven.” What do those words mean?

Mary. Why, godmother, I don’t know that I ever, in all my life, thought about their meaning.

“Indeed, Mary,” said Mrs. Browne, “we have reason to blame ourselves much in this matter. We ought to know the meaning of every word we use in prayer; above all, the Lord’s Prayer. When we pray for the kingdom of God to come, for the will of God to be done on earth as it is in Heaven, we pray that the time may very soon come, when the true God may be rightly worshipped through all the world, and His holy law kept pure and unbroken, as it is kept in Heaven.”

Mary. Well, those words are plain enough, to be sure; but I never understood them before.

Mrs. Browne. When God made Adam and Eve at first, they were holy and happy, and they had no God or king but the Lord our God; but when they rebelled against God by eating the forbidden fruit, they put themselves under the power of the devil and of sin; and, from that time, the devil, in one sense became prince of this world. Don't you remember what the devil said to our Lord when he came to tempt him?—"And the devil said unto him, All this power will I give thee, and the glory of them: for that is delivered unto me; and to whomsoever I will, I give it. If thou, therefore, wilt worship me, all shall be thine." Luke iv. 6. 7.

Mary. But do all the kingdoms in the world really belong to the devil?

Mrs. Browne. For a time the Lord God has allowed the devil to rule, in some degree, throughout the whole world, and in the hearts of men. If you were to travel into many countries, as I have done, Mary, you would find wickedness in every place, though different in kind and degree. The world is filled with all unrighteousness.

Mary. But that is very shocking to think of, godmother.

Mrs. Browne. Yes, my dear; and it would be much more so, had we not the sure promise that Satan's power would come to an end, and the time, I hope, is not very distant; then "the Lord shall be king over all the earth: in that day shall there be one Lord, and his name one." Zech. xiv. 9.

Mary. How will God's kingdom begin, godmother?

Mrs. Browne. God's kingdom has, I hope, begun already, my dear. When our Lord Jesus Christ came on earth, Satan lost much of his power. The kingdom of Christ did not begin with a show and an uproar, as the kingdoms of great men on earth do. It had, at first, a small beginning, and is compared to a little seed which becomes a large tree. The hearts of men are first changed by the power of the Holy Ghost; they then revolt from the dominion of Satan, and become servants of the Lord Jesus Christ; and every man who is truly changed, tries, as circumstances and duty will permit, to change his neighbour. So the kingdom of Christ grows and increases upon the earth in a quiet way, and will, I hope, in a very few years, that is, in God's good time, have power to overturn the kingdom of the devil.

Mary. O! how lovely and pleasant this world would be, if we all loved the Lord Jesus Christ. There would be none of those dirty barracks, and *bazars*, and black *pagodas*. We might all live out in the fields then, in pretty houses, for there would be no fear of thieves then.

Mrs. Browne. Though I have not my Bible just where I can get it now, I believe I can repeat to you one or two texts where that happy time is described. "The wilderness and the solitary place shall be glad for them; and the desert shall rejoice and blossom as the rose. It shall blossom abundantly; and rejoice even with joy and singing: the glory of Lebanon shall be given unto it, the excellency of Carmel and Sharon; they shall see the glory of the Lord, and the excellency of our God. Then the eyes of the blind shall be opened, and the ears of the deaf shall be unstopped. Then shall the lame man leap as an hart, and the tongue of the dumb sing; for, in the wilderness shall waters break out, and streams in the desert. And the parched ground shall become a pool, and the thirsty land springs of water: in the habitation of dragons, where each lay, shall be grass with reeds and rushes. And an highway shall be there, and a way, and it shall be called, The way of holiness; the unclean shall not pass over it, but it shall be for those: the wayfaring men, though fools, shall not err therein. No lion shall be there, nor any ravenous beast shall go up thereon, it shall not be found there; but the redeemed shall walk there. And the ransomed of the Lord shall return, and come to Zion with songs and everlasting joy upon their heads: they shall obtain joy and gladness, and sorrow and sighing shall flee away." Isaiah xxxv. 1, 2, 5—10.

"And all thy children shall be taught of the Lord; and great shall be the peace of thy children." Isaiah liv. 13.

"But in the last days it shall come to pass, that the mountain of the house of the Lord shall be established in the top of the mountains, and it shall be exalted above the hills; and people shall flow unto it. And many nations shall come, and say, Come, and let us go up to the mountain of the Lord, and to the house of the God of Jacob; and he will teach us of his ways, and we will walk in his paths; for the law shall go forth of Zion, and the word of the Lord from Jerusalem. And he shall judge among many people, and rebuke strong nations afar off; and they shall beat their swords into plough-

shares, and their spears into pruning-hooks; nation shall not lift up a sword against nation, neither shall they learn war any more. But they shall sit every man under his vine and under his fig-tree; and none shall make them afraid: for the mouth of the Lord of hosts hath spoken it. For all people will walk every one in the name of his God, and we will walk in the name of the Lord our God for ever and ever." Micah iv. 1—5.

By the time Mrs. Browne had repeated these verses, they came, by a sudden turn of the road, upon a place where they had a near view of certain little cottages, before which a few cows were feeding by the way side. These cottages had neat thatched roofs, and some of them wanted not small gardens, nicely fenced round. Hard by, upon a gentle slope, was a white *mosque*, built, as their manner is, with two slender round towers; and near to the *mosque* were many trees, and a stone pond full of clear water: so that the place had a very pleasant appearance.

"Well," said Mary, "that is pretty."

Mrs. Browne. Only, if that heathenish *mosque* were turned into a Christian church.

Mary. That would be pleasant, indeed; and I hope, in a few years, it will be so.

Mrs. Browne. Let all who love God and their fellow-creatures, then, pray more and more earnestly, that God's kingdom may come.

By this time, the *hackery* was come near to the houses; but when Mrs. Browne and Mary came close to them, they found that they were not so pleasant as they at first appeared; for all round the houses was very dirty, and the poor cows, that lay before the doors, were miserably thin and wretched. As the *hackery* passed, there came out of the houses about a score of children, both boys and girls, all naked, and exceedingly filthy and bold in all their gestures, and followed the *hackery* for some distance, shouting, and bawling, and using very vile language, as Mrs. Browne knew very well, although Mary was so happy as not to understand what they said.

"Observe, Mary," said Mrs. Browne, "how even yonder little village, which might be so pretty, is made odious by sin; and could sin get into Heaven itself, it would make a hell of it." But I have made this story very long, so I will break off here, and take another

occasion to give you an account of Mrs. Browne's arrival at Mr. Grove's, and of such things as happened there.

Q. How are those described in Scripture who will not know God?

A. And even as they did not like to retain God in their knowledge, God gave them over to a reprobate mind, to do those things which are not convenient; being filled with all unrighteousness, fornication, wickedness, covetousness, maliciousness; full of envy, murder, debate, deceit, malignity; whisperers, backbiters, haters of God, spiteful, proud, boasters, inventors of evil things, disobedient to parents, without understanding, covenant-breakers, without natural affection, implacable, unmerciful.

Q. What did the devil promise our Lord if he would worship him?

A. And the devil said unto him, All this power will I give thee, and the glory of them; for that is delivered unto me; and to whomsoever I will I give it. If thou, therefore, wilt worship me, all shall be thine.

Q. Will the power of the devil in this world ever come to an end?

A. And the Lord shall be king over all the earth: in that day shall there be one Lord, and his name one.

Q. How does the prophet Isaiah describe the happy time when the Lord shall be king over all the earth?

A. The wilderness and the solitary place shall be glad for them; and the desert shall rejoice, and blossom as the rose. It shall blossom abundantly, and rejoice even with joy and singing: the glory of Lebanon shall be given unto it, the excellency of Carmel and Sharon; they shall see the glory of the Lord, and the excellency of our God. Then the eyes of the blind shall be opened, and the ears of the deaf shall be unstopped. Then shall the lame man leap as an hart, and the tongue of the dumb sing; for in the wilderness shall waters break out, and streams in the desert. And the parched ground shall become a pool, and the thirsty land springs of water: in the habitation of dragons, where each lay, shall be grass with reeds and rushes. And an highway shall be there, and a way, and it shall be called, The way of holiness; the unclean shall not pass over it; but it shall be for those: the wayfaring men, though fools, shall not err therein.

No lion shall be there, nor any ravenous beast shall go up thereon. it shall not be found there: but the redeemed shall walk there. And the ransomed of the Lord shall return, and come to Zion with songs and everlasting joy upon their heads: they shall obtain joy and gladness, and sorrow and sighing shall flee away.

Q. When the Lord is king over the earth, who will teach our children?

A. All thy children shall be taught of the Lord; and great shall be the peace of thy children.

Q. What does the prophet Micah say of the time when the Lord is to be king?

A. In the last days it shall come to pass, that the mountain of the house of the Lord shall be established in the top of the mountains, and it shall be exalted above the hills; and people shall flow unto it. And many nations shall come, and say, Come, and let us go up to the mountain of the Lord, and to the house of the God of Jacob; and he will teach us of his ways, and we will walk in his paths: for the law shall go forth of Zion, and the word of the Lord from Jerusalem. And he shall judge among many people, and rebuke strong nations afar off; and they shall beat their swords into ploughshares, and their spears into pruning-hooks: nation shall not lift up a sword against nation, neither shall they learn war any more. But they shall sit every man under his vine and under his fig-tree; and none shall make them afraid: for the mouth of the Lord of hosts hath spoken it.



STORY XXV.

“Give us this day our daily bread.”

IT was not seven o'clock when Mary and Mrs. Browne came in sight of Mr. Grove's house. It was built in a little valley, though airy, and all about it was *jungle*, or wild country, full of trees and low shrubs. The house stood in a garden; it was but small, yet very pretty; for the venitian shutters were all of a fresh green, and there was a neat bamboo piazza round it. Not far from Mr.

Grove's, was a little village, or *bazar*; but it brought no inconvenience to the house, because there was a *tope* of fine *mangoe* trees between.

There were some deer, or antelopes, as they are called, feeding among the bushes, which ran away when the *hackery* came near. Mary took them for goats, and said, that they were the handsomest goats she ever saw. The trees, also, were full of young parrots, hopping about; with many wood-pigeons, or doves, and squirrels running up the trees.

When the *hackery* came up to the garden gate, Mr. and Mrs. Grove came running out to receive Mrs. Browne and Mary, with their little girl and boy, two fine children, both of them looking fresh with the cold weather. Mr. and Mrs. Grove welcomed them heartily to their house, and took them into the hall, where the breakfast was ready.

When Mr. Grove had asked a blessing, they all sat down, for Mrs. Browne and Mary were very hungry; and here Mrs. Browne could not but observe the difference between the behaviour of Mr. Grove's children and that of some children she had seen in the barracks; for they sat at the table without saying one word, and took what was offered them with thankfulness, never asking for any thing that was at the table; and thus they learned to be thankful and contented with what they had.

As Mrs. Browne, and Mr. and Mrs. Grove, sat at breakfast, Mr. Grove said, that he and his wife had lived several years in that place; and that though he was not in a situation by which he gained much riches, being only manager of a gentleman's estate, yet that they had enjoyed much peace, and had been able to bring up their children, so far, in the fear of God. "And though," said Mr. Grove, "we have been sadly shut out from divine service and holy ordinances, having no church to go to, or clergyman, or any such refreshments and comforts, yet, on a Sunday, and sometimes on a week-day, according as business will allow, we meet together, and endeavour, as far as it is possible, to supply this sad want."

"Meet together!" said Mrs. Browne: "who have you here to meet?"

"Why," said Mr. Grove "there is my wife and two children; and we have, in the village, two or three Por-

tuguese men and women, with several children, who are glad to come and hear me read."

Mrs. Browne. And are they able to understand you?

Mr. Grove. The younger sort do, I hope, pretty well; but the old ones, I fear, not so well as I could wish. But I am told that we shall soon have the New Testament printed in Hindoostanee; and, as I can read the language easily, I will get the book up as soon as it is to be had, from Calcutta, and then I hope to read to some better purpose than I have hitherto done.*

After breakfast, Mr. Grove called his little girl to bring him a Bible. So he read a chapter, and prayed; after which, he went off to his business, and left his wife with Mrs. Browne.

Mrs. Grove was a very humble, modest person, and knowing Mrs. Browne to be, for her station, a very clever woman, she was glad to learn any of her ways, particularly as to her management of children. So they spent the morning in a very comfortable manner together; and in the evening, Mr. Grove took them out to walk. When they came in, after tea, he read and prayed again with them: so that Mrs. Browne could not help saying she had spent as pleasant a day as ever she had done in her life.

Mary slept with Mrs. Browne, in a little room which opened into the garden, and early in the morning, she was awakened by the singing of the birds. When she had dressed herself, and said her prayers, she ran out into the garden. There she found the two little children working in a small garden, which their father had given them, and feeding some young rabbits which they had in a coop; and Mary was ready to help them. In this way they entertained themselves for an hour, I dare say, till Mr. Grove, who had been out to look after his servants and work-people, came in at the garden-gate. As soon as the little ones saw him, they ran to meet him, one taking one hand, and another another, and Mary skipping after them. "Well," said Mr. Grove, "what have you to say?"

"Good morning, father—Good morning, father," they both answered—"where have you been?"

* These Stories were written at a time when the fruits of the pious labours of the Rev. Henry Martyn, and the Baptist Missionaries, were unknown in India.

Mr. Grove. I have been making arrangements for the business of the day; so that my business may be conducted in a way to discharge my obligation to my employer and to gain our *daily bread*.

As they came into the hall the breakfast was set upon the table; but Mr. Grove walked through the hall into a little room, where he kept his books and accounts, and taking the little ones in with him, he shut the door, and reaching a Bible down from the shelf, he turned to a place where it was doubled down, and read a chapter. It was the second chapter of the First Epistle of John, a very pretty chapter, in which we are ordered to love one another; and when he had read it, he tried to explain it to his little ones, in as easy words as he could find: after which, they knelt down, and he prayed with them; and the words of his prayer were such as even little Tommy Grove, who was only five years old, could understand. After which, he sent his two little ones to see if breakfast was ready, but he called Mary up to him, and spoke thus to her: "My dear, your father and mother, and sergeant and Mrs. Browne, have taken great pains to make you fear God."

Mary. Yes, sir, they have all taken great pains with me; but I am not very good, either.

Mr. Grove. I am glad to find that you are brought to the knowledge of your sinfulness; and you ought to thank God, who has brought you so early to this knowledge: but it ought, my dear, to make you very much in earnest to profit by every means of grace and instruction which He has put in your way. And now I wish to ask you a question. I saw you look very hard at me in the garden, when I told my children I had been making arrangements to gain our *daily bread*.

Mary. Why, in the Lord's Prayer, we use a petition to God to give us our *daily bread*.

Mr. Grove. True my dear, we depend on God for every thing, but he has so fixed the course of His providence, that our own exertions are necessary, as well as our prayers. Do you not remember a verse in Scripture, which says, "if any provide not for his own, especially for those of his house, he hath denied the faith and is worse than an infidel."

Mary. Yes, good Mrs. Browne taught me that text. But are we only permitted to pray for our daily bread, for one day?

Mr. Grove. The expression means that God of his infinite goodness would please to bestow the necessary food and raiment that every day requires for the sustenance and comfort of our bodies. We are neither permitted to pray for superfluities or riches; nor are we to manifest undue anxiety on their account.

Mary. I know two verses, sir, about being over-anxious for the time to come. "Take no thought for your life, what ye shall eat, or what ye shall drink; nor yet for your body, what ye shall put on. Is not the life more than meat, and the body than raiment?—Take therefore no thought for the morrow: for the morrow shall take thought for the things of itself. Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof." Matt. vi. 25, 34.

Mr. Grove. Well said, my dear; and you appear now to understand, but while we pray to God for our daily bread, we must more ardently pray for that spiritual food, which alone can nourish and strengthen our souls, and in this case as well as in the other, to our prayers we must add our exertions.

Mary. May I shew you in the Bible, for I can't say the verses, that allude to this subject.

"Surely," said Mr. Grove as he handed Mary his Bible; and she turned to St. John vi. 31—34: "Our fathers did eat manna in the desert; as it is written, He gave them bread from heaven to eat. Then Jesus said unto them, Verily, verily, I say to you, Moses gave you not that bread from Heaven; but my Father giveth you the true bread from Heaven. For the bread of God is he which cometh down from Heaven, and giveth life unto the world. Then said they unto him, Lord evermore give us this bread.

"Right, my child; you are quite right," said Mr. Grove: "Jesus Christ is the bread from Heaven which we ought to pray for, day by day; and there is more upon this subject in that very chapter. The Lord Jesus Christ is the stay and support of Christians. If we feed on Him, we shall gather strength from day to day. "Out of weakness we shall be made strong, and walk in the power of the Lord, and in his might." Heb. xi. 32; Eph. vi. 10.

Mr. Grove. And how often should we seek this bread from Heaven?

Mary. We cannot live a day without it. I know, if the Lord Jesus Christ takes his help from us, even for a minute, we shall do something wicked.

Mr. Grove then turned to the sixteenth chapter of Exodus, and read the account of the Israelites receiving manna, day by day, from Heaven; and how they were commanded to gather this manna every day, and not to leave any till the morning. "In like manner," said Mr. Grove, "we ought, every day—day by day—to seek the heavenly nourishment from God, without which, our souls will faint."

Then Mr. Grove went to his business; and Mrs. Browne, charged Mary to keep in mind what he had said to her.

Mrs. Browne and Mary stayed several days with Mr. and Mrs. Grove; and the time passed away so pleasantly, that it seemed but as one day. But it was now right that they should return home. So Mrs. Browne took leave of her kind friends; and said when they parted, "if we do not meet again in this world, we have the blessed hope of meeting in a better."

Q. What warning is given us against being over-anxious about the time to come?

A. Take no thought for your life, what ye shall eat, or what ye shall drink; nor yet for your body, what ye shall put on. Is not the life more than meat and the body than raiment? Take therefore no thought for the morrow: for the morrow shall take thought for the things of itself. Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof.

Q. What is that which nourishes souls when we are born again?

A. Our fathers did eat manna in the desert; as it is written, He gave them bread from Heaven to eat. Then Jesus said unto them, Verily, verily, I say unto you, Moses gave you not that bread from Heaven; but my Father giveth you the true bread from Heaven. For the bread of God is he which cometh down from Heaven, and giveth life unto the world. Then said they unto him, Lord, evermore give us this bread.

STORY XXVI.

“Forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive them that trespass against us.”

THE first news which Mrs. Browne heard when she got home to the barracks was, that sergeant-major James was appointed to be ensign in the regiment. “Well, I pray that it may be for the good of all the family,” said Mrs. Browne to her husband, who was the person that told her the news: “and who is to be the new sergeant-major?”

“Some say one, and some say another,” answered sergeant Browne: for he did not like to trouble his wife till the matter was settled; for the truth was, he had been told, that it lay between himself and sergeant Dawson; the colonel, he heard was for him; but there were others who were more for sergeant Dawson.

Although sergeant Browne was so careful not to disturb his wife’s peace of mind about this matter, there were others as ready to tell her all about it. The foremost of whom was Mrs. Simpson; she saw Mrs. Browne coming by in the *hackery*, and was over the way, from her own barrack, in a few minutes after she alighted. “So, you are come back, Mrs. Browne,” she said. Poor Mrs. Francis has not had a word to throw at a dog, as the saying is, ever since you went; Mrs. Mills being away too. Well, and how did you leave Mr’s Grove? I suppose you have been at prayers three times a day, at least: you’d have it all your own way there. Have you heard the news? Mrs. James, indeed, an officer’s lady! I have not seen her, but they tell me she is a foot higher already; and she carried herself high enough before, every one knows. It’s *Miss Charlotte*, and *Miss Kitty* now. And they have taken the house that was the European shop, next the church, at twenty-five *rupees* a month; and the painters and whitewashers are at work there now. So they will be in before long. Then madam will be a lady altogether; and, I suppose, we poor souls in the barracks must not presume to speak to our old acquaintance.”

“Oh! no,” said Mrs. Browne, “I think you are mistaken, Mrs. Simpson. I am sure Mrs. James will use all

freedom with her old companions which her station will permit."

"O! you were always blind to that woman's faults," said Mrs. Simpson. "Take my word for it, Mrs. Browne, a prouder woman than Mrs. James, high or low, or be she what she will, never wore shoe-leather: and yet, many's the time, I have seen her at the top of a wagon. But people, now-a-days——"

Mrs. Browne. Well, I cannot say, but I always found her civil enough to me.

Mrs. Simpson. Civil, in truth! Why, if your husband does not succeed to the sergeant-major's place, it will be all through her. How have you affronted her, Mrs. Browne?

Mrs. Browne. What do you mean, Mrs. Simpson? I never affronted her that I know of.

Mrs. Simpson. Well, you know best; but, as I said, if you lose the sergeant-major's place, it is through her, and no one else, I can tell you; and I had it from one who knew it well. You had our adjutant's good-will till she went and carried tales against you and your husband, and put it into his head to propose Dawson: and they say they'll carry the day too, for our colonel is not well, and cannot see into things as he used to do.

"And if he could, it might be no hindrance to Dawson," said sergeant Browne; "for he is every bit as fit for the place as I am, and fitter too, for aught I know. I thank you for your good-will, Mrs. Simpson, but I do not wish to trouble my wife about these matters. She and I are well content with what we have, according to the Scripture: "For we brought nothing into this world, and it is certain we can carry nothing out. And having food and raiment, let us be therewith content." 1 Tim. vi. 7, 8. And the rest we leave to God."

"Bless me, sergeant," said Mrs. Simpson, "I suppose, by and by, your wife must not be spoken to. I am sure, I came in kindness to tell her of Mrs. James's bad behaviour, and put her on her guard against such false friends; but if people don't know their friends, I cannot help it." So she walked out of the berth.

Now nobody knows what Mrs. Browne thought of all this, for not one word did she say, good or bad about it to her husband, or any one else; only once she said to Mrs. Francis, "Mrs. James should not have been so unkind to

me as I am told she is, for I never used her ill; but may God turn her heart."

A few days after this, the sergeant-major's place was given to sergeant Dawson. In the afternoon of the same day, Mrs. Browne was sitting with Mary at work, and she remained a long time without speaking; and Mary thought to herself, "My godmother looks grave; I am very much afraid she is vexed about losing the sergeant-major's place, and about Mrs. James being so unkind." For Mary knew all about the affair; and what Mrs. Simpson said about Mrs. James was very true—she had done Mrs. Browne all the ill in her power; for she was displeased with her, and had borne ill-will against her ever since the day she had spoken her mind to her about the management of her children."

Mrs. Browne had been thinking of Mrs. James's unkindness, and felt tempted to be angry with her. She wished to forgive her enemy, but found that she had not power of herself to do it, and she wanted help from God to do so. She sat, without speaking, some time: at length, seeing the child look at her, "Mary, my dear," she said, "you look hard at me—you think I don't look happy. I will tell you the truth. There is a person who has used me ill without a cause, and I am strongly tempted to feel a sinful anger against her. I can say, truly, with St. Paul, 'I know that in me (that is in my flesh) dwelleth no good thing: for to will is present with me' but how to perform that which is good I find not. For the good that I would, I do not: but the evil which I would not, that I do.' Romans vii. 18, 19. The sin that is in me makes me very unhappy. Oh! wretched creature who shall deliver me from the body of this death?"

Mary got up, and went close to her godmother, and said, "Dear godmother, I am sorry to see you unhappy; but would not the Lord Jesus Christ give you grace to forgive that person, if you were to ask him?"

Mrs. Browne. I have asked him, my dear child, many times, and he will, in his good time, answer my prayers, and deliver me from the power of this sin; and so far, already, has he heard my prayer, that he has held me back from taking any vengeance, or even speaking an ill word against the person who hurt me. But he sometimes hides the brightness of his countenance from us, and

leaves us seemingly without comfort, that we may not forget to abhor ourselves, and to give him the glory, whenever, by his holy help, we are enabled to do any thing in the least well.

Then Mrs. Browne asked Mary, if she understood those words in the Lord's Prayer—"Forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive them that trespass against us?" "What is it to trespass against any body, my dear?"

Mary. To trespass against any body, is to do them any harm.

Mrs. Browne. If I hurt any body by thought, word, or deed, I trespass against them. We are taught in the Lord's Prayer, to ask that God will forgive us our trespasses against him, only just as far, and as much as we forgive our enemies. Now, my dear child, it is very certain and true, that without the grace of God we cannot forgive each other. It is quite out of our power. So we ought to pray to God to give us such a view of the love of Jesus Christ, in dying for us while we were yet enemies, that our hearts may feel as ready to love one another, as we are by nature ready to hate and bear malice against each other.

Mary. I never knew that we could not forgive without God's help. Do people never, by nature, forgive each other?

Mrs. Browne. People may forget a mischief done them, in the manner which I will shew you. If a person affronts me, and I do not see that person for some time, the affront may go out of my mind; but, without the grace of God, I shall be apt, when I see that person again, to remember the affront, and grow angry again; and, if the affront is such as is hard to bear. I shall be apt to strive to revenge myself upon that person, or, at least, shall rejoice in their downfall. But when we are led by the Spirit of God, we put away "all bitterness, and wrath, and anger, and clamour, and evil-speaking, with all malice: and are kind one to another, tender-hearted, forgiving one another, even as God for Christ's sake hath forgiven us." Eph. iv. 31, 32.

Mary. There are two more pretty verses about forgiveness, godmother, which you taught me once. "I say unto you, Love your enemies, bless them that curse you, do good to them that hate you, and pray for them which despitefully use you and persecute you; that ye may be

the children of your Father which is in Heaven: for he maketh his sun to rise on the evil and on the good, and sendeth rain on the just and on the unjust." Matt. v. 44, 45.

Mrs. Browne. God give us grace to forgive as we would be forgiven. Lord, have mercy on us, miserable sinners.

Soon after this discourse had passed between Mary and Mrs. Browne, Mrs. Browne reminded Mary that it was Wednesday evening, and bid her put on her bonnet; "For," said she, "I think it will do me good to have a little walk before church-time." I think I mentioned before, that Mr. King had the custom, on Wednesdays and Fridays, of delivering a discourse, after parade-time, in the church, to all such as were inclined to go and hear him; and serjeant and Mrs. Browne were his constant attendants.

So Mrs. Browne and Mary made themselves ready, and walked towards the church. It was a pleasant, cool evening, and they walked slowly along, amusing themselves with looking at one thing and another, as they passed. Just as they came opposite the church-gate, a number of porters overtook them, bearing on their heads chairs, tables, and other articles of household furniture, which they were carrying into a house close by.

Mrs. Browne said, "Those are Mrs. James's things. I suppose they are moving into their new house to-day." The words were scarcely out of her mouth, when a *palanquin* came up, in which was Mrs. James and her daughter Kitty. The bearers stopped to change just opposite Mrs. Browne, and she, striving to look as pleasant as she could, stepped up to the *palanquin*, and asked Mrs. James how she did; but Mrs. James tossed up her head, and gave her only a very short answer, bidding the bearers, at the same time, to make haste.

Poor Mrs. Browne coloured, but she said not one word, either at the time or afterwards, to any person, about Mrs. James's behaviour. But Mary remembered all that passed, and said to Mrs. Francis, the next time she saw her, that she thought it was very cruel of Mrs. James to use her godmother so ill, for she would scarcely speak to her when they met.

I think it was as much as three weeks after this happened, that Mrs. Simpson called one afternoon upon Mrs. Browne. Mrs. Mills was that day come home to the

barracks, and had stepped over to see Mrs. Browne, to thank her for all her kindness to Mary. They were sitting together when Mrs. Simpson came in; "Your servant, Mrs. Browne," said she. "And so, you are come back, Mrs. Mills.—You have been a long time away. Well, and I am just come from Mrs. James's. I have been helping her to put the glasses away, and other things. There was only one glass broken, and she means to make the man pay for it."

"You begin at the wrong end of your story, Mrs. Simpson," said Mrs. Mills, smiling: "we don't understand what you are talking about."

Mrs. Simpson. Why, sure, you know that there was a great dinner at Mr. James's yesterday; and I went to help, and make the custards. There were two-and-twenty sat down to dinner: six ladies, and sixteen gentlemen. It was a capital dinner—every thing so handsome, and plenty. Sixteen *rupees* Mrs. James gave for the turkey; and one of the ladies said, she had not seen such a dinner since she came to Indy. There was a supper; too, and cards. You can't think how handsome the house is furnished—two beautiful sofas in the best parlour, and every thing according. And Mrs. James had a new lace cap on, and worked gown. It's the cap that was at Mr. Dawson's for sale—you saw it, Mrs. Mills.

Mrs. Mills. No; I cannot say I did.

Mrs. Simpson. O! it's all lace and ribbon, and an artificial flower on one side, exceedingly handsome; and Mrs. James looked vastly well in it. And Miss Charlotte, she had on a frock, trimmed all round with pink ribbon: and Miss Kitty's frock was worked in scollops. All the company were in very high spirits. I could hear them laugh quite at the other end of the house. Thinks I, "Mrs. James has got her wish now."

"What's that?" said Mrs. Mills.

Mrs. Simpson. Why, I have often heard her say, and that years ago, that she hoped to live to be a lady, and to entertain ladies and gentlemen at her house.

"But," said Mrs. Mills, "how will all this agree with an ensign's pay?"

Mrs. Simpson. O! it's only, you know, once in a while that they mean to give a dinner, and they have saved a sight of money. Then Mrs. James looks to every thing herself; she will see that she has her penny—

worth for her penny. She won't let any of them black fellows cheat her, not she. Why, yesterday she was at the end of every thing herself; and this morning, she and I have put every thing by with our own hands. I have but just left her, and she is almost run off her legs. She said she would go to bed very early, and try to get a good night's rest.

"I hope," said Mrs. Mills, for Mrs. Browne did not say much, "I hope that poor Mrs. James may not find all this but lost labour, as the Scripture saith, "Ho, every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters, and he that hath no money; come ye, buy and eat: yea, come, buy wine and milk without money, and without price. Wherefore do ye spend money for that which is not bread, and your labour for that which satisfieth not? Hearken diligently unto me, and eat ye that which is good, and let your soul delight itself in fatness." Isaiah lv. 1, 2.

"What, at the Scripture again, Mrs. Mills?" said Mrs. Simpson; "well, I'll leave you to it." So she took her departure; and, as my story is somewhat long, I will break it off here, and give you the rest another day.

Q. Why is it our duty to be content with what God sends us?

A. We brought nothing into this world, and it is certain we can carry nothing out. And having food and raiment, let us be therewith content.

Q. What does St. Paul say of himself?

A. I know that in me (that is, in my flesh) dwelleth no good thing: for to will is present with me; but how to perform that which is good I find not. For the good that I would, I do not: but the evil which I would not, that I do.

Q. When we are led by the Spirit of God, what must we put away?

A. Let all bitterness, and wrath, and anger, and clamour, and evil speaking, be put away from you, with all malice: and be ye kind one to another, tender-hearted, forgiving one another, even as God for Christ's sake hath forgiven you.

Q. If we would be followers of Christ, who must we love?

A. I say unto you, Love your enemies, bless them that curse you, do good to them that hate you, and pray for

them which despitefully use you and persecute you; that ye may be the children of your Father which is in Heaven; for he maketh his sun to rise on the evil and on the good, and sendeth rain on the just and on the unjust.

Q. How are we warned against labouring for that which, in the end, will not satisfy?

A. Ho, every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters, and he that hath no money; come ye, buy and eat; yea, come, buy wine and milk without money, and without price. Wherefore do ye spend money for that which is not bread, and your labour for that which satisfieth not? Hearken diligently unto me, and eat ye that which is good, and let your soul delight itself in fatness.

STORY XXVII.

“Forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive them that trespass against us.”

MARY returned that night, with her mother, to her berth. The next morning, it was said in the barracks, that Mrs. James was very ill; and sergeant Browne, when he came in from parade, in the evening, told Mrs. Browne that he heard she had a high fever.”

“Poor body!” said Mrs. Browne, “I once loved that woman. God give me the heart freely and fully to pardon her all her offences against us.”

“My dear,” answered the sergeant, “it was, I know, partly through her, that we lost the sergeant-major’s place; at least, I know that she did all she could to hinder us from having it; but this matter, I am very sure, has been ordered, through God’s mercy, for our good. As persons get higher in the world, they don’t get happier, that I am sure of: nor better either, as I found when I was made sergeant; for I was so set up when I got my sash and stripes, that, if we had not lost our dear little lad about that time, I should have turned my back, I fear, altogether on the kingdom of Heaven. But God was faithful, who would not suffer us to be tempted above that we were able; but did, with the temptation, make a way to escape, that we might be able to bear it,”

1 Cor. x. 13.

Mrs. Browne. What you say is very true, my dear. I remember all this, and "know that all things work together for the good of them that love God, to them who are called according to his purpose." Rom. viii. 28. And I wish, my dear, that I could do any thing for Mrs. James in her sickness. She used to love to have me about her when she was ill.

Sergeant Browne. If you can do any thing for her, wife, I shan't be the man to put any hindrance in your way; but we shall hear how she is to-morrow.

The next day, early, Mrs. Browne stepped over to Mrs. Simpson's berth, to ask if she knew any thing of Mrs. James.

"She is very bad," said Mrs. Simpson. "I was with her all night, but I have no mind to go any more. If her fever should be catching, I have no notion of putting myself in harm's way, neither."

Mrs. Browne. Would she like to see me, do you think?

Mrs. Simpson. Why, you would not go to her, sure, would you? Why, she would not speak the last time you met.

Mrs. Browne. Who told you that?

Mrs. Simpson. O! I knew it, for all you kept it so close.

Mrs. Browne. I never spoke of it, even to my husband; how could you know it?

Mrs. Simpson. Why, I was told by John Roberts, who heard Mary Mills speaking of it to Mrs. Francis. And I think, Mrs. Browne, that if you do go and see her, after such behaviour, that it will be a very great shame; for what is she better than you or I? Was not she a private's wife, when we came to Indy? And don't I remember, in Hilsa barracks——

"Well, Mrs. Simpson," said Mrs. Browne, interrupting her, "I must get my husband's breakfast, and, after that, I think I shall just step up and inquire after poor Mrs. James, come what will of it."

"Well, take your own way," said Mrs. Simpson; "I know you never take the way of the rest of the world."

After breakfast, Mrs. Browne, having her husband's consent, set off for Mr. James's. On the road, she met Mr. James himself, coming towards the barracks. He accosted Mrs. Browne very civilly, told her his wife was very ill; and said he was sadly troubled to get a white

woman to nurse her; "For," said he, "Mrs. Simpson has set it abroad that her fever is catching."

"Sir," said Mrs. Browne, "if you will accept of my services, I have no fear; for I know my life is in the hands of God—to spare or take away, as he pleases. I will come and nurse Mrs. James."

"Mrs. Browne, that is very good," said Mr. James, "very good indeed." And he turned back, and walked to his house with her, talking very civilly to her all the way. He told her that his wife was very ill, and had been so ever since the day that they had had company at dinner.

When Mrs. Browne came into Mr. James's yard, she could not help observing how neat it was. Every thing too, within, was very handsome, and in great order.

Mr. James took her into his wife's room, where Mrs. Browne was shocked to see how ill Mrs. James was. She was lying upon her bed, in a burning fever, and did not know Mrs. Browne when she spoke to her. No person was with her, but a black woman, beating away the flies; for her children were amusing themselves in the piazza, just on the outside of the room—neither caring for their mother, or taking any notice of Mrs. Browne when she came in.

"My dear," said Mr. James, "here is Mrs. Browne come to see you."

"Mrs. Browne!" said the poor sick woman; "no, I am sure she won't come to see me. I have offended her, and spoken ill of her."

"But I am here, dear Mrs. James," said Mrs. Browne, taking her hand, "and you and I are friends now. I am come to take care of you while you are sick."

Mrs. James then recollected her, and said, "This is good, Mrs. Browne. I wished for you; but I thought you would not come. See, what an end I am come to. I had just got all I wished for in this world, and now I must go and leave every thing."

"My dear," said Mr. James, "how you talk! Pray don't speak in such a manner." And the poor man walked out of the room; for he was surprised and frightened at his wife's discourse.

When Mrs. Browne was left with Mrs. James, she spoke to her again; but Mrs. James seemed to have forgotten her, and took her for Mrs. Simpson, and began

to talk of the dinner and the company, but in a very wild way; and Mrs. Browne could do nothing for her till the doctor came in, and gave her directions how to manage her.

The doctor looked very grave at Mrs. James, but gave no opinion about her state; only he said, "Mrs. Browne, I am glad you are here. You will do as you are desired, and that is a great thing."

Mrs. James lay till evening, without taking the least notice of any one. By the doctor's orders, the room was washed with vinegar, and the children sent out of the house; so that Mrs. Browne began to suspect that the fever was of an infectious sort; but her trust in God was firm, and knowing that she was in the way of her duty, she had no fears for herself. However, she had many sad thoughts about Mrs. James, that the poor woman might, perhaps, be cut off in the midst of her pride and love of the world, without any time being given her for reflection, repentance, or any opportunity of turning to her Saviour, and saying, "Father, I have sinned against Heaven, and in thy sight, and am no more worthy to be called thy child." Luke xv. 21. These were dreadful thoughts to Mrs. Browne. She watched for some occasion of speaking to her about the salvation of her soul, but there was none. Mrs. James was continually either quite stupid, or rambling and delirious. Towards night, her fever got higher, and the doctor ordered two blisters to be put on.

Mrs. Browne sat with her all night, bathing her hands and face with vinegar, but Mrs. James never once seemed to know her. In the morning, she changed again, and became stupid, and inclined to doze; and it was still quite impossible to speak to her about any thing serious, for she could not understand what was said to her. Mrs. Browne stayed with her all that day, and the next night; many and many were the prayers she put up to God for her, as she sat bathing her head with vinegar.

On the ninth morning, I think it was, after her first being taken ill, Mrs. James changed for death. Mrs. Browne, during that time, had never left her, excepting to change her clothes; and all the sleep she got, was in her chair by the bed-side.

On the ninth morning, as I said, just at sun-rise, Mrs. James opened her eyes, looked about her, and recollected

Mrs. Browne, and Mrs. Mills, who had come up to relieve Mrs. Browne. She looked first at one, then at the other, and then speaking to Mrs. Browne, with the voice of a dying person, she said, "Mrs. Browne, are you here? Do you know how ill I spoke of you, and did you all the mischief I could? How could you forgive me?"

"I forgave you," said Mrs. Browne. "my dear friend, by the grace of God; and that grace was obtained for me by the blood of the Lord Jesus Christ—that dear Saviour, who will, if we trust in him, enable us to do greater things than these, and deliver us from the power even of death itself."

"Death!" said the poor woman: "why do you talk of death?"

Mrs. Browne. Because I wish you to apply, without loss of time, to Him who alone can save you in the hour of death.

Mrs. James made no answer, but Mrs. Mills asked her if they should pray with her. To this she, also, made no answer; so they knelt by her bed-side, and Mrs. Browne prayed, aloud, most earnestly to God, to have mercy upon this poor sinner; to send his Spirit into her heart, to convince her of sin, and bring her in deep humility to the foot of the cross. She prayed, that, through the precious blood of Christ, she might be washed from her sins, reconciled to God, and received into glory. While they prayed, she seemed attentive, and began to shed tears when they got up and stood by her.

"O! that I had loved the world and all its vanities less," said Mrs. James, "and loved my Saviour more. I knew what was right—sinful wretch—but would not follow it; and now, now am I undone. O! if I could but live another year—one other year—how differently would I behave. I would lay by all my finery—I would go to the church—I would live close up to the Bible.

"Don't make vain resolutions, dear Mrs. James," said Mrs. Browne, "but throw yourself on the mercy of Christ—throw yourself on his mercy, without condition. He died for you—claim, therefore, his promises: he will not cast out any that come unto him."

Mrs. James made no answer to this, but complained of her head, and presently again lost all recollection; for she was seized with a kind of fit, from which she never recovered so far as to speak. She died very hard,

leaving behind her little comfortable hope of the welfare of her soul.

There was no person in all the regiment, excepting her own husband, who grieved for her so much as Mrs. Browne: for God had heard her prayers, and had not only given her grace to forgive the poor woman her trespasses against her, but had filled her heart with such love and charity for her, that she never afterwards was heard to speak a disrespectful word of her; and if she could do a service to any of her family, she would as the old saying is, have gone through fire and water to do it. And thus we see the mighty power of God in changing the heart of man; and we should be encouraged, when we feel ill-will towards a neighbour, to apply to God, through Christ our Mediator, to take away the malice of our hearts, and to give us grace to forgive him his trespasses against us, as we would be forgiven our trespasses against God. And let us bear this always in mind, that, as we cannot ourselves be forgiven without the blood of Christ, neither can we forgive our brother his offences against us, unless we do it in the strength, and through the power, of Christ; for it is written, "Without me ye can do nothing. John xv. 5.

But to return to poor Mrs. James.—She was buried in the officers' burying-ground; and I was told, by a person who saw it, that her husband put a handsome tombstone over her grave, with her name, age, &c. upon it; but there was not a word from Scripture upon it, though Mrs. Browne much desired it. Her children lived with their father in the house where their mother died, as long as the regiment remained in the place.

Q. Who will preserve us in the hour of temptation?

A. God is faithful, who will not suffer you to be tempted above that you are able; but will with the temptation also make a way to escape, that ye may be able to bear it.

Q. For what persons do all things work together for good?

A. We know that all things work together for good to them that love God, to them who are called according to his purpose.

Q. When we have offended God, what should we say?

A. I will arise and go to my father, and will say unto

him, Father, I have sinned against Heaven and before thee, and am no more worthy to be called thy son.

Q. Can we do any good thing in our own strength, without the power and grace that come from Christ?

A. Without me ye can do nothing.

STORY XXVIII.

“And lead us not into temptation.”

A FEW days after the funeral of poor Mrs. James, Mrs. Mills and Mrs. Francis were walking, in the afternoon, with Mary and little Thomas; and as they passed by Mrs. Browne's barrack, they stepped in to ask her if she would accompany them. Mrs. Browne, immediately put on her bonnet, and they went out towards the great market.

As they walked along, they began to talk about poor Mrs. James, how she had been cut off by sudden death, just when she had gained those very things, for which she had been striving all her life.

“I have been taught in many ways,” said Mrs. Mills, “since I came to this regiment, that there is nothing worth seeking for with any earnestness, but the kingdom of God and his righteousness; for poor Mrs. James is not the first, by any means, that I have known, who, just as they may be said to have got to the tip-top of their good fortune, have been carried away to another world by death.”

Mrs. Browne, then said, “Well, I will own the truth. I was, at the time, mortified when my husband lost the serjeant-major's place; but God has given me grace, since that time, to see my folly and wickedness. Don't we pray, every day, ‘Lord, lead us not into temptation?’ and yet we would rush into those very circumstances which are most liable to draw us into temptation.”

“What you say, is very true,” replied Mrs. Francis, “We are too apt to set our hearts upon the pleasures and great things of this world, although they are, perhaps, the very things which may work our ruin. Very few

of us, I think, take these words in the Lord's Prayer rightly—"Lead us not into temptation,"—or else they could not, at the same time that they repeat it every day, be seeking after the very things which are most likely to tempt them to sin; such things, I mean, as riches, honour, power, and pomps, and vanities."

"What is temptation, mother?" said little Mary, who had hold of her mother's hand.

"You must ask your godmother to tell you, my dear," said Mrs. Mills: "she has a better way than I have of making little folks understand these things. Do, Mrs. Browne, explain this to Mary."

Mrs. Browne. Why, my dear, do you remember one day last year, you and I went to buy a silver thimble?

Mary. Yes, I do. I have got the thimble now.

Mrs. Browne. Do you, also, recollect, Mary, that same day, that your father desired you might have no fruit?

Mary. O! I remember it well.

Mrs. Browne. Suppose, then, that that day I had taken you to a fruit-shop, and stood a long while before it, and eat some fruit myself, and offered you some; then I should have brought you into temptation—I should have been your tempter.

Mary. O! now I understand. But does God ever tempt people to be naughty?

Mrs. Browne. "Let no man say when he is tempted, I am tempted of God: for God cannot be tempted with evil neither tempteth he any man: but every man is tempted, when he is drawn away of his own lust and enticed. Then when lust hath conceived, it bringeth forth sin: and sin, when it is finished, bringeth forth death." James i. 13—15.

Mary. Then, godmother, what does that mean which we say in the Lord's Prayer—"Lead us not into temptation," if God never does tempt people?

Mrs. Browne. Why, my dear, I take this to be the meaning; that, when we say, "Lead us not into temptation," we beg of God, who is the director and ruler of all things in this world, not to put us in any situation, or way of living, which may tempt us to be wicked. It is as much as if I were to say in my prayers, "Lord God, if being rich would make me wicked, pray don't make me rich; if being handsome would make me wicked, pray make me ordinarly in my appearance; if fine clothes would make me wicked, pray keep me from them; if I

can't stand liquor when I see it, pray keep it out of my reach:" and so on.

Mary. O! now I understand what is meant when we say, "Lead us not into temptation."

Mrs. Browne. There are some things which tempt all persons to sin; and those things every man, who wishes to do well, should keep clear of. Some things tempt one person, and some another; fruit, sweetmeats, and playthings, tempt children to sin; liquor tempts some men, and money other men; fine clothes tempt many women to sin; and bad company is a snare to all, both young and old, men and women, therefore, every person should shun the company of such as do not fear God.

Mary. Should we never speak to bad people?

Mrs. Browne. Speaking civilly to people when we meet with them, and doing them a kind turn when we can, is quite a different thing from sitting down to their tables, and holding needless discourse with them. Your mother was angry with you the other day, I remember, for not answering Nelly Price civilly when you met her, and yet she would not have you to go and play with her.

Mrs. Mills. But if Nelly Price were sick, and Mary could do her any good, I would have her to do it, assuredly.

Just as Mrs. Mills spoke these words, they saw two women coming towards them, who were Mrs. Simpson, and the new serjeant-major's wife, Mrs. Dawson, just returning from the great market.

"Your servant, Mrs. Simpson; good afternoon, Mrs. Dawson," said Mrs. Browne, who was walking first.

"The same to you, Mrs. Browne," replied Mrs. Dawson; "and to you, Mrs. Mills; and to you Mrs. Francis. Mrs. Simpson and I have been to buy some cheese-cakes, and two or three more little things which we could not get in our market: for the day after to-morrow will be my son John Dawson's birth day, and we are to have the puppet-show in the evening. I have asked Mr. James's children, Nelly Price, Sally Smith, and Hicks's little lass, with two or three more, to see the puppets. Did you ever see them, Mrs. Mills? But I suppose not; you are not for such things, I know. But, now I think of it, you would make no objection to

Mary's coming, would you Mrs. Mills? Do let her come over the day after to-morrow, at six o'clock, just as parade is over. Mrs. Francis, do let Tom come over too; I shall be glad to see them."

Mrs. Francis thanked Mrs. Dawson, but said that Thomas had a bad cold, and could not go out at night; and Mrs. Mills made a civil excuse, too, for Mary; I don't know what it was. So they parted; Mrs. Mills and her company going one way, and Mrs. Dawson and hers the other.

"O mother," said Mary, as soon as she was out of hearing of Mrs. Dawson, "why would you not let me go?"

"My dear," said Mrs. Mills, "I had reasons for it; and I was afraid you might do something wrong, for you have never yet been out without me or Mrs. Browne."

Mary. O! I would have been very good.

Then said little Thomas, "So I would too, mother, if you would let me go. My cold is not bad."

Mrs. Francis. As to your being good, my dear children, that is what you cannot be without God's help; and how can you expect God's help when you desire to do what your parents don't approve?

"But, Mrs. Francis," said Mary, "what harm can there be in going to see the puppets?"

Mrs. Francis and Mrs. Mills did not choose to tell the real reason why they did not like the children to go, for fear they should carelessly speak of it, and their words should occasion mischief. But the truth was, that Mrs. Dawson was not steady. She was a woman fond of liquor, and not choice in her company; and the houses of such people, in general, are not very suitable for others to go to. So, in answer to Mary's question, What harm could there be in going to see the puppets? Mrs. Francis answered, "Fathers and mothers have often reasons for what they do which children cannot understand; but good children, on those occasions, obey without asking questions; as we should obey God's word without saying, 'Why did God order this?' or, 'Why did he say that?'"

Now, I am sorry to say, that Mary gave way to her naughty feelings; and, instead of subjecting herself, as she ought to have done, to her mother's commands, she began crying and sobbing, and continued doing so all the way home. And when she got home, she went to

her father, and told him what had happened, and begged him to put in a word for her to her mother, to let her go to Mrs. Dawson's.

When Mrs. Mills saw how Mary's heart was set upon going, she gave her consent; for she had a mind that she should learn wisdom, for once, from her own experience; but she said to her, at the same time. "I give you leave to go, child; but I plainly tell you, I had rather you would stay at home. You are putting yourself into the way of temptation; you are going among a set of people who have not the fear of God before them; how, then, can you expect to do what is right? In your prayers, twice a day, you say to God, 'Lead me not into temptation,' and, at the same time, you run yourself into it, and that contrary to my wish; is not this mocking God?"

Mary. O! but, mother, I will be good, only let me go.

"Well," said Mrs. Mills, "I have given you my consent; and Mrs. Francis has given hers to Thomas, as you both seem so full of it.

Little Dawson's birth-day was on Friday, and all Thursday, Mary was busy in looking out her things, to put on the next evening. Mrs. Mills did not meddle with her, so she chose the smartest things that she could find. To be sure, she had not much finery to choose out of, for her mother knew that the love of vain ornaments was sinful; but there was a frock which had been sent as a present to Mary from the lady Mrs. Mills had been attending, which she had never had on, as her mother thought it too showy for a little girl in her station.

This frock Mary took out of her box to wear; and on Friday evening, when the men were gone to parade, Mrs. Mills, to be as good as her word, dressed her in it, and, putting on her a clean bonnet and tippet, she kissed her, and said, "Now, Mary, go to Mrs. Dawson's, it is time. Call for Tommy Francis, and, a little before gun-fire, Mrs. Francis and I will come towards the serjeant-major's to meet you, and bring you safe home."

When Mrs. Mills kissed Mary, and sent her off to Mrs. Dawson's, you would have thought that the child would have been very happy; but it was not so. Her mother's kindness, after her ill-behaviour, cut her to the heart, and, as she went down the steps, she had almost a mind to turn back, and say, "Mother, I won't go—I will stay with you, according to your desire." But she was ashamed

ed, and so she went on. Now it seems a very odd thing, that any body should be ashamed of doing what is right; but alas! so it is, as we must all know by sad experience. But when we feel this wicked shame, we should remember these words: "Whosoever therefore shall be ashamed of me and of my words in this adulterous and sinful generation, of him also shall the Son of man be ashamed, when he cometh in the glory of his Father with the holy angels." Mark viii 38.

When Mary got to Mrs. Francis's berth, she found Tommy ready, in his best jacket; and they set out together, from the barracks, as proud as you can think, for, by this time, Mary had put aside all the thoughts that troubled her; for it is easy to put aside good thoughts, and a very great sin it is. Putting aside good thoughts, is what is called, in the Bible, resisting the Spirit of God; for every good thought which comes into our mind, is inspired by God the Spirit. We cannot, of ourselves, even think a good thought; every imagination of the thoughts of our hearts being, as it is written, evil from our youths.

But to return to Mary; she and little Francis went over to the sergeant-major's. You would have laughed, or rather, I should say, you would have been grieved to see them, how proud they were—Mary in her smart frock, and Tommy in his best jacket. The men were still on parade; but such of the women and children as Mrs. Dawson had invited, were already gathered together when Thomas and Mary arrived.

Mrs. Simpson, and Mrs. Freeman, (corporal Freeman's wife, in the same company with Francis,) and Mrs. Burton, (that is, the late Peggy Thompson that was, now married to sergeant Burton,) and Mrs. Dawson herself, were all sittin' by a large table, on which were three case-bottles of liquor, a fine European cheese, a cold salt round of beef, a large cake for the children, with plums, oranges, sweetmeats, and limes and sugar for punch, all in great abundance; for Mrs. Dawson, although she was not so tasty a body as poor Mrs. James had been, was a mighty woman for having plenty, both of victuals and drunk. For those persons who make a god of their bellies, Mrs. Dawson was the very woman.

In the further room, the man was getting his puppets ready to shew off by the time parade was over.

As soon as Mary and Thomas came in, Mrs. Dawson said, "And so your mothers have given you leave to come at last! Well, I am glad of it; but it was more than I expected. I should like to know, Mrs. Freeman, what harm there can be in a parcel of little puppets dancing? But some people are so particular!"

"I like religion well enough," said Mrs. Freeman, "in its place; but there may be too much of any thing. Have you left your mother reading the Bible, Tommy?"

Mrs. Burton. I never heard so much of the Bible as I did when I was in the hospital with my first husband; poor Thompson. There was Mrs. Browne, Mrs. Francis, and James Law—they were always at it.

"Religion is a very good thing at church," said Mrs. Dawson; "that's my way of thinking; or among the sick or dying. But I can't say I ever had much relish for it myself—I can't say I had."

All this time, Mrs. Simpson was examining Mary's frock. "Why, that's the fellow-frock," she said, "the very fellow, I am sure, to one that I saw at the European shop last week; and they asked fourteen *rupees* for it, and would take no less—for I cheapened it myself, thinking, as I am but short, that, with a broad flounce, it would have made me a handsome gown. Where did your mother get it, Mary?"

"O!" said Mrs. Dawson, "it's the fellow of Nelly Price's frock. I am sure."

"No," said Mrs. Simpson, "it's a deal finer, and the work more delicate. To my mind, Mary's is far the first."

At the sound of her name, Nelly Price, who was in the next room, came running out, with John Dawson, the three young James's, Kitty Hicks, Sally Smith, and several more little ones belonging to the regiment. "What's that you are saying about my frock, Mrs. Simpson?" said she.

"O! I was saying that it is not half so handsome as Mary Mills's," replied Mrs. Simpson.

"But I am sure it is," said Nelly Price.

"You are a saucy hussey," said Mrs. Simpson, "to contradict your betters in that way. But every one knows your good manners."

Nelly Price had her answer ready; and I know not how high words would have run between her and Mrs.

Simpson, if they had not been interrupted by the sergeant-major's coming in, and with him sergeant Burton and corporal Freeman, Tim Greene, a young lad of the regiment, who was much at the sergeant-major's, and who would go any where for liquor, and would do any thing for a glass of spirits.

"Well," said the sergeant-major, "are your puppets, as they call them in my country, ready, wife? But, first, let us have a glass a piece."

"Mrs. Simpson says she is for punch," answered Mrs. Dawson.

"And what are you for, Mrs. Burton?" said the sergeant-major. "Punch too, I'll warrant—you know what's good. Well, we will go and see the puppets, and Tim Greene will make the punch, and send it in—won't you, my lad?"

"I wish I may never have a worse job," said the young man.

"Mind you don't drink it all yourself," said Mrs. Simpson.

"He'll take his share, I reckon," said Mrs. Freeman.

"Put in plenty of the stuff," said sergeant Burton, pretending to whisper, "or you won't please the ladies."

So all the company went in to see the puppet show, and left Timothy Greene to make the punch. Mary and little Thomas went in with the rest of the company, and the man set his puppets to work, and all things went on very quietly till Timothy Greene's punch came in, with a plate of cake for the children. Each of the company took some punch, and Mary and Thomas, seeing the other children helping themselves, thought they would do the same, and they contrived to drink up a good large tumbler full between them; for it was very sweet, and the sugar disguised the strength.

Soon after Thomas had swallowed his punch, "O! Mary, Mary," said he, see! see! the puppets are dancing upon their heads!"

"No, no," said Mary, "*they* are right enough, but the room is upside down."

Thomas and Mary having made so good a beginning, did not stop where they were, but when they had drunk their glass, they helped themselves to some cake. Then Thomas fetched a handful of sweetmeats for himself and Mary, and another glass of the punch, for it tasted

very sweet and good; and so they went on, till, by the time the show was over, they could scarcely see. It was now near evening gun-fire, and time for every one to be at home, for the sergeant-major would have no late doings at his house, for fear of mischief.

When the company arose to go home, Mary and Thomas made shift to stagger to the door; but when they came to the steps of the piazza, Nelly Price came behind Mary, and set her foot upon her frock, and down tumbled Mary, leaving a great piece of her frock behind her, and pulling little Thomas with her, into a drain, which carried the water off; and there they were when Mrs. Francis and Mrs. Mills came up, followed by Tommy's father and sergeant Mills.

"Why, here is Mary and Tommy, I declare," said Mrs. Mills, "both in the ditch."

As sergeant Mills lifted Mary out of the ditch, he said, "Wife, I will never meddle between you and Mary again."

"Well," said Mrs. Mills, "never mind what is past, now, my dear; let us make haste, and get the children home, and put them to bed; God grant that no worse harm may come of this business than what we now see."

So Francis took up little Tommy, and the sergeant his daughter, and carried them home, and put them to bed; for they were so stupid with the liquor, that they did not know what they were about. Poor Mrs. Mills and Mrs. Francis got very little sleep that night, so troubled were they about what had happened.

When sergeant Browne came in from parade the next morning. "My dear," said he to his wife, "one hears odd things, to be sure, now and then; but I have heard something to-day, which, I think, can't be true."

"What's that," said Mrs. Browne.

"Why," said the sergeant, "I was told that little Tommy Francis, and our little Mary, were at the new sergeant-major's last night, and that they both got drunk, and rolled into the ditch which is by the sergeant-major's."

Mrs. Browne then recollected the invitation which Mrs. Dawson had given to Mary and Tommy, and she said, "I don't know what to say. Mrs. Dawson did ask the children, but I thought their mothers had refused to let them go. However, after breakfast, when I have

righted my room, I will take my knitting, and run over to Mrs. Mills's, and see what is the truth of the matter."

Accordingly, Mrs. Browne went over, after breakfast, to captain Smith's company's barrack, and the first thing she saw when she came to the door of sergeant Mills's room, was Mary lying upon her cot, with her clothes on, and her mother bathing her forehead with vinegar.

"What is the matter with Mary?" said Mrs. Browne. "I hope she is not ill."

"She has been very sick," said Mrs. Mills, "and now she complains of her head, so I am bathing it with vinegar; but I hope there is not much the matter."

When Mary saw Mrs. Browne, she began to cry, and put her hands before her face. "Poor Mary is ashamed," said Mrs. Mills. "She has been a very foolish girl, and she is afraid, when you know all, you will never forgive her."

"What have I to do, not to forgive people?" said Mrs. Browne; "I, that am but a miserable sinner myself. Why should Mary think I would not forgive her?"

"But I have been more naughty, godmother," said Mary, sobbing, "than I ever was before, even than I was that Sunday when I rode upon a stick."

"What have you done, my dear?" asked Mrs. Browne.

Mary could not answer for crying: upon which Mrs. Mills, thinking Mary would be easier when her godmother knew all, told her the whole history of what had passed, and how she had drunk too much at Mrs. Dawson's. Mrs. Mills was very much ashamed when she was telling the story.

Mrs. Browne was really grieved when she heard what a sin Mary had been guilty of, and she looked very grave; this hurt Mary more than if her godmother had scolded her ever so much, so that she began to cry more violently. "My dear child," said Mrs. Browne, seeing how grieved she was "do not cry, but strive to be better the time to come; and for what is past, pray to God to forgive you, for his dear Son's sake. Kiss me, and your mother; and though you have done what is very sinful, yet be well assured, that God will pardon you, for his dear Son's sake, if you are truly sorry; as it is written, "Let the wicked forsake his way, and the unrighteous man his thoughts: and let him return unto the Lord, and

he will have mercy upon him; and to our God, for he will abundantly pardon." Isaiah lv. 7.

"I am very sorry," said Mary, "very, very sorry."

"Then lay your head down on your pillow," said Mrs. Browne, "lay your head down, my poor child. God forgive you, and bless you."

Mrs. Browne drew a chair near to Mary's cot, and sat down; and as she wiped Mary's eyes with her own handkerchief, and kissed her, she said, "My dear child, you may, with God's grace, turn what is past to good account, and, from the trouble you are now in, bring forth good. Whenever you repeat these words in the Lord's Prayer, 'Lead us not into temptation,' remember, that when you run yourself into temptation, as you did yesterday, you cannot expect that God will support you through it; and if God leave us, we can do nothing good; but if we fall into temptation, in the way of our duty, then we may have assurance that God will help us."

"Godmother, I don't quite understand you," said Mary.

Mrs. Browne. I will try to make you, then, my dear. Mrs. Francis is obliged to live in the middle of a barrack-room, where she hears and sees much of what is very bad; now if she prays to God, through his dear Son, that he will keep her from being tempted to sin by the evil company about her, she is well assured that God will hear her prayer, and deliver her from temptation. But suppose our good friend, Mrs. Grove, were to leave her pretty house in the country and come to this place, and go and sit in the middle of the barrack-room, would she have any right to expect that God would keep her in the time of temptation?

"No, to be sure," said Mary; "for what business could she have in barracks?"

"In like manner, my dear," said Mrs. Browne, "if we, who have decent and kind friends, will leave them and run into bad company, can we expect that God will hear our prayers, and deliver us from temptation?"

Mary said, "No."

"Well, my dear," said Mrs. Browne, "I have said enough for the present. Take a little sleep, if you can; and I will call again in the evening and see you." So Mrs. Browne, kissed Mary again, and went home.

Q. If a man is tempted must he say that he is tempted of God?

A. Let no man say when he is tempted, I am tempted of God: for God cannot be tempted with evil, neither tempteth he any man: but every man is tempted, when he is drawn away of his own lusts, and enticed. Then when lust hath conceived, it bringeth forth sin: and sin, when it is finished, bringeth forth death.

Q. If we are ashamed of doing well in this world, who will be ashamed of us at the day of judgment?

A. Whosoever therefore shall be ashamed of me and of my words in this adulterous and sinful generation; of him also shall the Son of man be ashamed, when he cometh in the glory of his Father with the holy angels.

Q. When we have done wickedly, what does God require us to do?

A. Let the wicked forsake his way and the unrighteous man his thoughts: and let him return unto the Lord, and he will have mercy upon him: and to our God, for he will abundantly pardon.

STORY XXIX.

“Deliver us from evil; for thine is the kingdom, the power, and the glory, for ever and ever. Amen.”

AFTER parade in the evening, Mrs. Browne and the sergeant walked over to sergeant Mills's, according to Mrs. Browne's promise to Mary. They found the sergeant and Mrs. Mills sitting at the door, to enjoy the evening air; and Mary, who was much better, was sitting upon her father's knee. So sergeant and Mrs. Browne stepped up into the piazza, and sat down by them; and sergeant Mills insisted upon their partaking, with them, of some bread and European cheese.

“Well, my lass,” said sergeant Browne, as soon as he was seated, “how are you this afternoon? What was that which I heard about you and Thomas this morning?”

Mary made no answer, but hid her face against her father's shoulder, for she was much ashamed.

“Come, come, my dear,” said Mrs. Browne to her hus-

band, "Mary is sorry for what is past; let us all forget it."

"Forget it!" said sergeant Browne; "what would be the use of that? So far from forgetting it, I would have Mary call to mind and consider what happened yesterday, every day until her death; that she may henceforward know, that she cannot of herself stand temptation, and that she may say, from her heart, 'Lord, lead me not into temptation, but deliver me from evil.'"

"Very true, sergeant Browne," said Mrs. Mills. "Out of false tenderness, we are apt to make too light of our children's faults; ay, and of our own too, for the matter of that: not considering that there is one above who takes account of them all."

Sergeant Browne. Had we that fear of hell which we ought to have for our children, we should grieve more for their sinful nature, than for any sickness or trouble of body to which they may be liable; but while we are, most of us, over-careful and nice about our children's bodies, we leave their immortal souls to perish for ever, not giving ourselves the trouble to pray for them. But all these mischiefs proceed from want of faith. If we really believed there is such a place as hell, we must needs be more afraid of it; and we should count nothing as evil, but that which tends to bring us towards it.

"I have often thought," said Mrs. Browne, "how I should feel, supposing I could see, on the one hand, hell open before me, with all its flames and torments, and devils; and on the other hand, Heaven with all its glories. If I had such views ever before me, how little should I prize this world—meat, drink, clothes, or any thing else; and nothing would be trouble to me but sin."

Sergeant Browne. And in this frame of mind, with Heaven and hell before your eyes, when you said in your prayers, "Deliver me from evil," what think you, should you mean?

Mrs. Browne. Why, I should think of nothing but to be saved from sin and hell.

Sergeant Browne. Now observe, wife, it is the work of faith to present these things (Heaven, hell, eternity, God, and the Redeemer) in such a manner to the mind, that the believer is as fully assured of their truth as if he saw them with the eyes of his body. For "Faith is the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of

things not seen. For by it the elders obtained a good report. Through faith they subdued kingdoms, wrought righteousness, obtained promises, stopped the mouths of lions, quenched the violence of fire, escaped the edge of the sword, out of weakness were made strong, waxed valiant in fight, turned to flight the armies of the aliens. Women received their dead raised to life again: and others were tortured, not accepting deliverance; that they might obtain a better resurrection: and others had trial of cruel mockings and scourgings, yea moreover of bonds and imprisonment: they were stoned, they were sawn asunder, were tempted, were slain with the sword: they wandered about in sheep-skins and goat-skins; being destitute, afflicted, tormented; (of whom the world was not worthy;) they wandered in deserts, and in mountains, and in dens and caves of the earth. And these all, having obtained a good report through faith, received not the promise: God having provided some better thing for us, that they without us should not be made perfect." Heb. xi. 1, 2, 33—40.

Mrs. Mills. When I hear of these holy persons, who suffered all these things for the love they bore their God, my heart burns within me, and I am ashamed of my own little faith, who can hardly stand the jests of the women of the regiment, but am sometimes ready, from false shame, to turn my back upon my God.

"Here, then, is an occasion to cry, 'Lord, deliver us from evil,' Mrs. Mills," replied sergeant Browne, "for bodily pain, loss, grief, worldly shame, death of friends, all these things may, with God's blessing, be turned to profit and may work out good to the immortal soul; but sin always tends to the ruin both of soul and body in hell."

"What we are speaking of," said Mrs. Browne, "brings to my mind a story I have often heard you tell, sergeant Browne."

"What, the story of the poor family on Bleakfield-Moor, in Yorkshire?" answered the sergeant. "Mrs. Mills has heard me tell it many's the time."

"But I have not, godfather," said little Mary: "pray tell it now."

Sergeant Browne. It is now, child, as much as two-and-twenty years ago, since poor old sergeant Cooper and I, with a lad, (one Sam Waters,) were ordered to go

over the country, from a town in Yorkshire, where we then lay, to Derby: (I forget what was the business.) The first night of our journey we slept at a small inn, or ale-house, just on the borders of a great common or wilderness. The name of which, as Sam Waters told us, was Bleakfield-Moor, and he undertook the next day to lead us over it a short cut towards Derby. Accordingly, we started the next day, by dawn; but we were scarcely three miles from the house where we had slept, when there came on so heavy a storm of rain, that we began to look about us for a place of shelter; but the country was so wild, and bare of inhabitants, that we were drenched through and through with the rain before we came up to a pretty little cottage, standing in a garden. We had no need to stand knocking at the door for we had scarcely come up to the garden-gate when a comely, middle-aged woman opened the house-door, and invited us in.

I remember her words now, "Come in, my good men," said she, "and dry yourselves by the fire. You are heartily welcome." So she brought us in, and stirring up the fire, she made us dry our clothes; and set before us some bread and cheese, and some good beer. Her house was small, but so clean, that, as the saying is, one might have eaten off the floor. She had a son and daughter grown up, two as handsome young creatures as ever I saw in all my travels; only the youth looked somewhat too fair and delicate, for a man.

But the best of all this was, that, as we sat eating our bread and cheese, we found, by the discourse of the good woman that she was one who lived herself, and had brought up her children, in the fear of God. She told us, that she had been a widow some years; but that her husband had died in faith, and on his account she was full of joy, being well assured of seeing him again in a blessed world to come.

"God has always been wonderfully kind to me and mine," added she, "in delivering us from all evil, and bringing blessings out of every affliction. My husband was long sick, and unable to work; but sickness, pain, and poverty, brought him by divine grace, to the knowledge of his Saviour, and, by these means, delivered him from evil."

"You have well spoken, my good woman," answered sergeant Cooper.

"I loved my husband more than my God," continued the poor woman; "but when I lost him, I was brought, by sorrow, to seek higher comfort. My idol was taken from me, I was led to look from the creature to the Creator, and I found rest to my soul. So God has always, hitherto, delivered me and mine from evil; and I hope he will continue so to do."

"*Evil!*" said Sam Waters: "what is it you mean by *evil*, my good woman? Is not the loss of a husband—are not poverty, sickness, and pain—*evil*? To my mind, they are great evils."

"My young man," answered the woman, "I have lived some years longer in the world than you have, and have been taught by experience as well as Scripture, that these light afflictions, which endure but for a moment, cannot be called evil, in the true sense of the word, since they often bring forth an exceeding and eternal weight of glory. Nothing can be called evil but sin; and it is in that sense that I have always used the word when I have said in my prayers night and morning, 'Deliver us from evil.'"

Poor old sergeant Cooper was much pleased when he heard the poor woman speak in this manner. I remember he put out his hand to her over the table, and said, "God Almighty hear your prayer, my good woman, and deliver you and yours from evil, or the evil one, as I have heard it explained."

By this time, the rain had ceased, and we wished to be going; but before we set off, we all knelt together, and prayed, and so took our leave. As we passed through the garden, the handsome youth I spoke of brought us his hat crown full of apples, and his sister presented us with each a posy of fine flowers, which were still wet with the rain. She was a very fair creature; I fancy I see her now. So we went on our way to Derby.

Four years after this, or more, Sam Waters and I were walking through York streets and not far from the great church there, when some one came behind me and took hold of my arm, and who should it be but the good woman who had entertained us so kindly on Bleakfield Moor.

She looked very aged, pale and sickly. "Have you forgotten me, sir?" said she, "To be sure I am much changed since I saw you last, but the Lord has been good to me, and delivered me, hitherto, from all evil, and I trust he will so do unto the end, and that I shall, through a joyful eternity, sing the praises of my Deliverer."

I was glad to see her, and put half-a-dozen questions to her, as it were, in a breath; such as, Why she had left her house? why she was come to York? what made her look so pale? and where her present dwelling-place was? Sam Waters, I remember, put the question, where the pretty damsel was who had given him the posy.

To the last question she answered, with a sigh, "My sweet daughter is happy in the presence of her God, and my son is with her. All tears are for ever wiped from their eyes. They are delivered from all evil, having died in faith. But come," added she, step across the way to yonder alms-house, and I will tell you all the dealings of the Lord with his handmaiden."

So we followed her, and she brought us to a poor little room in an alms-house, where she lived, and made us sit down.

"Alms-house, godfather," said Mary; "what is that?"

Sergeant Browne. Why, alms-houses are small houses built by charitable people for the reception of poor old persons who have no dwellings of their own. There are many alms-houses in England. They are very comfortable places; generally built near a church, that the poor old people who live in them may have an opportunity of going to serve the Lord.

So this poor woman took us to her room, and made us sit by her fire, while she told us what had befallen her. Her story was short; but the afflictions with which it had pleased God to try her, were so mixed and sweetened with mercies, that she, through faith, had far more reason to rejoice than grieve. Her two children had died; the daughter the first year, and the son the second, after we first saw her, both of them in a decline. But, like their father, they had departed in a state of mind so blessed, that their mother had a sweet assurance of their being in happiness. The sickness of her children had wasted her little property so much, and so spent her health and strength, that she had been forced to leave

her cottage on Bleakfield-Moor, and come to York, which was her birth-place, where she had some friends left. "And here the Almighty deliverer from all evil," said she, "has provided me this comfortable warm room, where I have daily opportunity of going to serve Him in his own house; I am kept in perfect peace, and trust I shall be so until my change shall come; and I look to be delivered at the hour of death, through faith in my Redeemer, from all sin, sorrow, and evil, for ever and ever."

When she had finished her story, she would have us join with her in prayer and praise to God for all his mercies.

We were ordered from York the next day, and sent to Hull, where we embarked on board ship for Portsmouth, and I never saw her more; but I doubt not that she is now rejoicing with them that walk in white.

When the sergeant had ceased to speak, "You see, my dear Mary," said Mrs. Browne, "how all our feelings and views are changed by faith; had this poor woman been without it, what an unhappy creature would she have been, when parted from her dear children, her beloved husband, her pleasant cottage, and reduced to an alms-house; but, through faith, she was enabled to rejoice in all these troubles, knowing that God was her friend, and the Friend and Saviour of her family."

Mrs. Mills. Do you remember the verse in Habakkuk, which Mrs. Francis used so often to repeat in the days of her trouble?

Mrs. Browne. Was it not this?—"Although the fig-tree shall not blossom, neither shall fruit be in the vines; the labour of the olive shall fail, and the fields shall yield no meat; the flock shall be cut off from the fold, and there shall be no herd in the stalls; yet I will rejoice in the Lord. I will joy in the God of my salvation." Habakkuk iii. 7, 18.

When sergeant Browne had finished his story, and they had all had as much bread and cheese as they wished, sergeant Mills proposed that they should go out on the parade, to take a little air and exercise. It was as fine a night as you could see in India, and some of the nights in this country are charming. There was not a cloud in the sky, but the moon and stars shone in all their glory. There was a pleasant breeze, which, blow-

ing over the jessamine and orange blossoms, (for there were many orange trees in the gardens near the barracks,) caused a most agreeable and refreshing smell. The river, too, as the moon shone upon it, was seen at a distance; and the country beyond, as far as the eye could reach, was distinctly visible in the moonlight.

Sergeant Browne and sergeant Mills, and their families, were not like many people I know, who would travel round this world, and into the finest countries of it, and take no thought about any thing but victuals, and drink, and clothes, and such things. Sergeant Browne, in particular, was a great observer of the works of God, such as the moon and the stars, the herbs, flowers, fields, and woods, rivers, and seas; and when he saw these things, he used, through them, to praise their Almighty Maker. As he was walking, he took occasion to teach Mary, that all those shining bodies which she saw in the heavens above, were so many suns and worlds, all made by the Almighty Power of God; and that God governed and ruled them by his infinite wisdom; that in their motions they obeyed his commands, and never turned out of the course in which he ordered them to move. Thus he led her to see that God would not suffer any thing to continue in disobedience to him, to disturb the beauty and order of his kingdom; but that all things, be they men, or be they devils, that chose to continue in opposition to him, would, in the course of time, be cast out into outer darkness, where there will be weeping and gnashing of teeth, for ever and ever; "for thine, O Lord," said the sergeant, "is the kingdom, the power and the glory, and will be so for ever and ever. Amen."

"What is Amen, godfather?" asked Mary.

"Amen," answered the sergeant, "is as much as to say, So be it; Let it be so. Amen, in that place, means, Let God's kingdom be for ever."

At that moment the gun fired, and the tattoo began to beat, and it was time for all to be in their beds.

Q. How is faith described in the eleventh chapter of the Epistle to the Hebrews?

A. Faith is the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen. For by it the elders obtained a good report. Who through faith subdued kingdoms, wrought righteousness, obtained promises, stopped the

mouths of lions, quenched the violence of fire, escaped the edge of the sword, out of weakness were made strong, waxed valiant in fight, turned to flight the armies of the aliens. Women received their dead raised to life again; and others were tortured, not accepting deliverance; that they might obtain a better resurrection: and others had trial of cruel mockings and scourgings, yea moreover, of bonds and imprisonment; they were stoned. they were sawn asunder, were tempted, were slain with the sword; they wandered about in sheep-skins and goat-skins; being destitute, afflicted, tormented; (of whom the world was not worthy,) they wandered in deserts, and in mountains, and in dens and caves of the earth. And these all, having obtained a good report through faith, received not the promise; God having provided some better thing for us, that they without us should not be made perfect.

Q. If we have faith, in whom shall we rejoice in affliction?

A. I will rejoice in the Lord; I will joy in the God of my salvation. The Lord God is my strength, and he will make my feet like hind's feet, and he will make me to walk upon mine high places.



STORY XXX.

“Q. How many Sacraments has Christ ordained in his Church?

“A. Two only, as generally necessary to salvation, that is to say, Baptism, and the Supper of the Lord.”

ONE Sunday, Mr. King's sermon was upon the First of Corinthians, the 11th chapter, from the 20th verse to the end.—“When ye come together therefore into one place, this is not to eat the Lord's supper. For in eating, every one taketh before other his own supper; and one is hungry, and another is drunken. What! have ye not houses to eat and to drink in? or despise ye the Church of God, and shame them that have not? What shall I say to you? shall I praise you in this? I praise you not. For I have received of the Lord that which also I delivered unto you. That the Lord Jesus, the same night in which he was betrayed, took bread: and when he had given thanks, he brake it, and said, Take, eat: this is my body, which is broken for you; this do in

remembrance of me. After the same manner also he took the cup, when he had supped, saying, This cup is the new testament in my blood: this do ye, as oft as ye drink it, in remembrance of me. For as often as ye eat this bread, and drink this cup, ye do shew the Lord's death till he come. Wherefore, whosoever shall eat this bread, and drink this cup of the Lord, unworthily, shall be guilty of the body and blood of the Lord. But let a man examine himself, and so let him eat of that bread, and drink of that cup. For he that eateth and drinketh unworthily, eateth and drinketh damnation to himself, not discerning the Lord's body. For this cause many are weak and sickly among you, and many sleep. For if we would judge ourselves, we should not be judged. But when we are judged, we are chastened of the Lord, that we should not be condemned with the world. Wherefore, my brethren, when ye come together to eat, tarry one for another. And if any man hunger, let him eat at home; that ye come not together unto condemnation. And the rest will I set in order when I come."

When Mr. King had delivered the above verses from the pulpit, he enlarged upon such parts of them as were to his present purpose; shewing how the Corinthians had profaned the Lord's table, by making it a place of drunkenness and gluttony, bringing upon themselves, thereby, temporal and spiritual weakness, and, finally, death. Thence, Mr. King took occasion to point out the dreadful nature of the sin those men were guilty of, namely, the profanation of a sacrament; and he concluded his discourse by exhorting the congregation to beware of being guilty of the like sin in any manner, lest they should become liable to the same dreadful punishment.

That same Sunday evening, sergeant Browne was on the main-guard, with corporal Freeman, Timothy Green, and some others, and there they fell into discourse upon the sermon.

"Mr. King," said corporal Freeman, "is a fine comely man in the pulpit, and speaks his words well. I can't say but I like to hear him.

"His sermon to-day," said sergeant Browne, "was a very good one, and touched us all."

"It might be a good one," said corporal Freeman, "but I don't see how it touched us. It was about the Corinthians who got drunk at the Lord's table."

"They must have been queer kind of chaps," added Timothy Green, "to do such a thing as that. I myself love a drop of liquor as well as any man, yet I should never do such a daring thing as that."

"But suppose I could prove to you, Green," said sergeant Browne, "that to all intents and purposes, you have done the very same thing, and that many times too."

Upon this some of the men began to laugh; and corporal Freeman said, "I know that you are an old soldier, Browne, and could almost make a body believe black is white; but as to proving that Tim Green ever got drunk at the Lord's table, I say you can't prove it. I'll lay you eight *ruppes*, to be paid next twenty-fourth, that you can't prove it; and this company to be the judges. So give me your hand upon it."

"Fair and softly," answered sergeant Browne; "I have two objections to make to your proposal. The first is that you have taken my words up wrongly; I did not say that Tim Green had got drunk at the communion table, but that he had, to all intents and purposes, been guilty of the same sin as those Corinthians, that is, that he had often profaned one of the sacraments. And the second objection is, that I never make any bets."

"To say that I have profaned the sacraments, sergeant Browne," said Tim Green getting up from his guard-cot, "is quite out of reason. You will say, next, that I am Prince of Wales, I suppose. Why, in all my life, I never was at the sacrament—no never."

"Well," said one of the young men whose name was Henry Bill, "I would like to hear how sergeant Browne makes out this matter; for I have, for the most part, found the sergeant's words right enough."

With that some of the men got up and sauntered to the other side of the guard-room; but Tim Green and corporal Freeman remained.

"I maintained, from the first," said sergeant Browne, "that I knew Tim Green had profaned the sacrament. Now if Tim Green had but considered the Church Catechism, (for I suppose he has learned it,) he would have recollected that there are two sacraments ordained in the Church of Christ, to wit, Baptism and the Supper of the Lord."

"Why to be sure it is so in the Catechism," said Harry Bill; "but I do not know that I ever considered the mat-

ter before. The time was, when I could have said the whole Catechism from end to end."

"I can't say," said Tim Green, "that I ever was much of a dab at my Catechism; and if I didn't learn it when a lad, I don't see why I am to be plagued about it now." So saying, he turned away, and left the sergeant to talk quietly with Harry Bill.

"The Church Catechism," said the sergeant, "is very hard to be understood by children: but still, it is good for them to commit the words of it to memory, that they may be able to turn back to them, when a better understanding comes to them."

"I rue, sergeant," said Harry.

Sergeant Browne. The Catechism says that Christ has ordained two sacraments in his church,—Baptism, and the Lord's Supper. Do you know, Bill, what the word sacrament means?

"Sacrament—sacrament," said Harry, "no, sergeant, I cannot say that I do rightly."

Sergeant Browne. I remember once, hearing that the first meaning of the word sacrament signifies the oath by which the Roman soldiers bound themselves to their general. A sacrament is explained to be an outward and visible sign of an inward and spiritual grace, given unto us, ordained by Christ himself, as a means whereby we receive the same, and a pledge to assure us thereof."

"Why, sergeant," said Harry, "I am now as much in the dark as ever. Those words are from the Catechism, to be sure; but, as I said before, I never did understand the Catechism."

"Then," said the sergeant, "I will endeavour to make you understand this part of it. Before our Lord Jesus Christ ascended into Heaven he directed his servants, from thenceforward, till he should return again, to do two things, as signs, or tokens of certain benefits which they are to receive from him. First, that they were to meet at certain times to take bread and wine, as a sign that they accept his body broken, and blood shed for their salvation; and he has promised us, that, if we will do this in faith, our souls shall be strengthened and refreshed by grace from Heaven, in the same manner as our bodies are strengthened by bread and wine. This is one of the sacraments ordained by Christ, and is called the Lord's Supper. The second is Baptism. Christ, when

on earth, commanded his disciples to go and baptize all people, washing them with water, as a sign that the blood of Christ washes them from their sins. If we receive the sacrament of Baptism in faith, the Holy Spirit will give us a new nature—we shall die unto sin, and be born again to righteousness.”

“Then,” said Harry Bill, “I am to understand that the Lord’s Supper is one of the sacraments ordained by Christ our Lord, and Baptism the other.”

“Yes,” said the sergeant, “and both of these are outward signs or tokens, ordained by Christ himself; by which signs, if received in faith, inward and spiritual blessings are conveyed to us. Thus, when we eat the bread and drink the wine in humility and faith, the body and blood of Christ is given to us for the strengthening and refreshing of our souls; and when our bodies are washed with the water of Baptism, the Holy Spirit cleanses our filthy and sinful souls, and gives them a new nature, that is, provided we have faith.”

“Then why,” said Harry Bill, “do they baptize little children? How do they understand any thing about faith, and such things?”

Sergeant Browne. Why, here again the Church Catechism will help you out, “because they promise them by their sureties; which promise, when they come to age, themselves are bound to perform.”

Harry Bill. Sureties, ah! those are the godfathers and godmothers, who are to answer for the child, that it shall be brought up a Christian.

“And now, said the sergeant, “I have explained the nature of the two sacraments, I will explain to you how Tim Green was guilty of the same sin with the Corinthians. It was but last Sunday fortnight he stood for private Hawes’s child. When he came into the church, and answered for the child, before God and in the face of the congregation, that it should renounce the devil and all his works, the pomps and vanities of this wicked world, and all the sinful lusts of the flesh; that it should believe all the articles of the Christian faith; and that it should keep God’s holy will and commandments, and walk in the same all the days of its life;—I’ll be bound to say, he did not understand one word of what Mr. King said. And after having passed his word for these things, he went home, and with the father and

mother, and other gossips, got so beastly drunk, that not one of them could walk to their beds. Now if that is not profaning a sacrament, and much the same sin as the Corinthians were guilty of, I never was more mistaken in my life."

"To my mind," said Harry Bill, "you have made your words good, sergeant; and what's more, you have let me quite into a new light about these things. I think I must rub up my Catechism a little, for there is a deal more in it than I thought of."

"Do, my lad," said the sergeant, "and I shall always be glad to explain any thing to you; so come now and then, and take a quiet cup of tea with me and my wife."

Harry Billy thanked the sergeant, and then the discourse dropped, for Harry was called for sentry.

Q. What account is given in the first of Corinthians of the sacrament of the Lord's Supper?

A. When ye come together therefore into one place, this is not to eat the Lord's Supper. For in eating, every one taketh before the other his own supper: and one is hungry, and another is drunken. What! have ye not houses to eat and drink in? or despise ye the Church of God, and shame them that have not? What shall I say to you? shall I praise you in this? I praise you not. For I have received of the Lord that which also I delivered unto you, That the Lord Jesus, the same night in which he was betrayed, took bread: and when he had given thanks, he brake it, and said, Take eat; this is my body, which is broken for you: this do in remembrance of me. After the same manner also he took the cup, when he had supped saying, This cup is the new testament in my blood: this do ye as oft as ye drink it, in remembrance of me. For as often as ye eat this bread, and drink this cup, ye do shew the Lord's death till he come. Wherefore, whosoever shall eat this bread, and drink this cup of the Lord, unworthily, shall be guilty of the body and blood of the Lord. But let a man examine himself, and so let him eat of that bread and drink of that cup. For he that eateth and drinketh unworthily, eateth and drinketh damnation to himself, not discerning the Lord's body. For this cause many are weak and sickly among you, and many sleep. For if we would judge ourselves, we should not be judged. But when we are judged,

we are chastened of the Lord, that we should not be condemned with the world. Wherefore, my brethren, when ye come together to eat, tarry one for another. And if any man hunger, let him eat at home; that ye come not together unto condemnation. And the rest will I set in order when I come.

STORY XXXI.

Continuation on the Sacraments.

WHEN sergeant Browne came off duty on Monday morning, he related the conversation he had had upon the subject of the sacraments to his wife, lamenting the ignorance in which so many, called Christians, were brought up.

Mrs. Browne, bearing this story in mind, resolved to question Mary upon these subjects, the next time that she had an opportunity.

It happened, the following Wednesday evening, that Mrs. Mills sent Mary to go with Mrs. Browne to church. They arrived at the church door at the usual time, but found the church empty, the men having been kept on parade longer than usual. It was a very sultry evening, and the blossoms of the jessamine in the adjacent gardens filled the air with a faint sweet. Mrs. Browne, while she sat waiting for the congregation, took the opportunity of examining her little goddaughter respecting her knowledge of the meaning of the second part of the Catechism.

"I think Mary," said Mrs. Browne, that there is no portion of the first part of the Catechism which we have not gone over together many and many a time. You are now come to an age in which you ought to be made to understand the second part: that is, the part relating to the sacraments. I know that you can repeat all the answers perfectly well. What is the first question in the second part of the Church Catechism?"

Mary. "How many sacraments hath Christ ordained in his Church?"

Mrs. Browne. What do you mean by the Church of Christ?

Mary. I remember almost the very words which Mr. King said about it once when he was catechising us: "The visible Church of Christ, is a congregation of faithful men, in which the pure word of God is preached, and the sacraments duly administered;" (19th Article) who say that they are Christians, and who have God's word preached to them, and his sacraments administered to them.

Mrs. Browne. You are right, my dear. And now tell me how many sacraments the Lord Jesus Christ has appointed in his church.

Mary. May I answer from the Catechism?

Mrs. Browne. To be sure you may.

Mary. "Two, only, are generally necessary to salvation: that is to say, Baptism and the supper of the Lord."

Mrs. Browne. You say that there are two sacraments only, Baptism and the Supper of the Lord; and that they are generally necessary to salvation:—what do you mean by "generally necessary to salvation?"

Mary considered a little while and then said, that she did not know what those words meant.

"Why, my dear," replied Mrs. Browne, "the plain meaning is this: that those who would be saved ought to partake of these sacraments when it is in their power so to do; but should it not be in their power, or in the power of their friends for them, in the case of a baby dying as soon as it is born, before it can be baptized, or people living where they have no opportunity of receiving the Lord's Supper, we do not suppose that such persons are condemned to eternal misery because they were unable to partake of the sacrament; therefore, we do not say that they are *always* necessary to salvation, but only *generally* necessary."

Mary. I understand now, godmother.

Mrs. Browne. Can you tell me where, and in what manner, our Saviour appointed the sacraments; and first, the Lord's Supper: when did our Lord ordain that we should eat bread and drink wine in remembrance of him?

Mary. The same evening when he was going to be crucified he gave this command to his disciples. I have

often read the account of it in different places of the New Testament.

Mrs. Browne. You have your Bible with you; can you turn to one of these passages now?

Mary. Yes; in Matt. xxvi. 26—28. “And, as they were eating, Jesus took bread, and blessed it and brake it, and gave it to the disciples, and said, Take eat; this is my body. And he took the cup, and gave thanks, and gave it to them, saying, Drink ye all of it; for this is my blood of the new testament, which is shed for many for the remission of sins.”

Mrs. Browne. And where do we find the sacrament of Baptism ordained by Christ?

Mary. I think that our Lord appointed this sacrament just as he was about to ascend into Heaven.—Stop, I have found the place, in Matt. xxviii. 19. “Go ye, therefore, and teach all nations, baptizing them in the name of the father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost.”

Mrs. Browne. Our next question, Mary, is, What meanest thou by this word sacrament?

Mary considered, and then said, “I know the words of the Catechism in answer to that question; but I do not know what the words mean.”

“Well,” said Mrs. Browne, “as there is nobody come yet, and I still hear the drum on parade, we shall, perhaps have time to consider the meaning of these words; therefore let me hear you repeat them.”

Mary. “I mean an outward and visible sign of an inward and spiritual grace, given unto us, ordained by Christ himself, as a means whereby we receive the same, and a pledge to assure us thereof.”

Mrs. Browne. Our Lord Jesus Christ, by his death, procured for us certain favours and privileges, to which we had no right or title whatever, before he had suffered the punishment of our sins; of which privileges the outward ordinance of the sacrament are a sign.

Mary. I do not understand this, godmother. How did our Lord obtain privileges for us by his death?

“I think,” said Mrs. Browne, “that I can tell you a story which may, perhaps, make you understand this better. When I was very young, I went to a school where there were a great many children, and among the rest, two brothers, the eldest of whom was a fine healthy noble boy, and the youngest a very sickly, and also a very

naughty one. This bad boy was very prone to stealing, and had often been found robbing his master's garden. He had, also, taught several others in the school to follow his example; so that the sin of stealing was become so common in the school, that the master (being willing to check it at any rate) promised, that he would give certain rewards of books and fruit, and allot a new and pleasant play-ground, to such children as kept themselves clear from this great sin which infested the school; and he threatened, also, to inflict a punishment of twenty strokes of the whip, and a week's confinement, on every child that was guilty of stealing.

"Some days after these promises and threats had been made, another robbery was committed in the master's garden; and after examination, it was traced up to the younger of the two brothers, of whom I before spoke; the same naughty boy who had been the beginning of all the mischief in the school.

"He was accordingly brought before the master, his back was stripped, and the horsewhip held over him, in the presence of all his school-fellows, when his brother stepped forward, and spoke to the master to this effect: 'Sir, I am not come to defend my brother. He is a wicked boy, and well deserves the punishment you are going to inflict upon him; but, at the same time, I well know, from the weakness of his body, and his very bad health, that he cannot well bear what he deserves to suffer. I beg, therefore, to be allowed to stand in his place, to bear his punishment, and in all things to be treated as he ought to be; at the same time, I request that he, in my place, may be permitted to partake of the books, pleasant fruit, and other favours which I enjoy through your goodness, sir. I have great hope, if this request is granted to me, that my brother will see and lament his faults, and will, with God's blessing, never again be guilty of the like.'

"The master could not but admire this noble boy, and would have remitted the punishment; nevertheless, to shew that his laws must not be broken, he suffered him to be punished on his brother's account. So this noble boy received the twenty strokes and was confined for a week; while his brother partook of the pleasures which he had procured for him by undergoing his punishment."

Mary. But the naughty boy could not be happy when he thought what his kind brother was suffering for him.

“No,” answered Mrs. Browne, “he was not happy till his brother’s troubles were over, and then he rejoiced with him; and, for the love he bore him, never was again guilty of the same sin. But to return to what I wanted to make you understand by this story. As the good boy, by standing in his brother’s place, procured for him, the favour of being allowed to share in the plays and rewards of the good children; so our Lord Jesus Christ, by bearing our punishments, procured for us certain favours and blessings, which favours and blessings are conveyed to us by his sacraments, if we receive them in faith. Thus, every sacrament has an outward and visible part, a part which we see and understand by our senses; and an inward, or hidden, part which we can only comprehend by faith.”

Mary. I do not quite understand this, godmother.

Mrs. Browne. Perhaps you may understand it better when we have gone on a little further with our questions. What is the outward visible sign, or form, in baptism?

Mary. “Water; wherein the person is baptised in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost.”

Mrs. Browne. Water is made the sign, or outward form, in Baptism, because it is the means of common washing and cleansing; thus, the water of Baptism is an emblem of the cleansing and sanctifying power of the Holy Spirit.

Mary. Do people, when they are washed with the water of Baptism, always receive the Holy Spirit, godmother?

Mrs. Browne. I have myself no doubt but that when the sacrament of Baptism is administered in faith, it is invariably blessed; faith can render any religious ordinance effectual, provided the heart be duly prepared by repentance. But on such as receive Baptism without repentance, and without faith, no salutary effect is produced. Their hearts are like a beaten road, on which nothing will grow; and, of course, we see some on whom Baptism produces no effect.

Mary. Pray explain this a little more, godmother.

Mrs. Browne. Why, my dear, we are commanded, in Heb. x. 25, not to forsake the assembling ourselves together in prayer; but if we meet, as we are too apt to

do, in the church, merely to shew our fine clothes, and to see those of our neighbours, we cannot expect the blessing of God to be poured upon this ordinance; neither can we expect God's blessings and graces to accompany the outward signs of the sacraments, unless these sacraments are received in faith, and with a right spirit.

Mary. If a person is baptized in faith, what blessing will he receive, godmother?

Mrs. Browne. "A death unto sin, and a new birth unto righteousness; for being by nature born in sin, and the children of wrath, we are hereby made the children of grace."

Mary. "A death unto sin, and a new birth unto righteousness!" So, when people are baptized in faith, they are washed outwardly with water, which is the outward and visible sign, or form, in baptism; and their hearts are made clean, which is the inward and spiritual grace.

Mrs. Browne. I believe we may venture to say, that Baptism, when administered in repentance and faith, is always blessed; but it may be viewed as the mere commencement of the christian life; but if the means of grace be applied, from this commencement, from this spiritual birth, the person will advance to the full maturity of the Christian character.

Mary. But when people have new hearts, we may know by their behaviour; may not we, godmother?

Mrs. Browne. Yes, my dear: it is written in the Bible, "Who-ever is born of God doth not commit sin: for his seed remaineth in him: and he cannot sin, because he is born of God." 1 John iii 9. "For whatsoever is born of God overcometh the world: and this is the victory that overcometh the world, even our faith." 1 John v. 4. But, then, this excellence of conduct must be when the new nature is advancing to maturity. The babes in Christ are weak, frequently liable to fall, and requiring the constant support of their Father's hand. Those who are more advanced in the heavenly course, are equally dependent on God for strength and assistance; but they know where to look for this assistance, and suffer not their lamps to go out for want of oil, as the foolish virgins did. Matt. xv. Can you tell me, *Mary*, what is required of persons to be baptized?

Mary. "Repentance whereby they forsake sin, and

faith whereby they stedfastly believe the promise of God made to them in that sacrament."

Mrs. Browne. That is they must be sorry and turn away from their sins; and must stedfastly believe the promises which God has made to those who are baptized.

Mary. But, godmother, if it is so necessary to repent and to have faith before we are baptized, why do people baptize little babies? They cannot repent or believe.

Mrs. Browne. Why, my dear, little babies certainly cannot understand these things, but they are admitted into the Christian Covenant, and if when they come to mature age, they comply with the condition of this covenant, the holy spirit will sanctify their hearts and prepare them for God's everlasting kingdom. But I hear the band playing, parade is over, and here comes James Law and the other men, so we must go into church; and I hope that we shall have an opportunity of talking a little more upon this subject another day.

Q. When was the sacrament of the Lord's Supper ordained?

A. And as they were eating, Jesus took bread, and blessed it, and brake it, and gave it to the disciples, and said, Take, eat; this is my body. And he took the cup, and gave thanks, and gave it to them, saying, Drink ye all of of it, for this is my blood of the new testament, which is shed for many for the remission of sins.

Q. When was the sacrament of Baptism ordained?

A. Before our Saviour ascended into Heaven he said to his apostles, Go ye, therefore, and teach all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father, and the Son, and the Holy Ghost.

Q. What command have we concerning assembling ourselves together to prayer?

A. Not forsaking the assembling of ourselves together, as the manner of some is; but exhorting one another: and so much the more as ye see the day approaching.

STORY XXXII.

“A death unto sin, and a new birth unto righteousness; for being by nature born in sin, and the children of wrath, we are hereby made the children of grace.”

Soon after this conversation had passed between Mrs. Browne and Mary, an order came for the men to march against a certain fort, which was held to be very strong. It was a great grief to many of the poor women to part with their husbands: but it was the will of God, and what could be done? Mrs. Browne, Mrs. Mills, and Mrs. Francis, were full of trouble upon the occasion; but they trusted their husbands with God, and so found comfort.

When the men marched, the women were all put in two ranges of the barracks: and in each of the little rooms appointed for the sergeants, were two sergeants' wives. As Mrs. Browne was in one of the ranges set apart for the women, she was not obliged to move: but she was ordered to receive another woman into her room. She begged hard for Mrs. Francis, but as Mrs. Francis was not a sergeant's wife, it was not allowed; and Mrs. Mills was gone out to nurse some lady.

So Mrs. Browne could not have the company of either of her friends; but she determined to be satisfied with what companion Providence might give her. Accordingly, towards evening, after the men were gone, while she was sitting in her little room, with Mary, who was to be left with her while her mother was out, Mrs. Barnes, a sergeant's wife of the regiment, came up to the door with half-a-dozen or more porters, conveying her cot, and other things.

Mrs. Barnes looked in at the door, and seeing Mrs. Browne, said, “Come Mrs. Browne, you must move some of those things, or else where am I to put my cot, and table, and my big chest?”

“What are you coming here, Mrs. Barnes?” said Mrs. Browne.

“To be sure, I am,” said Mrs. Barnes. “Where else am I to go? all the other rooms are full. I should have been here three hours ago, but I could not get porters. Here,” said she, calling to the men without, “set down

those things, and come in and lift that cot." So saying, she directed them to move Mrs. Browne's cot to that side of the room next the piazza. Then, setting her back against the wall, "Here my cot will stand very well," she said, "and there I shall put my table." So she directed the porters accordingly.

"But," said Mrs. Browne, meekly, "you will take up all the room, Mrs. Barnes! Remember, that I have a child with me, and you are alone."

Mrs. Barnes made no answer, but kept bustling and settling her things to her own liking, Mrs. Browne thinking it best to let her have her own way, fixed her own things on the side that was left her as well as she could, and sat down with Mary again at her little table.

"Is that girl to be with you all the time the men are out?" said Mrs. Barnes, while she was rubbing her chest.

Mrs. Browne did not answer, till Mrs. Barnes put the question again, "Is Mills's girl to be with you, Mrs. Browne all the time the men are out? Where's her mother? Can't she go to her?"

"Mrs. Mills is gone to attend a lady," said Mrs. Browne, quietly.

"She had better stay at home, and mind her own affairs," answered Mrs. Barnes. Mrs. Browne coloured, but made no reply.

By the time Mrs. Barnes had settled herself, and taken the best and largest half of the room, Mrs. Browne had set her tea-things, and the cook brought in the tea-kettle, and a little cake, which she had made for herself and Mary.

"I wonder where my cook-boy is," said Mrs. Barnes, looking at Mrs. Browne's tea-table. "I told him where to come, but I don't see him. I fear I sha'n't get any tea to night."

Mrs. Browne pretended not to hear her, but gave Mary her tea, and told the child that she should have some cake when she had eaten a slice of bread.

Mrs. Barnes then came and stood so near Mrs. Browne, while she pretended to be looking out for the cook-boy, that Mrs. Browne could not, in common civility, help asking her if she would sit with them, and partake of what they had.

"I am not hungry," she answered, "but I have been stirring, till I am quite dry: I'll take a cup with you, if

you please." So saying, she sat down, and fell to so heartily, that in a very little time, she had eaten up the best part of the cake. Mrs. Browne, who had been pouring out the tea, was a little surprised when he saw the plate nearly empty: however, she took what was left, and gave it to the child.

After tea, Mrs. Browne said, "it is our custom, Mrs. Barnes to read a chapter or two in the Bible, and pray, before we go to bed: you have no objection, I suppose. Mary get your Bible."

In answer to this, Mrs. Barnes yawned aloud saying, "I was up so early, that I am half dead with sleep." Then looking through the door, into the great barrack-room, she saw two or three of her acquaintance, and went out to them, leaving Mrs. Browne and Mary to themselves. But Mary had scarcely half read her chapter when Mrs. Barnes came back again with Mrs. Simpson, Sally Hicks, and two or three more women. They sat themselves down at the side of Mrs. Barnes's cot on her chest, and talked over all the news of the regiment, telling such tales as Mrs. Browne was grieved that Mary should hear.

Mrs. Browne told Mary to go on reading, but finding her voice could not be heard among the voices of the women, she bid her shut her book, and took her with her to bed. There the poor woman, what with being parted from her husband, and what with the disagreeable ways of her companion, felt so sad at heart, that she could not help crying till she fell asleep.

The next morning, Mrs. Barnes was up early, brushing and cleaning; and when Mrs. Browne's breakfast was ready, she begged to be allowed to partake of it with her. After breakfast, she made a proposal that they should eat together, and Mrs. Browne was to be manager.

Mrs. Browne consented to this, as she was willing to please every one, as far as lay in her power. Mrs. Barnes knew that Mrs. Browne was an excellent manager, and her honesty was known through all the regiment: so Mrs. Barnes seemed well satisfied; and as Mrs. Browne was forced to remain in the same room with her, it signified little to her whether they ate together or not.

While they sat at their meals, Mrs. Barnes used to talk almost without ceasing, and that for the most part,

about herself and her own concerns, and of her only son, by a former husband, whom she had left in Europe with her friends. If she mentioned any of her neighbours, it was always to find fault with them: so that it seemed that she thought well of no one but herself and her son.

It was in vain for Mrs. Browne to try to say a word about religious matters; Mrs. Barnes constantly put by the subject, and that not always in the civilest manner. When Mary was reading her bible in the evening, she would interrupt her, sometimes by talking loud to some one in the next room, and sometimes by singing scraps of songs, or rattling the keys in the locks. Mrs. Browne for peace sake, bore with a great deal; however she thought it her duty to speak her mind, when Mrs. Barnes did any thing very wrong.

One day, a woman of the regiment came in haste, and said that there was a black fellow selling some rum, very cheap, in a small house behind the barrack. "By his manner," said the woman, "I think he has stolen the liquor."

"Where is he?" said Mrs. Barnes.

"Lend me half a *rupee*," said the woman, "and I'll shew you "

"Don't go," said Mrs. Browne; "dont have any thing to do with their stolen goods. Pray be advised by me."

"But, indeed, I shall not be advised by you," said Mrs. Barnes, as she bustled away. "I am not such a fool as you neither." So she went and bought two bottles of rum, very cheap; and as long as it lasted, she went to bed every night, if not quite drunk, not above half sober.

Another day, Black John called and brought Mrs. Browne a present of a very nice little ham: part of which Mrs. Browne dressed every day for herself and Mrs. Barnes, till it was gone. At the same time, a friend sent Mrs. Barnes a few pounds of sugar-candy, and a pound of European cheese, which Mrs. Barnes carefully locked in her chest, without saying a word of it to Mrs. Browne. This Mrs. Browne passed by; but, soon after, Mrs. Barnes did a thing which she thought it her duty to notice.

Sergeant Barnes in receiving the company's pay, some time back, had by chance, received a bad *rupee* which had

tain by for a long time. Just before he marched, he gave it to his wife, bidding her make as much of it as she could. She once endeavoured to pass it to Mrs. Browne, when paying her for what she had spent on her account for the table; but Mrs. Browne, perceived that it was a bad one, and refused to take it: without, however, saying any thing further at that time to Mrs. Barnes.

Shortly after, one cool and very pleasant afternoon, Mrs. Browne said to Mary, "I must give Black John's wife something; for though he desires no return, yet I would not take the poor man's ham, and give him nothing. We will go over this evening to the great market, and see if we can meet with a pretty bit of chintz, to make the poor woman a petticoat."

"O! I should like to go, godmother," said Mary.

When Mrs. Barnes heard where they were going, she proposed to go with them: accordingly, they all went. When they came to the shop, Mrs. Browne chose a piece of chintz for Black John's wife, and paid for it; Mrs. Barnes, also chose a piece for herself, and laying down the money, which came to four *rupees*, she was bustling away, but the merchant called after her, and said that one of the *rupees* which she had given him was bad. At first, Mrs. Barnes pretended not to hear: but the man called so loud, that she was forced to stop. "What's that you say?" she said.

"Why, you have given me a bad *rupee*," said the man.

"Not I. I am sure. It must be this lady," said Mrs. Barnes, pointing to Mrs. Browne.

"No, no," said the man. "it was you. That lady gave me very good money. I have known her long. She never wrongs a poor man."

"Nor I. either, you saucy fellow," said Mrs. Barnes.

"But here is the *rupee*," said the man, holding it up. "It is scarcely worth any thing."

"You have changed it then," said Mrs. Barnes; "there is no end to the roguery of you black fellows."

Mrs. Browne knew the *rupee* again, and she said, "O! Mrs. Barnes, change the *rupee* and say no more."

"Why should I change it?" said Mrs. Barnes. "It's a common trick of these fellows, to put bad money for good."

"It may be so," said Mrs. Browne; "but that *rupee* is

yours. I have seen you with it; and I once refused to take it from you."

Upon this, Mrs. Barnes lost all temper; and the dispute between her and the merchant became so loud and violent, that Mrs. Browne got off with Mary as quick as she could: only begging Mrs. Barnes to change the *rupee*, "For," said she, "if the man should complain of you to the officers, or the judge, I must be witness against you."

Mrs. Browne and Mary walked so quick, that they were soon out of hearing of the noise; and got home half an hour before Mrs. Barnes appeared. At length she came in, puffing and blowing, as if she had been walking through the hot winds, and, flying at Mrs. Browne, she called her every vile name she could think of, telling her that she had been the means of losing her a *rupee*.

"What you were obliged to give the matter up?" said Mrs. Browne; "I am glad of it. I really feared we should be called before the officers. And now sit down, and cool yourself; tea will be ready presently; and, pray, pray, for shame's sake, if not through fear of God, let this matter drop."

Mrs. Barnes sat a few moments, to recover breath; but, upon Mrs. Browne offering her a dish of tea, she broke out, so that the whole barrack-room rung again; and all the women came gathering round the door, to see what was the matter.

Mrs. Browne looked up for divine help; and God gave her grace to keep silent and undisturbed, till she saw that Mrs. Barnes had spent her strength and her rage, and then she thus addressed her, and that in a very solemn manner; "Do you suppose that you are to live for ever in this world, Mrs. Barnes, or that there is no God to take account of your actions, that you presume thus to attempt to defraud your neighbours, and that you dare thus to abuse a person who would hinder you in the execution of this crime? Do you think that the riches, thus unjustly gathered together, will either profit you or your son? as I have often heard you say that it is for your son you are so careful."

Mrs. Barnes made no answer, and Mrs. Browne proceeded to tell her, in very plain language, that, if she continued in the way she now was, and did not turn

unto God in repentance, and seek for pardon through Christ, she would be utterly lost, and that for ever. "What I tell you is not from my own head, but from the Book of God; and I hope you may not find my words true to your cost."

When Mrs. Browne had done speaking, she took Mary by the hand, and stepped over into the next barrack, to see Mrs. Francis, leaving Mrs. Barnes to recover herself; and when she came in, she found the poor woman in bed.

The next morning, Mrs. Barnes was very sullen, so Mrs. Browne spent but an uncomfortable day. Soon after dinner, however, she and Mary dressed themselves, and set out to take the chintz to Black John's wife. It was a pleasant evening, and the way for the most part, lay under the garden-walls of the gentlemen's houses, where the road was sheltered from the beams of the afternoon sun by the tall trees within the walls.

"O! godmother," said Mary, as soon as she thought herself quite out of hearing of any person belonging to the barracks, "what a shocking bad woman Mrs. Barnes is; I would give the world not to have her in our room. And then she is so, stingy, and so cheating, such a liar, and uses such bad words!"

"Well, well, poor body," said Mrs. Browne, that is all true enough, my dear, although I don't wish to talk much about it. We ought to be sorry for her; for, bad as she is, and that is bad enough, she is no worse than we all may be, who live after the flesh, and what all are who are not changed by the Spirit of God."

"Why, surely, all people cannot be by nature, so bad as Mrs. Barnes?" said Mary.

"Let us consider what the Bible says on this subject," answered Mrs. Browne. "I have often taught you these texts: "There is none good, no not one;—There is not a just man on earth that doeth good, and sinneth not." What do you think is meant by these words?"

"O!" said Mary, "that there is nobody good: that we all do bad things very often; but, then, Mrs. Barnes never does any thing good. She seems, to me, to think of nothing but herself, and how to please herself."

"You have not yet, I see, a right notion of the very great sinfulness of our nature, Mary," answered Mrs. Browne. "The people in the world may be divided into

two sorts:—those who live after the flesh, and those who live after the Spirit. Every man by nature, lives after the flesh, and is a child of wrath. He thinks of little else but pleasing and serving his own flesh, and following the lusts of it. ‘Now the works of the flesh, are manifest; which are these: Adultery, fornication, uncleanness, lasciviousness, idolatry, witchcraft, hatred, variance, emulations, wrath, strife, seditions, heresies, envyings, murders, drunkenness, revellings, and such like.’ Gal. v. 19—21. But when the heart of man is sanctified by the Spirit of God, he becomes quite a new creature; and the Spirit of God working in him, turns him to all good things, so that he hates his own sinful ways.”

Mary. Do people never sin after the Spirit of God enters into them?

Mrs. Browne. While man remains in his corrupt body, his sinful nature will not be entirely overcome. The body must be first laid in the grave, and there fall to pieces, before it can be changed into the likeness of Christ. But the difference between the saints and the men of the world is this, that the saints hate their sins and groan under them, and, by reason of them, they are often in heaviness; while the men of the world glory and delight in them, and never resist their sinful inclinations, excepting from the fear of punishment. Now it is very clear that poor Mrs. Barnes is one of those who live altogether after the flesh; and she is no worse than any other person who has not the fear of God dwelling in him. When you see more of the world, my dear child, you will find that, although some people may have smoother tongues and gentler manners than Mrs. Barnes, and some may be under greater fear of punishment, and some, perhaps, may appear outwardly good-humoured and orderly in their behaviour, to please their fellow-creatures; yet, that there is no real love, no joy, nor peace nor long-suffering, nor gentleness, nor goodness, nor meekness, nor temperance. but among those who are led by the Spirit of God. Gal. v. 22—23.

Then Mrs. Browne explained to Mary how the great change which has passed upon the saints is compared, first, to death; and secondly to a new birth, or being born again. “The Spirit of God,” said she, “slays or destroys our old sinful nature, and makes us new again, in the glorious likeness of Christ. Thus, people are said, in Baptism, to die unto sin and to be born again unto

righteousness, because the Holy Ghost is received in Christian Baptism."

But all people who are baptized," said Mary, "do not receive the Holy Ghost, godmother; or else why are there so many bad people among us white people, for we have all been baptized."

"The reason is, Mary, that parents and sponsors take no pains to improve the privileges of Baptism and, indeed, when persons come to maturity, they themselves, as seems to be the case with poor Mrs. Barnes, do not labour to supply the deficiency. That there is any difference in the mercy of God towards infants we cannot suppose. But in no case, perhaps is the iniquity of the parents more severely visited upon the children, than when their religious education is neglected. And when the sacrament of Baptism is performed in an irreverend and ungodly manner, we cannot suppose that the parents are in a fit condition to bring up their children in the nurture and admonition of the Lord. With us in the barracks, a christening is a drunken and profane meeting; and it is not a much holier one among our betters. Your mother has been at many a christening among the gentry, in the way of her business, and what account does she give of them? They do not even carry their children to the house of God, but hurry over the ceremony at home, finishing the day, in general, in feasting, drinking, card-playing, and perhaps dancing.

By this time Mrs. Browne, and Mary were come in view of Black John's *myrtle-hedge*, over which the roof of his house just peeped. As the sergeant was not with them, Black John's wife would have Mrs. Browne, and Mary to come in; and made them stay till she had baked them an Hindoostanee cake, which she served hot to them, with a cup of goat's milk.

Q. What are the works of the flesh?

A. The works of the flesh are manifest; which are these: Adultery, fornication, uncleanness, lasciviousness, idolatry, witchcraft, hatred, variance, emulations, wrath, strife, seditions, heresies, envyings, murders, drunkenness, revellings, and such like.

Q. What are the works of the Spirit?

A. The fruit of the Spirit is love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, temperance

STORY XXXIII.

THE moon was up when Mrs. Browne and Mary reached the barracks. When they came to their room, they were surprised to see it all in bustle and confusion. Mrs. Barnes was stretched on her face, across the foot of her cot, and Mrs. Simpson, Mrs. Burton, Sally Hicks, and Mrs. Dawson, were gathered round. Mrs. Simpson had just poured out a glass of liquor from a bottle which stood on a chest, and was holding it to Mrs. Barnes, as Mrs. Browne came in.

“What are you doing, Mrs. Simpson?” said Mrs. Browne. “If Mrs. Barnes is ill, don’t give her that liquor, pray: you may be the death of her.”

“The death of her, woman!” said Mrs. Simpson; “I warrant, I sha’n’t hurt her. And is she to lie here, and fret herself to death?” Then turning to Mrs. Barnes, “Do try to sup a little, pray——”

Mrs. Barnes lifted up her face, which was all in tears, and with a deep groan swallowed down the liquor.

“What is the matter?” said Mrs. Browne. “Is Mrs. Barnes ill? I left her very well three hours ago.”

Mrs. Browne then learned that Mrs. Barnes had received a letter from Europe, giving an account of the death of her son, upon which she had fallen into fits. Mrs. Browne was grieved to hear this news, and went to the candle to read the letter, which one of the women put into her hands. The letter was from the clergyman of the parish in which the young man had died, and who had frequently visited him in his illness, he gave as comfortable an account as Mrs. Browne had ever read in her life of the manner of his death; he had been blessed before his departure, with a full assurance of his acceptance in Jesus Christ, to whom he had been brought some months before, through the means of the same good clergyman. Mrs. Browne with tears of joy put the letter carefully by, hoping that the time might come, when the afflicted mother would be enabled to receive comfort from it; and then going to Mrs. Barnes’s bed-side, she endeavoured to persuade Mrs. Simpson and the other women to leave her to her care; for they were buzzing, and talking about the poor woman, so that, if she were in-

clined, she could get no rest. Mrs. Simpson had got some of the sugar-candy I before spoke of, out of Mrs. Barnes's chest, which she had opened to get the liquor when Mrs. Barnes first received the news; and having sent for her own tea-kettle, she was helping all her companions to a little warm grog. Over it they all sat, sometimes laughing, sometimes condoling with Mrs. Barnes, sometimes pressing her to drink, and sometimes telling dismal stories of the like afflictions which other persons had met with, till the sergeant who was left in the care of the barracks came round, and ordered them all to their rooms.

When they were gone, Mrs. Browne went again to Mrs. Barnes, and spoke to her; but she was shocked to find that she was quite drunk. She then strove to move her from the foot of the cot, over which she was lying on her face; but she had not strength, and she did not like to call for help. So she put up the remains of liquor and sugar, and, locking the box, sat down at the foot of the bed, from time to time speaking to Mrs. Barnes, from whom, however, she got no answer. At length, Mrs. Browne, being tired with her long walk, fell asleep in her chair. How long she had slept, she did not know, when she was awakened by a dreadful noise. She started up, and found that Mrs. Barnes had fallen from her bed, and struck her head against the corner of the chest, so that she lay bruised, bleeding, and groaning, on the floor.

Mrs. Browne was now forced to call for help, and Mrs. Barnes was put into her bed; the wounds in her head were bound up, and she was kept quiet till morning, when she was placed in a litter and carried down to the hospital; for by this time she was in a high fever. As the doctor seemed to say that it might be long before she would be better, Mrs. Browne settled her affairs in the barracks, and leaving Mary in her room, with Mrs. Francis, went down to the hospital, where the doctor, being willing to oblige her, gave her and Mrs. Barnes an empty ward to themselves.

Poor Mrs. Barnes's fever lasted long and was very violent; it was hard to say whether she suffered most in body or mind; though I believe those who know what horrors of mind are, always say that they are worse to bear than any torments of body; for the holy martyrs have been known to sing and rejoice when their bodies

were consuming in the flames. But who can bear the terrors of the Almighty?

Mrs. Barnes, at length, became so very ill, that Mrs. Browne was glad to accept the offer of Sally Hicks, who said she would come and help to nurse Mrs. Barnes, provided she was to be well paid for it; and for several days, it was as much as both Mrs. Browne and Sally Hicks could do, with the help of the porter, to manage Mrs. Barnes; for she seemed to be quite out of her senses, and would jump up in her bed, screaming and looking about her, as if she saw something very terrible. She would often cry, "Oh! I cannot die. I will not die. I shall go to hell." And then again would scream, shudder, and roll her eyes, as if something very shocking passed before them.

One afternoon, when the doctor came to look at her, he shook his head, and seemed very serious. "I fear, sir," said Mrs. Browne, "you have not much hope."

"Indeed, Mrs. Browne," said the doctor, "she is in great danger; yet, if she can get through the next twelve hours, there will be hope. You must watch her carefully to-night."

"Yes, sir," said Mrs. Browne, "I will sit up with her the first half of the night, and Sally Hicks the other."

Accordingly, Sally Hicks went to bed, and Mrs. Browne sat by Mrs. Barnes's bed. It was dismal enough for poor Mrs. Browne. Mrs. Barnes had not spoken since morning, but lay with her eyes half closed. She was now so fallen away, that she seemed like a corpse lying on the bed, only that sometimes she groaned dreadfully. As there was but one candle burning, the furthest end of the ward was quite dark; and there was no sound to be heard, but the dismal cries of the watchman at a distance, and sometimes the howlings of the jackals as they came foraging under the hospital-wall.

Mrs. Browne sat wetting Mrs. Barnes's lips with a little wine, and bathing her head and palms of her hands with vinegar, till near one o'clock in the morning. Mrs. Hicks had been asleep ever since gun-fire, but Mrs. Browne, would not disturb her.

All of a sudden, the sick woman sprung up in her bed, seizing Mrs. Browne's arm, and staring furiously at her, "How can I die?" said she. "How can I appear before God with all these my sins? No; I will not die. I can-

not bear the torments of hell. Then, to behold Him whom I have mocked, whom I would not love, though you so often would have persuaded me! To behold that bleeding Lamb! He would have saved me. Oh! Mrs. Browne! Mrs. Browne! I can't die—I won't die! But I am dead already. Oh! this fire! this raging fire!"

The poor woman then became so furious, (beating herself with her hands, tearing her cap, her hair, and the linen of her bed) that Mrs. Browne, in haste and terror, called for Mrs. Hicks; and it was as much as they could both do to keep her in bed till day-dawn, about which time she fainted away, as they thought, and they both supposed that her dying hour was at hand. But when full day-light came, they found that she had not fainted, but was asleep. Then they did not know what to think, but Mrs. Browne had hope.

When the doctor came, he felt her pulse, and found the fever had left her, and that she was fallen into a gentle sweat. He stepped from the bedside on tip toe, and calling Mrs. Browne into the piazza. "The goodness of God," said he, "can only be equalled by his power. Your patient Mrs. Browne, is better. Her fever has left her; but her weakness will be so great, that she will require all the care of the best nurse to keep her alive. I can trust you. She must be kept very quiet, and have nourishment given her every half-hour."

Tears of gladness came into Mrs. Browne's eyes when she heard the doctor's words.

When Mrs. Barnes awoke, it was really very touching. She appeared, as it were, a new creature, both in mind and body. She was indeed, as weak as a child newly born; but then she was free from pain, and in her look and manner she was gentle as a lamb. She smiled at Mrs. Browne and Mrs. Hicks, and held out her hand to each of them, taking every thing they offered with thankful looks, and often melting into tears when Mrs. Browne spoke kindly to her.

Mrs. Barnes had several short naps during the day; and Mrs. Browne, was so careful of her, that the doctor was quite surprised to find her so well when he visited her in the evening.

She had a charming sleep the next night; and when she awoke at day-dawn, after having drank a little spiced sago and wine, she was able to speak to Mrs. Browne.

"Kind, good Mrs. Browne," she said, "thou true servant of my heavenly Master." And before Mrs. Browne could answer, she added, "You don't know—you never can know—what God has done for me: for you never owed him so much, you never were such a sinner as I have been. I was in hell, Mrs. Browne: for three days I was there. I felt all its raging fires; and I should have remained there for ever, had not that bleeding Lamb preserved me. He is all fair—you know not how fair; there is no spot in him. O! I shall love him for ever—for ever—for ever."

She said no more at that time, for her strength was exhausted; but lifted up her eyes to Heaven with such a look of holy love, that Mrs. Browne stood looking at her, all amazement.

Mrs. Browne well knew that no man can enter into the kingdom of Heaven unless his nature be altogether changed; and yet she had, in general, observed this change to be a slow and gradual work, but in the case of Mrs. Barnes, she had reason to hope it had, by the power of God, been effected in a few days.

She stood therefore for some minutes glorifying God and looking on Mrs. Barnes, who, from having been a coarse, haughty, sour-looking woman, now had a countenance lovely with the expression of holy love and peace.

As Mrs. Barnes recovered, Mrs. Browne was assured more and more every day, that, by the grace of God, she was a new person. But she was impatient till Mrs. Barnes was strong enough to give her some account of this change. Accordingly, one afternoon, as she sat by Mrs. Barnes's bed, she thus spoke to her; "By the blessing of God, a great change has taken place in you, since we first lived together. Religion was then a disagreeable subject to you, and now it is your delight. The world was then all in all to you, and now you have left caring for the things of it. Are you able to give any account of this change?"

"Dear Mrs. Browne," answered Mrs. Barnes, "if you have not a right to the knowledge of my mind, I do not know who has. I was brought up with very little religion, for none of my father's family were serious; and since I came to this regiment, which is fourteen years ago, I have lived so entirely without any thought of God, that I have sometimes been three and four years together

without setting foot in a church, or taking the name of God in my mouth excepting in the way of an oath. I have always been in the habit of mocking at religious people, and calling them names, and spiting them when I could; yet, in my heart, all the time, I knew that they were right and I was wrong.

“When I first came to you and heard you talk about our sinful nature, and the mercies of our Redeemer, though I pretended to despise your words, they sunk like lead into my heart. I often went into company and took a glass, to put away the thoughts of them, and laughed, and talked, and bustled, and scolded; but still they would return upon me, and make me very uneasy at times, though no one knew it. Still however, I set my heart against religion, and clung fast to the world, hoarding and gathering all I could, making my poor son an excuse to my conscience for my covetousness.

“In this manner I went on, till one or two things began to startle and awaken me from my sleep of death. First, I was ashamed of being detected by you in my attempt to cheat the merchant; and when, after I had raged and stormed against you all the evening, you laid before me the wickedness of my conduct in so calm and quiet a way as you did, I began to see my own shameful behaviour and to despise myself; and then again, the death of my poor son struck me to the heart. But I should have got over these things, had not God, in mercy, followed them up with this most dreadful fever that mortal ever suffered. No words can tell what horrors of mind, what fearful sights, what anguish, what burning torments, I have endured in this bed. The Almighty opened all my sins before me in fearful array, and I believed myself, for one while, already in hell.

“At that time, all your words came fresh into my mind; and to bring me, as I thought, into deeper condemnation, I seemed, as I said before, to be already in hell, and felt that I was worthy only of hell.

“But of all my sins, my contempt of the redemption offered me through my bleeding, my dying Saviour, was that which cut me most to the heart; in comparison of this all my other sins appeared, and are, indeed, as nothing.

“Oh! Mrs. Browne,” added Mrs. Barnes, “you, who have led a comparatively innocent life, who have never

been guilty of the blasphemy and profaneness into which I have fallen, can have no idea what it is to endure the terrors of the Almighty! Oh! my God, my Saviour, grant that I may never again experience them; for who can bear them? who can strive with his Maker?" Mrs. Barnes then went on to shew how the Almighty God, having brought her down thus low, and broken her heart of stone, had given her comfort, by making her sensible that, although her sins were red as scarlet, yet, through Christ, they should be made white as wool; for "He is able also to save them to the uttermost that come unto God by him, seeing he ever liveth to make intercession for them." Heb. vii. 25.

"And it was during your sickness," said Mrs. Browne, "when we thought you incapable of reflection, that God dealt thus wonderfully with you! 'O the depth of the riches both of the wisdom and knowledge of God! how unsearchable are his judgments, and his ways past finding out! For who hath known the mind of the Lord? or who hath been his counsellor?' " Romans xi. 33, 34.

Mrs. Barnes and Mrs. Browne finished this conversation by prayer, in which Mrs. Browne gave humble and hearty thanks to Almighty God, for his merciful dealing with poor Mrs. Barnes.

During Mrs. Barnes's recovery, her talk was continually running upon the past sinfulness of her life, the wickedness of her heart, and of the mercy of God in giving his Son to die for sinful men. Her love of Christ was so warm, that she could not speak of him without eyes running over with tears; and, as she gathered strength, she was always endeavouring to please and serve her heavenly Master.

Her chest had been brought down from the barracks when she was first taken ill. In past times, this chest and its contents had been all her glory and delight, and her treasure and heart were in it; but now, as soon as she gathered strength to look into it, she began to scatter her hoards with a liberal hand. The piece of chintz that she had bought, she presented to Mrs. Hicks, with four *rupees*; and she took out a gold piece, which she had hoarded up for years, as a present to Mrs. Browne, but Mrs. Browne would not receive it though Mrs. Barnes begged and entreated that she would.

"Well, if you won't have it for yourself, Mrs. Browne," said Mrs. Barnes, "take it next Sunday and slip it into Mr. King's poor-box; but don't tell any one. 'Tis but a poor thank-offering to my God for his late mercies to me; but I am his, and all I have is his. He has bought me with a precious price."

To this proposal Mrs. Browne gladly consented, and the gold piece was put into Mr. King's box the next Sunday.

The European cheese was the next thing that came out of the box; and when it was thought safe for Mary to come to Mrs. Browne, she got all that was left of the sugar-candy.

About that time, poor Sally Jones, who had been many years sickly, died, leaving a little girl, of five years old, who was by a former husband. Upon this occasion, Mrs. Barnes got a friend to write to her husband in camp, for leave to take the child.

The sergeant sent her word that she might do as she liked, at the same time saying to one of the men, "What's come to my wife now? She will soon be tired of the child." But Sergeant Barnes was mistaken; for Mrs. Barnes never parted with her till she married, and brought her up exceedingly well too.

Mrs. Browne and Mrs. Barnes were able to return to barracks before the men came back from the field, and then Mrs. Barnes went with Mrs. Browne to church three or four times a week, and bought herself a Bible and Prayer-book. She sung psalms and prayed, and refused to go to drink and play at cards in any of the sergeants' wives' rooms; so that the women of the regiment soon shunned her company as much as they did Mrs. Browne's, Mrs. Mills's, or Mrs. Francis's. The news, also, soon reached the camp, that sergeant Barnes's wife was turned religious.

"Well," said the sergeant, when they were bantering him upon it, "she will be a gainer, no doubt, by the change; and I cannot be much of a loser by it, for, come what will, I could not well live a worse life with her than I have done."

I should not forget to say, that when Mrs. Barnes read the letter again which brought the account of her son's death, and understood that he had died in faith, she could not refrain her tears of joy. "O! Mrs. Browne," she

said, "when I first read this letter I was dead in sin—a stranger to God and a lover of the world. All I desired for my child was that he might get forward in the world. I had no regard for his immortal soul; but now I prize the soul of my child above all the silver and gold in the world, and I can thank God, with all my heart and soul, for the holy death of my dear child."

"How truly doth the Scripture say," remarked Mrs. Browne, on hearing Mrs. Barnes's words, 'If any man be in Christ, he is a new creature: old things are passed away: behold all things are become new.' " 2 Cor. v. 17.

Q. How is the Lamb of God spoken of in the Canticles?

A. Thou art all fair, my love; there is no spot in thee.

Q. Who is able to save us to the uttermost?

A. Jesus is able to save them to the uttermost that come unto God by him, seeing he ever liveth to make intercession for them.

Q. If any man be in Christ, what is he?

A. If any man be in Christ, he is a new creature: old things are passed away: behold, all things are become new.

STORY XXXIV.

ONE fine afternoon in the latter end of February, immediately after Mrs. Barnes's joyful recovery, Mrs. Browne and Mary took a walk into the same beautiful garden of which mention was before made. This garden belonged to a very rich native, and in the centre of it was a house, built after the fashion of the country. This house, which was but seldom inhabited, was shaded from the ardent sun by many beautiful trees which grew thickly round it. There the fragrant baubool, in the cold season, shed its odours from its blossoms resembling golden balls. Mingled with the baubool was the parkinsonia, spreading abroad its feathered branches; and there, also, was the pomegranate, of which we so often read in the Holy Scriptures; the Persian jessamine; and the rose bush.

Among these trees were many birds. The dove, whose sad, yet sweet note, reminds the European of the cuckoo, and causes many a wanderer from Europe to sigh at the remembrance of his native country. Here, also, were abundance of nightingales, and a very beautiful bird called in this country the bearer-bird, having a tufted head and feathers of various colours. Numbers of green parrots fluttered and chattered among the trees, being hardly distinguishable in colour from the leaves among which they harboured; and the chele, or brahminee kite soared in the air, from time to time, uttering its shrill cry.

Mrs. Browne and Mary seated themselves on two stools made of cane, which they found in the garden, and began to talk of Mrs. Barnes; for indeed Mrs. Browne could hardly think of any thing else but of the wonderful and merciful dealings of God towards her; Mary put this question to Mrs. Browne—"Is it common, godmother, for people to be changed so suddenly as Mrs. Barnes has been? What a very bad woman she was when we first lived together, and now she is almost as good as you and Mrs. Francis are?"

Mrs. Browne. As to being good, my dear, that we have none of us any pretensions to: but, certainly, there is a very great and happy change in Mrs. Barnes; and this change has taken place in a very surprising manner, and shews the wonderful power of God.

"But is it common, godmother, for people to be so suddenly changed?" asked Mary again.

Mrs. Browne. No, my dear, it is not common; neither are these sudden changes so desirable and so much to be trusted to, as slower and more gradual ones. When people have turned to good so quickly as Mrs. Barnes, there is a danger that they may turn back again to their evil ways as suddenly; nevertheless, if the work is of God, it will surely stand.

"But I heard a person yesterday," said Mary, "laughing at Mrs. Barnes, and saying, she had no opinion of such sudden conversions. That was the word the person used."

"I fear, Mary, that you were in bad company yesterday," replied Mrs. Browne. "How came you to hear such discourse?"

Mary. As I was sitting at work in the berth, I heard

two of our women talking about Mrs. Barnes in the piazza.

Mrs. Browne. It would be as well, Mary, if you were to stop your ears against such profane discourse. The cleansing of man's evil heart is the work of God; and cannot God do his work at what time, and in what way he pleases? Do you remember the account which is given in the 2d chapter of the Acts, of three thousand souls who were suddenly turned to God on the day of Pentecost, by the power of the Holy Spirit? But, at the same time, these events are not common; the work of God is generally more slow, and is brought about in a less extraordinary way than in the case of Mrs. Barnes.

Mary. Can people always tell the time when their hearts begin to be changed?

Mrs. Browne. No, my dear. We know that every person's heart must be changed before they can enter the kingdom of God. But when this change begins to take place cannot always be discerned, either by the person himself or by those about him. We can only know where the Spirit of God has begun its glorious work of cleansing the heart by the fruits which it produces. But, as I before said, the work may be begun some time before these fruits appear in perfection. Do you know, Mary, what the fruits of the Spirit are?

Mary. Yes, godmother, they are these: "Love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, temperance: against such there is no law. And they that are Christ's have crucified the flesh with the affections and lusts." Gal. v. 22—24.

Mrs. Browne. You understand, my dear child, that the heart of man cannot be cleansed or renewed but by the influence of the Holy Spirit of God. We are taught, also, that man may resist the Spirit, as we learn from these words of St. Stephen: "Ye stiff-necked, and uncircumcised in heart and ears, ye do always resist the Holy Ghost: as your fathers did so do ye." Acts. vii. 51, Parents, moreover, though they cannot actually change the hearts of their children, may do much for them by strengthening the holy work when it is begun, and by removing such things as might impede the growth of their new and heavenly nature.

While Mrs. Browne was speaking, the gardener came to a bed of flowers just before where they sat, and tak-

ing up a little frame of jaffrey work, covered with matting, Mrs. Browne and Mary found that it had been put there to shelter a small shrub, whose delicate green leaves, and flowers of a spotless and glossy white, were exceedingly beautiful. The gardener, having looked carefully at this little shrub, began gently to loosen the mould around it, and to add a little round the stem; after which he picked from some of the leaves certain insects which were harbouring among them, and lopped off, with his knife, here and there, a dead leaf, or unkindly branch: after which, by opening a small channel, he admitted, from a well in the middle of the garden, as much water as he thought was needful for the plant; and was about to depart, when Mrs. Browne, said, "I suppose that you have something there very valuable, my good man, by the great care you seem to take of it."

The gardener bowed, and answered, "This little tree comes from a distant country; it is not a native here, neither would it grow here without the greatest care. It is a tree highly valued by my lord; ought I not, therefore, to use my utmost care in the preservation of it?"

"Certainly," said Mrs. Browne; "you do what is perfectly right."

When the gardener was gone, Mrs. Browne said, "We might learn a very pretty lesson from what we have just seen and heard. Mary, can you understand what it is?"

Mary considered a few minutes; "No, godmother," she said, "I don't know what this lesson is."

Mrs. Browne smiled and said, "Do you remember, Mary, what we were talking of when the gardener came to look at the little tree?"

Mary. Yes, godmother; you were saying that fathers and mothers cannot give their children a new nature; but that, when God gives them a new nature, they may do much towards its doing well.

"Well," said Mrs. Browne, "and cannot you see how the new nature, or new and heavenly life, planted in Baptism, in the heart of a child, may be compared to this little fair tree, brought from a distant country, into a soil which is not kindly to it. Our Lord delights in this new life which he has planted. For His sake we ought to cultivate it—we ought to protect it from evil—we ought to lop off the unkindly branches—we ought to seek for it the refreshment of the Holy Spirit, as the

gardener opened the channels for the water to pour in upon this little tree. In a word, we ought to cultivate it by every means in our power, because our Lord loves it."

Mary. Godmother, I understand a great deal now of what you mean; and I know, now, what we are to learn from the gardener.

Mrs. Browne. I am glad of it, my dear. Try to explain what you understand.

Mary. Why, godmother, it is this; first, that by birth, we are all very wicked; and that, before we can go to Heaven, we must have a new nature put into us. This new nature is given at Baptism, and it comes from a far country, as this beautiful little tree did; and it is lovely in the eyes of God, as this pretty tree is in the eyes of the gardener's master. Parents cannot make this new nature any more than the gardener could have made the tree; but they can keep such things as may hurt it from coming near to it, and use the means of forwarding its growth, as the gardener does for the tree.

Mrs. Browne. I am glad to see that you understand so well, my child. One question more I must ask you; could the gardener make the tree grow?

"O! no, godmother," said Mary, smiling.

"Not the least in the world?" said Mrs. Browne.

"No, not the least—not even the breadth of hair," said Mary. Surely, godmother, you must be joking, to ask such a question. God only can make trees grow."

Mrs. Browne. No, Mary. I am not joking; I only want to make you understand, that, as the most careful gardener could not make a tree grow, even the breadth of a single hair; so the most careful parent cannot make grace grow in the heart. The advancement of man's new nature is the work of God. So good parents should labour, in such ways as they can and leave the rest to God.

Mrs. Browne then taught Mary these verses "Who then is Paul and who is Apollos, but ministers by whom ye believed, even as the Lord gave to every man? I have planted, Apollos watered, but God gave the increase. So then neither is he that planteth any thing, neither he that watereth; but God that giveth the increase." 1 Cor. iii. 5—7

Mrs. Browne then got up to walk home, and, as they went along, she talked with Mary upon the means which had been used by her parents, sergeant and Mrs. Mills, to obtain for her the blessings of the Holy Spirit; but, as our chapter has rather run into length, we will break off here, and relate the rest of the conversation at another time.

Q. What change must pass upon a man before he can enter the kingdom of God?

A. Except a man be born of water and of the Spirit, he cannot enter into the kingdom of God. That which is born of the flesh is flesh; and that which is born of the Spirit is spirit.

Q. What is the Spirit of God compared to?

A. The wind bloweth where it listeth, and thou hearest the sound thereof, but canst not tell whence it cometh and whither it goeth: so is every one that is born of the Spirit.

Q. What are the fruits of the Spirit?

A. The fruit of the Spirit is love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, temperance: against such there is no law. And they that are Christ's have crucified the flesh with the affections and lusts.

Q. Is it believed that men can resist the Holy Spirit of God?

A. Ye stiff-necked, and uncircumcised in heart and ears, ye do always resist the Holy Ghost: as your fathers did so do ye.

Q. Who gives the increase of grace in the heart?

A. Who then is Paul, and who is Apollos, but ministers by whom ye believed, even as the Lord gave to every man? I have planted, Apollos watered; but God gave the increase. So then neither is he that planteth any thing, neither he that watereth; but God that giveth the increase.

STORY XXXV.

As Mrs. Browne and Mary were walking from the garden towards the barracks, Mrs. Browne took occasion to speak with Mary of the very great care which had been taken of her by her parents from her infancy. "You are now coming to an age, Mary," she said, "in which you ought to begin to know the value of pious parents; I shall, therefore, enter upon this subject with you. When your father and mother understood that it was the will of God that they should have a little one, they were earnest and frequent in prayer for this infant, that it might be a child of God.

"Thus, Mary, you were the subject of your parents' pious thoughts and prayers before you were born; and, immediately after your birth, it was the care of your parents to choose such persons to be your godfather and godmothers, as they thought best fitted to fulfil the holy office.

"Your godfather and second godmother were holy people, and, no doubt, you are the better for their prayers. They are, as you well know, dead, and have been some years.

"In the afternoon of your christening-day, we all met in your father's berth, and prayed, with one accord, I may truly say, for your spiritual welfare.

"Every care that could be taken of a baby, was afterwards taken of you. Your mother gave up her own pleasures and comforts, I might almost say entirely, for your sake, till you were able to walk; doing every thing which might promote your health and growth. But, though she was so exceedingly careful of your little body, her care of your soul was certainly more uncommon. I cannot say that she corrected you much under a year and a half, or two years of age; but she taught you, before that time, to bear a denial with good-humour, and to give away any little thing which you might have, and also, to come and go at the word of command. When you began to talk, then her difficulties began, because she lived, at that time, in an open barrack-room, and you were liable to hear and see every thing that was evil. She prayed earnestly and frequently for you, and wept

often over you, as I myself have seen, when she considered what you were exposed to. She prayed to be guided by God, and He, I trust, heard her prayer.

“It was impossible to hide sin from you; she, therefore, as early as possible, made you acquainted with the commandments of God, and our obligation to obey them. She shewed you, also, where to seek assistance, to enable you to keep these commandments; and she firmly and resolutely determined to punish you, and that with considerable severity, whenever you imitated any of the bad patterns set before you. No false tenderness ever held her hand back from punishing you when you were in fault; at the same time, she was the kindest of mothers when you were striving to do well.

“She never allowed you to play with other children, as you well know, excepting with Thomas Francis; and for this reason, because there are no other children in the regiment brought up in the fear of God. Nor would she suffer you to go into any body’s berth but mine and Mrs. Francis’s.

“There is nothing which ruins young people like evil company, and lounging and idling about, as many children do, and wasting their time in sinful gossiping. Your mother never would allow such things, but contrived that every part of your time should be taken up, and that either in her sight or mine; not that she kept you always at your book, or work, because that is not good for young people; but she had a way of making you useful, in cleaning the berth, and doing many little jobs, which a well-taught child may do as well as a grown person, and which gives health and exercise at the same time. But what I have always most admired in your parents, is the constant care which they take to supply the spiritual part of their child with heavenly nourishment. While other parents are taking thought for the bodies only of their children, sergeant and Mrs. Mills are chiefly anxious to procure the bread of life for theirs.

“Your parents have always had it in mind, that they must apply to God for your eternal welfare; and I having been, for some years past, the only person living who promised for you at your baptism, have endeavoured to do my part for you. But the time is now coming when you must answer for yourself; you are no longer an infant. You know the answer to this question: ‘Why are

infants baptized, when by reason of their tender age they cannot perform them?"

Mary. Yes, godmother:—"Because they promise them both by their sureties; which promise, when they come to age, themselves are bound to perform."

"I have told you now, *Mary*," added *Mrs. Browne*, "what has been done for you—every thing that can be done by others. The only question now is, what have you done for yourself? The time will soon come, and, perhaps, is now come, when your godfathers and godmothers will not be required to answer for you; but you must answer for yourself; you must look into your own heart, and ask yourself, whether your heart has been changed, and whether you love God, and hate sin, and loathe yourself for being a sinner, glorying only in the cross of Christ?"

Mary made no answer, but looked grave; for she felt that she was very far from being so good as she ought to be.

Mrs. Browne then taught *Mary* these verses; "A new heart also will I give you, and a new spirit will I put within you; and I will take away the stony heart out of your flesh, and I will give you an heart of flesh. And I will put my spirit within you, and cause you to walk in my statutes, and ye shall keep my judgments, and do them." Ezek. xxxvi. 26, 27. She then advised her to pray for what is promised in these verses.

By this time, *Mrs. Browne* and *Mary* were in sight of the barracks, and two or three women came running out, to say that letters were come, giving notice of the return of the regiment, for which *Mrs. Browne* thanked God, and went joyfully to her room.

Q. What promise is given to the seed of the righteous?

A. I have been young, and now am old; yet have I not seen the righteous forsaken, nor his seed begging bread.

Q. Is there any part of the Old Testament wherein we are led to hope that the stony heart of man will be changed by the Spirit of God?

A. A new heart also will I give you, and a new spirit will I put within you; and I will take away the stony heart out of your flesh, and I will give you an heart of

flesh. And I will put my Spirit within you, and cause you to walk in my statutes, and ye shall keep my judgments, and do them.

STORY XXXVI.

On the Sacrament of Baptism.

IN the beginning of the month of March, the regiment returned to the barracks, and all, with God's blessing, in fine health and spirits.

"When you first went," said Mrs. Browne to her husband, "I was tempted to think it doubly hard to be parted from you, my dear; and to have such a person as Mrs. Barnes in your place." She then told her husband all that had happened relating to Mrs. Barnes while he was absent.

You may be sure that the sergeant was well pleased; and he prayed to God that Mrs. Barnes might continue to do well unto the end. "For," said he, "it had been better for her not to have known the way of righteousness, than, after she hath known it, to turn from the holy commandment delivered unto her." 2 Pet. ii. 21.

The Sunday after the return of the men, it happened to be very rainy, it being the time of the March showers; and as sergeant and Mrs. Browne could not go so far as the church, they stepped over to Mrs. Francis's berth, to drink tea with her, and to enjoy a little christian conversation.

They found Mrs. Francis very glad to see them; and Mrs. Mills and Mary already in the berth. While Mrs. Francis was setting the tea-things, Mrs. Mills said to Mrs. Browne, "We are pretty thick, methinks, in this berth, but we are nothing to the company at yonder end of the barracks, where that screen is. Why, they are going in and out like bees in a bee-hive! and there is Mrs. Simpson in the midst of them, as busy as the queen bee. What can be the matter?"

"That is corporal Freeman's berth," said Mrs. Francis.

"Well," said Mrs. Mills, "and what are they all about?"

Mrs. Francis smiled, and said, "Did not you hear that Mrs. Freeman had a little boy this morning when we were at church?"

"Indeed!" said Mrs. Browne; "I did not hear it."

"And those good people, said sergeant Browne, "are so kind as to bustle about the berth, for fear the poor woman and her child should sleep themselves to death. What would my poor mother have said, if she had seen such doings?"

At that moment, Mrs. Dawson and Mrs. Burton came out from behind the screen, wiping their mouths, as if they had been just drinking, and talking so loud, that they were heard quite at the other end of the barrack.

"Ho! ho!" said sergeant Browne, smiling, "I see what's the attraction now; corporal Freeman has provided a case-bottle or two of liquor to be drunk to the little boy's health."

"Why, sergeant Browne," said Mrs. Mills, "I thought you had been a soldier long enough not to wonder at these things."

Mrs. Browne did not like this discourse; so, seeing the sergeant about to answer, she laid her hand upon his arm, and said, "Come, my dear. Mrs. Francis's tea is ready; let us leave these people to themselves, and mind our own matters; what have we to do with our neighbours' business?" So they drank tea, and afterwards read several chapters in the Bible; after which, they parted for the night.

In the mean time, Mrs. Simpson, who was attending on Mrs. Freeman, and who dealt out the liquor to all the visitors, did not fail, although she was so busy, to watch the company drinking tea in Mrs. Francis's berth; and afterwards when she was left with Mrs. Freeman, she spoke to her as follows: "And so, Francis's berth was full to-night. Not a drop of liquor appeared on the occasion; but the Bible, you may be sure, was brought forward. And there was that little conceited thing, Mary Mills, among them; Mrs. Browne spoils that girl altogether. What does that girl stand in need of, I should like to know? but, because she is her godchild, she loads her with presents." Then Mrs. Simpson went on to describe all the presents which Mrs. Browne had lately made to Mary Mills, adding many things out of her own head, and making more of others.

Mrs. Freeman said nothing at the time; but the next morning, when she and her husband were alone together

in the berth, she said, "Well, who do you mean to ask to stand for the boy?"

"Who have you thought of?" answered the corporal. "I leave such things to you."

"Why," said she, "I should like sergeant Browne as well as any one."

"Sergeant Browne!" said the corporal; "why, I never knew that you had any liking to that family. If I have heard you once laugh at him and his wife, I have heard you do it a hundred times. What is come over you now, that you want him to stand for our little baby?"

"O!" said Mrs. Freeman, "if you have any objection, take your own way."

"I have no objection in the world," answered the corporal. "I don't think there is a better man than sergeant Browne in our regiment, be the other who he will; and I will go this evening, after parade, and ask him to answer for the child."

Accordingly, in the evening, when the sergeant and Mrs. Browne were drinking tea, corporal Freeman came in; and, after having sat awhile, he asked the sergeant if he would be so kind as to stand for his little child.

Sergeant Browne was somewhat surprised to be asked such a favour by a man with whom he had very little acquaintance. "Freeman," he said, "it is not very often that I have been asked to stand for a child; I am of a sort that few much like, (I believe.) However, as you have done me the favour to ask me, I would upon no account refuse you; only, before I take upon me to be godfather to your child, it is necessary that you and your wife should understand what you are to expect from me, and, also, what I shall expect from you."

"Certainly, sergeant," said the corporal.

"I consider the duty of a sponsor," added sergeant Browne, "as a very serious one. I am to stand up in the house, and in the presence of God, and in the name of your child, renounce the devil and all his works, the vain pomp and glory of the world, with all covetous desires of the same, and the carnal desires of the flesh. In your child's name, also, I am to profess my belief in all the articles of the Christian faith, and my resolution to obey the holy commandments of God. It then becomes my duty, (and a solemn duty it is) to see that the child is brought up in a manner answerable to his baptismal

vow. Accordingly, I shall be very apt, if I see any thing not agreeable to christianity in the management of your child, to speak my mind more, perhaps, than you and you wife will like; and, as long as we are together, I shall be for catechising him, and seeing that he minds his Bible, and keeps good company."

"Well, well," said the corporal, "I am sure we sha'n't disagree about these things, sergeant. We shall always, as in duty bound, thank you for all that you may do for your godson."

"So far, well, corporal," said the sergeant; "but I have not quite said all I have to say yet. Do you remember some talk which passed about five months back on the main-guard? You and I, Tim Green and Harry Bill, were present."

"What, upon the occasion of Mr. King's sermon? To be sure, I do," said the corporal.

"I was then," said the sergeant "explaining to Green, that Baptism is a sacrament; and shewing to him, that he that riots, drinks, and talks lightly at a christening, is guilty of the same sin as the Corinthians who profaned the Lord's Supper."

"Ay, I remember all this," said the corporal.

"The Corinthians, is seems," added sergeant Browne, brought upon themselves weakness, sickness, and even death, by their profanation of the sacrament of the Lord's Supper."

"So Mr. King said in his sermon," answered the corporal.

"In like manner," added the sergeant, "we bring sickness and death on our families, very frequently, by profaning the sacrament of Baptism."

"How is that?" said the corporal.

"How common among us it is," replied sergeant Browne, for the mother and child to do very well till the christening; and how often do we see them, as soon as the bustle, noise, and intemperance of the christening is over, taken sick and die. I could not count the number of infants whom I have known, since I came to the regiment, destroyed through these intemperate meetings. The mother at that time is weak; she heats and hurries herself, to prepare things; and at the time she perhaps, takes a glass or two more than common; she is fatigued with the noise and talk of the company; she becomes fever-

ish, and her heated milk gives the poor baby complaints in the bowels, fevers, and convulsions, not unseldom ending in death; and she herself, perhaps, gets some sickness that she never gets rid of while she breathes. And all this from the profanation of the sacrament of Baptism; not to speak of the waste of a man's substance which it occasions, at a time when he wants all he can raise for his wife and child's support."

"Well, sergeant said the corporal.

"Well," repeated the sergeant, "you want to know what's to be the end of this long preamble. It is this; that you don't mean to make a drinking-bout of your little boy's christening, I hope. Let us meet at church in the morning, and when your wife is quite well, I and mine will come and take a comfortable dish of tea with her."

"And not do as others do, sergeant?" said the corporal; "what will people say?"

"It matters little, what is said," answered the sergeant. "But, to be quite plain with you, corporal, I cannot have any thing to do with answering for your child, unless you resolve that the afternoon of the christening-day shall be spent in a sober, pious manner."

The corporal looked serious, and answered, that he must consult his wife upon it. So he took his leave.

Sergeant Browne, heard no more of corporal Freeman, or of his boy, till the Sunday three weeks after the birth of the child. When morning service at the church was over, Mrs. Freeman and Mrs. Simpson, with sergeant Burton and Tim Green, came up to the clergyman, bringing the infant to be christened. So we may suppose that Mrs. Freeman did not approve of sergeant Browne's proposal.

As Mrs. Browne passed them, to go out of the church, she stopped to look at the baby. It was a very fine little boy. She could not help being sorry in her heart, that its parents had given up the thought of having her husband as godfather. That same evening, as Mrs. Browne was going to church, Mrs. Francis overtook her; "O! Mrs. Browne," said she what an uproar there is in our barracks. Corporal Freeman's berth, and sergeant Burton's room, which you know is next to it, are both full. Such doings! Poor Mrs. Freeman has been bustling all day,

to get things together. It is well, if she is not ill after it."

"Who are the company?" said Mrs. Browne.

"I saw the sergeant-major and his wife," answered Mrs. Francis, "sergeant and Mrs. Burton, sergeant and Mrs. Simpson, and Timothy Green; but I did not stay to see who beside"

When Mrs. Francis returned from church, the company were still in the corporal's berth; and they continued, by favour of sergeant Burton, drinking and singing till near eleven, at which time the sergeant dispersed them. But the barrack was scarcely quiet, when Mrs. Francis, who had just dropped asleep, was awakened by Mrs. Freeman's child crying as if it would go into fits. Mrs. Francis got up, and, putting her clothes on in haste, ran to the berth, to see what was the matter.

"I cannot think, Mrs. Francis," said Mrs. Freeman, who was sitting up in bed, trying to hush the child, "what ails the boy. He was quite well this morning; but, about eight o'clock this evening, he began to be uneasy, and seemed as if he was griped, and was all in a burning heat. Mrs. Simpson gave him a sup of gin and water, and that quieted him till now.

The poor child screamed, so that Mrs. Francis could hear no more of what Mrs. Freeman said. She took the poor baby in her arms, and found that his stomach was burning hot. "I have about a table spoonful of castor oil," said Mrs. Francis; "shall I fetch it? the child is in great pain."

"Castor oil, woman!" said Mrs. Burton, coming out of her room at that instant; "what's that to do? Where's the gin-bottle, Mrs. Freeman? Give him a sup in water with sugar."

It was in vain Mrs. Francis begged that they would not give the child any more strong liquor. Mrs. Burton took the child from her, and bade her go along to her own berth, and mind her own affairs. So Mrs. Francis, finding that she could do no good, went back

The poor child soon ceased crying, being quite overcome with the gin which Mrs. Burton gave it; but the next morning he was seized with convulsion fits, and his mother, also, complained of great aching in her limbs, and other symptoms of such a nature that the doctor ordered her to the hospital.

Mrs. Freeman had heated herself very much the day before, and while she was hot, had caught a violent cold, either by sitting opposite the door of the sergeant's room, or by sitting up in the night with the child. Her fever continued to increase, till at night, she was quite delirious; and the poor child, having now no support from his mother became worse and worse. The end of this sad story is, that, in a few days the mother was a corpse, and the child so ill that corporal Freeman ordered the mother's coffin to be made wide enough to receive the infant who departed this life before the coffin was brought home.

All the women in the barracks who were able, went down to the hospital, to attend the funeral, so, also, did many of the sergeants, and, among the rest, sergeant Browne.

Mrs. Browne, Mrs. Francis, and Mrs. Mills, shed many tears when they saw the dear baby lying in the coffin on his mother's arm, the side of his sweet pale face (for he was a very pretty baby) resting against his mother's breast. "O!" said Mrs. Browne, softly to her friends, "had my husband's advice been followed, this had not been."

Mrs. Browne," answered Mrs. Francis, "we know that as far as this dear child is concerned, at least, all is for the best. God loves these little ones, and takes many of them to himself, in his tender mercy. Our beloved Saviour said, "Suffer little children to come unto me; for of such is the kingdom of Heaven." Matt. xix. 14.

"And there is another sweet verse concerning little children," added Mrs. Mills: "Take heed that ye despise not one of these little ones: for I say unto you, That in Heaven their angels do always behold the face of my Father which is in Heaven." Matt. xviii. 10.

Poor corporal Freeman was heart-broken for a while at the loss of his wife and child, and blamed himself for not having followed the wise and pious counsel of sergeant Browne. I wish all those who read this story would consider the sinfulness of profaning the sacrament of baptism, which is too common among us; for Mrs. Freeman is not the only woman, by many thousands, who have suffered the punishment due to this crime; nor is corporal Freeman the only man who has lost a wife, or child, or both, in consequence of riotous doings at a christening.

Q. When we have once known the way of righteousness, is it a dreadful thing to turn from it?

A. It had been better for them not to have known the way of righteousness, than after they have known it, to turn from the holy commandment delivered unto them.

Q. What did our Saviour say concerning little children?

A. Suffer little children, and forbid them not, to come unto me; for of such is the kingdom of Heaven.

Q. Why must we not despise little children?

A. Take heed that ye despise not one of these little ones; for I say unto you, That in Heaven their angels do always behold the face of my Father which is in Heaven.

STORY XXXVII.

On the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper.

MRS. BROWNE was one of those who seldom, by God's help, lost sight of her duty. She had undertaken to answer for Mary Mills at her Baptism, and had always in mind the exhortation made by the minister to godfathers and godmothers, at the conclusion of the baptismal service; she, therefore, took every opportunity of giving instruction to her little goddaughter, so that there were few children so well acquainted with the sense of the Church Catechism as Mary Mills.

One part only remained to be gone over with Mary, and that was the part which relates especially to the sacrament of the Lord's Supper. Mrs. Browne, being mindful of this, waited only an opportunity of questioning Mary; and it was not long before one offered.

Mary had come one morning to spend the day with her godmother, and they were sitting at work in a shady part of the piazza, in front of sergeant Browne's room, when a procession of sweeper women, or *matroneys*, came up the road in front of the barracks, and went off towards the great market. These women had a goat,

which they were leading along; and as they passed they sung, or chaunted, some words which Mrs. Browne and Mary could not understand.

The tune was slow and melancholy. Mary watched them till they were out of sight; then turning to Mrs. Browne, she said, "What are those women about, godmother? Why do they take that goat with them, and go singing along in such a dismal manner?"

"Those women, Mary," answered Mrs. Browne, "are going to sacrifice that goat to some of their gods."

Mary. What, godmother, is it common for the people in this country to make sacrifices? I thought no people did it now.

"My dear," replied Mrs. Browne; "surely, you, who have lived all your life in this country, among idolaters, could not think such a thing. All idolaters throughout the world offer sacrifices of some sort; and by this they acknowledge their belief, that, without shedding of blood there is no remission of sin, (Heb. ix. 22;) though they have not yet come to the knowledge that 'it is not possible that the blood of bulls and of goats shall take away sins.'" Heb. x. 4.

Mary. I do not quite understand what you mean, godmother.

Mrs. Browne. Well, then, we will talk a little further upon the subject, and see if I can make you understand it. First of all, in order to set the matter clearly before you, bear in your mind that God is, and always must be, perfectly just, or he could not be a perfect being.

Mary. What is being just, godmother, in the way you speak of?

Mrs. Browne. A just person pays every one what is exactly due to them; neither more nor less. So God pays exactly what is due to every creature. He rewards those who behave well, and punishes those who behave ill, in the exact degree in which they have deserved rewards or punishments. Do you understand now, Mary, what I mean, when I say that God is perfectly just?

Mary. Yes, I do, godmother; but I don't like to hear you talk in this manner.

Mrs. Browne. Why, Mary?

Mary. Because, if God is quite just, and punishes every man according to his faults, you know we must all go to hell.

Mrs. Browne. My dear, you have said no more than what is true; and it was for this purpose, namely, to bring all the race of mankind to hell, that the devil tempted our first parents to commit sin. But here we see the wonderful wisdom and goodness of God. When mankind had, by their disobedience, incurred everlasting punishment, God the Son, putting on the nature of man, and descending upon this earth, took upon him the sins of all mankind, endured, upon the cross, our punishment, and fulfilled all his Father's laws. These words, in the Book of Psalms, are written of this our beloved Saviour: "Then said I, Lo, I come; in the volume of the book it is written of me, I delight to do thy will. O my God; yea, thy law is within my heart. I have preached righteousness in the great congregation; lo, I have not refrained my lips, O Lord, thou knowest." Psalm xl. 7—9. In this manner the justice of God was satisfied, yet we are saved; for the only begotten Son of God suffered the punishment of our sins; his blood was poured out and shed for us upon the cross, and his life given up for ours. The promise that he should come to die for us, was given to our first parents immediately after the fall; and, ever since that time, the sacrifices of animals have been used in the worship of God, by his own appointment, as signs and types of the great sacrifice of the death of Christ.

Mary. But Christians do not make sacrifices of animals now.

"Heathens continue to make sacrifices," answered *Mrs. Browne*, "though they do not know why; but Christians know that the great sacrifice of the death of Christ is past, therefore, there is no longer need of those little sacrifices, which were but signs, or shadows of the great one."

Mary. But who taught these poor heathens to kill animals in sacrifices?

Mrs. Browne. Why, you know, my dear, that all the nations in the world are descended from Noah. You read of Noah making sacrifices; he knew what the meaning of these sacrifices were. His children have kept up the custom, although they have but a dark notion of the reason why sacrifices were appointed.

Mary. That is like people who take their children to be baptized because others do it, and they don't know why.

Mrs. Browne. There are many persons who have not had the advantage of being taught their duty; we should pity such persons. But to speak further on the subject of the sacrifice of the death of Christ: What do Christians now do in remembrance of that sacrifice?

Mary considered a while, but seemed at a loss what to answer.

Mrs. Browne. We have often talked together about the sacrament of Baptism, and I hope that you are, in some degree, acquainted with the nature of it. Can you tell me wherefore the sacrament of the Lord's Supper was ordained?

Mary. O! :odmother, now I know: "For the continual remembrance of the sacrifice of the death of Christ, and of the benefits which we receive thereby."

Mrs. Browne. You understand, then, that the sacrament of the Lord's Supper was ordained for the continual remembrance of the sacrifice of the death of Christ, and also for the benefits which we receive thereby. What do we gain by the death of Christ?

Mary. Every thing that is good, both in this world and the next.

Mrs. Browne. If you will take your Bible, and turn to 1 Cor. xi. 23, and following verses, you will find a short account, by St. Paul, of the first institution of the Lord's Supper; and I would advise you to get these verses by heart. What is the next question in your Catechism?

Mary. "What is the outward part, or sign, of the Lord's Supper?"

Mrs. Browne. You recollect, my dear, that each sacrament has two parts; the outward part, which we may perceive by our senses; and the inward part, which can only be received by faith. What, then, is the outward part of the Lord's Supper?

Mary. "Bread and wine, which the Lord hath commanded to be received."

Mrs. Browne. What is the inward part, or thing signified?

Mary. "The body and blood of Christ, which are verily and indeed taken and received by the faithful in the Lord's Supper."

Mrs. Browne. I must now call to your mind, Mary, what I have often repeated to you, that bread is a sign,

or type, of Christ, who supports the new and spiritual nature of the converted man, in the same manner as bread supports the body. Wine is the sign of the blood of Christ, as our Lord, in the 15th chapter of St. John, calls himself the true vine: so his blood is signified by the juice of the grape. Thus, when persons, in the Lord's Supper, receive the bread and wine in faith, they become partakers of the body and blood of Christ. Their sins are washed away by the Saviour's blood, and their new nature is strengthened by his body, which is the bread of life.

Mary. But still, godmother, I do not quite know what is meant by these words: "Verily and indeed taken and received by the faithful in the Lord's Supper." People don't really eat the body and drink the blood of the Lord Jesus Christ at the sacrament of the Lord's Supper.

Mrs. Browne. My dear, you now forget what I have just told you, that each sacrament consists of two parts: the one outward, which every person may see and understand; the other inward, which can only be received by faith. Accordingly, the bread and wine in the Lord's Supper may be partaken of by any person; but the body and blood of Christ can only be received through faith.

Mary. Are not all these things rather hard to be understood by people so young as I am, godmother?

Mrs. Browne. After what we have been saying, you will not find it difficult to understand. What are the benefits whereof we are partakers by the Lord's Supper?

Mary. "The strengthening and refreshing of our souls by the body and blood of Christ, as our bodies are by the bread and wine."

Mrs. Browne. What is the explanation of this answer?

Mary. That the body and blood of Christ, being received by faith, strengthen our souls, as much as bread and wine do our bodies.

Mrs. Browne. I took a great deal of pains a little while ago, to explain to you the nature of the sacrament of Baptism; and to-day I have been trying to make you understand the nature of the sacrament of the Lord's Supper. Before I go any further, I should like to know if you understand the difference between these two

sacraments. What is the sacrament of Baptism designed for?

“Have you not told me, godmother,” answered Mary, “that it is designed to introduce us into a state of grace.

“Very well, my dear,” said Mrs. Browne. “And what is the sacrament of the Lord’s Supper to do for us?”

Mary thought a little while, and then she said, “is it not to keep on our minds a lively sense of the atonement made for sin, on which we all depend for pardon; and to promote our growth in grace?”

Mrs. Browne being satisfied with Mary’s answer, proceeded to ask her the last question in the Catechism: “What is required of those who come to the Lord’s Supper?”

Mary. “To examine themselves whether they repent them truly of their former sins, steadfastly purposing to lead a new life, have a lively faith in God’s mercy through Christ, with a thankful remembrance of his death, and be in charity with all men.”

Mrs. Browne was going to ask Mary the explanation of this question, when they were interrupted by a visit from Mrs. Simpson.

Q. What is necessary to the remission of sin?

A. Without shedding of blood is no remission.

Q. Can the blood of any creature take away sins?

A. It is not possible that the blood of bulls and of goats should take away sins.

Q. What is written of our Saviour in the 40th Psalm?

A. Then said I, Lo, I come: in the volume of the book it is written of me, I delight to do thy will, O my God: yea, thy law is within my heart. I have preached righteousness in the great congregation: lo, I have not refrained my lips, O Lord thou knowest.

STORY XXXVIII.

Continuation on the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper.

THE Sunday before Whit-Sunday, Mr. King gave notice to the congregation, that it was his intention, God being willing, to administer the holy sacrament of the body and blood of Christ on the following Sunday. That same afternoon, there being no service in the church, for Mr. King was sent for elsewhere on duty, Mrs. Browne called for Mary to take a walk with her, and they took the way towards the soldiers' burying ground.

It had been much talked of about that time, that the regiment would soon leave Cawnpore, where it had been stationed now nearly five years; and Mrs. Browne, as she walked slowly with her goddaughter, over the dry and sandy plain which lies between the barracks and the burying-ground, thought of the many events which had come to pass during the time in which the regiment had lain in that place. Many persons belonging to the regiment, who had come there in perfect health, were now dead. Some had risen in the world, and some had fallen; some had been blessed with promising children, and others had laid their babies in the dust; some had profited by the blessed privilege of hearing the word of God from the mouth of Mr. King, and might hope to be the better for it for ever; but these were few. The greater part of the regiment, both high and low, were seeking only to please themselves, and to enjoy the present moment, heedless of what might soon come.

Mrs. Browne's mind being full of these things, she walked silently on; and Mary did not disturb her by talking to her. They passed by several houses standing in gardens, and the corner of the great market, and drawing near the burying-ground, walked for a certain distance, under its mud wall, above which appeared many tall trees, and the pointed tops of a few of the highest tombs. Mrs. Browne, and Mary entered by a narrow door in the wall, of the burying ground.

As Mrs. Browne stepped in, she turned to Mary, and said, 'How many are here, who, five years ago, came to this place, with our regiment, in better health than I

am now. Many younger than you, Mary, now lie here. O! that by considering these things, we could apply our hearts unto wisdom."

The grave-yard was full of tombs; those nearest the gate were, for the most part, so old, that many of them were fallen to decay; and others were turned so black, from the rain and dust, that the letters upon them could not be made out.

"When I come into these kind of places," said Mary, "I think death is so shocking, that I will be so good, I will do nothing but read, pray, and serve God; but when I get back into company, I forget all my good resolutions."

"It would be well for us, my dear," answered Mrs. Browne, "if we could keep our good resolutions; but the nature of man is so bad, and so depraved, that neither death, nor hell itself, can keep him from sin. Those who see death oftenest, and have most to do among the dead, are frequently the most irreligious among men. Neither if hell were open before them, would it mend them. None but the Holy Spirit, can break our stubborn hearts. True wisdom, my child, is to seek Christ; He is that bread of life which came down from Heaven, which, if a man eat, he shall live forever." John vi. 33, 50, 58.

"It was this blessed Spirit," answered Mary, "that changed Mrs. Barnes's heart and made her good."

"Look round, my dear," said Mrs. Browne, "on all these tombs. I cannot count them; they are without number. Some of the persons now lying in these graves were rich (that is, for their station,) some were admired, some were handsome, some had much worldly wisdom and cunning; but if they did not, when living, seek their Saviour, all these things will have done them no good. We were at first made, my dear child, in the image of God. By the sin of our first parents we lost that beautiful image; by uniting ourselves with our Redeemer, while we are in the flesh, we have an assurance of recovering it; but if we fail to do this in life, we lose the opportunity for ever."

Just as Mrs. Browne ceased speaking, they came opposite a little white tomb, and stopped to read the inscription. It was to the memory of a little girl of ten years of age, of so heavenly and holy a frame of mind, that, by her example, she had been the means, under God, of

turning an irreligious parent to the Lord. On the bottom of the inscription were these words: "I shall be satisfied, when I awake with thy likeness." Psalm xvii. 15.

"Ten years old!" said Mary; "I am ten years old, and have had pious friends, yet I am not like this little girl." As she spoke, the tears came into her eyes, and ran down her cheeks; but she tried to rub them away without Mrs. Browne seeing them, so Mrs. Browne took no notice of them.

Close by this grave, were the tombs of Dick Price and Fanny Bell. Mrs. Browne and Mary stood awhile looking at them, but they did not speak; for what could they say? They felt very sorrowful. So they passed on, and turning round a high tomb, who should they see but Mrs. Barnes, sitting, all alone, upon a stone, and in a thoughtful mood.

Mrs. Barnes started when she heard steps; but when she looked up, and saw who was coming, "O! Mrs. Browne," she said, "is it you? I am glad to see you. I slipped out this evening for the sake of a little retirement, which we cannot enjoy in the barracks; and seeing the door of this ground open, I came in. I have been blessing God that I was not numbered among those who lie here, before I was brought to the knowledge of Him who has taken out the sting of death. "O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory? The sting of death is sin; and the strength of sin is the law. But thanks be to God, which giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ." 1 Cor. xv. 55—57.

As it was still early in the evening, Mrs. Browne and Mary sat down upon the stone by Mrs. Barnes; Mrs. Browne, put this question to Mrs. Barnes: "What is the state of mind of one well prepared for death?"

"You, Mrs. Browne," replied Mrs. Barnes, "are fitter to answer this question; as I am, but a child in Christ. But I take it, that the proper state of a dying man is, first, a full persuasion that he is a helpless and miserable sinner, with an utter hatred and abhorrence of his sinful nature, for which his Saviour suffered death, and an entire dependence on his Saviour for salvation."

"To the best of my poor judgment, you have answered right, Mrs. Barnes," said Mrs. Browne; and that, this

also, is the state of mind requisite for a proper attendance on the Lord's Supper."

"I wish," answered Mrs. Barnes, "that I was fit to attend the Lord's Supper next Sunday. I never did receive it; and I am so much afraid of receiving it unworthily, that I hardly dare go now."

"Hardly dare go!" said Mrs. Browne. "I would rather say, I dare not stay away. If we consider that it is the express command of our dear Lord, and his dying command, that we should do this in remembrance of Him, how can we hesitate about whether we should do it or not? Suppose your son had made a last request to you, that you should do some certain thing in remembrance of him, would you fail to do it? And what is your son to you, dear as he is, when compared with your Lord and Saviour?"

"O! Mrs. Browne," answered Mrs. Barnes, "it is not that I am unwilling to go to the Lord's Supper, but I feel so unworthy. I feel that I am such a very great and so helpless a sinner."

Mrs. Browne. As to your knowing yourself to be a sinner, supposing that you sincerely hate your sins, and resolve, with God's help, to forsake them, this is the very thing that makes you fit to partake of the body and blood of our Lord. It was for poor sinners that His precious body was broken and his blood shed. He came not to cure those who are whole, but those who are sick. Then what does our Lord himself say?—"Except ye eat the flesh of the Son of man, and drink his blood, ye have no life in you. Whoso eateth my flesh and drinketh my blood, hath eternal life: and I will raise him up at the last day." John vi 53, 54.

"Still my unworthiness," said Mrs. Barnes, "seems to hold me back; though I know it is wrong."

"We are all unworthy—all sinners, Mrs. Barnes," said Mrs. Browne. "There is not a day, nor an hour, of our lives in which we do not fall into sin, through the depravity and weakness of our nature; but if we do not allow ourselves in sin, our unworthiness should not hold us back. For example; If I bear malice, or ill-will, in my heart against a neighbour; or if I live in any habit of intemperance, dishonesty, or overreaching—I mock God by partaking of his holy sacrament until I have resolved to give up these things. But I hope this is not

your case; I hope you do not allow yourself in any sin. Your husband is pay-sergeant—I trust you do not suffer yourself to make any profit upon the poor men.”

“I once did,” replied Mrs. Barnes, “and had many ways of doing it, particularly when I saw a man in liquor; but I thank God, since he has been pleased to touch my heart, I have been no longer tempted in this way.”

“I thank God, too, for this Mrs. Barnes,” said Mrs. Browne; “for I once knew a sergeant’s wife (poor woman, she lies buried not a stone’s throw from hence) who was sadly hindered in her way to Heaven, if not altogether lost at last, by giving way to this temptation of turning a penny with the men: lending them money, to drink, upon usury, paying them in bad money, and many other such contrivances. But if you have nothing of this kind on your mind, Mrs. Barnes, and bear, as I said before, no ill-will to your neighbours, and live in soberness and chastity, I cannot see why you are to hold back from the Lord’s Supper. We are all sinners, as I said before; and as to our unworthiness, we must all confess it.”

“There is much truth in what you say,” said Mrs. Barnes; “I shall take a day or two to consider of it, and to look into myself.”

“And God give you grace,” replied Mrs. Browne, “to search your heart, and me, also, that we may know and utterly forsake our sins, be they ever so secret or hidden from man’s eye.”

By this time, it was proper for them to go home; and the next Sunday Mrs. Barnes went with Mrs. Browne to the holy sacrament of the body and blood of Christ, having, in conformity to our excellent Catechism, examined herself whether she repented truly of her former sins, stedfastly purposing to lead a new life, having a lively faith in God’s mercy, through Christ, with a thankful remembrance of his death, and being in charity with all men.

Q. Who is the bread of life?

A. And Jesus said unto them, I am the bread of life; he that cometh to me shall never hunger; and he that believeth on me shall never thirst.

Q. If you love the Lord Jesus Christ when shall you be satisfied?

A. As for me, I will behold thy face in righteousness; I shall be satisfied, when I awake, with thy likeness.

Q. What is the sting of death?

A. O death, where is thy sting? O grave where is thy victory? The sting of death is sin; and the strength of sin is the law. But thanks be to God, which giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ.

STORY XXXIX.

Conclusion.

A LITTLE after what has been above related, the regiment was ordered to England, and I could gain no information of any persons belonging to it, till I was favoured with a sight of a letter written by James Law, dated from his own town, Brampton, in Cumberland, to his brother Thomas, private in the ——— regiment of foot, then stationed at Cawnpore, in the East Indies.

It seems that Thomas Law had been in the same regiment with his brother, but, upon its being ordered home, he had volunteered to go into that by which it was relieved. His wish to stay in India proceeded from a hope he had of doing some good among the poor natives of India. Thomas Law understood the Hindoostanee language well, having been instructed by Mr. King; and he used to devote all his spare hours to teach a few little porter and cook-boys to read the Scripture in Hindoostanee, and to repeat the Catechism in that tongue. In hopes of doing some little good in this way, he chose to continue in India, instead of going home, although he had served his time, and was entitled to a pension. Some persons called him a fool for his pains; but whether he was or not, will be seen at the last day. He was so good as to give me leave to take a copy of his brother's letter.

James Law's Letter, dated from Brampton, in Cumberland, November 8th, 18—.

LOVING BROTHER,

A YOUNG gentleman from our parts, who is coming out lieutenant to your regiment, is so

obliging as to say that he will be the bearer of this, and put it into your own hands, God willing. He takes leave of this place after Christmas, so that I shall have time to write you a long letter. And first, I will tell you how I found all our friends here. Mother looks exceedingly well, God be thanked. She seems fresher and younger than I do, as all the neighbours say; but then, she has not been scorched and dried up as we have under the burning sun of India. She is a little dim-sighted, otherwise, she is as fit for work as ever. We have taken one of the small houses opposite the little round hill where you and I used to clamber up the fir-trees after the birds. It is a pleasant situation enough, having a prospect as far as the borders of Scotland. Sister, as you know, is become a widow, and lives with us, with her three children; so that we are a snug party in the long dark evenings; mother and sister working with their needles, and I reading to them, and teaching the young ones. I find fault with nothing but the cold; but mother has made me some very warm clothing, so, thank God, I am pretty well armed against that. Mother is quite reconciled to your staying behind. "As my dear children are employed in the service of their Redeemer, I care not where they be," she said. So set your mind at ease on that score.

Our old neighbours are many of them dead, and gone; but Nurse Bell and old John Gray send their love. They come, with one or two more, on Sunday evenings, to hear me read.

And now for our voyage, and about your old friends in the regiment. The first mischance which befel us after we were in the boats to go down from Cawnpore to Calcutta, was the loss of Mrs. Burton, Peggy Thompson that was. She took a diam extraordinary one afternoon, and fell overboard, and was never seen more. Poor soul! I thought of Psalm xxxvi. 1—4: "Fret not thyself because of evil-doers, neither be thou envious against the workers of iniquity; for they shall soon be cut down like the grass, and wither as the green herb. Trust in the Lord and do good; so shalt thou dwell in the land, and verily, thou shalt be fed. Delight thyself also in the Lord; and he shall give thee the desires of thine heart."

At Patna, where we stopped as much as three days, Charlotte James went off with a young spark of a civi-

lian, in whose acquaintance she had before fallen. Her father, poor man, took it much to heart, and would have taken her back, disgraced as she was, but the girl would not come. O! that parents would but bring up their children in the fear of the Lord, with singleness of heart.

Between Patna and Bar we had a terrible squall, and the boat in which Hicks and his wife were, was over-set. She was dragged out of the water for dead; but the doctor recovered her from drowning, only that she might fret herself to death; for her great chest, in which all that was dear to her heart, was lost. We could not find it. It was, I reckon, carried down by the stream. In this chest, besides all her clothes, were several bonds and securities for money; some from our paymaster, who assured her, that as soon as they reached Calcutta, she should have all her due from him, notwithstanding. But some others, in whose hands her money lay, might not, perhaps, be so honest; and the thought of this fretted her so, that she actually fell sick and died. We buried her on the river's bank, about two days distance from Calcutta. Had she laid up her treasure in Heaven, this would not have happened. I have always found that godliness is profitable, both in this world, and in the world to come. 1 Tim. iv. 8.

I fell into company with Kitty Spence, at Calcutta. She had been sent there for trial, you know, for the murder of Fanny Bell; but, that she intended to murder her could not be proved against her. But though she escaped hanging, I never saw a more miserable wretch. Her husband was kind to her, and would have had her to come on board ship with the regiment, but she had made acquaintance with some poor, low, wicked wretches of our countrymen, living in Calcutta, and though we once or twice got a sight of her, yet she contrived to get away again from us, and, at the time of our embarking for Europe, was not to be found. She is a poor lost wretch, I fear; God help her.

Our regiment was divided in two ships: the Crown, and the Bengal Merchant. All our religious people were in one ship, excepting myself and corporal Freeman, who thank God, is become as serious as any of us. We had such a set about us; many a time did my heart bleed to hear the light talking, cursing, and blaspheming, which went forward. Mrs. Dawson, Price, his wife and daugh-

ter, sergeant Burton, John Roberts, Bob Rowe, and corporal Harris, were with us. Oh! how they did go on! But I need not describe to you how ungodly people go on at sea.

What with the bad air, the stench of tobacco and liquor, the rolling of the ship, and the horrible language, I never, I thought, had such a miserable time of it before. We lost poor Mrs Dawson at sea, and, I verily believe, from nothing but hard drinking. I strove to put in a few words on religious subjects, when I found her in danger, but was bade by the sergeant-major not to come near her.

We parted from the Crown near the Land's-End, and she reached home as much as three weeks before us. She went into Plymouth, and we into Portsmouth.

Although it was the month of July when we reached Old England, it was rainy, drizzly weather, and we found it very cold.

I never saw such poor, miserable, dirty, helpless creatures as our women were, for the most part, when set down at Portsmouth, with their white muslin gowns, and coloured shoes, trailing and shivering along Portsmouth streets; and many of them without money, having spent all before them in India.

Poor Nelly Price, though but a child, as it were, had taken to bad courses on board ship; and now, finding poverty and hardships staring in her face, she left her parents, and took to a way of life followed by many poor wretches in Portsmouth.

Such of us as were entitled to our discharges, received them at Portsmouth; and I was going to set out immediately for Brampton, and had written to my mother accordingly, when I was taken with a rheumatic fever, and was laid up till winter; and then, fearing to undertake the journey, I put it off till spring, when being in sound health and spirits. God be praised, I began my journey, on foot; and as pleasant a journey I had of it, as man could have.

It was April, and the flowers were beginning to spring. The first violets that I saw in the hedge, set my heart a dancing, I cannot tell how; and the sweet smell of the primrose much reminded me, though pleasanter, I think, of the *mangoe* tree in blossom, and brought to my mind the groves near our camp, where you, and I, and some

others, used to go to pray and sing, when we lay in Bahar.

When I came near to Staffordshire, I turned out of my direct road, to pay a visit to sergeant Browne. He, good man, knowing that I lay sick at Portsmouth, had sent me a letter, to tell me that he had left the regiment, with sergeants Mills and Francis, and that they were all settled comfortably in a village in Staffordshire. You would not know the place, if I were to tell you the name.

I was mightily pleased with this visit. You cannot think how comfortably our old friends are settled. The village lies in a kind of bottom, on the sunny side of a copse. Mills's and Francis's houses are close together, and sergeant Browne's a little nearer the copse; so that Mrs. Browne says she can hear the wood-pigeons, and see the squirrels play among the trees, as she sits at her work.

Sergeant Browne, as I still call him, though he is no sergeant now, picks up a little addition to his pension and what he has saved, by gardening. He has a pretty sarden; and Mrs. Browne teaches about a dozen little ones to read and work, which she is well capable of. Francis has taken up his old trade of shoe maker, or cobbler, as he calls himself; for he can only do rough work at present, till his hand is more in. Mrs. Francis takes in needle-work. And sergeant Mills, now and then, does a little at the carpentering trade, which he followed for a few years, in his youth. Mary Mills is a pious, modest girl, as ever I saw. No one, to look at her, would say that she had been brought up in barracks; but the fear of God is all-sufficient.

If it had not been that I so desired to see mother, I should have stayed longer with these good people. As it was, I stayed two Sundays, and they were most edifying seasons. The minister of the parish, one Mr. Nash, is a godly man. He reminded me much of our dear Mr. King; but there is a family likeness in all the children of God.

We went twice to the parish-church; and in the evening, Mr. Nash himself came into sergeant Browne's, (where we were all drinking tea,) with Madam Nash. Before he took his leave, he prayed and sang with us.

When I took leave of these dear friends, I could not help being in much trouble, for it is likely that I may never see them again; but serjeant Browne comforted me with these words: "There shall be one fold, and one shepherd." John x. 16.

And with these words, beloved brother, I take leave of you. So may God bless you, and bless the works of your hands.

From your loving brother, till death,

JAMES LAW.

Q. When we see the wicked prosper, while the people of God seem for a time to suffer, what words of Scripture should we think of?

A. Fret not thyself because of evil-doers. neither be thou envious against the workers of iniquity; for they shall soon be cut down like the grass, and wither as the green herb. Trust in the Lord, and do good; so shalt thou dwell in the land, and verily thou shalt be fed. Delight thyself also in the Lord, and he shall give thee the desires of thine heart.

Q. What is profitable both in this world and the next?

A. Godliness is profitable unto all things, having the promise of the life that now is, and of that which is to come.

THE Board of Managers of the Protestant Episcopal Female Tract Society of Baltimore, being bound by an article of their constitution, to exert themselves for the multiplication of similar societies, take this method to interest the public on the subject.

Feeble as may be their publications, considered simply as human means, the Managers are, nevertheless, deeply impressed with a sense of the value of this mode of diffusing religious knowledge, as an instrument in the hands of Him, "who would have all men to be saved, and to come to the knowledge of the truth." They are equally calculated by their shortness, to allure the busy; and, by their apparent lightness, the careless; who, it is humbly hoped, may thus become acquainted with "the things that belong to their peace," and induced to search the pages of eternal life. Even those who are already impressed with the importance of gospel truth, may find some improvement in the perusal of a short Tract, acquired gratuitously, when they might have neither leisure to peruse, nor means to purchase a more voluminous treatise.

Under this view of the subject, the managers confidently, but respectfully solicit the aid of their fellow christians, in establishing societies auxiliary to their own; and they would beg leave to remark, that should the sum collected be even very inconsiderable, still, paid in to the parent board, it would very materially facilitate their operations, and extend their usefulness, while the amount being remitted in Tracts, would probably be productive of much real benefit, and permanent good.

List of Tracts published since last Report.

	copies.		copies.
Fifth Annual Report,	1000	No. 39—The Important Discovery	5000
No. 33—Henry Lisle,	5000	No. 40—The Twins,	5000
No. 34—Benefit of Affliction,	5000	No. 41—The Christian's Idols,	5000
No. 35—The Young Christian,	5000	No. 42—Daniel Rutherford,	5000
No. 36—Gilbert Ainslie,	5000	No. 43—The Sabbath Evening,	5000
No. 37—The Little Missionary,	5000	No. 44—Felix and Serena,	5000
No. 38—The Conversion of St. Augustine,	5000	Total,	61,000

List of Tracts distributed since last Report.

Subscribers, 2215; Talbot Auxiliary Society, 1220; Prince George's Auxiliary Society, 3300; Juvenile Auxiliary Society of St. Paul's Parish, 2405; Juvenile Auxiliary Society of Trinity, 3514; Male Juvenile Society, 1341; Clergy, 2050; Individuals, 6701; Shipping and Steam Boats, 1261; Dispensary, 225; Baltimore Hospital, 145; Maryland Penitentiary, 115; Alms House, 154; Fort M'Henry, 16; Sunday Schools, 1589; an Academy, 38; Camp Meeting, 84; Cotton Factory, French street, 291; Shops in the city, 218; Wharves, 36; Charity School, 147; Warren Factory, 114; Union Factory, 185; Free School, 60; Harford County, 355; Garrison Forest, 133; Elkton, 35; Calvert County, 44; Charles County, 60; Annapolis, 74; Colonization Society, 300; Berke's County, Pa. 256; Prince George's County, 120; Sold, 314; Eastern Shore, Va. 96; Elk Ridge, 110; Baltimore County, 159; Tennessee, 80; Duchess County, N.Y. 10; Queen Anne's County, 89; Somerset County, 73; Cæcil County, 152; Berkely County, Va. 140; Richmond County, Va. 20; Westmoreland County, Va. 68; Charlottesville County, Va. 44; Adam's County, Pa. 140; Delaware, 36; Chestertown, 7; York County, Pa. 126; Frederick County, 158; Tavern, 41; New London, Con. 83; Newbern, N. C. 272; Bethel Meeting, 50; Essex County, Va. 100; Bedford Springs, 63; Charity School, Eastern Shore. 225; West Indies, 220; Amboy Tract Society, 34; Pittsburg, 30; Lancaster, 30; York Haven, 50; Western Country, 60; New-York Tract Society, 48. Total distributed, 32,013.



