

PZ6
B25-463
1862



THE LIBRARY
OF
THE UNIVERSITY
OF CALIFORNIA

Rare Book Room

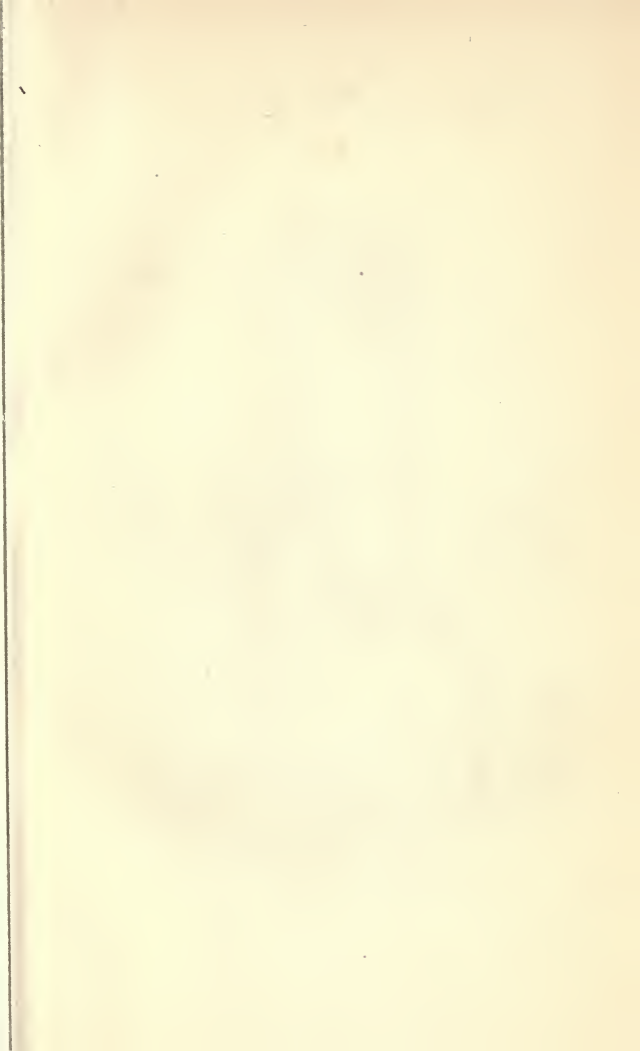
GIFT OF

John W. Beckman











Frontispiece.

Under the Pear-tree.

UNDER THE PEAR TREE :

OR,

Little Crosses.

BY

AUNT FRIENDLY.

Sarah S Baker

"LET PATIENCE HAVE HER PERFECT WORK."

NEW YORK:

ANSON D. F. RANDOLPH,

NO. 683 BROADWAY.

1862

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1862,
By ANSON D. F. RANDOLPH,
In the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States
for the Southern District of New York.

EDWARD O. JENKINS,
Printer and Stereotyper,
No. 20 NORTH WILLIAM ST.

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
I.—THE OLD-FASHIONED GARDEN.....	7
II.—NEWS	16
III.—THE VISITORS.....	29
IV.—SOUTH AMERICA.....	38
V.—OVERTURNINGS.....	48
VI.—THE LITTLE HEATHEN	64
VII.—THE WOODS	81
VIII.—SICKNESS.....	93
IX.—MORNING LIGHT	102
X.—HAND IN HAND.....	106
XI.—RACHE.....	113
XII.—A DECISION.....	124
XIII.—CONCLUSION	130

Little Crosses.

WE write not now of little crosses,
Which, wreathed with flowers, in churchyards stand,
To tell of mothers' bitter losses,
And little saints in "Better Land."

Nor dwell we on those crosses olden,
Whereon the infant martyrs died,
When meekly soft, small hands were holden,
Like Jesus to be crucified.

Nay, ours is but a simple story
Of Christian life in childhood's morn,
When Jesus trains the heir of glory,
Through daily trials rightly borne.

Each little burden he will measure,
He knows what weight each lamb can bear ;
He plans each tiny grief and pleasure,
With his own loving, tender care.

UNDER THE PEAR TREE.



I.

The Old-Fashioned Garden.

PEAR trees and currant bushes, lilac and mock orange, blush roses and damask, there they all were, as green and flourishing as in dear old Mrs. Eaton's time, when her garden was the pride of her heart. She, good lady, had gone to her rest, but the trees she had planted and the flowers she had nursed were of her a perpetual emblem and memorial. Freely each year they gave their fruit and fragrance, then sank into seeming death, a death, which, like hers, was but the sure forerunner of a glad resurrection.

Mrs. Eaton no longer walked up and

down the broad path between the straight "borders" to count her tulips by hundreds, or to mark where the crown-imperials were treasuring their drops of honey for the grand-children's curious fingers. No longer she lingered to catch the perfume of her damask roses, while the great grey cat rubbed backward and forward against her dress, as if wondering whether her mistress had stopped to be caressed, or to let the sunshine fall on those silvery tresses which little hands had smoothed so lovingly. Mrs. Eaton was no more among her flowers. She had passed to that land where there is no blight, no death, no decay.

Yet the old-fashioned garden was still the same, and the knotty pear tree had hung out its blossoms one spring morning, as cheerily as if it had not seen full thirty seasons since it gained its prime. A gentle breeze shook the gnarled branches, and down came a white shower, a sweet spring shower, from

the dainty blossoms. A pair of blue eyes looked up quickly, and a pleasant smile crossed a bright young face for a moment ; then the eyes were again fixed upon an open book, and the young face grew serious with earnest interest. It seemed as if the old pear tree was in its way, blessing the little reader, bending there over God's book in the very May morning of her life.

Carrie Eaton liked that seat under the pear tree, with the little grass plot about her, and the currant bushes shutting in the green circle with their friendly hedge. It was a quiet retired spot, full of sacred memories of that dear grandmother who had so early shown to her the beauty and power of the religion which can make old age lovely, and robe even death with glory. Here Carrie had heard many sweet words of counsel from the lips of the aged saint, and here she liked to bring her Bible to keep the promise she had made to that dear

friend to read in it every day, as long as she should live. Ah! Mrs. Eaton had made sure of a blessing when she secured such daily food for the child. Carrie was reading of Stephen, the first martyr, this morning, and her eyes were at one time large with interest, then soft with tears, as she went on with the story.

“And when he had said this, he fell asleep.” These were the last words of the chapter, and Carrie had shut the book. Was she, too, asleep?

Her eyes were closed, but busy, very busy was the brain within. Not alone of Stephen was she thinking, but of the long train of martyrs, who like him had suffered for their Lord. Glorious indeed seemed to her such a portion. “I wonder if I could be a martyr?” she said to herself. “I wonder how it would seem.”

As the little girl spoke, she rose from her seat, and stood with her back firmly against

the trunk of the old tree. "I could not move," she whispered; "I should be tied fast, and they would heap up faggots around me, and the guards would stand off about where the currant bushes are, to watch the fire, and see how I could bear the torture. I would sing; yes, I would sing 'I want to be an angel.' They should see that I was glad to die for the Saviour."

To Carrie's excited imagination she seemed in the midst of the scene she had fancied. The currant bushes, clad in their tender green, were to her soldiers in martial array; the tree was the fatal stake, and as closely she was bound to it as if chains of iron were holding her there. On the rustic seat beside her lay her Bible and her bonnet, the sun bonnet she had twitched off so hastily that the still untied knot dangled to the one firm string. Book and bonnet were unseen by Carrie, in whose imagination the martyr's pile about her was already lighted.

Then her sweet voice burst forth in her favorite hymn, so loud and clear that the birds joined in their chorus, as in sympathy with her seeming joy.

The hymn was over, and Carrie looked about her, fancying that for the last time she saw the pleasant piazza of her home and the tall trees drooping over its roof. The garden, the orchard, soon she should see no more. Her mother! Here Carrie's heart quailed, but she choked the sudden feeling, and commenced again singing, in a voice even more strong and clear than before,—

“Just as I am, without one plea
But that thy blood was shed for me,
And thou biddest me come to thee,
O Lamb of God, I come.”

Carrie was not to forget her mother, even in her fancied martyrdom.

Through the only opening in the currant bushes came that mother, pleased to hear her daughter so employed, but astonished at

her constrained attitude, and the excited expression in her usually gentle face.

“Carrie, dear, I was looking for you,” she said, as she laid her hand on the child’s shoulder.

Carrie started, then put her head on her mother’s neck, and burst into tears. “I am glad it is not true after all!” she exclaimed; “I could not bear to leave you.”

“What! what, my child!” said the mother, anxiously.

“Oh, I was trying to see how it would seem to be a martyr, and I thought I could bear it very well till I saw you, and heard you speak to me. I am afraid I never could be a martyr! Mother, can anybody be a Christian who is not willing to be a martyr?”

The mother smiled, and putting her arm around her child, she sat down with her beneath the old tree.

“God has not chosen you to be one of

his martyrs, Carrie. You cannot expect to be ready for what he has not asked you to do. No one can be a true Christian who is not ready to bear just what God gives him to suffer. That is all he requires of us. We each have our cross to bear, our trials to go through, and we must suffer with patience if we are truly Christ's followers. Our Lord is very merciful. He knows the tender hearts of little children, and rarely sends them great trials ; and he has made it so natural for them to be joyous, that even in real affliction they cannot suffer as older people do. You must have the martyr's spirit, Carrie, though you may not have his fiery trial. You must be willing to bear all that is sent you cheerfully, and even joyfully, since it is our Lord who plans every feature and circumstance of our daily life. He plans for us in love, and in love and cheerfulness we should endure what he sends."

"I don't have any thing to bear ; I feel

as though I should like to have to endure something," said Carrie, in a disappointed tone.

Again the mother smiled, as she said, "It will not be long, my darling, before you will have something to try your patience; remember, then, that the smallest troubles may be borne for Jesus' sake, and so may be met with the martyr's spirit."

II.

News.

CHARRIE EATON was not at all times the serious, thoughtful child we found her in our last chapter. The very afternoon which followed her fancied martyrdom, she spent in playing hide-and-go-seek with her cousin, and the air that had resounded to her parting hymn, rang with her merry peals of laughter.

Sound was Carrie's sleep after her frolic, and her dreams were an odd mingling of the solemn and the joyous,—her morning of excitement and her afternoon of fun. Only God reads those dreams, the merciful heavenly Father, who understands the mysteries of the heart of childhood. He knew the sincerity of her desire to do his will; he did not frown upon her innocent pleasures.

The kind Providence that watches over little children, seems to make their eyes heavy with sleep, and lay them aside for the night, that it may fill them with a new measure of joy with which to awake in the morning. So it was with Carrie Eaton; the early sunlight that lit her pretty bedroom made her conscious of a glad awaking, and she cheerily opened her eyes to the new day. Very happy she felt while she was dressing; her parents, her home, her every blessing seemed particularly precious to her, and when she knelt for her morning prayer, it was to be a thanksgiving quite as much as a series of petitions. As Carrie looked round once more on her pleasant room before going down to breakfast, she thought of the martyr Stephen, and almost lamented that she had no cross to bear, or that it was so light, that as yet she hardly felt its burden.

Young Mrs. Eaton, the villagers called

Carrie's mother, but as we have only had a passing glimpse of the old lady among her flowers before she went to her rest, we may think of her as one of those who bear the "new name" in the Heavenly kingdom, while we shall know as Mrs. Eaton, the young, pleasant-looking lady who was waiting for Carrie in the breakfast-room.

Mr. Eaton was a quiet, studious man, who loved his books and his wife and child, and was ever happiest when in his own home. He had made no effort to make public his consistent character, or to exhibit his good deeds ; yet somehow his light did shine, and that so clearly, that there was not a man in all Bending Brook who was more universally beloved or respected. When our Lord bade us to "let our light shine," he did not tell us to flaunt it in our neighbors' faces. We have but to see to it that our lamps are burning, and if they are lit from above, their brightness will make glad the

spot where we dwell, without taking any trouble about the matter.

People said it was natural for the Eatons to be good; they had been so, father and son, mother and daughter, for four generations. (Ah, that were indeed belonging to a *good family*!) Those outsiders saw the results, but they knew very little of the facts of the case. They had not heard the earnest prayers in the closet, at the family altar, and in sweet interviews between mother and child that had been breathed in the Eaton's home. They gave no credit to the pious, careful training, line upon line, precept upon precept, which was the peculiarity of the house. They had not seen each individual soul in its repentance, its faith, its struggles, its continual struggles heavenward.

Mr. Eaton looked up from a letter he was reading as Carrie came into the breakfast-room. His very smile was a welcome with-

out his pleasant "Good morning." An important letter that seemed to be, for it lay beside the father's plate all the while he was eating, and he favored it now and then with a thoughtful glance.

"Father was planning something to-day, I am sure," said Carrie, as Mr. Eaton left the house for his morning walk.

"Yes, Carrie," said the mother; "we are to have visitors who are to pass some time with us. Very likely your father was 'planning,' as you say, to arrange his time so as to have as much as possible to spare for his guests."

"Visitors!" exclaimed Carrie; "I am so glad! I like to have company. Who are they?"

"Mr. and Mrs. Grant, a young couple who have only been married a year. Mr. Grant is a son of an old friend of your father," was the reply.

"Only a Mr. and Mrs.!" said Carrie, with

a disappointed air. "I hoped it was some pretty young lady, or maybe somebody with a baby, or a little girl."

"I am sure you will feel as we do, glad to receive them, when I tell you that Mr. Grant had a government office at Washington, and has just been thrown out of it. Your father has invited him to stay here until he can get a new situation. He feels very much interested for the young couple in their misfortune."

Mrs. Eaton might have added, that Mr. Grant had been quite intemperate when a very young man, and that her husband feared that in his present discouragement his old habits might revive, and was therefore anxious to give him the shelter of a Christian home, and the kind love of an elder friend, till his time of temptation should be over. This part of the story Mrs. Eaton prudently kept to herself, but she had told enough to awaken Carrie's

warm sympathies, and she at once exclaimed :—

“That was just like father ; so kind ! I mean to be as pleasant to them as I can.”

“That is a good resolution, but it may cost you some effort to keep it. I shall have to give them your room, my dear, that they may feel free to stay as long as they please. If I put them in our east chamber, they may fancy they are in the way if other visitors should arrive. You can have the little room next to us. I shall have you almost under my wing again.”

Carrie tried to smile, but it was a dismal little smile. Give up her pleasant room ; the very spot that had looked so charmingly to her in the morning ! Take the cramped quarters where there was but a narrow passage betwixt the bed and the bureau ! These were not pleasant ideas. “Where shall I hang my dresses ? There is no closet in the hall-room.” said Carrie.

“I shall have to make a place for you in one of my great closets. My black dresses are not so many that I cannot let in a little pink or blue, one here and there, to keep them company,” said the mother, with a cheerful smile.

“Shall I leave my book-case in my room, and my baby-house and my great work-box, and my little rocking-chair, and all my things? There will be no place for them in the little room,” continued Carrie, in a somewhat disconsolate tone.

“If you think yourself a martyr in this heavy trouble, my darling, you must try to suffer cheerfully,” said the mother, with a smile.

Carrie blushed very deeply, as she answered, “Indeed, mamma, I forgot all about what you were saying to me yesterday. I do not think I should make a very good martyr, but I really want to bear my little troubles as well as I can.”

“Then off with you up stairs, and be as busy as a bee. I shall come up by-and-by, to see what you have accomplished. You can change your clothes to the other bureau without my being there. You may lock up your baby-house and your work-box, and let them remain where they are. Your little work-basket and your favorite doll Fanny, can go with you to your new home. Your book-case you had better leave where it is. I do not think Mr. and Mrs. Grant are religious people, and perhaps they may take down some of your sweet Sunday-school stories, or pleasant hymns, and be the better for reading them. I am sure you would not object to that.”

Carrie's eyes sparkled as she answered : “I should love to have my books do some good! I hope they will read them. And, mother, may I leave grandmother's big Bible, with her favorite texts marked in it, on the little table, where I always keep it?”

“Yes, my child,” said the mother, with an approving smile. “And, Carrie, if you choose, you may let your rocking-chair keep its place, too. Mr. Grant speaks of his ‘little wife,’ perhaps that may prove just the sort to suit her.”

“Is she little? I am so glad; she won’t seem like so much of a stranger to me. Perhaps I shall be almost as big as she is; everybody says I am a very tall girl for ten years old.”

Carrie straightened herself up as she spoke, but she did not look so very imposing after all.

“Mrs. Grant must be a little woman, indeed, if she is not taller than you are, darling,” said Mrs. Eaton, with a smile.

“Didn’t you ever see her? Do you know her husband?” asked Carrie, quickly.

“I have never seen them,” said Mrs. Eaton, quietly.

“Do you like to have them come, mam-

ma?" Carrie looked earnestly into her mother's face, as she asked this question.

The least bit of a blush came suddenly into Mrs. Eaton's usually pale cheeks, as she answered, "Of course I cannot feel as glad, Carrie, as if it were your aunt Fanny, or any one I really love; yet I do want to have them come, and I shall try to like them both, and make it very pleasant for them here."

"Ah, mamma! I have caught you this time," exclaimed Carrie. "You take your little crosses so sweetly, that nobody ever knows you have any thing to bear. Of course, you like it better with just father and me; but you think it is kind to invite them here, and you mean to do them all the good you can. I understand you, and now I shall go up stairs and make my room look as sweetly as I can, for the 'wee wife.'"

Backwards and forwards went Carrie's busy feet as she bore armful after armful of

clothing, thinking all the time that her little toil was sent her by her heavenly Master, and she would try, like her mother, to bear it so cheerfully that it should cease to be a pain.

Carrie's valuables were locked up, and the bunch of keys dropped into her pocket. She had arranged the books on the shelf, and as she read the titles, sent up a silent prayer that they might be blessed to the new comers. The small rocking-chair was placed by the most cheerful window, and a bouquet of fresh flowers had been put in front of the great Bible on the corner table.

Carrie looked round approvingly, and a feeling of love sprung up in her heart toward the expected guests, for whom she had been so kindly preparing. She was so full of cheerfulness that she was not put out of patience when her dress caught on the various knobs as she passed into her new room, and sat down by the window. There

was just room for a seat at the foot of the bed, and there Carrie established herself to take a few moments of rest. From this side of the house she could see the dear old garden, and the pear tree in the midst of its circle of green, the scene of her imagined martyrdom. "Ah!" thought she, "it is well I am not called to be a martyr, if it is so hard for me to bear even the trials. When I look out of this window, I hope I shall always remember what mother said to me under the pear tree."

There was a whisper at Carrie's heart that every good resolution should be strengthened by prayer. Softly she stepped to the door, and gently locked it. Then she knelt down by the small bed, and very earnestly she prayed that God would help her to bear patiently all trials, great and small, which he might send her, and make her ever ready cheerfully to do his will.

III.

The Visitors.

TWILIGHT was stealing on as Carrie and her mother were awaiting Mr. Eaton's return from the depot, whither he had gone to meet the expected guests.

There was no detention of trains that day, and not long was Carrie's eager face pressed against the parlour window before she exclaimed, "They are coming! they are coming!" and mother and child were at once at the door with a ready welcome on their lips.

Mr. Eaton stepped first from the carriage, but was immediately followed by a slender young man, who turned but a moment so as to make visible his gay waistcoat and soft curls, and then put his head into the carriage to assist the rest of the party to alight.

The lady, the very little lady, put her hands on his shoulders, and he lifted her on to the steps as if she had been a child.

Mrs. Eaton moved forward with extended hand, thinking her time had come now, but the strangers seemed as yet unconscious of her presence. "Do wake Roche up; shake her, William, she's almost dead with sleep," said Mrs. Grant, as her husband was again half into the carriage.

Mrs. Eaton and Carrie exchanged glances of astonishment and curiosity, a curiosity which was soon gratified. Out came a little negro girl, with her eyes as wide open as if she beheld the world for the first time, and was much surprised at its inhabitants. The numerous braids of woolly hair standing off from her head in every direction, added to her look of startled wonder, and almost made Carrie forget her politeness in a sudden laugh. This breach of decorum she was saved by her father's saying at the moment,

“Mr. and Mrs. Grant, let me present you to my wife and daughter.”

Mr. Grant went through the introduction with an easy off-hand cordiality, but his little wife seemed intent upon noticing the safe landing of two great trunks, which after a few hasty words she promptly followed to the room where they were placed.

Very prettily looked Mrs. Grant when she came down to the supper table, though her style of dress was not particularly suited to the occasion. In the midst of her waving dark hair glistened the pendants from the various gilt pins with which her head was adorned, while her light green silk was be-ruffled and beflounced in the height of fashion.

Mr. Grant admired her very heartily, that was plain, as he went so far as to ask Mrs. Eaton if she did not think green particularly becoming to a fresh complexion like his Lizzie's.

Mrs. Eaton kindly assented, but she managed to get very quickly from green silks to other green things, and so to the country, and so out of range of silks and satins.

Behind Mrs. Grant's chair stood Rache, now thoroughly awake, and on the alert to see all that was to be seen. Rache's few garments dropped scant and straight around her, and made her seem even more scrupulously erect than she really was, while her head sloping up from the forehead increased the air of self-satisfaction, which was plainly her predominant characteristic. Whatever might happen, Rache never considered herself to blame. It was her misfortune to live in a world where things "went wrong"—a trial which she generally bore with provoking good humour.

Mrs. Grant had very little appetite after her journey, and her husband pressed her to take what was on the table, quite as if he were the master of the house.

After tea followed a dragging conversation, in which Mrs. Grant seemed only at her ease when she could describe some party she had attended, or some magnificent dress that had attracted her admiration. The gentlemen meanwhile were getting on rather better, and Carrie stole to her father's side to listen to his account of his first visit in his boyhood to the early home of Mr. Grant. She was just deeply interested in the result of a ride on a very wild pony, when her mother gently said, "It is time for you to go up stairs now, Carrie, you may say 'good night.'"

Carrie gave the usual kiss to her father and mother, and then looked doubtfully at the strangers.

"I like little girls," said Mr. Grant, pleasantly. "I must have a kiss, too."

Mrs. Grant did not seem fond of children; at any rate her manner was very cold, as she turned her cheek to Carrie, and bade her good night.

Mrs. Eaton was in the habit of going up stairs with her little daughter and seeing her safely into bed. Many a pleasant talk they had in those quiet interviews, and Carrie often said, she never loved her mother as well as when she was sitting on the edge of the bed, and bending over her after one of these heart to heart conversations.

This night Carrie went alone to her little room. Her head was quite in a whirl when she sat down to read a few verses in her Bible, as was her custom. She repeated very earnestly her usual petition on opening the Holy Book, "Lord bless thy word to me," and her thoughts by degrees were fixed upon what she was reading, and even in her prayers they did not wander. When, however, she was fairly in bed, Mr. and Mrs. Grant and Rache took possession of her mind. "He is not at all like papa, and yet he is not disagreeable. He likes little girls; I am glad of that. I can get on with almost

any body that likes children. I don't know what Mrs. Grant will think of my gingham apron I wear to breakfast. I wonder if she always dresses in silk? I don't believe she cares about little girls; she only spoke to me when she bade me good night. I don't see what Rache does all the time; she is the queerest little object I ever saw. When her mouth opens to laugh, it seems to pull her eyes open too. Oh, dear, I wish mother was here, I do so miss her; I am afraid she won't come up with me all the while the visitors are here."

Carrie was just getting out of humour with the Grants, when some one came in very gently at the door.

"I am not asleep, mamma! I am so glad to see you," said Carrie, rising up in bed. "Mrs. Grant had to consult with her husband about a letter she wanted him to write in the morning, so I took the opportunity to slip up stairs for a moment," said Mrs. Eaton.

“I sha’n’t like them at all if they keep you away from me,” said Carrie, as she put her arm around her mother’s neck. “I am afraid it will not be very pleasant having them here. Do you think they will stay *very* long?”

“Hush! hush! my child!” said her mother, with a look of pain in her features, “I cannot bear to hear you speak in that way of guests in our house. I will give you some Bible verses to dwell upon when such thoughts come into your mind: ‘Use hospitality without grudging.’ ‘I was a stranger and ye took me in.’ ‘Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, ye have done it unto me.’”

“I did not think of that, mamma,” said Carrie, brightening. “‘Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these.’ I was out of patience about your not coming up. I dare say I shall like them very much.”

“Having strangers in the house may call

for some self-denial on your part in many ways, but I am sure you are too thankful for your pleasant home to murmur at the little trials you have to bear," said Mrs. Eaton.

"Indeed I am ; I feel as if I loved every body and could not be made cross by any thing more, mamma ; so kiss me again, and in the morning I shall try to get up as patient as a little martyr."

Mrs. Eaton went down stairs and Carrie soon fell asleep to dream of Rache, a tulip blossoming out from every independent braid on her wonderful head.

IV.

South America.

CHARRIE EATON was not only fond of flowers, but she liked gardening, real hard work with rake and hoe.

Carrie had what she called a magnificent plan for laying out her little plot of ground this summer. Not landscape gardening was it to be, but geographical gardening, a new branch of horticulture. She was going to represent South America on a small scale—mountains, rivers and plains, all complete.

Already a long bank of earth represented the one-sided backbone of the peninsula, while a piece of broken quartz conspicuously stood out as the rocky island of Terra del Fuego, with a smaller stone south of it, as the renowned Cape Horn. The great Amazon was now to rise among the mountains

and make its way to the sea. This was a work of difficulty, but Carrie was resolved upon success. Her mother had warned her that breakfast would be somewhat later than usual to accommodate the strangers, and the little girl had determined to at least make ready the bed of the Amazon before she was called to the table. She was hard at work lifting the hoe high in air for every stroke, when she was accosted by a pleasant voice behind her.

“You are an early riser, Miss Carrie; pray what are you doing?” said Mr. Grant, as he surveyed the field of her labours.

Carrie explained her plan, and dwelt with enthusiasm on the way she meant to carry it out.

Mr. Grant smiled good-humoredly, as he said, “The rivers will be your great difficulty. Water would sink into this soil as fast as you poured it on. I might make you some wooden troughs with sloping sides,

and you could line them with moss. Let me see, the land lies just right from the pump, to have the water brought here in an underground pipe, passing through the mountains, and opening just where you want your rivers to rise."

"Oh, Mr. Grant! how kind you are!" exclaimed Carrie. "That will be splendid;" and more vigorously than ever went on her preparations.

Mr. Grant was very fond of little girls, as he had said, and he amused himself for some time chatting with Carrie, as she pursued her labors with most creditable industry.

"I should like to see the real Andes," said Carrie. As she spoke she surveyed her mountains, enjoying their heights being increased by every new arrival of soil from the growing bed of the Amazon.

"What if I should tell you that I had seen the real Andes, with these very eyes that are looking at you," said Mr. Grant.

“Are you in earnest?” said Carrie, stopping to gaze into her companion’s face.

“Yes, certain, true, black and blue,” was the answer. “I took a sea-voyage—a voyage after whales—when I was a young fellow. Something got wrong with our ship, and we put in at Callao. I wonder if you know where that is.”

“It is in Peru, on the coast,” said Carrie, promptly.

“Right ; now I will go on. From there some of us sailors went to Lima, and were not contented till we had not only a sight of the Andes, but had our feet actually on them, though, of course, we did not go to the top.”

“I should love dearly to see the Andes,” said Carrie again, more thoughtfully than before.

“Why so?” said Mr. Grant, curiously.

“Because God made them,” said Carrie.

“I know he made everything, but I think I

could understand his great power if I saw the mountains piled up so high, and the smoke going up from the volcanoes, and the earth shaking and trembling, as it does sometimes in those cities by the Andes."

Mr. Grant looked wonderingly at the child, as he answered,

"I think such sights would be more likely to frighten you than to give you pleasure."

"You know we need not be afraid of anything if God is our friend," said Carrie, simply.

"That is very true," said Mr. Grant, soberly; "but everybody is not so sure that he has God for his friend. There was an earthquake when I was in Lima, only a very slight one, but I confess I felt anything but pleasantly for the time; and some of our crew, rough fellows, who were not afraid of the worst storm in the ocean, swore they would not set foot on such land as that again if the Captain were to pay them their weight in gold."

“If they swore I don’t wonder they were afraid. I never heard anybody swear, but I know it is dreadfully wicked,” said Carrie, very seriously. There was something in her companion’s light way of speaking of such a sin that pained her deeply.

“Well, it is a bad habit, and not an easy one to leave off,” said Mr. Grant, thoughtfully.

“Mother says it is hard to leave off any bad habit, but we can if we try, and ask God to help us,” said Carrie.

The first breakfast bell now rang out its summons, and Carrie hastened in to be in order to appear at the table at the second ringing. Mr. Grant followed more slowly, the late conversation still lingering in his mind.

Carrie forgot all about her anxiety as to what Mrs. Grant would think of her gingham apron, in her eagerness to tell her father and mother of Mr. Grant’s kind

promise to assist her in her gardening project. Mr. Eaton was well pleased to find his guest inclined for such innocent amusement, and at once put him in the way of getting such tools, boards and pipes as would be needed for the proposed undertaking.

“Mr. Grant has seen the real Andes, and been in a real earthquake, and been in a ship after whales, too,” said Carrie, whose morning interview had quite done away with her stiffness before the strangers.

Mr. Eaton well remembered when a whaling voyage had been hit upon as the last expedient for breaking up young Grant's dissipated habits, but he kindly refrained from intimating his knowledge of the past. By judicious questioning he drew from his guest much that was valuable about the scenery and climate of the part of South America which he had visited.

Mr. Grant found himself listened to with respect, and his manner lost much of its off-

hand recklessness as he tried to give a clear account of what he had observed.

Mrs. Grant seemed quite satisfied to have the conversation monopolized by her husband, though she occasionally smoothed back her hair or put up her little white hand, as if she were not unwilling to be looked at, though she did not care to talk.

After breakfast the family drew back from the table for morning prayers. Carrie placed the Bible before her father, and then sat down, while the two respectable servants came in from the kitchen and took their accustomed seats.

Rache stared about her as if afraid something terrible was going to happen. Perhaps she feared she was to be reckoned with for her late misdeeds in the kitchen. She soon seemed assured that Jane and Betsy had not come in to testify about the pitcher she had broken, or the pie which she had robbed of its crisp edges. Sinking down

on the floor behind her mistress, she awaited the result of all this preparation.

Mr. Eaton read the twentieth chapter of Exodus, and then, in an earnest prayer, he besought the help of the Holy Spirit for all present, that they might keep the law of God with the loving zeal of those who know that they are accepted through Christ, the Perfect Example and Sufficient Sacrifice.

Mr. Eaton knew nothing of Carrie's morning talk with their visitor, but had he read that visitor's heart, he could not have more wisely worded his prayer, or more judiciously chosen his Scripture selection.

Too often had profane expressions passed the lips of Mr. Grant, but he had resolved that of this bad habit, at least, he would cure himself, quite as much that he might never wound Carrie's innocent ears, as from a sense of the wickedness of such a breach of God's commandments.

Carrie's words, "We can leave off any

bad habit if we try, and ask God to help us," was in his mind while her father was praying, and Mr. Grant's heart assented to the petitions, though his lips would not of themselves have uttered them.

Ah, they act unwisely who shut out the stranger guest from their family prayers. Often has the heart been touched, as some wanderer has knelt with a worshipping circle in a Christian home!

V.

Overturnings.

CARRIE would have been glad to have returned at once to the garden as soon as prayers were over, but her mother called upon her to assist her in putting away the clean clothes just from the wash, and then there were messages to be carried to the kitchen, an errand to do in the village, and the little girl's time was so taken up, that she had but a few moments to herself to read in her own quiet room before the school-bell rang. This was a sore trial of Carrie's patience, simply because she had set her heart on pleasure, rather than in doing each moment the duty that called upon her. She generally liked to oblige her mother, but this morning every such act cost

her an effort ; she remembered, however, the old pear tree and the young martyr, and resolved to bear all that came to her. Carrie was making a mistake. She really had nothing to bear, except the consequence of her too earnest desire to make pleasure her occupation. If she had been but full of love and longing to do her duty, she would have had no trouble. There is no better way of filling our lot with little trials, than by starting out in the morning with some set plan of enjoyment which we want to follow, and then everything that interferes with it is an annoyance. Far better is it to be in the spirit of obedience, ready to do just what God sends us to do ; and so pleasures will come when least expected, like the little flowers that spring from the clefts of the rocks to cheer the traveller as he climbs the mountain side. Carrie went off to school with the feeling that she had rubbed through a very hard time since breakfast,

and was glad that she had not shown her annoyance by a single fretful word.

Mrs. Eaton had not needed words to tell her the mood of her darling, but she had let her work her way through her own struggles, only helping her by the silent prayer that went up from the mother's loving heart.

Carrie had only time to prepare herself for dinner, after her return from school, though she longed to have just one peep at the Andes, by way of giving her an appetite.

The afternoon, however, was all before her, and as soon as she could be excused from the table, she went to get on her garden bonnet and apron, and go post-haste to "South America." Poor little traveller! She was not to see the Andes in their beauty. Destruction had gone in among the miniature mountains, as if volcanoes, earthquakes and tornadoes had been busy doing their work. It was in vain to look for Sorata or

Chimborazo. They were not to be distinguished from the ignoble heaps of earth about them. The bed of the Amazon was half filled up, and Terra del Fuego had deserted Cape Horn, and taken up its abode at the mouth of the Orinoco.

Carrie actually burst into tears. All her labor in vain! Who could have done the mischief? She was at a loss for a conjecture. The enemy was no four-footed creature, to be forgiven for its very lack of the mind that had helped Carrie to plan her favorite undertaking. No! it was plain that shovel and hoe had been wielded to cause the terrible destruction. "Who could it be?" repeated Carrie. "So unkind! Just as I was ready to put on the powdered marble for snow on the tops of the mountains. It is too bad!"

"What is too bad?" said the voice of Mr. Grant, who had his own reasons for repairing to the unfortunate spot.

Carrie turned her flushed face toward the speaker. Mr. Grant's arms were full of leaden pipes and troughs, through which the Orinoco, La Plata, and Amazon were intended to flow.

"Only see, Mr. Grant, what somebody has done! The Andes are all knocked down, and Terra del Fuego moved clear up here, and my bucket of sand for the seashore all upset right in the middle of Patagonia! It is too bad!"

"Indeed it is too bad!" said Mr. Grant.

"I can't bear to look at it!" exclaimed Carrie, as she darted away, ashamed to show before Mr. Grant how thoroughly she was vexed.

Under the old pear tree she soon found herself seated, and then her head dropped upon her hands, and she had a good hearty cry, as much from anger as from sorrow.

"It is of no use to cry about it," said Carrie to herself, when the first burst of feeling

was over. The currant bushes stood off from the green circle, the pear tree scattered its shower of blossoms, and Carrie's mind flew back to the moment when she had braced herself against that sturdy old trunk, fancying she was ready to be a martyr, to suffer all for Jesus' sake.

What was the great trial that had so roused her temper and filled her with disappointment? The result of the amusement of a few leisure hours had been overthrown; work which she could renew on a better plan, and yet she had so utterly lost her self-command, that not even the presence of a stranger could keep her from expressing her anger. Was this bearing patiently the little crosses of her daily life? Ah, no!

Carrie looked about her, and thought of her pleasant home, her kind parents, her numberless blessings, and deep shame overcame her that such a trifle should have had power so to annoy her.

There, under the old pear tree, she asked the present Saviour to forgive her anger and impatience, and to send her more of his own sweet submissive spirit.

Carrie jumped up, saying to herself, "I will go at once and tell Mr. Grant that I am sorry I was so vexed, and that I don't mean to mind it, but begin right away to make it over again, better than before."

Instinctively Carrie hastened to the spot where she had left Mr. Grant, though she had no reason to suppose that he was lingering to mourn over the ruin of the geographical garden.

Mr. Grant had done more than exclaim at the mischief; he had stooped down to examine the marks of two small feet that he found in the soft earth. Beyond the grass plat, in the centre of which South America had been located, were the vegetable beds, made soft and smooth by the gardener's busy rake. Across that even

surface those same small feet had stepped remorselessly, leaving deep tracks as if the retreat had been made in haste. With the keen look of a policeman, Mr. Grant followed these traces as they here and there appeared, until he came to a thick clump of lilac bushes, quite on the opposite side of the garden. From behind this screen, a pair of wide open black eyes were watching him. As he drew nearer and nearer, a small figure jumped from side to side, and at length Rache stood out openly before him.

“O, Massa!” she exclaimed, “I didn’t do nothin’. Don’t whip me. I never went near them Andes!”

Mr. Grant took her sternly by the arm, and led her to the scene which had so lately been Carrie’s pride.

“I didn’t! I didn’t!” screamed Rache, more and more vehemently, as she approached the spot.

“I’ll teach you how to meddle, you mis-

chief-maker!" said Mr. Grant, looking about angrily for a switch.

Not a switch, but Carrie's imploring face, met his eyes.

"O please, Mr. Grant, don't whip her," said Carrie, eagerly. "I don't believe she knew what harm she was doing. I am quite ashamed of myself that I was so vexed just now. It was not right. I'll tell you what I mean to do; I am going to fix it all over better than it was before, and Rache shall help me, if you will let her, and I will tell her just what I am doing. You are sorry, I know you are, Rache."

Mr. Grant looked into Carrie's face; there was something in its sweet, cheerful expression that calmed his anger, and drew him lovingly towards his little friend. Rache opened her eyes even wider than usual. When she had seen Carrie coming up, she thought her doom sealed, and her whipping sure. This free forgiveness she

did not understand. It so thoroughly confused her, that she blubbered out, "There warn't no gold there, nor silver, nor no such things as massa said. I never found nothin'; I never took nothin'; there warn't nothin' but dirt there."

Carrie could not help laughing, as she understood at once what had prompted Rache to her thorough exploration of the miniature South America. The ignorant creature had heard her master talking at the table of the Andes, and thought the treasures of gold which he had spoken, were hidden under the heaps of earth that Carrie had been so carefully raising. Half from curiosity, and half from the desire to pilfer, which seemed her second nature, Rache had plied hoe and spade to find the buried treasure.

"These are only play Andes, not the real, big, big mountains," said Carrie, condescending to explain.

Mr. Grant's hand was still holding tightly on to Rache's arm, but he now relaxed his hold, and said sternly, "Go in to your mistress, and if you are found in any such mischief again, you will not get off so easily. You are to thank Miss Carrie that you miss a whipping this time!"

"Tankee, Miss Carr!" said Rache, dropping an odd little curtsey, while there was a lively blink in the corner of her eye, that looked like any thing but penitence.

"I am going to begin all over again," said Carrie, cheerily, "and I shall fix my seashore first. The grass is for the ocean; it waves, you know, in the wind. All round the coast I am going to scatter this sand with the pebbles in it, and those little flat stones are for the stoney plains of Patagonia. I picked them up in the playground at recess to-day. O it will be splendid!"

Carrie went vigorously to work. Mr.

Grant looked on for a moment in silence, and then he said quickly, "What made you change your mind so suddenly, when you went away with those big tears in your eyes?"

Carrie looked full into the inquirer's face, as she said frankly :

"I cried hard under the pear tree, and then I happened to think that it was wrong to take little trials so, that I ought to bear them patiently, and be very thankful that I had no worse sent to me. I am very, very sorry I was so angry. I was coming to tell you so when I found you here with Rache."

"Who taught you so well about bearing troubles?" asked Mr. Grant.

"Mother teaches me every thing good," said Carrie. "She says our little troubles are steps to a great ladder that leads us up to heaven ; that is, if we take them patiently, because our dear Saviour sends them to

us, and every one we bear as we ought, takes us up higher, and nearer to Christ."

"And what about the great troubles?" asked Mr. Grant, thoughtfully.

"Mother says they are long steps on the ladder, where the bars are far apart, and hard to climb. When we come to those, she says we must trust Christ to help us, and it will be just as if he had put his hands under our arms and lifted us up, and we shall find afterwards that our great trouble has brought us ever so much nearer heaven. She told me that when I felt so badly when grandma died, and I tried her way, and I know what she said was true."

As Carrie paused, she looked very earnestly at Mr. Grant.

"I'll come by-and-by and help you about your rivers," said Mr. Grant, turning away, and wandering off to another part of the garden.

Mr. Grant wanted a few moments of quiet

thought. Light-hearted as he seemed, he deeply felt his present position. Without means and with no career open before him, the world seemed very dark to him. He had no home for the young wife he so dearly loved, and even her presence at times was painful to him, it so reminded him of his inability so provide for her as he desired. Through the influence of a friend he had obtained the clerkship at Washington from which he was now removed. That friend no longer had the power to serve him, and but for Mr. Eaton's timely invitation, he would not have known where to find a home, without the painful consciousness of forming debts he might never pay. Mr. Grant had come to one of the "great troubles" of which Carrie had spoken, but it had never struck him that it was to be borne in the way she described.

From afar in the past rose to his mind the teachings of his own mother, her prayers at

his bedside, her words of blessing as her thin hands were laid upon his head. A chord had been touched in the stranger's heart, would it bring forth heavenly music? Across the garden he could see the busy little girl repairing the mischief that had been wrought. Why should not he so labor to repair his broken fortunes. Why should he yield to the despair that was threatening him, even in the midst of his lightness and seeming mirth?

Such and more serious questionings thronged the mind of Mr. Grant, as he paced up and down the long path in the centre of the garden.

Often had a dear old lady walked there to and fro among her flowers. Sweet had been her meditations, precious her communion with the unseen Saviour by her side. Many had been her prayers for the pilgrims of earth who should tread those pathways

when she should be at rest. Had that young stranger come hither to share the blessing that lingers about the dwelling place of every aged saint?

VI.

The Little Heathen.

IF Carrie Eaton had had her way, she would have lived in a land of perpetual drought. The day never seemed to come on which she was glad to see the rain, and the pattering of drops on the windows was too often followed by a disagreeable murmuring and a flow of salt tears from our little friend. Ah, if the grumblers were listened to, the poor fields and flowers would fare but ill, and decay and desolation would take the place of greenness and beauty. We may well lift up our hearts in thankfulness that the clouds drop their blessings in spite of the disappointments of pleasure lovers, and the complainings of those who would have perpetual sunshine.

Something like this Mrs. Eaton was say-

ing to Carrie on the second morning after the arrival of the much talked of guests. Carrie had a thousand reasons, she said, why she did not want it to rain, but on close questioning the ciphers dropped off very rapidly, and the one came near standing all alone. However, Carrie managed to muster several reasons which really were to her very strong. She did not want to stay away from school, as her lost lessons could never be made up. She hated to be irregular, etc., and then there was her garden, the sea-shore just completed, and the process of raising the mountains ready to be begun anew in earnest. Yet it was very hard to bear a rainy day; particularly hard, Carrie felt it, as Mr. Grant walked off to the study with her father, and she was left for the morning with her mother and the young wife.

Carrie had somehow conceived a dislike to Mrs. Grant, possibly because the little lady had taken very little notice of her, and

Carrie being an only child, was accustomed to particular kindness and consideration. Mrs. Grant seemed indeed to be in a listless state, indifferent to every body and every thing about her, always excepting her husband, whose entrance was sure to bring a bright smile to her face. She missed the gayety of the city, she missed the boarding-house gossip, and the chat about dress to which she had been accustomed. She had not realized that she had been leading an idle life. Her time had been taken up with going from room to room, or in shopping and visiting, so that she had not thought of the possibility of regular occupation.

In the quietness of Mrs. Eaton's home, Mrs. Grant felt herself out of place. While her kind hostess sat beside her with her busy needle in her fingers, and her pleasant face turned now and then kindly toward her, Mrs. Grant did not feel quite at ease with her helpless little hands lying crossed

upon the embroidered skirt appearing between the folds of her open wrapper.

When Carrie began to murmur about the weather, Mrs. Grant's sympathies were with her. The weary guest fancied that the langour and discomfort she experienced were attributable to the rain, quite forgetting that she had suffered from precisely the same feelings the day before. She listened, as Mrs. Eaton kindly talked to Carrie, and was much surprised when the little girl frankly said, "I am sorry I fretted about the rain, mother ; I see it was not right. I mean to be as cheerful as I can all day, so you must keep me busy to help me to hold to my resolution."

Carrie put her little chair beside her mother, and soon her fingers were moving to and fro in a way that proved that she was no stranger to the needle, though their acquaintance had not ripened into friendship. Mrs. Eaton tried to draw Mrs. Grant into

some pleasant conversation, but something seemed to be disturbing the stranger's mind ; at length she said, " I have not any work with me, I am not much used to sewing."

There was a wistful, unsettled look about the speaker. Carrie knew very well the miseries of idleness, and she ventured to say, " Maybe Mrs. Grant would read aloud to us. Would you, Mrs. Grant? my teacher lent me a book yesterday, which she said she was sure mamma would like. Shall I get it?"

" Yes, I shouldn't mind reading out," said Mrs. Grant, with a look of relief.

Carrie sprang away up stairs ; she was sure there was a rustling in her little room the moment before she opened the door, yet there was no one in it, at least Carrie saw no one. Rache had slipped under the bed in a hurry, not a vestige of her skirt was in sight, and her black eyes peering through the fringe of the spread only saw Carrie

come in in a hurry and go away with a little red book in her hand.

The story opened in a sprightly and attractive manner, and Mrs. Grant was an agreeable reader, so that the party in the breakfast-room soon wore a very cheerful and easy look as they were gathered in a group near the long window.

Mrs. Grant was accustomed to novel-reading, and had her own views about certain matchless heroes and persecuted heroines, but to such simple stories as she held in her hand she was almost a stranger. There was something in the nature and truth of the descriptions that charmed her, and made her feel at once at home among the characters portrayed. The pure, the true, and the holy were so inwrought with the whole narrative, that there was no escaping the pious teaching in every page. Mrs. Grant was interested and moved, she could hardly tell why. The sermons to which she had lately listened

had been prepared for men—deep-thinking men—and little Mrs. Grant, in her butterfly garments, had been glad to shrink into a corner of the pew for a quiet doze, while the clergyman set forth arguments and processes of reasoning quite above her comprehension. Now she found her conscience aroused, and plain, simple lessons of duty forced home upon her.

Mrs. Grant had but the mind and feelings of a child, and now she had found a kind of reading that spoke to her very heart.

“Carrie,” said Mrs. Eaton, after a half-hour of the reading, “Carrie, I have something for you to do up-stairs ; so we shall have to leave Mrs. Grant to herself for a little while if she will excuse us.”

“I shall not be lonely if you won’t mind my reading on,” said the lady, with an approving look at the little book.

Carrie had felt inclined the moment before to rebel against this interruption of their

pleasant occupation, but all such thoughts gave way to a sudden gush of pleasure. While she was folding up her work, she was silently asking her Heavenly Father to send his Spirit to the young wife, and to teach her holy things while her eyes were in the book in which she seemed so much interested. "If it had not rained we should not have had the reading, and then, who knows how much good might have never been done." So thought Carrie, and she was more than ever ashamed of the discontent to which she had yielded at the sight of the storm.

The work which Mrs. Eaton had in store for Carrie was nothing more or less than a thorough looking over of her drawers, to be followed by such mending as the various articles might require. The mother encouraged her little daughter by telling her that she was going to be at the same business, and soon they would be dropping their con-

tributions into the great mending-basket that was placed between the doors to the two chambers.

Carrie was in no mood for murmuring. She closed the door to her small, quiet room, turned the key very gently, and then knelt down to ask God to help her to take more pleasantly the little trials and annoyances of every hour, and to realize that every such effort is acceptable to the meek and loving Saviour.

Carrie had hardly done her prayer, when she was conscious of a deep, unnatural breathing near her. She was startled for the moment, as there seemed no one in the room. Lifting up the bed-spread, she saw Rache crouched down, and with her hands clasped over her mouth to ensure perfect silence. Her lungs would have their use, and the long gasps were the louder for the effort it was necessary for her to make to restrain them.

“What are you doing here, Rache?” said Carrie, quickly.

There was something very painful to Carrie in the idea of being watched in such a moment of retirement.

Rache gave a low giggle, but did not offer to leave her hiding-place.

“I want you to go out of my room,” said Carrie, with all the dignity she could command.

Rache still remained motionless, only answering by a grin.

“I’ll tell Mrs. Grant,” said Carrie, moving quickly towards the door, and unlocking it. At that moment she remembered how she had left Mrs. Grant occupied. Should she interrupt her? Should she procure for Rache the whipping with which her master had threatened her?

Carrie stood with her hand irresolutely on the lock. Rache, meanwhile, managed to thrust under the bedding, the handful of

things which she had covered with her dress. Ribbons, pins, dolls, clothing, and a cake of soap were promiscuously huddled together between the mattress and the bedstead, and then Rache was ready to leave her retreat.

“Ise goin’, Miss Carr—Ise jes a gittin’ up,” said Rache, standing on her feet in the little room. “I ant done nothin’, but jes lie down under Miss Carr’s bed.”

“You go now, Rache, like a good girl, and I won’t tell Mrs. Grant,” said Carrie, in what she meant to have been a very condescending manner.

“Tank ’ee, Miss Carr,” said Rache, with one of her queer bobbing courtesies, and a mysterious twinkle of her round eyes.

Carrie soon had good reason to suspect that Rache had explored other parts of the room, than the hiding-place where she was found. There was not a bag or a box in Carrie’s drawers that had not been thoroughly rummaged, and as to her favorite

doll, Miss Fanny, she seemed just recovering from an attack of malignant small pox. Waxen face, neck and arms were all scarred over, where some mischievous nails had nipped out little morsels with industrious zeal. Never was a fine complexion more suddenly ruined. Miss Fanny's hair, too, had been under an unskillful barber, and her stiff, glossy curls were transformed into a frizzed mass, much in the style of Rache's own wool. Yes,—there, in the midst of the general confusion, Rache had attempted a braid, in close imitation of her own.

Carrie did not know whether to laugh or to cry, her misfortune had come in so ridiculous a form. “Mother! Mother! do look at Fanny!” she exclaimed, as she burst into her mother's room. “See what Rache must have done to her! Indeed it is too bad! I wish she would go home to-morrow. She has ransacked all my things, and turned everything upside down, and then when I

found her under my bed, she said she had not done anything at all, 'but jes lie under Miss Carr's bed.' ”

Carrie had no little brothers and sisters to meddle with her possessions, and it was quite a new thing to her to have her rights so invaded. Not that she was the most particular person in the world ; but she liked to do her own rummaging, and wear out her own playthings in a lawful way.

Her mother did not laugh at Carrie's annoyance, though Miss Fanny was droll to look upon. Very kindly Mrs. Eaton soothed her little daughter, until she thought she was quite composed, but Carrie suddenly broke out, “ If I were sure this was all ; but how can I tell what I shall have to bear from her. O dear, how pleasant and quiet it used to be when only you and father and I were here ! ”

“ Carrie,” said her mother, gently, “ I know you respect and admire the courage of the

good missionaries who have left their own homes to go into far away foreign countries, to teach the poor heathen about the Lord Jesus Christ. You have thought it wonderful that they should be willing to risk the terrible fevers of hot climates, and the long dark winters of the cold ones. You have pitied them in the midst of reptiles or wild beasts, or suffering for the want of the very necessaries of life. I wonder if you ever thought of what it must be to live among a people who have no idea of right and wrong, to whom it seems far more natural to lie and steal than to be honest and truthful. Ah, my dear child, many missionaries have been robbed of every loose article of clothing, every pencil, book or paper, by the ignorant people they have gone to teach. Yet they have borne all, hoping by love and patience to bring these poor creatures to a knowledge of the only Lord. Now, darling, I believe you love our Lord Jesus, and want

to do something for him. Suppose you consider that Rache is a little heathen, one for whom you have so often prayed. You have been very willing to give your pennies to send Bibles to the heathen far away. Let me see if you can give patience to this little heathen, who has come among us. It is very plain that no one has ever taught her to love and fear God, and try to do his will. Perhaps it is to learn this blessed lesson that she is sent to us. Perhaps the Lord Jesus has given you this poor lost lamb to lead into his fold. Will you try?"

"I don't know how, mother, she is so queer. She is not like anybody I ever saw before," said Carrie, despondingly.

"You can at least pray for her, and try to be kind and gentle to her, and perhaps the way may be opened for you to do her good. Try to look upon her as a little heathen child, to whom you are willing to be a young missionary. You can at least

she can understand you when you talk to her, and she can be influenced by a faithful example. "Go ye into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature," was our Lord's last command. You cannot go into foreign countries as the apostles did, and as the missionaries do now; but will you not try to do what you can for this little ignorant child, who is here under our roof? You are not called to face danger and leave your home and friends, but if you give your 'mite' cheerfully, and do your duty faithfully, you will not lose your reward."

"I will try, mother," said Carrie, earnestly; "but indeed, mother, I think I should be as poor a missionary as a martyr."

"Remember, darling, you are not to be judged for being unfit for duties not laid upon you. Bear the trials that are sent to you, do the duties put in your way, and he who gives the martyr his crown, will have

his great, his exceeding great reward for you.”

Carrie went silently to her own room. Rache was not bodily there, but she was present to Carrie’s mind, and as she bowed down to pray, it was for Rache, the little heathen, her prayers ascended ; it was for strength to lead this lost child aright, that her earnest petitions were offered.

VII.

The Woods.

THREE weeks had passed swiftly away since the arrival of Mr. and Mrs. Grant at Carrie's home. The young wife was beginning to find the pleasure of industry, though she had yet to acquire a taste for being useful. She was making her first attempt at embroidery, and already a dismal-looking greyish-white dog appeared on her canvas, with his two black eyes painfully squinting at the world opening before him. Mrs. Eaton kindly gave her interest to the new undertaking, and was ready to notice the progress of the work, and give what praise she could to the execution, as often as she was called upon for such friendly favors.

Mr. Grant, meanwhile, was spending

much of his time with his kind host ; but Carrie was astonished to find her father having so much time at his command, and ever ready to ride or walk with the son of his old friend. She did not know how far into the night that father had to be bending over his books and papers to make up for the hours given to his guest. Mr. Eaton had undertaken a good work, and he was determined to carry it through.

Carrie's interest in Mr. Grant increased every day. She had many kind offices for which to thank the stranger, and not the least of these was his effective assistance to her in carrying out her darling project.

The Andes now rose up snow-crowned, (*i. e.*, tipped with white marble dust,) and the volcanoes, though generally quiet, occasionally poured out alarming quantities of smoke from the tin boxes ingeniously concealed within them, and the fumes of burning cloth were perceptible far beyond Cape

Horn. The pepper grass, mignonette and balsams that were to represent the dense forests of Brazil, were coming up so thick that the sun had scarcely a chance to peep at the brown earth on the spot where they had been so lavishly sown. The water-works were completed, that having been Mr. Grant's special department, though he made himself generally useful in all. But one thing was needed, the winding leaden troughs, which served as beds for the rivers, were to be lined with moss, and then Amazon, Orinoco and La Plata were to pour their torrents along to represent the rivers of South America, without even a furrow marking the course of the lesser streams.

A Saturday afternoon had been chosen for Carrie's trip to the woods to get the requisite quantity of moss. Mr. Grant was to be her companion, and very happy she looked as he held her by the hand, and playfully

shouldered her basket as he gave the order, "Forward, march!"

They soon found there was an addition to their company—a recruit who had not had the captain's permission to join them. This was no other than Rache, who seemed to have a mysterious delight in always keeping Carrie in sight, and watching all her movements. If Carrie sat down with her Bible under the old pear tree, Rache was sure to be peeping at her from among the currant bushes. If the little girl shut herself in her own room, and firmly locked her door, Rache's eye was at the key-hole, vigilantly inspecting the proceedings going on within.

Poor Carrie was often tempted to exclaim, what must be the trials of the missionaries if one domestic heathen is such a pest! Thus far, her efforts for Rache's benefit had been most unsuccessful. If Carrie tried to read or talk to her, she was

met either by her unmeaning giggle, or by such odd answers as set the young teacher laughing in the midst of her grave discourse.

Carrie was particularly disappointed at seeing Rache add herself to the moss-gathering party, as she had lately had several pleasant talks with Mr. Grant about heavenly things, and she feared the presence of such a companion would irritate the not over patient master, and make such conversation impossible. Carrie, however, conquered her annoyance, and inwardly asked her heavenly Friend to help her to remember that her Saviour was walking with her by the way, and to make the afternoon profitable to the little heathen as well as to her master. Bobbing backwards and forwards went Rache ; now in front and now in the rear of Mr. Grant and Carrie. At one moment she came up with her hands full of most unattractive specimens of moss ;

at another, she was climbing a young tree and swinging from its topmost branch like a squirrel.

“Here is a pleasant place, Carrie; you had better sit down and rest awhile,” said Mr. Grant, pointing out a great rock at the foot of some tall trees. Carrie took her seat, and both were soon occupied in exploring the treasures of the basket, while Rache perched herself on a limb above their heads, and amused herself with using her sharp teeth to strip the bark from a branch near her.

“If I were a queen,” said Carrie, “I’d have a bower, with everything beautiful in it that could be found. The carpet should all be of this rich, green moss, and the curtains of wild vines that blossomed all the year, roses should look in at the windows, and lilies of the valley should hide in every dark corner. O how beautiful I would have it!”

“I am afraid even a queen would have to let the mosquitoes in at the windows, and risk the hiding of a snake in the thick moss,” said Mr. Grant, with a mischievous smile.

Carrie looked up very soberly, as she answered, “I suppose in this world there can’t be any perfect place, either in a bower or a palace. But, Mr. Grant, it will be beautiful in heaven, when we walk the golden streets and hear the sound of the river of the water of life. What lovely things we shall see up there!” and Carrie pointed toward the clear blue sky.

“I suppose it is not much to you that there will be no sorrow there?” said Mr. Grant, taking the grave tone of his little companion.

“O, yes; no sorrow and no sickness, no night, no sin, no death, no parting. That is what grandmother used to say, and now she has gone to the beautiful land!” Carrie looked up into the far off sky, and was silent a few moments.

“It must be first rate there,” said Rache, making her comments from her perch above.

“Where did you say, Miss Carr?”

“Up there, in God’s home!” said Carrie, reverently.

“And your ladder of self-denial leads that way?” said Mr. Grant.

“So mother says. But she says, if we were to reach the very gates of heaven we could not enter in if our Saviour had not opened it for us. She says, the best ladder will all crumble away, and seem worth nothing to us then, for we shall know that only for Christ’s sake we enter in.”

“Ah, Miss Carrie, you little realize what it is to have such a mother,” said Mr. Grant, warmly.

The conversation now wandered off to other matters, and Carrie was in the midst of describing the party her grandmother had had on her eightieth birth-day, when there was a loud scream from the top of the tree.

“ I can't get up there ! It's just as far off as it was ! Dear, deary-di-dumpkin deary me ! ”

Mr. Grant and Carrie looked up and saw Rache at the top of the tall tree over their heads. Up the slender branches she had made her way, meaning to climb to the heaven of which Carrie had spoken, and now, in her disappointment, the sky that had seemed to rest on those feathery topmost branches was grandly reaching far above her.

Rache's disappointment changed to paralyzing fear, as she turned her glance from the soft, white clouds to the ground below. If she was not nearer heaven, she was far indeed from earth. The scream she sent forth rang through the woods and startled every living thing.

“ Oh, O Mass Grant ! O Mass ! ”

“ Come down very carefully, Rache. Keep looking up, and come down backwards, ”

shouted Mr. Grant. "The branches will bear you. Come down quietly, like a good girl."

Like a lifeless creature Rache crouched motionless among the nodding branches, no persuasion or threats could induce her to move.

"I must go up for her," said Mr. Grant, throwing aside his coat. "I am afraid she will get dizzy and fall."

"O, Mr. Grant! You can't. The limbs won't bear you. Please don't try. Let us see if something else cannot be done," urged Carrie.

"I dare not wait another minute," said Mr. Grant; and he was soon far up the tree, while Carrie watched him with tears in her eyes and prayer in her heart.

The upper limbs bent beneath his weight as he rested but for an instant on each, passing swiftly on like a skillful skater gliding over the thin ice. Rache's hand was in his at last, and slowly he began the descent. The slender boughs which had borne his

hasty tread bent and cracked beneath his firmer and more cautious movements. But half the difficult descent was made when Mr. Grant placed his foot on a dead branch. There was a sudden crash. He dropped Rache's hand and caught at a slender bough near him. It broke beneath his grasp, and he fell headlong from the tree.

Carrie held her breath, fearing that he would strike the rock upon which she sat.

On the mossy ground he dropped heavily. No groan came from his white lips, no gesture of pain stirred his limbs. Like one dead he lay in silence, while Carrie bent over him in an agony of distress.

Rache forgot her fear when she saw what had happened to her master, and coming down the tree as swiftly as a wild-cat, she reached his side. With a terrible wail she began to bemoan his misfortune, but no idea of help seemed to enter her bewildered head.

Carrie at once thought of going to the

nearest farm-house, but she could not bear to leave her friend in such a condition, alone with Rache.

At this moment she heard the welcome sound of wheels on the road close by. The strong-handed carter found it no difficult undertaking to lay the slender youth in his empty wagon, and then helping Carrie and Rache to a place at his side, he drove carefully toward Mr. Eaton's.

When the poor little wife saw the senseless form of her husband, her shrieks were terrible. She wrung her small hands and bemoaned herself in an agony of terror, and when he was laid upon the bed in her own room, she flitted around him the very image of distress. Yet even in the midst of sorrow she did not forget to loose her long dark hair, that it might float around her in the confusion that became the occasion.

What a strange thing is human vanity!

VIII.

Sickness.

BRAIN fever was the consequence of Mr. Grant's terrible fall. Though his little wife perched beside him on the bed for hours together, he but turned his eyes languidly towards her. Though she had tried to wash away the traces of her tears, and to dress in a style which pleased him best, he had no looks of admiration for her now. She even doubted if he knew her face on which he had looked so fondly.

This was a dreary time for Carrie. The house was hushed to perfect stillness, not a skip or a song was to be tolerated, and in truth Carrie had no heart for any such signs of cheerfulness. The solemn thought was ever in her mind that Mr. Grant might soon

be in the unseen world, might soon be called to his last account. How she wished that she could remember words of his that would make her sure, that when his eyes closed on this world they would open on the brightness of eternal glory! How different had been her feelings when her dear grandmother had lain in that same room, peacefully awaiting the summons that should bid her see her Saviour face to face!

Carrie could but hide her tearful eyes as she knelt to pray for the sick man in the secrecy of her own quiet chamber.

There was another name that daily mingled in Carrie's prayers, even that of little Rache. The poor creature seemed perfectly stunned by the illness of her master. Mrs. Grant gave her up at last as utterly unmanageable, and left her to have her own way.

Beside the door of the sick room Rache crouched day and night, whether sleeping

or waking no one could tell. She seemed more like a faithful dog under like circumstances than a human being. She would not leave her post even to take her meals, and often the plate heaped with food which Carrie placed beside her was left untouched for hours. The family became accustomed to the dark object cowering in the hall, and so day by day Rache watched and waited for some word of good cheer. Her cheeks were growing wan and wasted, and her great eyes stared out from the depth into which they were sinking. She was evidently pining away, yet even the severest threats could not drive her from the spot she had chosen.

Carrie had gone to bed one night weary with the running to and fro on the stairs, which had been her part of the nursing. Was it fatigue that made her sleep so restless? No, there was certainly some one now laying hold of her hand, now touching

her forehead, as if wishing to rouse her and yet not daring to speak to her.

Carrie's eyes opened at last, and she started with a feeling of terror as she saw in the moonlight a figure sitting on the foot of her bed, and evidently drawing back the hand that had first been laid upon her brow. Carrie rose up and rubbed her eyes. Her first impulse was to call her mother, but the remembrance of the pale, weary face of that mother whom she had bidden her "good night," deterred her. A long earnest look at the figure assured her that it was poor Rache. "Rache!" said Carrie, in a low voice.

Rache's only answer was the screwing of her fist into her cheek, and a low moan of misery.

"Is any thing the matter?" said Carrie, now thoroughly awake.

Again the fist gave a significant punch, and there was another moan.

“Have you got the tooth-ache, Rache?” said Carrie, persuasively.

Rache bowed her head, and moaned louder than before.

Carrie was up in an instant; that was a pain she knew something about, and the sufferer from its torture, always claimed her deepest sympathy. She quickly produced a box of powdered alum and salt which her mother had provided for night attacks of the enemy. Showing Rache how to apply it on a bit of cotton, she watched the operation with the air of an experienced physician.

“Does it feel better?” said Carrie, bending over poor Rache, who had dropped upon the floor. Carrie had longed to do the little heathen good. She had prayed for her, but never till now had she spoken to her in the loving tones of affectionate interest.

Rache felt the difference, and turning her eyes slowly up towards the little figure in white, she said, “Miss Carr, it’s done a

thrustin me now, Miss Carr. Rache thought she didn't care what took her, but that was most awful bad. I'se all miserable all over, in here, in here, when I thinks about Mass Grant. Oh! Miss Carr!"

Rache pressed her hand to her side, and great tears rolled down her cheeks as she spoke.

"Dear Rache, don't cry so!" said Carrie, tenderly. "Maybe Mr. Grant will get well, and if he don't, you know there is a beautiful place, God's heaven, where he takes those who love him when they die, and makes them very, very happy. Nobody ever cries there, and nobody has any pain as you had just now. The dear good Saviour lives there, and though he is grander than any king in this world, he takes even the poor and the little children by the hand, and leads them along the golden streets and by the banks of the clear river."

“ Will Mass Grant go there ? ” said Rache, eagerly.

“ I cannot be very sure, ” said Carrie, truthfully, “ but you kneel down as I do, and we will ask the Saviour if he takes away Mr. Grant out of this world, to let him come and live in his beautiful home. The Saviour can hear us, though we cannot see him. ”

Rache did as she was told, and her poor heart found its first comfort, as Carrie prayed that the Lord would spare Mr. Grant's life, or else help him so to turn to Christ that he might enter the bright kingdom above, and be happy among the angels there.

“ Tank 'ee Miss Carr ! ” said Rache, as they rose from their knees. “ I kinder feels set up now. ” A sudden shadow overspread her dark face, as she added, “ But Rache, Miss Carr, he *won't* leave poor Rache behind. He's always took me every place, ever since Miss Lizzie was married. He *won't* leave Rache when he goes, will he ? ”

“ Every body goes alone to Heaven,” said Carrie, wiping away the tears that gathered in her eyes; “ but Rache, dear, the Lord Jesus will take care of him ; and you can speak to that same Lord Jesus, and if you try to be a very good girl, and not lie or steal or do any naughty thing, when you die you will go to the happy Heaven too, and sing among the beautiful angels.”

“ Maybe they wouldn’t let Rache in ? maybe only white folks would be there,” said Rache, doubtfully.

“ The Lord Jesus loves white and black, poor and rich, just the same,” said Carrie, earnestly ; “ and if you will try to be good as he wants you to be, he will take you to his home.”

Rache listened eagerly, a cough interrupted the earnest young speaker.

“ Oh, Miss Carr ! ” broke in Rache, “ now you be taking cold, and you’ll go leave Rache, and nobody will tell her how to get

up there. If I could only climb it, I could know that way. Now you Miss Carr, just slip in your warm bed, and I'll tuck you up close, and then jus sit down there by the door and say over them words you said on your knees. Maybe I won't get 'em jus right, will *he* mind if I don't say it jus so as you did?"

"The Lord Jesus knows what you want, he will not mind any mistakes you make; you may speak to him as you would speak to me, only he loves you ever so much better than I do, and is, oh, ever so much kinder and wiser."

When Rache had performed her friendly office and slipped away to her post in the entry, with double earnestness Carrie's prayers went up for the poor ignorant creature, who was in her trouble seeking help from on high.

IX.

Morning Light.

LITTLE Mrs. Grant was not of much use in the sick room, and she knew it, and yet she could not be persuaded to leave her husband, wholly to the care of others. On the couch near him she lay down, starting up at the least sound, and watching when his medicines were administered, as if the glance of her tearful eyes could give a healing power to the various doses she could not trust her unsteady hand to drop.

At dawn Mr. Grant had fallen into a deep sleep, and Mr. Eaton, who was watching beside him, leaned back in his chair with a wearied, grateful look in his pale, worn face.

In the stillness, Mrs. Grant heard a low murmuring in the entry without. Silently

she stole to the spot where Rache was crouching. "Was that you Rache?" said the young mistress, with unusual kindness in her manner. The creature's abject grief had touched her heart, a common sorrow had made a new bond between them.

Rache looked up into the face of her mistress. There was a cheerful light in the great, dark eyes, as she answered,

"It was jus 'me, Miss Lizzie."

"Why don't you go to sleep, poor thing; there, throw your carpet over you, and lie down. You'll be sick, you foolish child."

Rache could feel kindness, and something choked her as she said, "I ain't sleepy, no-how. You see, Miss Lizzie, I'se jus' askin' de Lord to make Mass Grant well, and not let him go to that shinin' place up there, till you and me, Miss Lizzie, gets good enough to go along with him. Miss Carr said I might ask it jus my way, and I'se asked so many

times. See, I've marked it with dese beans, I've had in my pocket."

There was a row of the white beans across the entry, proofs of poor Rache's perseverance through the weary hours of the night.

"I'll ask him too, Rache," said the young wife, her heart swelling in her bosom.

Silently Mrs. Grant moved down stairs to the quiet parlor. In the darkness of the closed room, she knelt, when no eye could see, save that Eye which "never slumbers nor sleeps." Earnestly she repeated Rache's poor prayer, that the three might be spared to prepare together to enter that kingdom which had been so little in all their thoughts.

That was an hour of deep repentance for Mrs. Grant. What had she done to help her husband to prepare for the death that might be soon his sure portion? Was she herself ready for such an awful change? What word or act of her's had ever led poor Rache to think of the Saviour of sinners?

Mrs. Grant's idle, wasted, butterfly life passed before her like a swift dream. In shame and sorrow she confessed her utter unworthiness, and begged the loving Saviour to receive her as a poor, guilty child, and enable her so to live that she might be a help to her husband and to Rache, if indeed, that dear husband should be spared to her.

"Mrs. Grant," said a voice in the hall. The wife sprang to the door in alarm.

"God be praised," said the earnest voice of Mr. Eaton, "dear Mrs. Grant, your husband is better. He has opened his eyes, and they have their own natural expression. All that wandering, dreamy look is gone."

"I do not deserve it," murmured Mrs. Grant, amid tears of joy.

"May God send his blessing on you both, and help you so to live to his service, that death shall have for you no more terrors!" said Mr. Eaton, fervently.

X.

Hand in Hand.

THE soft summer air had clothed the old-fashioned garden in wonderful beauty. Sweet perfume lingered on the gentle breeze, and bright flowers were springing everywhere in lavish luxuriance. The staunch old pear tree had hung out its fruit to the sun, and the currant bushes still hoarded a few clusters of gems.

The grass in the favored circle was smooth as the rich carpet of the drawing room, and yet Carrie seemed to think it not a fit resting-place for a pair of feet, for which she was tenderly caring. They must have that gay Brioche of her own knitting, and it must be her hand that placed it just where it would be best for the invalid's use.

Mr. Grant smiled as she made her arrange-

ments for his comfort, and playfully said, "You will spoil me, Carrie, quite make a woman of me. I shall have to be at rough work, soon, and forget that I have been ill."

"We can't forget it, you look so pale and thin. I don't see how you can be so cheerful and patient," said Carrie, warmly.

"I am glad if I even seem patient," was the serious reply. "I have a great deal to learn in that way, yet. Indeed I have a great deal to learn every way. I want to begin life all over again. I wish I were a child like you, Carrie, with no wrong past to remember, and no bad habits to overcome."

"Oh! Mr. Grant, I have a great deal to be sorry for, and ever so many bad habits, but mother says that is no reason for me to be discouraged. She says, my part is to try faithfully to do right, and to believe that all my sins are forgiven, for Jesus' sake."

“And I suppose that must be my lesson, too. I am trying to teach it to my heart, but I need a better Teacher, even he who knoweth all my sins, and is yet ready to wash them away.”

Mr. Grant spoke very earnestly, and Carrie's eyes softened as she listened. When he paused, she exclaimed, “Dear Mr. Grant, I love to hear you say so. I was not quite sure you felt this way before you were sick, and it worried me not to be sure, as I was about grandma.”

“You were too right, Carrie in your fears. I trust that God has blessed this illness to me, and help me to resolve to lead a new life,” was the reply.

“This great trouble has helped you take a great step toward Heaven. You know what mother said about the ladder,” said Carrie, eagerly. “Yes, and I remember that Christ must sustain us, for our troubles are worse than lost, and I mean, too, Carrie

to keep in mind that the Christian who would climb to Heaven must bear cheerfully every little trial, as sent him by the Lord for a stepping-stone to lift him higher and nearer to himself."

Carrie's face was perfectly beaming as she listened to these words, evidently spoken from the depth of the heart.

"Are you here, William?" said a voice from behind the old tree.

"Lizzie!" exclaimed the husband with pleasure. "Are you coming to enjoy the shade of the old pear-tree?"

Mrs. Grant had fancied that she had an aversion to everything rural, but it was plain that her taste was changing with regard to that matter, as it was in many other ways.

She sat down beside her husband and gazed earnestly into his face. "You do not look quite like yourself yet," was her sorrowful comment, after the long survey.

“And yet I feel like myself, and full of new hopes and new plans,” was the cheerful answer.

Carrie stole away, to enjoy in solitude the sweet assurance that she had gathered from Mr. Grant's last words to her. The young wife did not particularly regret her absence, as she had something special to say to her husband.

“I am glad to have you alone,” she began, “for I want to tell you how sorry I am that I have not been a better wife to you. I never helped you to do any thing that was right, and I dare say I led you into a great deal of foolishness that was not good for you.”

“Stop! stop!” exclaimed the husband, putting his hand over her mouth. “I am the one who ought to confess. When I took the little orphan Lizzie to be my wife, I meant to shield her from all evil, and stand between her and trouble, sorrow and want.

I have been a poor, light-minded, worthless fellow, not teaching my wife to look to God to keep her from evil. I have not even stood between her and want. I believe if I had been what I should have been, instead of a mere pleasure-loving fop, I should not have lost the clerkship which was our all. I am a poor man, Lizzie. I have nothing to depend upon. I ought to have talked this over plainly with you before, but I thought you were too young and light hearted to have such troubles. I do not know what is before us in the future, but I leave all to God, the God whom I hope to serve faithfully, henceforward and forever."

"My dear husband!" exclaimed Mrs. Grant. "This makes me happier than if you were rich as a king. I cannot tell you what I suffered when I thought you were going to die, and go into that eternity of which we had never spoken together, which had scarcely entered into our thoughts. I

too want to be better, and you will teach me how, won't you?"

"I am but a poor beginner myself, Lizzie, but we can both pray to be taught from above; and if we walk humbly we shall not go astray," was the solemn answer.

Mr. and Mrs. Grant had thought themselves happy when they commenced life's journey together, but a deeper joy now filled their hearts, as hand in hand, they set their faces Heavenward.

XI.

Carrie.

CARRIE was sitting in her little room, busying away over her lessons for the morrow. There was a gentle tap at the door. A frown of impatience crossed Carrie's face, she did not want to be interrupted then by everybody. She did not look very hospitable as she opened the door a crack, to see who the intruder was.

"You are busy, Carrie," said Mrs. Grant, modestly, "I won't interrupt you."

Carrie knew that it was not essential that she should be studying exactly at that time, and she forced herself to say pleasantly, "Come in, Mrs. Grant, I can learn my lessons as well by and by."

"I want you to help me a little about my sewing," said Mrs. Grant, bashfully. "I

am ashamed to let you see what a poor seamstress I am, but I am determined to learn. I keep getting this hem uneven ; I think I could sew it better, if it were basted."

"I'll baste it," said Carrie, going to work in a business like way.

Dear little Mrs. Grant! She was trying to learn to be useful, to be fit for a poor man's wife.

She had keenly felt her helplessness when other hands had ministered about her husband's sick-bed, while she had looked on, utterly unable to assist.

She was determined to lead no longer an idle, listless life. Carrie was no more industrious, by nature, than herself, yet she had seen the little girl patiently schooling herself to sew neatly the long seams that were prepared for her, and striving to learn the simple household duties that her mother thought best for her to attempt.

Carrie had not dreamed that her strug-

gles to bear pleasantly such little trying duties would have such an influence. Yet now Mrs. Grant was sitting beside her with the docile look of a scholar, ready to learn to do what Carrie had accomplished, and to triumph as Carrie had triumphed.

“I had no mother to teach me to sew, when I was little,” said Mrs. Grant, apologetically. How Carrie’s heart smote her for the severity with which she had viewed Mrs. Grant’s idle habits. How much better would she have been, but for the persevering instructions of her own dear mother!

“Did your mother die when you were very young?” asked Carrie, with a look of pity in her kind face.

“I don’t remember her at all; old mammy took care of me when I was a baby, and she never wanted me to learn to do any thing useful; she said ‘Miss Lizzie would always have somebody to work for her, and what was the use of her pricking her little

white fingers with an ugly needle. Poor dear mammy, she meant right, but she didn't know what was to happen to her Miss Lizzie."

"Where is your mammy now, you must want to see her," said Carrie, quite unconscious of giving her pain.

"Poor mammy's dead!" said Mrs. Grant, tears filling her eyes. "I cried as if my heart would break when they took her away from me to lay her in the ground; and then uncle James, the uncle I lived with, gave me Rache, her little granddaughter, to be my maid, and thought that would comfort me. Though he was so angry when I was married, he said I might take Rache with me, for I was a poor, foolish, helpless child, and didn't even know how to wait on myself; but I am going to be very different, and maybe he'll come to see us some day, and wonder to find how steady and industrious I have grown."

Mrs. Grant had done more talking than sewing so far, but now she seemed determined to make up for lost time, for stitch, stitch went her busy needle until at last she held up the completed hem, exclaiming, with child-like glee, "Only see! It is all done! It looks pretty well, don't it?"

Carrie expertly rubbed down the seam with her finger nail, but even this familiar process did not cause all the stitches to disappear entirely. Candor, however, did not forbid her pronouncing the work "wonderfully well done for any body who was not used to sewing."

With this praise, Mrs. Grant seemed quite satisfied, and away she flitted to give her husband his new cravat; the first bit of sewing her little hands had ever done for him.

Carrie's studies were not to have her undisturbed attention that afternoon. She had hardly mastered three paragraphs of what she called a "hard geography lesson,"

when there was another tap at her door. Rache was promptly admitted, yet she seemed in no hurry to tell her errand. On to the floor she dropped, (her unfailing sign of misery,) and burying her face in her apron, she for a time could not be brought to utter a single word.

At length, mid most unsentimental snorts and blubberings, she burst forth, "O, Miss Carr, I'se kilt to pieces. I'se all broke up. We's are goin' away. We's done stayin' here. I wouldn't have 'em leave me behind. No, I wouldn't; but O, Miss Carr!" Here renewed sobbings checked Rache's further disclosure of her sufferings. This was a surprise indeed! Carrie had learned to look upon Mr. and Mrs. Grant as settled inmates of the household; she had not thought it possible that Mr. Grant's complete recovery would have such a consequence. All consciousness, however, of her own feelings on the subject were lost in her

desire to comfort Rache. It was plain that Rache did not want to be comforted. She not only chose to be very miserable, but to have somebody hear her sobs and groans, and appreciate her trouble.

“Don’t cry so, Rache,” said Carrie, when she could at last make herself heard; “maybe you are going to some very pleasant place, and you’ll have Mr. and Mrs. Grant with you, you know.”

“I don’t want ’em to leave me behind, but O, Miss Carr,” persisted Rache, “couldn’t you go along?”

Carrie was really touched. It was the idea then of leaving her which had occasioned the poor creature’s distress. The tears actually came into Carrie’s eyes as she answered: “I shall miss you, too, Rache, very much. I can’t go with you, but if we are both children of the Lord Jesus, we shall certainly meet some day in his beautiful heaven. We will try to do what is

right, won't we?" said Carrie, persuasively.

"You will," said Rache; "you will, but I'se don't know about Rache. She's contrary and bad in her ways. She slips into the pantry and nips out little scraps of cake before she even thinks, and says 'No, I didn't' so nat'ral, when folks asks who been meddlin'. Rache don't take to such things like a duck to the water. You will, but maybe Rache 'll jus' get badder and badder, with no Miss Carr to kinder coax her and tell her about the Lord Jesus."

Here followed another fit of sobbing.

When there was a lull, Carrie said: "Never fear, Rache, the Lord Jesus will help you to grow better, if you keep praying to him, and Mr. and Mrs. Grant will teach you. They are both trying to serve the Lord Jesus, and they will love to help you."

"I kinder suspected it! I took a notion

that was the way with 'em!" said Rache, joyously. "It is a fact. Now, Miss Carr, that does set me up some!"

"Yes, Rache, and this good news comes to you at the very time you thought you were having so much trouble. So you must cheer up, and try and be a good girl wherever you go," said Carrie, encouragingly.

"I'll do jus' that," said Rache; "but, Miss Carr, I'se never 'll forget you if I lives as old as Methusaly. When you gets to heaven, maybe Rache 'll be up there singin', and won't she be glad to see you come in, and won't she get the angels round her and tell 'em how you teached and teached me, and kinder made it all sweet and plain to me. Sure enough, if Rache is a shinin' up there in the blessed country, it will be because Miss Carr took her by the hand and showed her the way."

"It will be because the Lord Jesus died for us, that we are there, Rache; we must

not forget that. If he had not put his spirit into your heart, Rache, all my teaching would have been in vain," said Carrie, earnestly.

"There is a happy land!" burst forth Rache, and with this glad song on her lips, she went cheerily down stairs.

Carrie had spoken in all sincerity to Rache, when she reminded her that her teaching would have been in vain, but for the wonderful influence of the spirit of God. Dark, dull and closed to the power of truth, had seemed the mind of poor Rache, but when touched by the Divine Spirit in the midst of her ignorance, she could yet welcome the Lord Jesus; mid her stupidity, she could yet love his precious name, and strive to follow his example.

Carrie understood at last what was meant by "praying for the heathen," and such prayers now seemed to her of even more value than the golden contributions,

which she had before been tempted to think all-sufficient. She thought with loving pity of the poor missionaries, who like her, had their struggles with the blinded, sin-blinded human heart. She knew their teaching would fall as seed on the rock, unless he who created should please to renew.

Ah, very earnest now were Carrie's prayers that God would send his spirit to touch the hearts of the poor heathen, and open their eyes to see the beauty of holiness and the preciousness of the sacrifice of Christ. She could believe that God could convert thousands in a single day, and that the time would come when whole nations would turn unto the Lord, and this earth be made a kingdom ready for our King and Redeemer, the Saviour Christ.

XII.

A Decision.

CARRIE had been summoned to the library the evening after the interview with Rache, described in the last chapter. Mr. and Mrs. Eaton were sitting together, and there was an unusual seriousness in their manner.

“Come here, my darling,” said the father, drawing his child tenderly towards him, “I want to tell you about Mr. Grant.”

“Then what Rache said is true! He is really going away!” exclaimed Carrie.

“Mr. Grant’s earnest desire is to find some position where he may at once provide a support for his young wife. He is grateful for our hospitality, but says he does not care to trespass longer upon it. He does not yet know of any position such

as he wishes, but he is willing to take up any occupation, however humble, by which he can gain an honest maintenance. He is starting anew in life, as a Christian man, and laborious industry is what he expects, and he does not fear lest he should fail of a blessing on his labors. He is not very strong yet; he is new to the struggles of a Christian, and might perhaps be easily led astray. His young wife, too, has much to learn at the feet of Jesus, and needs beside practical lessons in industry, sobriety and self-denial, which your mother is particularly well calculated to give. I cannot bear to see these young people going forth from my roof to an uncertain future, and to the power of unknown temptations. I would gladly watch over them and guard them a little longer, but, darling, your happiness and your good are very precious to me."

Mr. Eaton paused. "You will not let them go, father," said Carrie, eagerly.

“ You have borne very patiently my child, the many annoyances that have been brought about by the admission of strangers into our family circle. Are you quite sure that through the long winter you could keep up the same spirit? I think of proposing a plan to Mr. Grant, which will retain him with us until the spring.”

In Carrie's mind there rose a remembrance of her quiet, peaceful home before the arrival of the guests. Then, she was the main object of interest to her father and mother, they had their joys together, and theirs were loving ears ever ready to hear her slightest sorrow. Very different had been the case for the last few months. There had been days and even weeks, when Carrie's only opportunity for a quiet talk with her mother had been the few precious moments uniformly devoted to her after she was in bed for the night. Carrie thought of all this, and yet she did not hesitate. Her reply was prompt.

“Dear father,” she said, “I cannot promise to bear pleasantly everything that may happen ; but I want them to stay, and I will try to take every little trial as patiently and cheerfully as I can.” Carrie blushed as she added : “I think it is better for me to have somebody to think about beside myself, and not have everything quite as I like it. You will have them stay, I couldn’t even spare Rache, just now.”

“What, the little heathen, ‘the pest!’” said the mother, with a smile.

“Indeed, I don’t call her a heathen now,” said Carrie, very soberly. “She is not at all as she was, and it is such a pleasure to teach her excepting on her funny days, and then she makes me laugh. I have learned now to let her go when she feels that way, and take some other time to talk to her.”

The father and mother looked into the loving, animated face of their child, and felt assured that hitherto the influence of the

strangers had done her no harm. They might venture to induce them to prolong their stay, without fear of making home unhappy for their darling, or of her adopting the follies which the Grant's were trying to lay aside.

Mr. Eaton had heard of a situation, in which Mr. Grant would receive some training in business habits, but only a trifling salary was offered. This, however, was quite sufficient if the young people had a home in their friend's family. In the spring there would be an opening in the Bank at Bending Brook, of which Mr. Eaton was the President ; in a post of trust Mr. Grant might feel his character established, and even look forward to the time when he could have a home of his own.

It is needless to describe the true gratitude of the young couple when this plan was so urged upon them, that they could not without ungraciousness refuse. Inwardly

they resolved to be worthy of the kindness shown them, and as opportunity might offer to do unto others, even as this faithful friend had done unto them.

XIII.

Conclusion.

SPRING had come again, and again the old pear-tree was white with christening blossoms. Yet Carrie was not at her favorite haunt. The rustic seat was rarely occupied, save by Mr. Eaton, when in a thoughtful mood he sought this place of retirement.

Winter had wrought sad destruction in the geographical garden, and Andes and Amazon were in a state of most uninteresting ruin, yet Carrie had not shed a tear over their altered state, or raised hoe or shovel for the work of restoration. Carrie had a new object of interest. Her spare hours were all spent in another garden than the one endeared to her by so many pleasant associations. She had transplanted her fav-

orite moss-rose bush to this new scene of her labors, and a whole row of wild-flowers had found a home in the bed, which was Carrie's especial care. She had poked her finger into the ground, times innumerable, and in every opening she had hidden seeds, the names of which no one was to guess, until they came out of the brown earth, to tell their own story. Carrie had a valuable assistant in this undertaking, even her right-hand man in her geographical project.

What a pleasure it was to Mr. Grant to work in his own garden for the first time in his life. He verily thought there was not another such an attractive spot in all Pennsylvania. When bank-hours were over, he was soon busy among his peas and corn, and chatting with Carrie, who was sure to be ready to meet him and ask his advice as to where this trellis was to be placed, or that shrub to take up its abode in its new quarters.

“Why, Carrie, you won’t leave anything in the old garden,” said Mr. Grant, one day, to his little friend. Carrie was bearing a great rose-bush in one hand, while in the other she dexterously balanced a root of old-fashioned pinks.

Carrie laughed as she answered, “Mother said I might take them, and she is coming over to tea this evening. Mrs. Grant invited us, and then she is going to look at my flower-bed, and see if she don’t like it. Father is coming, too,” said Carrie, sure of the pleasure her information would give.

So Mrs. Grant was really at housekeeping. Yes, the little woman was in a home of her own, and a very responsible condition she considered it, and much she needed a kind adviser in the many difficulties that each morning was sure to bring. The young wife would have had on her sun-bonnet a half a dozen times a day, to run over to Mrs. Eaton’s for counsel, but there was one member

of the family that she could not bear to leave unnecessarily, even for a half-hour, though Rache felt herself quite competent to take her mistress's place.

There was a small, round white face, with dark eyes and a little fat nose at which Mrs. Grant was particularly fond of looking. It was not a doll, that one thing that Mrs. Grant held so tenderly in her arms. No, it was a warm, soft, pliable little object, and somewhere hidden by that long white dress; there were some pretty, tiny pink feet, that Carrie thought the "darlingest things in the world."

Mrs. Grant's baby was the wonder of at least four people, its parents and Rache and Carrie. Certainly that ought to have been enough to satisfy the vanity of any two months' old youngster, just starting in life. The young mother evidently believed there never had been such a child before. "So winning, so knowing, and so wonderfully like

his papa." Mr. Grant was sure the boy would be a genius, his head was of such a remarkable form, and when the little man chose to sneeze, cough or shrivel up his funny little nose, he was certain of his father's admiration.

And Rache, who can tell what she thought of the baby! If she really believed all she said to him, she considered him the most wonderful of natural objects, a kind of union of all the glories of the three kingdoms, animal, mineral and vegetable—"a duck, a pink, a diamond, a birdie, a chick, a rose, a plum, a man, a sugar," and crowning all, a "popsy, dinksy, deary O!" Rache had somebody to talk to now, who would be pleased with all her nonsense, and be ready to smile at any of the droll grimaces she delighted to make. It had quite sobered the creature, though, to have the privilege of sharing with the young mother the care of this precious child, and in Rache's daily prayers she never

forgot to ask that she might "be a good girl to the baby and never do him no harm."

It was quite an important affair for Mrs. Grant to have company to tea, for the first time in her new home. We are not going to betray the secret of her attempt to make some cake in honor of the guests, and the horrible "streak" that made it into three cakes, of which the upper and lower ones were the only desirable portions. We need not be so private about it, though, for all the neighborhood must have seen Rache sent off post-haste to the baker's to supply the deficiency.

Mrs. Grant laughed over this misfortune, and did not give up in despair. She would have Mrs. Eaton's advice next time, no doubt with better success. Mrs. Eaton certainly ought to have had a hand in the cake, for almost everything else on the table was linked with her. Those strawberry preserves she had superintended, and out of her extra

stock, filled the cupboard of her young friend. That yellow butter was from her own dairy, and those thin slices of ham had hung in her "smoke-house" lang-syne. Be this as it may, for the arrangement of the table and the concocting of the tea and coffee, Mrs. Grant was alone responsible as the housekeeper, and in these particulars, she had done herself credit.

A happy looking party sat round that same table, that evening. There was a pause ere they began to partake of the good cheer.

"Will you ask the blessing, Mr. Eaton?" said Mr. Grant.

"We ever feel that but for you and yours, we might have been houseless wanderers, with no resting place on earth, and no sure hope of heaven."

Deeply moved, Mr. Eaton implored the blessing of God on the circle gathered there, and heartfelt was his thanksgiving for the

mercies vouchsafed his young friends in this, their Christian home.

We do not purpose to dwell on the pleasant chat that enlivened that social visit, or the wonderful feats of the baby, or the delight of Carrie at hearing that he was to bear her father's name, "Eaton Grant." "How pretty! I wonder how it would look written!" said Carrie.

"May it be written in the Book of Life!" said Mr. Eaton, solemnly.

When Carrie was safely in her own little bed that night, she had a long, sweet talk with her mother. They both had much to say of the pleasure of their visit, and of their joy at seeing their friends so happy in their home. "Darling," said the mother, bending down her face to her child, "when we make an effort to bear little trials patiently, we do not know what great good we may be doing. While you were gone up stairs with the baby, Mr. and Mrs. Grant

were thanking us for what we had tried to do for them ; but they both said that their first desires to lead a Christian life, had been prompted by seeing your efforts to take cheerfully whatsoever the Lord Jesus might please to send you to do or bear." The tears rushed to Carrie's eyes ; " O, mamma ! " was all she could say, as she hid her face on that dear friend's shoulder.

Though the little girl spoke no other word, in the silence of her heart, she poured forth her gratitude to Him who had so blessed her feeble strivings to do his will.

It was the widow's mite that won the praise of the Lord. It may be, that in his eyes no great sacrifices of strong-willed men, are more precious than the efforts of little children, to bear cheerfully the petty trials sent them by their Saviour. Carrie had been allowed to see the good that has sprung from the patient performance of some of the humble duties that fall to the

share of the lambs of the flock, but this is not always the way in life.

We work, for the most part, in the dark, not knowing what use our Lord will make of our labors. In heaven's clear light, it may be given us to see that our small acts of self-denial, and our faithfulness in trifles, have been indeed, the truly great actions of our lives, even those actions upon which has fallen the peculiar blessing of our Heavenly Father.

THE END.



PZ:6
B254
1862

