



"My little boy, don't you know that you have a soul to be saved?"
Page 7.

DANIEL BAKER'S TALK

TO

LITTLE CHILDREN.

BY THE

REV. DANIEL BAKER, D. D.,
OF TEXAS.

PHILADELPHIA:

PRESBYTERIAN BOARD OF PUBLICATION,

NO. 321 CHESTNUT STREET.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1856, by
JAMES DUNLAP, TREAS.
In the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District
of Pennsylvania.

CONTENTS.

Introduction,	5
A Pretty Answer,	8
The Watch and the Case,	10
The Worth of the Soul,	12
Little Selina,	13
What a Good little Girl is,	15
What a Good little Boy is,	16
The little Girl in Galveston,	18
The little Boy who struck his Sister,	19
Two Bad Boys,	22
Better sing than be angry,	23
Mary Doddridge,	25
The Shipwrecked Sabbath-scholar,	26
Henrietta,	28

Sunday-school Children ought to be very Good,	29
Playing Marbles on the Sabbath,	31
Frankfort Sunday-school,	32
The Missionary Box,	34
Sabbath-schools on the Rio Grande,	35
The lost Missionary in Texas,	36
Visit to the Frankfort Sabbath-school,	39
Pot-hooks and Hangers,	40
The naked Hook,	43
A profane Father and his dying Child,	45
Do you ever pray?	46
A little Girl praying for her Father,	47
Sarah Elizabeth Royster,	50
The little Orphan Boy,	51
A Motherless Child's Dream,	53
Happy Death of little Children,	55
Margaret Walton,	57
My own little Daughter,	61
The Happy Land,	68

DANIEL BAKER'S

TALK TO

LITTLE CHILDREN.

INTRODUCTION.

My little friends, I love children. I have talked to them in churches and in school-rooms a great many times; and some grown up persons have told me that they can still remember almost every thing I said to them when they were children, and they have begged me to make a little book and have it printed. They think it may do little boys and girls good now, as it did them a long time ago. Well, I did at last consent to

make the book, and print it, but I did not promise to put in it *all* I used to say. That would make the book too large; but I will mention some of the very things which I did say, and if you should be as much pleased in reading as they who heard were in hearing, I shall be glad that I was asked to write the book. And let me tell you another thing. I have heard of several dear children, who, as I hope, were persuaded to come to Christ by what I said; and not very long ago I saw a very fine preacher who told me that my talk to children was the means of *his* conversion when he was a little boy. My little reader, when you read this book, think about what you read, and don't forget that you have a soul to be saved. And this reminds me of a pretty little story which I would sometimes begin with.

A STRANGER ON HORSEBACK.

THERE was a little boy once playing in his father's yard, and while he was playing, a stranger on horseback rode up and said, "My little boy, will you please to give me some water to drink?" This little boy was very polite and obliging, as all good children are; so he went and got some water, and gave it to the stranger. The stranger drank the water and thanked the little boy, and, as he was riding off, he said: "My little boy, don't you know that you have got a soul to be saved?" Well, after the stranger was gone, his words kept ringing in the ears of the little boy: "Little boy, don't you know that you have a soul to be saved?" He kept thinking about it night and day, and could not rest until he was converted, and became a dear lit-

tle child of God. And, I expect, when he gets to heaven he will be very glad to meet the stranger there. Well, child, I am a stranger. I am like a bird that comes in at one window and goes out at the other; you can't tell where I came from nor where I am going; and now, while you are reading this book, I would say to you, as the stranger mentioned did to the little boy while playing in his father's yard:—My dear child, don't you know you have a soul to be saved? Yes, you have, in your bosom, a soul, a precious soul.

A PRETTY ANSWER.

BUT what is your soul? That is a hard question; but I heard of a little girl who gave a very pretty answer. She said, "It is MY THINK!" One day after

that, I saw a nice little boy, and I thought I would like to know what answer *he* would give. So I asked him: "My little boy, what is your soul?" He spoke up very quick and said, "It is a little round thing like a hickory nut, sir." That was a droll answer, and it made me smile. Now, my little reader, which answer do you think was the best? You say, the little girl's answer. You are right. "*My think.*" Yes, that is a very pretty answer for a little girl. "MY THINK!" Don't you *think*, child? Yes, sometimes you think about your pa and your ma; sometimes you think about your brothers and your sisters and your playmates, and a great many things; and I hope, you sometimes think about heaven and our blessed Saviour too. Well, you see you do *think*. But what is it that

thinks? Is it your ear? No. Is it your finger? No. Well, what is it that thinks? It is something in you; and that is the best part of you.

THE WATCH AND THE CASE.

Look at this watch. It ticks and ticks, as if it were alive. Take off the case and hide it. See, the watch still ticks and ticks, and is just as much alive as it ever was. Just so, the soul thinks when it is in the body, and when it is out of the body. Yes, when a person dies, and is laid away in the grave, the soul does not die, it is the body only that dies; the soul still lives. Now, put the watch in the case again. See, the watch ticks and ticks, as it did before. Just so, the soul and body, after death, will come together again. Yes, by and

by, the great Archangel will sound the trumpet, and the body will come out of the grave, and the soul and body will come together again, and will live together, and will be separated no more for ever. Now, child, look at this watch again, and tell me, which do you think is worth the most, the watch or the case? You say, the watch. That is right. The watch is worth more than the case. Just so, the soul is worth more than the body. But suppose I should think more of the case than the watch. Suppose I should brighten up the case, and admire the case, and did not care about the watch. Suppose I would not think of it, and was willing for it to be lost; what would you think? I suspect that you would think that I had not much sense, and you would think right. But there are some persons

who think more about the body than about the soul. They want the body to be in good health, and look beautiful, and do well; but they seem to care nothing at all about the soul. Now what shall we think of such persons? I will tell you what *I* think. I think that they can hardly be in their right mind. Something is wrong; yes, something is wrong. And you must not do as they do. Remember, child, that as the watch is worth more than the case, so the soul is worth more than the body. Do take good care of your soul, and beware you don't lose it.

THE WORTH OF THE SOUL.

SUPPOSE, my little reader, you had one gold dollar—you would not like to lose that. But your soul is worth more than a gold dollar. It is worth more than a

thousand gold dollars. Yes, more than a million of gold dollars. Oh yes, yes! more than all the gold and silver in this wide world. Dear child, you must take care and not lose your soul. Talk to your ma, and say, Mamma, please tell me how I can save my soul. Tell me how I can get to heaven when I die.

LITTLE SELINA.

THERE was a little girl once; her name was Selina. Young as she was, she used to think a great deal about her soul, and what would become of her after death. One day she came to her father, and said, "Papa, when I die you must teach me to sing Hallelujah." Well, another day she came to her father again; it was a very sickly time, and she said, "Papa, there are so many good people dying now and

going to heaven, I fear there won't be any room for me; but you know, I can stand in a corner and sing Hallelujah." What a dear, sweet little girl this was! She was willing to take the humblest place in heaven, if she could only be where she could see her blessed Jesus, and sing Hallelujah. And, my little reader, when you die, would you not like to go to heaven, and with that little girl and all good children sing Hallelujah, Hallelujah, to God and the Lamb for ever and ever? Well, I will repeat a pretty little verse, and I want you to get it by heart.

There is beyond the sky,
A heaven of joy and love;
And all good children when they die,
Go to that world above.

Notice—"All good children." Some

children, I am sorry to say, are not good. They are disobedient to their parents, and they too often quarrel with each other.

WHAT A GOOD LITTLE GIRL IS.

WOULD you like to know what a good little girl is? She is her mother's *ROSE*. Did you ever see a rose in the garden just washed by the shower? It is a sweet thing. But the sweetest rose in the garden, just washed by the shower, is not half so sweet as a good little girl who loves her mother, and obeys her mother, and makes her mother happy. And what is a bad little girl? She is her mother's *thorn*. Now, child, which is the prettiest, the rose or the thorn? You say, the rose. Very well, you are right. Remember then, if you are a little girl, you are to be your mother's

rose. I asked a little girl once, My little dear, are you your mother's rose? And she just dropped her head and said, "I a'n't my mother's rose, this morning, sir." She was very sorry that she had grieved her mother, and had been her mother's thorn that morning. But she had made up her mind that she would be her mother's thorn no more, but her dear mother's sweet rose.

WHAT A GOOD LITTLE BOY IS.

BUT what is a *good* little boy? He is his father's JEWEL. Yes, the little boy that loves his father, and obeys his father, and makes his father happy, is his father's jewel. But, the bad boy—what is he? Oh, he is his father's *plague*! I asked a little boy once,—My little boy, are you your father's jewel or your father's plague?

And he said, "Mr. Baker, I can't tell a lie; I am my father's plague, sir." Well, if he was not as obedient to his father as he ought to have been, there was one good thing about him—He couldn't tell a lie. Oh, no! It is very wicked to lie; and those who tell lies are not going to heaven. Children should always tell the truth. But, to come back to what we were talking about; my little reader, if you are a girl, you must be your mother's rose; and, if you are a boy, you must be your father's jewel. When? and how long? On Sunday, and Monday, and Tuesday, and Wednesday, and Thursday, and Friday, and Saturday. Yes, and in the Spring, and in the Summer, and in the Fall, and in the Winter—all the week round, and all the year round. I told you that good children must love

their parents. Yes, they must love them more than any body else in the world; and then they must love their brothers and sisters next.

THE LITTLE GIRL IN GALVESTON.

I SAW a little girl once, walking along the streets, in Galveston; she was holding her sister, who was very young, by the hand. Her little sister was crying, and she didn't scold her, but she talked very kindly to her, and said, "Did I hurt you? I wouldn't hurt you for the world. I wouldn't hurt you for any thing." That was a dear, sweet girl, and I think she must have been her mother's rose. I heard of another girl, but she was not a good girl. Going to school, she made her little sister carry the basket, and because she did not walk fast enough, she

spoke cross to her; and when her little sister came up, she pushed her into the stream. Her sister was not drowned, for the stream was shallow, but she got her clothes wet, and took a fever and died. I suspect the sister who was so unkind was not happy any more. Remember, good children are always kind and loving; and yet I have seen some little brothers and sisters who would even quarrel about a book or a chair. Oh, shame!

THE LITTLE BOY WHO STRUCK HIS SISTER.

I WILL tell you about a little brother and sister who got angry with each other, and, would you believe it? the little brother struck his sister. Oh, what a bad boy that was! Yes, he was angry, and struck his sister. But she was

angry too, and sung out, "Ma, ma, budder knock me! budder knock me!" "Oh, well, my daughter," said the mother, "don't mind it! Just run up and kiss your little brother, and heap coals of fire upon his head." Well, the little girl ran up, sure enough, and kissed her brother, and sung out, "Where is the shovel, now? Where is the shovel?" Only think, she wanted to put the hot coals upon her brother's head in good earnest. Did her mother mean *that*? Oh, no, no! Her mother was thinking about what the Bible says: "If thine enemy hunger, feed him; if he thirst, give him drink; for, in so doing, thou shalt heap coals of fire on his head." And her mother meant this: My daughter, be kind to your brother, and that will make him kind to you. But no, she was not a good girl; she was

right down angry with her brother, and wanted to put the hot ashes upon the head of her brother, sure enough. I will here give you some verses that I think all quarrelsome children should read and get by heart:

Oh, what a naughty dog is that,
To quarrel with a pussy cat,
About a little piece of meat,
Which sister gave for them to eat.
Pussy, too, looks very shy,
And lifts her back up very high,
Very high.

Hark! how he growls and barks at her,
See, how she raises up her fur;
And now he's snatching at the piece,
And now she's spitting in his face.
Oh, for shame! poor dog and cat,
To quarrel for a thing like that,
A thing like that!

Now, I want you particularly to notice the last verse:

Brothers and sisters should be kind,
 And no such vile examples mind;
 While dogs and cats may think it right
 To quarrel for their appetite,
 Brothers and sisters should agree,
 Both when they eat and when they play,
 When they play.

My little reader, are you ever angry?
 Do you ever indulge in bad tempers?
 Take care! the kindling of passion is like
 the kindling of a fire; you don't know
 what it may lead to.

TWO BAD BOYS.

I SAW a little boy once in jail as a murderer. Oh, dreadful! He had killed one of his playmates when he was in a passion. And I saw another, who, being very angry one day with his mother, because she would not humour him, got up from the table, went up into the garret,

and hung himself with a rope until he was dead. When I went into the house where he was laid out, I saw something on a table covered with a white sheet; I lifted up the corner of the sheet, and there was Adolphus, (that was his name.) Alas, he was dead! His eyes were closed, his cheek was cold, and about his neck there was a blue streak of the rope by which he had hung himself. Oh, my dear little reader, never indulge in angry passions!

BETTER SING THAN BE ANGRY.

WHEN you find that you are getting angry, I want you to sing these beautiful words:

"Come out amongst the flowers,
 And make some pretty bowers:
 Come, come, the summer now is here.

Come, make some pretty posies,
Of violets and roses :
Come, come, come, the summer now is here.

Come out amongst the bushes,
And hear the merry thrushes :
Come, come, come, the summer now is here.

Or, perhaps you can better sing these words :

There is a happy land, far, far, away ;
Where saints in glory stand, bright, bright as day ;
Oh, how they sweetly sing, Worthy is our Saviour King,
Loud let his praises ring, praise, praise for aye !

I never knew a little boy or girl sing when in a bad humour, in all my life. And you may notice that birds of prey, like the hawk, the buzzard, and the owl, never sing. But sweet little canary birds sing, and good school-girls too, when they gather pretty flowers, and crown the Queen of May. Yes, and I can re-

collect a sweet little daughter of mine, who coming from school in the evening, as sprightly as the lark, would go from one room to another, and sing, very merrily :

"Pretty wild flowers ! Pretty wild flowers !
Mother, I gathered them all for you."

Oh, how much better it is to be in a good humour, than a bad humour ! How much more happy will you be ; and how much more will every body love you !

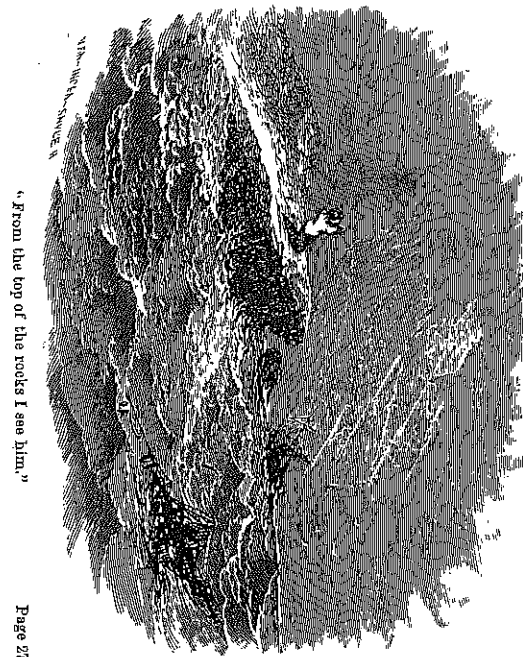
MARY DODDRIDGE.

MARY DODDRIDGE was a dear, sweet girl ; every body seemed to love her ; and when one asked her, one day— "Mary, how comes it to pass, that every body loves you ?" she said, "I don't know, except because I love every body."

Ah! that is the secret; if you are rough to others, others will be rough to you; if you be kind to others, others will be kind to you; and if you, like Mary Doddridge, love every body, every body will love you!

THE SHIPWRECKED SABBATH-SCHOLAR.

My little reader—I hope you go to Sunday-school. Oh, how many Sunday-schools there are in this world; and how many Sunday-school children will bless God that they lived in Sunday-school times; even bad boys have been made good by Sunday-schools. I heard of a bad boy who, when he was young, went to a Sunday-school, and, afterwards, became a sailor boy. In a storm, his vessel was wrecked; and he was thrown out upon a rock in the midst of



“From the top of the rocks I see him.”

the sea. And when he was there, he recollected this verse, which he had got by heart in the Sunday-school, "From the top of the rocks I see him." This made him think about what had been said to him in the Sunday-school; and as he had not done what his teachers taught him, his sins came up to his recollection. He dropped down upon his knees, upon the rock, and cried for mercy; and the Lord heard him, and was gracious to him. And when he got home, he went to his Sunday-school teacher, and told him all about how he was shipwrecked, and how his heart was changed, as he hoped, upon the top of the rock, in the midst of the sea! All good Sunday-school children love their teachers, and love to tell them good things, and are sure to bow to them when they

meet them in the street, and love to make them little presents, of pretty flowers, and things of that kind.

HENRIETTA.

I knew a little girl, named Henrietta; she belonged to the Sunday-school in the church of which I was the preacher. Well, Henrietta was at one time very sick. "I did not know but she must die. I talked with her, and prayed with her; and when I was coming away, I said, "Henrietta, my dear, is there any person that you would like to see?" "Nobody," said she, "but Miss Jane King." Now Miss Jane King was her Sunday-school teacher; when she seemed to be drawing near the grave, she loved her Sunday-school teacher, who had told her so many things about heaven

and her blessed Saviour. When I was a boy, we had no Sunday-schools, and very few such good books as children now have. We had then hardly any books at all for children but Blue Beard, and Robinson Crusoe, and Cinderella, and Jack the Giant-Killer, and Goody-Two-Shoes, and Mother Goose's Melodies. Oh how much better books do children have now; and as they have so many things to make them good, they ought to be a great deal better now, than the children who lived a long time ago.

SUNDAY-SCHOOL CHILDREN OUGHT TO BE VERY GOOD.

ESPECIALLY ought Sunday-school children to be better than other children. A boy and a girl were passing by my yard, in Washington City, one day. The little

boy went to Sunday-school, but his sister did not. Well, as they were going along by my yard, the sister saw a board on the ground, and said to her brother, "Brother, pick up that board and bring it along." "No," said the little boy, "I can't; it belongs to Mr. Baker." "No matter," says the sister, "bring it along, bring it along, it will do for firewood." "Oh, no, I can't!" said the boy, "I go to Sunday-school." Yes, in the Sunday-school, children are taught that it is sinful to take any thing that belongs to another. Aye, and they are there taught not to use bad words. And they are taught to remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy, and that it is not right to go fishing or hunting on the Sabbath, nor to do any thing of the kind. And now, my little reader, I will write down

a couplet that I wish you would say every Sabbath morning, as soon as you awake, for one month from this time :

"This is the holy Sabbath day,
And I must neither work nor play."

PLAYING MARBLES ON THE SABBATH.

WHEN I first went to Texas, a long time ago, I saw some boys playing marbles in the streets of Galveston. I went up to them, and said, "Heigh! boys, playing marbles on Sunday!" "Oh, we are in Texas!" said the little boys. "Well, but, my little friends," said I, "God can see you in Texas as well as in the States." I then put my hand in my pocket and pulled out some pretty books, and said, "Boys, don't you want some?" Immediately they came around me like a swarm of bees. I talked kindly to them,

and told them that God would not love them if they played marbles on his holy day. I then advised them to go to the Sunday-school next Sabbath, and told them that it was much better to go to Sunday-school than to play marbles on the Sabbath. I left them, but had not gone very far when they all cried out to me, "We won't play marbles on Sunday any more. We will go to Sunday-school." Dear, little Texan boys! Think I to myself, they only want some one to tell them what is right.

FRANKFORT SUNDAY-SCHOOL.

WHILE I am talking about Sunday-schools, I will tell you something which interested me very much. I had been pastor of the Presbyterian Church, in Frankfort, Kentucky. Well, several years

after, when I was far away in Texas, riding as a missionary, a new generation had sprung up in Frankfort, and I received a letter stating that the superintendent was making my name as familiar to the children of the Sabbath-school, in Frankfort, as the name of St. Patrick is in Ireland. Moreover, I was told that the children had adopted me as their missionary. Well, a little after, they heard that I had been killed by the Indians. Oh, how sorry they were to hear that their missionary was dead! I heard of it, and I wrote to them as pretty a letter as I could write, telling them that it was a mistake, that a good many persons were killed by the Indians in the region of country where I was, and that I had an arrow all stained with blood taken out of the body of a man killed near where

I was; but that God had kindly protected me so that I was not killed, but was still alive, and if they were willing, so was I willing to be their missionary still. Oh, how glad were all, teachers and scholars, to hear it! They printed my letter, and agreed to re-adopt me as their missionary. And now for contributions.

THE MISSIONARY BOX.

THE plan was this: A box with a hole on the top, was placed on the table on the first Sabbath in every month, and there they dropped their dimes and half-dimes. To show the spirit of the children, I must mention the case of a dear, little boy. Going to his father, said he, "Pa, if you will give me a dime for our missionary, I will get up early every morning, and wash my face, and comb

my head, and I won't eat any butter, nor drink any coffee for a whole month." Dear child! He was willing to deny himself in order that he might do good. Well, this is right, and so did the blessed Saviour, for the Bible tells us that, though he was rich, yet for our sakes he became poor, that we, through his poverty, might be rich.

SABBATH-SCHOOLS ON THE RIO GRANDE.

BUT I must tell you what I did when I was a missionary in Texas. Besides preaching a great deal, I got up Sunday-schools, where such things had never been seen or heard of before. It was amongst the Mexicans, far away on the Rio Grande. Oh, how the Mexican children were delighted! We taught them to read, and we taught them to

sing. In one place we had to have a Jew for a superintendent, and in another place a Roman Catholic. We could not do any better. But good, I believe, was done; for about two years after, I heard that the people in one of these places had subscribed one thousand dollars for the purpose of building a church. But I must tell you something that once happened to me in Texas.

THE LOST MISSIONARY IN TEXAS.

I WAS travelling over the wide prairie and got lost. I had to camp out one night on a little creek, alone, by myself. I had nothing to eat, and, as the creek was dry, I had no water to drink. But I had matches, so I made a fire under a tree, and spreading out my saddle blanket for my bed, I made my saddle my pillow,

and opened my umbrella for my pavilion. When all was ready, I laid me down to go to sleep; when, all at once, the wolves began to howl, and the panthers or wild cats to scream. I had no gun or pistol to shoot them, so I started up, seized a brand from the fire and hurled it at them; besides, I made every kind of noise to scare them off. But I could not get them to go far away; so they serenaded me all night long. I did not like it at all, and did not dare to sleep lest they might spring upon me whilst I was asleep. The next morning I got up very early, and, taking down my pavilion and putting my bed and my pillow upon the horse's back, I set out again on my journey. But, oh, that day! that sad day! I can never forget it. I wandered about. I was lost! lost! lost! I knew

not where to go, or what to do. At last I thought I must just lie down and die in that lonely place, without a friend to close my eyes or dig my grave. When, all at once, I looked towards a certain place, and, lo! there I saw a little white flag upon a pole. Some kind person had put it there to mark out the foot path through the vine-clad and timbered bottoms of the Colorado. Oh, what a beautiful thing that white flag was to me! I blessed the hand that put it there, and was ready to shout aloud for joy. And, thinks I to myself, this is like the cross, the blessed cross of Christ, that points out to the poor lost sinner the true way to heaven. Well, but this is not all; after I got into the right path, I went on, and went on, until I came to a river, and there was no bridge there, nor ferry-boat either. What

must I do? Here, again, I was in great trouble. But, after I had waited a long time, I saw a man on the other side who pointed to a place where he said I could cross. I plunged in, and after a while I got over; but it was well that I was not drowned, for the river was quite broad and deep. Thinks I again, this is like the river of death, which we must all go over before we can get to the happy land.

VISIT TO THE FRANKFORT SABBATH-SCHOOL.

WELL, after I was done riding as a missionary in Texas, I went to Frankfort, on a visit; and on going into the Sunday-school, there I saw the dear children, who had cast into the box their dimes, and half dimes, for my support. Standing up in the midst of them, every

eye was upon me; and, said I, "Children, I am your Texas missionary; and I thank you all, for what you did for me. God bless you, every one; and I hope you will all get to heaven at last, and there see how much good your dimes have done." But to proceed; you recollect, my little readers, besides other things, I told you, that, in Sunday-schools, children are taught that they are not to use *bad words*. Oh, it is wicked,—yes, it is very sinful; and I want you to remember, that swearing people ain't going to heaven; I saw a little boy once swearing, in the street, and I thought he was one of the ugliest boys I ever did see. How could he go to heaven! There is no swearing there.

POT-HOOKS AND HANGERS.

BUT I must tell you what I told some

boys, one day, in the church—said I, "Boys, there was a profane man, talking to a good man, one day, and, as was his custom, in almost every other sentence, there was some bad word. The good man did not like it; but, after a while his turn came to talk, and instead of swearing, he would say, "*Pot-hooks, and Hangers!*" Almost every other sentence, he would repeat it, in this way; "Mr. A. B. went to such a place—*Pot-hooks, and Hangers*—And there he saw a great curiosity—*Pot-hooks, and Hangers*." He kept talking in this way for some time. At last the swearing man spoke up, and said—"Name of common sense; what do you mean by *Pot-hooks, and Hangers?*" "Oh," said the good man, "we all have our way of talking, you have your way and I have mine; and I think my way is

"just as good as yours." Now, said I, boys, if you ever hear any person swear, I want you to run up, and say—Oh, don't swear, if you please, sir, but say, "*Pot-hooks, and Hangers.*" Well, soon after, the boys were let out, and, as they came out, there was a man just across the street, swearing dreadfully; and they all ran up, and came around him like a swarm of bees, and sung out—"Oh, don't swear, if you please, sir, don't swear! say, *Pot-hooks, and Hangers*; say, POT-HOOKS AND HANGERS!" The man opened his eyes. He did not know what to make of it; but, I expect he was ashamed of himself, and would never swear any more. This reminds me of the clerk of a steamboat, who, when the passengers were paying for their passage, was swearing like a pirate. When my turn came to pay, said I,

"My young friend, suppose I was in the habit of using assafoetida, and should now open my box, you would not like it, would you? Well, your swearing is quite as offensive to my ear, as my assafoetida would be to your nose; and I think that the ear deserves as much respect as the nose." Well, I never heard him swear after that. Oh, these swearers! these swearers! what will become of them; and yet, thank God, sometimes they are converted, and become good Christians.

THE NAKED HOOK.

I recollect, I was preaching once, in Texas, on the sin of profane swearing, and quoted this remark from an old writer, "The devil, sometimes, turns fisherman, and when he fishes for common

sinners, he is willing to go to some expense; he baits his hook with the riches of the world, the honours of the world, and the pleasures of the world, but, when he fishes for profane swearers, he throws them the naked hook, and they bite at the naked hook—cheap, even in the devil's account." Now, said I, "Friends, don't let the devil catch you, with a naked hook." Capt. C., who had been a very profane man, heard me; he was struck under conviction—became a real penitent; as I hope, a true Christian! When he was full of joy and peace, said I to him, "Capt. C., what set you to thinking?" "Oh, Mr. Baker," said he—"the idea of the devil catching me with a naked hook; I couldn't stand that, sir."

A PROFANE FATHER AND HIS DYING CHILD.

But while I am on the subject of profane swearing, let me mention one thing more. A dear, sweet little boy, who was his father's darling child, was laid upon a bed of sickness, and bed of death. He was a little Christian—a dear child of God; he was very happy, and very willing to die. Just as he was drawing near to his end, he looked at his father, his weeping father, who was very near him, and said, "My dear papa, there is one request which I wish to make of you, before I die." "What is it? my dear darling?" said the father. "Oh, my sweet boy, your father is willing to do any thing in the world for you; what do you wish me to do?" "Papa," said the dying child, "if you please, don't swear any more." His father told me afterwards, that he never

had anything to come home to him, with such power before. The sweet voice of his dying child—"Papa, if you please, don't swear any more!"—it was the means of his father's happy conversion; and, I expect, when that father comes to die, the spirit of his cherub boy will be the first to welcome him home to heaven—that blessed place where pleasure never dies. My little reader, don't use bad words—never swear; I am afraid it will cost you your soul! Oh, how much better it is to PRAY than to SWEAR. Good people pray—bad people swear. Good people are going to heaven—but swearing people are not going there!

DO YOU EVER PRAY?

My dear little reader, do you ever pray? I suppose your mother has taught

you the evening prayer, "Now I lay me down to sleep," and the morning prayer: "Our father who art in heaven"—But remember, when you pray, you must be in good earnest; and be wide awake; for God don't love sleepy prayers. Some children put off praying, until they get into bed; and they put their hands together, and say—"Now I lay me down to sleep"—and say no more; and why? They are *fast asleep!* God won't hear such prayers.

A LITTLE GIRL PRAYING FOR HER FATHER.

I CAN tell you about a little girl who prayed in a way different from that, and God was pleased, it seems, to answer her prayer. Her father was a wicked man, and when he found that she was in the habit of praying, he was angry, and told

her she must not pray, and if she did pray again he would switch her. Poor, dear child! What must she do? Children must obey their parents, but God is greater than all, and he commands all to pray. Well, I will tell you what this little girl did. She went into the garden one day, I suppose it was about sunset, that is the best time before you get sleepy; well, into the garden this little girl went to pray, and, dropping down upon her knees, she prayed at first in a low voice, and then a little louder, and then a little louder still. Just at that time her father was coming home. He heard her voice praying. He was angry. He got a switch to switch her, but he thought he would listen a little while, and hear what she could say. Just at that moment she was praying for him:

“O Lord, bless my dear, dear papa!” It struck upon his ear; it struck upon his heart. He dropped the switch, ran into the garden, caught up his little daughter in his arms, carried her into the house, dropped upon his own knees, and began to pray himself: “O Lord, have mercy upon me a wicked, wicked father!” Sometimes parents take their children to heaven, and say, “Here am I, Lord, and the children whom thou hast given me.” But what a pretty sight this will be—the child leading the parent to heaven, and saying, “Here am I, Lord, and my dear papa whom thou gavest me.” My child, if your parents are going to heaven, you must go along with your parents to that happy world; but if your parents will not lead you to heaven, you must try to lead your parents there.

SARAH ELIZABETH ROYSTER.

SARAH ELIZABETH ROYSTER, a sweet little girl, about six years old, heard me talk to children. When she came home, and was seated at the table, she looked at her father, who was not a Christian, and said, "Pa, do you pray?" Her father did not like the question, and said in a rough way, "It is your mother or your aunt Sally that put you up to that, my little girl." "No, papa," said the dear, sweet little creature, "the preacher said, all good people pray, and that those who don't pray a'n't going to heaven. Pa, do you pray?" More angry than ever, her father replied, "Well, you and your mother and your aunt Sally may go your way, and I will go mine." "Pa," said the little girl, with sweet simplicity again, "Pa, which way are you going?" It

flashed upon him that he was not going in the right way. He started from his chair, burst into tears, and begged his wife to pray for him. Soon after he became, as it is hoped, a good Christian, and will be a star in his little daughter's crown of rejoicing in heaven. My little reader, I hope your parents are pious. Well, you must go along with them in the road that Christians walk. Perhaps, they have gone before you, and left you behind a little orphan. Well, in that case, you must say with young David, "When my father and my mother forsake me, then the Lord will take me up."

THE LITTLE ORPHAN BOY.

One day, when I was addressing children, I looked at a little boy, that I did not know; and said, "My little boy,

where is your father?" He spoke aloud, and said, "He is dead, sir!" I felt as if I could just go and take the little boy in my arms, and press him to my bosom. Do you know the reason? He was an *orphan*, and I had been one myself—my father died, when I was very young; and my mother, when I was a babe! I never knew a mother's smile; I would look around, and see other boys, who had mothers to love them, and dress them, and give them good things; I had no mother to love me; I thought nobody loved me, or cared for me; well, if my mother was alive, I thought, she would love me. But she was dead, and her spirit is gone to heaven. I was very sad, and sometimes, I would go to my mother's grave. I know the spot well. It was a sacred spot. I, when a little boy, would

go and stand by my mother's grave, and think—Here sleeps my mother; my own dear mother! I can never see her on earth, but I will try to meet her in heaven.

A MOTHERLESS CHILD'S DREAM.

ABOUT this time, I had a very sweet dream, for a little motherless child. I think it was just after I had been to my mother's grave, and cried myself to sleep. All at once, I thought that the room was filled with the angels of God, each having white silver wings. In the midst of them, I thought I saw my mother—my own dear mother. I thought I knew her at first sight. My little heart leaped for joy; and, pushing away the angels, I came to my mother; and talked, in this way: "O my dear moth-

er, is this you? I never saw you before! I am so glad to see you now!" and while I was filled with joy at seeing my mother, I thought the angels began to spread their wings, and rise from the floor, and I would not have cared if every angel had gone back to heaven, if only they had left my dear mother behind; but, my mother was an angel herself, now; and she spread out her wings, and arose, and went up with the angels; and I looked at them, as they went up to heaven. And they sang so sweetly; I listened, till their voice was lost in the skies. When I awoke, you may well suppose, I was drowned in tears; and from that time I resolved that I should try to meet my mother in heaven. And thank God, when I was a little boy, I think I was converted! Yes. In answer, as I believe,

to my mother's dying prayer, I was made a Christian, when I was yet a child! Yes, reader, perhaps I was then as young, as you, now, are! You can't set out for heaven too soon. I believe that there are a great many children in heaven now, with their crowns so bright, and their robes so white! aye, I have seen some, and heard of many others, who when laid upon a bed of death, were not afraid to die.

HAPPY DEATH OF LITTLE CHILDREN.

I KNEW a little boy, not two years old, who looked at his father, and said, "By by, pa! baby going to sleep," and he shut his eyes, and never opened them any more. And I knew another, three years old, who just sinking in death, said to his father, who was near his side,

"Papa, there is beyond the sky, a heaven of joy and love;" and there was another who was a blind boy, who looked up, as he was dying, and said, "I see a light! it is heaven." And a little girl, who was motherless, when lying upon her back, and thought to be dead—all at once, opened her eyes, reached out her arms, and exclaimed, "My mother!" and died. There was a little boy who when taken sick was at first afraid to die—and said: "Mother, the valley is very dark, won't you go with me?" His mother could only burst into tears—the little boy then turned his face to the wall and prayed, and then turning to his mother with a sweet look—said: "Mother, the valley is not so dark now, my blessed Jesus is with me. I can go now!"

MARGARET WALTON.

MARGARET WALTON was a blue-eyed, rosy-cheeked girl. I knew her well. When she was only five years old, walking in the grove one day with her aunt, they came to a log in a shady place, and she said, "Aunty, this is a pretty place to have a prayer-meeting. Aunty, you can pray, and I can pray, and we can have a sweet little prayer-meeting here." Her aunt did not see proper to hold a prayer-meeting there, but she sang some sacred songs, which pleased little Margaret very much. One day she saw a blacksmith knock a man down with a bar of iron. Margaret shuddered, and exclaimed, "Oh, what a wicked man that is! He can't go to heaven." She then went into her room. On coming out, her mother said, "Margaret, where have you

been?" "In my room, mamma." "But what did you go into your room for?" said her mother. "Ma," said she, "you recollect the wicked blacksmith. He knocked the man down. I have been praying to God to forgive him, mamma." Another day, she begged her pa to let her take the sacrament. "You are too young, my dear," said her father. "No, papa," said she, "I a'n't too young. Mayn't I take the sacrament?" "Why, my child," said her father, "it is only for those who love the blessed Saviour." "Well, papa," said she, "I do love my blessed Saviour." Now, if her father had only known how soon she was to be in heaven, I don't know but that he would have permitted her to sit down with the people of God at the sacramental board. After this Margaret was taken

sick, very sick. The doctor came and felt her pulse, and gave her physic, and put so many blisters on her; and she was as patient as a lamb. But, one day when her parents were dressing the blister on her head, being flighty at that time, she thought the Jews were crowning her with thorns because she was a Christian, and she said, "This is the very way they served my blessed Saviour. Well," added she, "if God will forgive them, I will forgive them too," and putting her little hands together, she said, "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do." But now, Margaret has been sick fourteen days. Her pretty blue eyes are sunken, and the roses upon her cheeks are faded. Margaret is very weak—Margaret is dying. She knows it, and she is not afraid to die; but talks

very sweetly about her Saviour and about heaven. Her parents were at her bedside, crying, but they would not let her see them cry lest it might disturb her. But Nancy, her nurse, was at the foot of the bed, and when Nancy saw that her little mistress was really dying, she burst into tears, and wept aloud. Margaret noticed it, and turning her dying eyes upon her, she said, "Nancy, crying because I am going to die? Don't cry, Nancy, Margaret is happy; Margaret is going to heaven, now." In a few hours after, her eyes were closed in death; and, we believe, sweet angels hovered around, and carried her to her home in the skies. Oh, what a blessed thing it is when we come to die, to have nothing to do but to breathe our last, and peacefully fall asleep in the arms of a loving Saviour!

MY OWN LITTLE DAUGHTER.

My little reader, I have made this book larger than I intended; but in closing let me tell you something about my own little daughter. Her name was Agnes Elizabeth. When she was scarcely three years old, her mother took her to Sunday-school. She was delighted; and when she came home, she came to me with her face lighted up with smiles, and said; "Pa, this morning, ma took me to the Sunday-school; and ma said, I might go next Sunday, and Sunday after, too!" This is the same daughter of mine that I mentioned in the former part of this book, who, on coming from day-school, when she was a little older, would go from one room to another, and sing so sweetly; "Pretty wild flowers! pretty wild flowers! Mother, I gathered

them all for you." When she was perhaps about seven or eight years old, I went to Texas, and stayed several months; my daughter thought it was a long, *long* time.

When I returned, my daughter saw me, at a distance, in my buggy, and, leaving some little girls with whom she was playing, she ran to meet me, screaming for joy—"Pa is come! pa is come!" "Don't scream so, my dear child," said I, "you will scare my horse." He was pricking up his ears, and seemed just ready to start! But, my daughter didn't see the *horse*; she was looking at her *dear papa*; and I had to jump out of my buggy, and hold the horse, to keep him from running away. When I stooped down to kiss her, she threw her little arms around my neck, and kissed me!