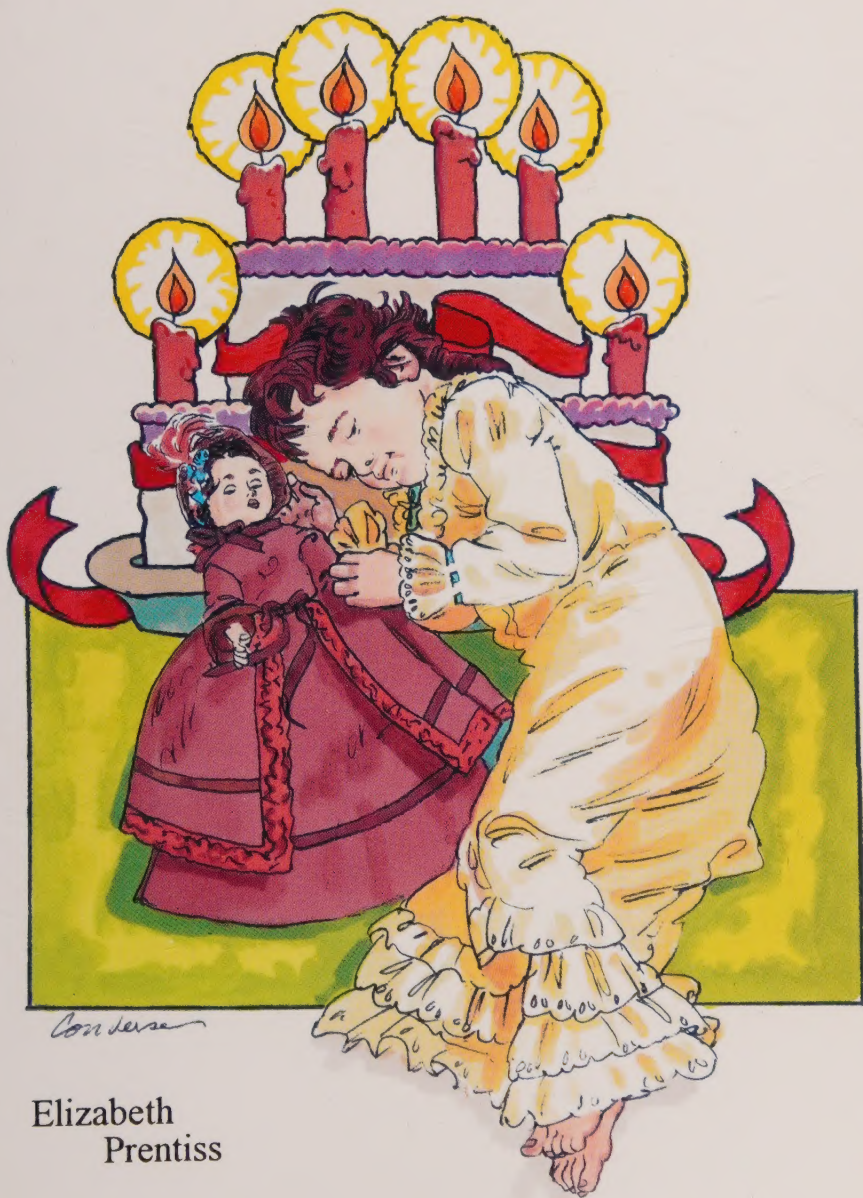
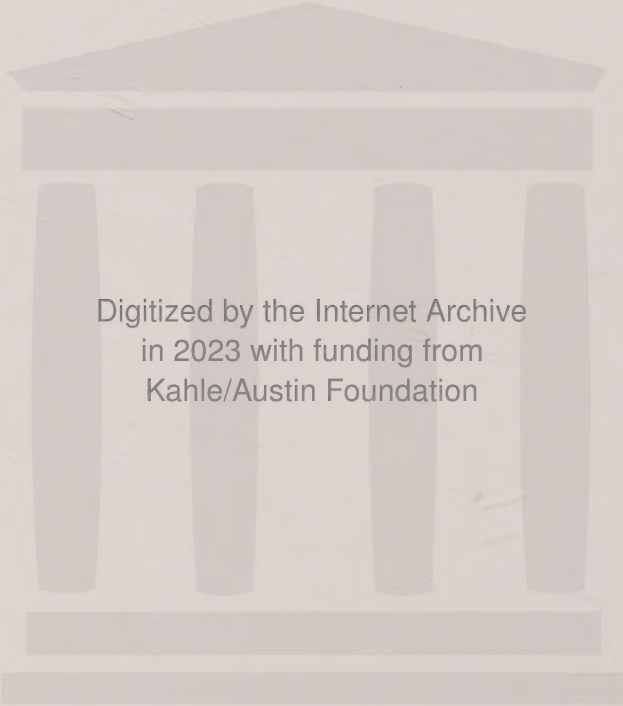


LITTLE SUSY STORIES



Elizabeth
Prentiss



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Elizabeth Payson Prentiss was born October 26, 1818 in Portland, Maine. Her ancestors were Puritans. The Payson men were preachers and devout Christian. Elizabeth's father died when she was nine years old. His Christian influence remained with her all her life!

For several years, Elizabeth was a teacher. On April 16, 1845, Miss Payson was married to Reverend George Lewis Prentiss. They had 6 children, four survived infancy.

Mrs. Prentiss' first book was "Little Susy's Six Birthdays" written in 1853. Another book, "The Flower of the Family", was translated into French and, later, into German. The book which depicts her life most clearly was "Stepping Heavenward".

Elizabeth Prentiss' purpose in life was to be a praying woman, used by God, and daily transformed into Christ's likeness. Her greatest wish was that her books would do good. She did not write to be popular or have a sensational story. Mrs. Prentiss wanted her readers to see God in the lives of her very individualistic characters. Many of her subjects and situations were stories of her own life experiences.



LITTLE SUSY STORIES.

By MRS. E. PRENTISS,

Author of "Stepping Heavenward," "Six Little Princesses," etc., etc.



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TO THE CHILDREN WHO READ THIS BOOK.

MY DEAR LITTLE FRIENDS:

THIS book was written on purpose for you. While I was writing it, I often said to myself: I hope this will please Mally and Willie! I wonder how Sarah and Louisa will like it? Then I thought that I would read what I had written to a few children to see what they would say. Because if it failed to interest *them*, I should be ashamed to have it printed and sent to other children. So I read it to several. Some of them were quite large children, larger than any of you; and the others were small. One of them was nine years old, and one seven, and one six, and one five; and when I saw them smile, as if they were pleased, I was very glad indeed. And when one of them said she hoped I would print as many as *two*, one for her and

one for her cousin, I felt still more delighted, and thought I would have one for everybody's cousin. A great many little Johnnies and Geordies; many little Nellies and Hatties will read about Susy's birthdays. Wherein she was good, I hope you all will be like her; and then your birthdays will be happy ones. Sometimes little children don't live to spend six birthdays in this world. They go to heaven and spend them there; and they are better and happier days than any little Susie ever knew. But now I must bid you good-by. Perhaps I shall write another story for you one of these days.

AUNT SUSAN.

LITTLE SUSY'S SIX BIRTHDAYS

LITTLE SUSY'S SIX BIRTHDAYS.

CHAPTER I.

THE FIRST BIRTHDAY.

"LITTLE Susy is a year old to-day," said her mamma, "and I must give her a birthday kiss!" So she kissed the sweet red lips of the darling baby. Now Susy had never kissed anybody in her life. She did not know how. But I suppose she thought it was high time to begin, now that she was a whole year old; so she doubled up her lips and gave her mamma the funniest little bit of a kiss you can imagine. Her mamma was pleased, and Susy was pleased herself; and I dare say she thought she was doing something great, as she saw everybody laughing. Pretty soon her papa came in, and then baby doubled up her lips, and gave him a little bit of a kiss, too.

Now all this was early in the morning, and Susy was in her nightgown. But her mamma washed and dressed her very nicely, and put on her red frock and clean white apron, and those tiny shoes that looked as if they were made for a doll ; and then Susy had some breakfast—good bread and milk.

After this, she slipped down from her mamma's lap, to play with a string of spools that lay on the floor. She played with them a great while, but then she grew tired of sitting upon the floor. So she threw down her spools and got up, as if she thought of taking a walk. But she did not walk ; she only stood there, smiling at her mamma. She was afraid to try to walk. She thought she should fall if she tried to walk. Then her mamma took up a box of seals and held them out toward Susy ; and when Susy saw them she wanted them so very much that she forgot all about her fear of falling, and ran to her mamma as fast as she could. Oh, how glad she felt that she had walked a few steps ! And how glad her mamma was, too ! And how she kissed her dear baby, while the little thing

played with the pretty seals, rattling them about and laughing so! By and by a lady called to see Susy's mamma. She had a great black dog with her, bigger than Susy—oh, a great deal bigger! He *would* come in, though the lady was ashamed to see him trot into the parlor, and tried to coax him out. Susy liked the dog. She was not afraid of him. He put his cold nose on her face and hands, and that made her laugh. This lady had brought something for Susy. What do you think it was? Why, a large doll, almost as large as Susy herself! When Susy saw it, she laughed and held out her arms, and said, "Baby, baby!" She loved this baby dearly. Somebody taught her to call it Peggy. That is not a very pretty name, is it? Another lady—indeed, I may as well tell you who it was—her grandmamma—sent her a little silver fork. The baby is all worn out now, and hasn't any head at all. But the fork is as good as ever, and Susy uses it at dinner and at breakfast still.

As soon as it began to grow dark her mamma took Susy in her lap and sang to her that sweet

little song which Aunt Lizzy had given her. Aunt Lizzy heard it in Germany, and she liked it so well when she heard it sung to German babies that she thought she would translate it for her little nieces and nephews at home. Here it is :

“ Mother, now tell,
Why do you love your baby so well ?
The mother said, ‘ Oh !
And do you not know ?
Sweet and happy it lies,
It frets not, nor cries ;
And is full of its glee
As the bird on the tree.
It smiles on my breast
As it goes to its nest ;
And it wakes in its bliss
With a smile and a kiss ;
And that is the reason I love it so well ;
How dearly, how dearly, I never can tell.’

“ Baby, now tell,
Why do you love your mother so well ?
The baby said, ‘ Oh !
And do you not know ?
She keeps me from harm,

Holds me soft on her arm ;
And if I am ill,
Watches over me still ;
Gives me good things to eat,
And kisses so sweet ;
And is kindest to me
Of all that I see ;
And that is the reason I love her so well ;
How dearly, how dearly, I never can tell.' ”

By this time Susy began to feel tired and sleepy ; so her mamma undressed her, and she was put into her warm nest, and was soon fast asleep.

I suppose thousands of little girls and boys spent this day very much as Susy did. It was their first birthday, too.

But do you suppose Susy's papa and mamma would have given her away to take one of those other babies instead ? No, I am sure not.

CHAPTER II.

THE SECOND BIRTHDAY.

SUSY lived three hundred and sixty-four days, and then came her second birthday. I suppose you think she was very old indeed, if she had lived so many days. But no, she was only two years old.

When she awoke, on this bright Tuesday morning, she was carried into her mamma's room; and her mamma took her right into her bed and gave her two birthday kisses, one on her mouth and one on her cheek. Then Susy began to play with something. What do you think it was? A doll? No! A kitty? No! it was a little live baby! her own darling brother, Robbie! He was about as many months old as Susy had lived years. Susy loved him dearly. She never cried when she saw her mamma take baby in her arms and kiss

him. She would have liked to take him in her own little arms.

By and by, her mamma said to her, "Susy ! you are two years old to-day !" Now Susy did not know what this meant, so she only smiled, and said, "Robbie ! Robbie ! you got two eyes !"

It was now time for Susy to be washed and dressed. Her mamma did not do this for her now. You know she had a little baby to take care of. After breakfast Susy came to her mamma with an orange in her hand. Her papa had given it to her. Susy told her mamma it was a ball. I suppose she could not say orange. Her papa took the great Bible in his hand, and Susy knew she must sit still in her little chair. She went all round the room before she could find it. Then she sat down in it by her papa, and said to Robbie, "Baby, be 'till ; papa say, be 'till." You see she could not say "still." While her papa prayed Susy was playing with pins. She did not know it was naughty to do so. After prayers, she began to make a pretty baby-house in one corner of the room. It was very pretty indeed. But Susy thought she

could make a better one; so she pulled it down, threw her toys all about the floor, and began again. When she had played in this way more than an hour she began to feel tired. Then her mamma thought it was time to give her her birthday present; so she put baby down upon the bed, and went into the closet and brought out a little table. It had a drawer in it, and Susy was so pleased when she saw that! She thought she must say a big word now; so she lifted up her little hands and said, "Oh my! I 'tonished!" This made her mamma laugh, and she took down Susy's box of cups and saucers and placed them upon the table, and gave Susy a cracker, broken in small pieces; then Susy sat down at the table and began to make believe to pour out tea, and to eat the cracker. Pretty soon she got up and offered Robbie a cup of tea; but Robbie did not take it. Then Susy looked grievèd, but soon she began to smile again, for her mamma took the tiny cup and drank all the tea there was in it. By this time Susy was very tired, and said she was going "aheep." She could not say asleep. So she went and

stretched herself on a box and fell fast asleep. Her mamma covered her up with one of Robbie's blankets. Susy had taken a fancy to sleep on this box. It was soft, and covered with chintz. Some of Robbie's clothes were kept in it.

Little Susy slept two hours. When she awoke her cheeks were very red, and she looked as sober and grave as a judge. Her mamma had been making a new dress for her, but she knew it would not do to try it on now, because Susy did not feel very pleasant. Robbie was asleep, so his mamma took Susy in her arms and kissed her, and said, "Now we must cut paper babies." So she began to cut rows of babies, and Susy grew bright and happy, and patted her kind mamma's face, saying, "Darling mamma!" over and over again. It was snowing, or Susy would have had a nice walk. She liked to see it snow. She used to sit in her high chair at the window, watch the white flakes coming down, and try to catch them in her hands. So, when she grew tired of playing with the babies her mamma took her to the

window ; but just then Susy's dinner was brought in. I must tell you what it was.

There was a slice of toast, sprinkled with salt and covered with rich new milk. Then there was a mealy potato and a small piece of boiled chicken. So Susy ran to her little table, pulled off the cups and saucers, and made room for her dinner. The toast was cut in little square pieces, and she ate that first. She liked it very much. Then she ate the chicken, and that tasted so good that she thought it would be a fine plan to cry for more. But just as she was drawing her dear little face up into very ugly wrinkles her mamma came toward her and said, "Susy ! do you want to go to the fair?" Now Susy did not know what that meant, but she smiled and said she should like to go. A lady had called for her in a carriage, so her mamma, as soon as Susy stopped eating, put on her new dress, and was going to finish dressing her, but Susy felt so happy and so refreshed by her dinner that she could not keep still. She kept running all about the room, making funny little courtesies, and saying, "How d'ye do,

mamma?" and "Susy go away, leave mamma!" At last her mamma caught the little witch; and her coat and hat and mittens, and I don't know what not, were put on, and then away went Susy in the carriage with that kind friend who loved her so dearly.

When they got back from the fair it was beginning to grow dark a little. Her mamma had kept running to the window and saying, "Oh, I wonder Susy does not come!"

Susy had her hands full of toys, and candy and cake. She ran to kiss her dear mamma and Robbie, and offered all her candy to her papa, who thanked her and put it in his pocket. He did not like to have Susy eat candy. And now it was time for bed. But Susy was so full of fun that it was hard to hold her. She ran and hid behind the great chair and crept under the bed, and laughed and shouted, and clapped her little hands, till at last she was tired out. So then she came and stood still, and ate a little bit of toast, and pretty soon went to bed. Her mamma put her to bed herself, and then she sat down by Robbie's cradle and sung to him:

“Sleep, sleep, sleep, little darlings !

Sleep, for your mother is nigh ;

She, she watches your slumbers,

Sees that no danger is nigh.

Sleep ! sleep ! sleep ! sleep !

Sleep, for your mother is nigh !

“Sleep, sleep, sleep, little darlings,

Sleep, for the angels are nigh !

They, they watch o'er your slumbers,

See that no danger is nigh.

Sleep ! sleep ! sleep ! sleep !

Sleep, for the angels are nigh !

“Sleep, sleep, sleep, little darlings !

Sleep, for the Savior is nigh !

He, he watches your slumbers,

Sees that no danger is nigh.

Sleep ! sleep ! sleep ! sleep !

Sleep, for the Savior is nigh !

CHAPTER III.

THE THIRD BIRTHDAY.

WHEN Susy awoke on the morning of her third birthday, she said, "Now I am going to give mamma three kisses!" So she crept softly out of bed and ran on her little bare feet to the door of the nursery where her mamma slept with Robbie, who was not very well. She opened the door and peeped in, smiling, and looking so lovely and so loving that her mamma wanted to snatch her up and kiss her. She held out her arms, and Susy ran and climbed up the side of the bed and gave both mamma and Robbie a great many hugs and kisses. And her mamma gave her three birthday kisses; one on her lips and one on each cheek. Robbie was more than a year old now; he could not speak a word, and had not learned to walk yet. But his little heart was brimful of love, and he put

his arms around Susy's neck and patted her soft cheek, and seemed very glad to see her.

As soon as the children were washed and dressed it was time for breakfast. Susy sat at the table with her papa and mamma, and was very happy. After breakfast they all went up into the nursery together, and there they found upon the table, Noah's ark. Some kind friend had sent it to Susy. It was a famous little ark; and besides all sorts of beasts and birds, Susy found Mr. and Mrs. Noah and all their family inside. This made her begin to dance up and down, and clap her hands; and when Robbie saw her do that, he laughed and clapped his hands too.

Susy sat down upon the floor and played with her ark a great while. And while she played she talked to the beasts and the birds, and told them it was her birthday, and asked them if they didn't wish it was their birthday too. And she told them every now and then, "I'm going to have a party! I'm going to have a party!"

After awhile, her mamma came and took Susy

into her lap, and read to her a little story, and then she kissed Susy a great many times, and said God was very good to let her have such a darling child three years. Just then there came a ring at the door, and there came into the nursery a great bundle wrapped in a linen napkin. When Susy's mamma saw that it was something for her little girl she let her take out all the pins from the napkin, and pretty soon out rolled a baby—oh, a beautiful baby! with real shoes on its feet and a hat on its head, and a box full of dresses beside. It was sent by the same lady who sent the first doll, about which I told you. She thought Peggy must be worn out by this time. The moment Susy saw this new baby she ran to find poor Peggy, which she thrust into Robbie's arms, saying, "There! you little darling! now you shall have a baby too!" Robbie was very glad. He took Peggy in his arms, with her feet up and head down, and began to pat her and say, "By, by! by, by!" which made Susy laugh. But it was getting time for his nap, so Susy and her mamma left the nursery, and went downstairs to let papa

see the birthday presents. He was very glad to see them. He took Susy on his knee while she showed him the ark, and all the dogs and cats and doves and ravens there were in it. Then she let him peep at her new doll; and as soon as he had seen it and had been made to kiss it, Susy and her mamma went out to take a walk.

When they came in from their walk Robbie was awake, and Susy said it was time for her party to begin. You will wonder who she expected to see at this party, so I must tell you at once that nobody had been invited but Robbie and all the dolls. And a funny little party they made, I can tell you. Susy set out her table, and a cup and saucer for each one; also a plate and spoon for each. Then her mamma filled the little teapot with "milk-tea," as Susy called it, and gave her some sponge cakes and a few sugar-plums, and an orange nicely cut, and then they all sat down to the feast, Susy and her new doll on one side, and Robbie and Peggy and old black Dinah on the other. Robbie was a dear little boy. He did not pull the

cups about or snatch the cake; he sat very still, and opened his mouth now and then when Susy offered him a little tea or a crumb of cake. The dollies, too, were very good. They did not fall over upon their faces, as some ill-bred dollies do, nor slip down from their chairs, nor push each other. They sat as still as mice, and behaved far better than mice would have done. Susy thought her party a very nice affair, and I think her papa and mamma did too, for I saw them peeping in at the nursery door, laughing and rejoicing.

Susy was a very busy little girl. She was always at work upon something, as if she felt afraid she should not get out of each day all the fun there was in it. So as soon as she had eaten up all there was on the table (with the help of mamma and nurse), she began to play again. She made a great yard with a fence around it—the fence was made of blocks—and put her animals into the yard. Her papa sat down on the floor and helped her make it, and showed her how to drive her cattle in. Susy was delighted, and she said to them, “Now,

beasts, I am going away, and you must be very good while I am gone. Don't snatch each other's things away. Don't make each other cry!" Then she made believe go out to walk, and when she came back she found they had all been very good indeed. She said she should give them each a book, if they were always so good. Shouldn't you think they might have laughed when she said that? Well! they did not. They looked just as they did before, and as if they did not hear a word she said. Susy was so busy that she did not notice how dark it was growing. Now every night when it began to grow dark her mamma used to take her in her lap and tell her stories and sing to her. All at once it grew so dark that she could not see to play; then she remembered it was time to pick up her toys. While she was doing this Robbie crept about, gathering up his, but he did not touch hers.

When the toys had all been put nicely away nurse gave Robbie his supper and Susy went down to her mamma. It was dark in the parlor, but the firelight made it pleasant. Susy

climbed into her usual place and said, "Please sing, mamma!"

"What shall I sing about?" asked mamma. Susy thought a little while, and at last she said:

"About a little kitty!"

Now her mamma did not know any verses about a little kitty, but she did not like to refuse Susy, so she began to sing:

Once there was a little kitty

Whiter than snow;

In a barn she used to frolic,

Long time ago.

In the barn a little mousie

Ran to and fro;

For she heard the kitty coming,

Long time ago.

Two eyes had little kitty,

Black as a sloe;

And they spied the little mousie,

Long time ago.

Four paws had little kitty,

Paws soft as dough,

And they caught the little mousie,

Long time ago.

Nine teeth had little kitty,
All in a row ;
And they bit the little mousie,
Long time ago.

When the teeth bit little mousie,
Little mouse cried " Oh !"
But she got away from kitty,
Long time ago.

Susy was just going to cry, when she heard that the little mousie was bitten, but her mamma made haste to comfort her by singing that mousie got away long ago. She had to sing it a great many times after this, for Robbie soon was old enough to like to hear about kitties.

"Now, mamma, please tell me one story," said Susy, "about the little fly that hadn't any breakfast."

So her mamma told it to her, though I suppose Susy had heard it fifty times; and then there were some little hymns sung. By this time Susy's supper was ready, and when she had eaten it she kissed her dear papa and mamma, and said her prayers, and went trotting up to bed.

CHAPTER IV.

THE FOURTH BIRTHDAY.

SUSY was very much surprised on the morning of the day she was four years old to hear her mamma call her to come and take her four birthday kisses. She had forgotten all about birthdays, it was so long since she had had one. She sprang out of bed and ran in to her mamma, who kissed her this time on her mouth, on each cheek, and her forehead; and seemed to love her even more than usual. Soon after breakfast she took Susy away into that little room to which she was in the habit of going alone, and they knelt down together and held each other's hands, while mamma thanked God very much for giving her such a dear little girl, and for letting her live four years; and asked Him, if he pleased, to let her live another year, and to make her his own little lamb. Susy was

very happy to think she had been called God's own little lamb, and she kissed her mamma and said she loved God, and meant to be a good girl, because He was so good. Then they went into the nursery, and Susy's papa gave her a beautiful book full of pictures and a great number of new blocks. Susy liked the book best, but she liked the blocks too; and she and papa and Robbie built a castle, which she said looked like the tower of Babel. Robbie was full of fun, and he soon overturned the tower, shouting with all his might, when he heard the noise it made in falling. Susy did not think it fair for Robbie to spoil her play, but her papa said he was such a little boy she must excuse him. Then Robbie ran up to her saying, "Pease 'cuse Robbie!" and kissed her and petted her face, so Susy had to smile and forgive him, he was such a little darling. After that they built several castles on purpose for him to overturn; and Susy was happy all day, because she had given up her own pleasure just to gratify him. Now Susy's mamma was very busy, getting ready for the birthday party. This time they expected

somebody beside Robbie and the dollies. Mamma had written and sent invitations to Frank and Charlie, Susy's cousins, and to little Hatty Linton, who was visiting them. They were to come early and stay till dark; and Frank's mother and Hatty's aunt were coming too, for they loved to see children happy.

At twelve o'clock they all arrived, and there was a great time getting off cloaks and hoods and tippetts and mittens; and Charlie had to display his jacket and trousers, which he never had worn till this day; and Frank was in a hurry to see Susy's presents, and so they all talked and laughed together. Only Susy and Hatty were standing all this time, looking very gravely at each other; Susy holding fast to her mamma's hand, and Hatty squeezing up as close to her aunt as possible.

Susy thought Hatty a sweet little girl, after she had looked at her a long time, and she ran to Frank and said to him :

"Hatty Linton may have my best doll all day."

"Oh, Cousin Hatty! hear what Susy says!" cried Frank.

"She's my cousin, too," said Susy.

"No, she isn't, she's only your cousin-in-law," said Frank.

Everybody laughed on hearing this; at least all the mothers and aunties did, and Frank looked very well pleased with the new relationship he had invented.

Susy then led her cousins and her cousin-in-law up to the nursery, where all her toys were brought out, and Robbie was waiting patiently in his little chair. Frank and Charlie ran to kiss him; and after a few moments Hatty went and kissed him too. He and Hatty looked a little like each other, Frank said. They had both fair, curling hair, and black eyes and round rosy cheeks.

Robbie felt very shy for some little time after Hatty had kissed him. He sat still in his chair, with his eyes fixed upon the ground, and his hands lay folded in his lap. But before long he began to play with his blocks, and all the other children sat around him on the floor, helping him. Susy felt like a little queen; everybody was so kind to her, and

the children all kept saying, "Let's do as Susy says; it's her birthday."

Oh, how they played! Frank built such noble houses, and Charlie arranged the little village so nicely! And Hatty held tightly in her arms Susy's doll, taking care to keep near Robbie all the time, so as to kiss his soft white neck every now and then.

When they had played quietly a long time, Frank wanted to play "hide the handkerchief," and he said, "Susy must hide it first, because it is her birthday." Frank was six years old, and he knew how to play this, and a great many other things. So he made all the children cover their eyes, and then showed Susy where to put the handkerchief. They all liked this play. Even little Robbie ran about, pretending to look in all the nooks and corners; and when it came Frank's turn to hide the handkerchief he contrived to hide it in a place Robbie peeped into every time. Oh, how Robbie laughed when he found it!

Robbie's nurse kept her eye upon her little pet, for she was afraid he might get hurt among

the other children. But they were all gentle, good children, and were so happy and pleasant that even a little bird might have played safely with them.

"How old are you, Robbie?" said Hatty, putting her arms around him.

Robbie did not know.

His nurse said he was a little more than two years.

"Did he have a birthday, too?" asked Hatty.

"Oh, yes, indeed he did!" said nurse; and she opened a drawer and showed Hatty some new toys and books which were given him on the day he was two years old. Just as the other children came running to look at Robbie's drawer, which was full of toys and books, the bell rang downstairs. Nurse said this was to call them down; so she took Robbie in her arms, Frank led Susy, and Charlie and Hatty followed, till they reached the dining-room.

When they entered the dining-room they found Susy's papa and mamma, and Frank's mamma and aunt, waiting for them; and in the midst of the floor stood a round table covered

with a white cloth. A nice little feast was spread upon the table; not exactly dinner, and not exactly tea, but very pleasant to the eyes of the children, who were all hungry after their play. Now the parents of these children did not approve of overfeeding little folks with sweet things, but they had provided everything they could think of that it would be safe to eat. Beside, Susy's papa had been to a wedding party the previous evening, and a lady had sent to Susy a great many mottoes and some delicious grapes. Some of these were arranged prettily on the table, and the children were lifted into their seats, and Susy, looking very grave indeed, began to pour out for each a tiny cup of cocoa. Frank said he should like to sit there and pour it out, as he was the eldest, but his mother laughed at him a little, and said she never heard of such a thing as a gentleman's pouring out tea when ladies were present. Charlie said he wanted to pour out because he was the youngest; but his mamma laughed at him too, saying Hatty and Robbie were both younger than he; so Charlie gave up very pleasantly, and was

very happy, drinking his cocoa and eating small, thin slices of bread and butter. And so were they all. Even Robbie, on this great occasion, had a little of everything; but he was a good boy, and when his nurse asked him to let her save his mottoes and grapes till to-morrow, he gave them all to her. I wish I could tell you how they all looked, sitting there, talking as fast as their tongues could fly, and enjoying all the good things so pleasantly. Susy was so happy that she could not help throwing her arms about Hatty, who sat next her, and kissing her many times; and she kept all the largest grapes for Robbie, and offered the big pieces of cake to her cousins, though they were too polite to take them.

I think nobody enjoyed this feast more than the grown folks, though they only sat and looked on. Little children do not know how dearly their papas and mammas love them.

When everyone had had enough they were taken down from their high chairs, and the big books on which some of them sat; and Susy's papa made believe he was a lion, and that they

were nice fat little things, just fit for him to eat up. So he began to growl, and to scamper all about the room; and the children ran and laughed, and crept under the sofas, and hid behind their mammas; and I began to be afraid the house would come down, they made such a noise. At last the lion caught Susy, and while he was eating her up, the other children sat down to take breath, for they were as tired as they could be.

Frank went and whispered to his mamma, and she whispered to Hatty's aunt, and at last Frank said he was trying to persuade his mamma to ask Hatty to repeat a piece of poetry. Hatty was not yet three years old, but she could repeat a great many stories and poems, and it was very pleasant to hear such a little girl do this. But I will tell you about it.

Little Hatty was lifted up to a seat on the table where all could see her, and the children arranged themselves where they could hear her. Susy got upon her papa's knee, who kept kissing her and loving her dearly; Robbie ran to his mamma's lap, and Frank and Charlie were

in low chairs, close by their mother. Then Hatty began in a soft, clear voice, and repeated that beautiful hymn, "I think, when I read that sweet story of old," and said every word so clearly and distinctly that not one was lost. Then she said the first chapter of John. I do wish you could have heard her. She was then lifted down, and they all thanked her for the pleasure she had given them, and Susy's mamma asked her if she could sing. She said she could, and Frank and Charlie said they could sing too; so they all sang, "There is a happy land." Now, Robbie listened as hard as he could, and wanted to sing too, but he did not know how; only, whenever they were going to say "happy land," he would shout "happy lamb!" and this pleased the children so much that they kept singing the hymn over and over, just to hear his little eager voice come in at every verse.

They sang, "Mary had a little lamb," after this, and other songs; and then Susy begged her mamma to sing the funny German song she and Robbie were so fond of. Mamma was almost ashamed to sing it before all those grown-

up folks, but she did not like to refuse Susy,
so she began thus :

The moon it shines,
The baby whines ;
The clock strikes twelve :
It's getting too late to toil and delve.

In quiet nights
The mousie bites ;
The clock strikes one :
May naughty dreams little cradles shun !

Little Bo Peep
Is fast asleep ;
The clock strikes two :
May good girls be many, of naughty girls few

The wind it blows,
The cock he crows ;
The clock strikes three:
The ship sails quietly over the sea.

The horse says neigh,
He wants some hay ;
The clock strikes four:
The coach is standing before the door.

The hen cackles,
The duck quackles;
The clock strikes six:
Time to get up and pick mother some sticks.

The cook will bake
A nice little cake;
The clock strikes seven:
Put on the pudding, and boil till eleven.

You shall be fed
With milk and bread;
The clock strikes eight:
Come! eat your breakfast, before it's too late!

The children liked this song very much, but it was now time for Frank and Charlie and Hatty to go home. They kissed each other, and were wrapped up, and away they went; and Susy and Robbie were soon fast asleep in their own little beds, getting ready for the next birthday, next year!

CHAPTER V.

THE FIFTH BIRTHDAY.

THERE was something going on just before Susy's fifth birthday came that I shall have to tell you about, but you must not tell her. In the first place, Robbie's mamma has made a pair of white trousers and a green jacket with a crimped ruffle in the neck, and sleeves, and he is going to wear them on the birthday and surprise Susy very much. In the next place, papa is very busy indeed, making a great baby house, and Robbie can see it every day; but Susy knows nothing about it. Mamma is trotting round to all the shops, buying furniture for this house, and nurse is dressing a lady who is to live there. Sarah, the cook, has made up her mind to bake a little pie for Susy; and Mary has been out and bought a great sugar dog. Robbie has a little book which he is to

give Susy for his present, and his mamma reads to him stories from it when Susy is not by.

Susy knew she was going to be five years old, and she talked about it a great deal, and said her birthday never, never would come. But at last it did come, and she awoke very early and hopped out of bed to see if Robbie were awake too. Oh, yes! he was awake, playing with his beloved Peggy, and telling her it was Susy's birthday; and nurse was making the fire and hurrying to get dressed. So Susy gave him a good kiss, and ran into her mamma's room to get her five kisses, and laughing at the thought of the happy day she was to have. Her mamma was very glad to see her, and she kissed her on her lips, her cheeks, and her forehead, and then they laughed so that papa awoke, and he said :

"Oh! is that my little Susy?" and she jumped into his bed and kissed him, and asked him if he loved her, and said she loved him dearly. But now it was getting late, and nurse was knocking for Susy to come to be dressed, and Robbie was in such a hurry to give Susy her book that he couldn't wait any longer, so he

took it from under his pillow and told her how he went away down to Broadway to buy it for her. Susy could read a little, and she opened the book and read, "The Lost Child." This was the title of the first story, and it is a very pretty story. While Susy was being dressed Robbie told her his mamma had read it to him. After breakfast Susy went and whispered something to her mamma, and they went together into that same little room and prayed and thanked God; and after her mamma had gone away, Susy knelt down and prayed all by herself. When she came back to the nursery there were her papa and mamma and Robbie, standing smiling by the new baby-house. Susy was so astonished that she could not speak a word, but she threw her arms around her papa and mamma and Robbie, and danced about and clapped her hands, and they all rejoiced together. This baby-house had four rooms in it, a kitchen, a dining-room, a parlor, and a bedroom, and there was furniture in every one. In the parlor, in a nice chair, sat Miss Ellen, Susy's best doll, reading a book, and down in the

kitchen there was black Dinah frying buck-wheat cakes! When Susy saw that, she had to get up and dance again. I believe those cakes were made of yellow flannel; but I don't know, I never tried to eat one.

Susy said she didn't care if it did rain, she should be very happy playing with her baby-house with Robbie. She said this when she heard her mamma say that Frank and Charlie could not come to visit her if it should rain. It did not rain, but it snowed, and the wind blew, and by and by Susy's aunt sent her a little note which you shall see.

"MY DEAR SUSY:

"I am sorry that Frankie and Charlie cannot spend the day with you to-day, as they have both bad colds. If it does not snow too hard, suppose you come and spend it with them? Give my love to your mamma, and tell her we want you very much. Frank sends you a little chair, with his love, and Charlie sends a book that he thinks you will like.

"Your affectionate aunt,

"MARIA."

Susy was delighted with this note, and delighted with the chair, and delighted with the book. She said she was afraid she should go crazy if she had any more presents. Her mamma thought there was going to be a real snowstorm, and that Susy had better not go to her aunt's; and Susy thought so too, for she did not like to go and leave her new baby-house so soon. So her mamma wrote a little note, excusing her, and she and Robbie began to play. She told Robbie he must come to see her and make believe he was a little gentleman who wanted to engage a cook. On hearing this, Robbie's nurse said, "Wait a minute!" And she took him into another room and dressed him in his new clothes, so that when he came back he looked indeed like a little man. He came holding down his head and smiling, and putting both hands into his pockets. Susy was astonished enough; she forgot all about her play and ran to call her papa, who came running in, fearing something was the matter. But when he saw Robbie in his white trousers, he began to laugh, and he said he never saw anything so

funny, and that he hoped his little boy had done now with girls' clothes forever. Susy thought she would run down into the kitchen and tell Sarah to come and see Robbie; so away she went, and when she reached the kitchen she saw a little pie on the hearth, which made her forget all about Robbie. She caught it up with both hands, but let it drop quickly, for it was very hot, as it had just been drawn from the oven. Susy was so ashamed of herself for getting burned so carelessly that she would not cry, and Sarah brought a bowl of cold water and told her to put both hands in. Susy did, and her fingers soon began to feel better, and she thought she would go and tell her mamma that she had burned them, but that they were now quite well. So she went first to the parlor, but no mamma was there; then to her mamma's room, but she was not there. She knew now she must be in the nursery, and just as she reached the door, oh! how her fingers began to smart again! She ran in, crying and holding up her hands, and when Robbie saw her he began to cry too.

When her mamma saw that Susy's fingers were burned she went to her great bag in which she kept all sorts of things to be used in sickness, and took from it an old, soft handkerchief, and asked nurse to bring something from the closet which she would find in the right-hand corner. While nurse was looking for it, Susy held up her fingers, and her mamma saw that all were burned but one. Nine little white blisters were pretty hard to bear, and Susy could not help crying while they were being dressed. So her mamma was very sorry for her little darling, and she took her in her lap and began to talk to the fingers to make Susy laugh and forget her pain.

"Come, Mr. Thumb," said she, "and have a white cap on! And Miss Little-Finger! don't get in my way while I dress your sister! Why, Mrs. Fore-Finger! how you do behave!"

This nonsense amused Susy, and while she listened to it she felt a little relieved, and began to smile in the midst of her tears. When the fingers were all nicely dressed, her mamma began to sing, and that made Susy forget all

about her burns and laugh outright. This is what was sung :

“Susy Miller, she burnt her little finger ;
Susy Miller, she burnt her little finger ;
Susy Miller, she burnt her little finger.
One little finger burnt ;
One little, two little, three little fingers ;
Four little, five little, six little fingers ;
Seven little, eight little, nine little fingers—
Nine little fingers burnt !”

This amused Susy a long time ; her mamma kept singing it over and over and over ; and when she got tired of doing that she sung other songs about Susy's dolls, and about Robbie, till he drew near, riding on a stick, to listen and admire too, with his little face all covered with smiles of delight.

While they were all busy in this way the door opened and Susy's dear Aunt Lizzy came in. As soon as she saw the little row of burned fingers she said she must repeat something funny to them that would make them feel well. She did not know that Susy's mamma had been trying the same plan. So she laid aside her cloak

and furs, and made Susy come and sit in her lap. Then she began :

“ Dance away, thumbkin, dancey;
Dance away, merry men all,
But thumbkin, he can dance alone!

Dance away, foreman, dancey;
Dance away, merry men all,
But thumbkin, he can dance alone!

Dance away, middleman, dancey;
Dance away, merry men all,
But thumbkin, he can dance alone!

Dance away, ringman, dancey;
Dance away, merry men all,
But thumbkin, he can dance alone!

Dance away, little man, dancey;
Dance away, merry men all,
But thumbkin, he can dance alone !”

This made Susy and Robbie laugh well, I can tell you, and Aunt Lizzy and their mamma laughed too; and Robbie said he knew something funny that his great-grandmother used to say to his mamma's toes when she was a baby.

“ What is it ?” said Aunt Lizzy.

After a little coaxing, Robbie took Aunt Lizzy's hand, and beginning with her little finger, and so going on to her thumb, he said :

"Peedy, Peedy ; Pally, Ludy ; Lady Whistle ; Lody Whostle ; Great Odomondod !"

Oh, how Aunt Lizzy laughed ! And she said she should go right home and tell it to her baby's toes, and see what they would say ! So she kissed them all, and put on her cloak and furs and went home, smiling all the way. By this time Susy's fingers felt so well that she thought she would go and play with Robbie. She said they would make visits to each other. So she went to live in one corner of the room and Robbie in the other, and she said he might begin the play.

So Robbie came to visit her.

"How do you do, Mr. Miller?" said Susy.
"Won't you take a seat?"

"I tan't very well," said Mr. Miller, who could not pronounce the letter "c."

"How is your wife, sir?" asked Susy.

"Oh, she's pretty well. She's dot a pain in her hand, I believe."

"Well, sir, you may go now. You've behaved very well, and I'll call to see you."

So she walked over to Robbie's.

"Come in!" said Robbie. "How do you do, Mrs. Miller?"

"Very well, I thank you, sir. But one of my children is sick with lame legs. She fell from the table and broke off her legs."

On hearing this Robbie began to laugh.

"You mustn't laugh, sir, when you hear that people's legs are broken off. Good-by, sir! I hope you will call soon."

Just then the bell rang for dinner.

"Oh, Robbie! don't you want to sit at the table with us?" said Susy.

She ran and asked leave, and his mamma said he might come, so they all went joyfully down together.

After dinner Susy went back to the nursery with Robbie, and they played with the baby-house together. She was very kind to Robbie, and let him take down all the chairs and tables; and he was so pleased that he kept stopping to kiss her and say:

"My Susy ! my Susy !"

Pretty soon their mamma came in and told them it had done snowing, and there would be time for a little bit of a walk before dark. So nurse bundled them up in all their warm clothes, and away they went. Little children have a great deal done for them. Every little child who reads this book has to be dressed three hundred and sixty-five times every year ; and undressed three hundred and sixty-five times. And every year they must have the same number of breakfasts, dinners and suppers. And I hope they thank God for his kindness to them, at least as often as He provides some dear mother or nurse to do this dressing, undressing, and feeding for them. Do you, Ellie ? Do you, Willie ?

Susy and Robbie had a nice walk. Their mother took them to a bookstore, where she bought a book for a sick child whom they were going to see, and while it was being tied up neatly she took up another book and read a short story in it. It was a German story, and she repeated it to Susie and Robbie as they walked home :

"Two boys were once playing under a tree, when a nut fell from it near them. One of them picked it up. The other boy said:

"‘It is my nut, for I saw it fall.’

"‘No, it is mine,’ said the other, ‘for I picked it up.’

"Just then a larger boy came along, and he said:

"‘What are you disputing about?’

"The little boys told him.

"‘Give it to me,’ he said; ‘I will decide your quarrel for you.’

"So he cracked the nut, and gave one-half the shell to one boy, saying, ‘This is for you, because you saw the nut fall.’ He then gave the other half shell to the second boy, saying, ‘This is yours, because you picked up the nut.’

"Then putting the kernel into his own mouth, he said, ‘And this is for my trouble in cracking it.’”

"Oh, what a naughty boy!" said Susy.

Robbie smiled, but did not say a word. I am sure he would not have done so.

"Susy," said their mother, "the little girl for

whom I bought this book was born on the very day you were, so this is her birthday too. And I thought I would send her a present, because she is sick, and poor too."

"How much did it cost, mamma?"

"Three shillings, I believe."

"Mamma, haven't I three shillings of my own?"

"Yes, dear."

"And mayn't I pay for this book and send it to the little girl?"

"I thought you were saving your money to buy a Bible?"

"Yes, mamma, but I can wait till I learn to read better. And I should like to give my money to that little girl."

Her mamma was very willing. She only wanted Susy to think a minute before she decided to give up the Bible.

Robbie said, "I'll div that little dirl my orange!"

His mamma smiled, and as soon as they got home she sent the book and the orange to the little sick child, who had been lying still all

day in bed, with no birthday presents, and who was made very happy by means of Susy and Robbie.

There were still a few minutes left before dark, and Susy said she was going to be a doctor and go and visit her patients. She told Robbie to lie down on the floor and make believe he was sick. So she put on a pair of spectacles and a cap, and took her papa's gold-headed cane from the closet and set out. When she came to Robbie she said :

"You are very sick with weakness, Mr. Miller. I shall have to bleed you."

"Oh, no; I don't want to be bled!" said Robbie.

"Lie still, sir! I won't bleed you, if you will. I will give you six pills. Open your mouth and let me see your tongue. It's as red as fire. Let me feel your pulse. Why, it is going! I guess you won't die. People don't die when their pulse keeps going. You may soak his feet when he goes to bed, nurse."

"Yes, sir," said the nurse, "I will."

Susy then went to see her doll, Ellen.

"Let me feel your pulse," said she. "Oh, it doesn't go at all! I am afraid you'll die. But don't cry. I'll give you some oil, and perhaps that will set it a-going. And I guess I'll put a blister on your arm." Then she went to Peggy.

"How do you do, Peggy? Not very well, did you say? Well, here is a dose of salts for you. Don't make faces! Drink it right down. I'll call again to-morrow. Oh, you needn't cry and beg me to come back; I'm going to see my mother, and ask her to tell me a story. Come, Rob."

"Oh, you're a great doctor, aren't you?" said the nurse, laughing.

Then Susie led Robbie down into the parlor, where their mamma sat waiting for them.

She kissed them and asked them if they had had a happy day, and they both said they had. So then she told them a story.

"Once a little angel saw the door of heaven open a little way, so he thought he would fly out just for an hour or so. He flew and flew a long time, and at last he came to a house. The window was open, so he flew in.

“‘Oh ! see that beautiful white bird !’ said one of the children.

“‘No, I am not a bird ; I am a little angel !’ said he. And he looked lovingly at all the children, who left their toys and came and stood around him. They felt afraid, yet pleased, too.

“‘See his wings ! They are as white as snow !’ whispered one.

“‘And look at his golden ringlets !’ said another.

“‘And his white hands,’ said a third.

“The little angel sat down in one of their small chairs and began to look about him, out of those large, friendly eyes.

“Then the children brought their books and toys, and let the dear angel look at them. Then they brought their baby sister, and the little angel smiled a most beautiful smile, and kissed the lovely, rosy baby. By and by the children began to play. They were gentle, good children. If they had been naughty the angel would have been frightened. He would not have stayed with them so long.

“‘Let us be kind and pleasant !’ said the

children. 'Angels like to be with people who love each other.'

" 'When he goes home I wish he would let me go with him !' said one. 'I want to be a little angel !'

"And then they played again. The angel stayed all day. It made them happy to turn around every now and then and see him there, looking so peaceful, so kind, so loving !

"But when it grew dark the angel stretched his beautiful white wings and flew home to heaven. Then the children all cried, and held out their hands and said, 'We would have given him all our things, if he would have stayed !' And the youngest said, 'I was going with him ! I want to be a little angel !'

"Then his mother kissed him and said, 'All the beautiful things in this world could not keep an angel away from heaven.'

"Then the children said, 'Heaven must be a happy place if it is full of such angels as that.'

"And their mother said, 'Yes ! indeed, it must, and you shall all go there if you are good and love Jesus !'

"Is that a true story, mamma?" asked Susy.

"No, not quite true. But it is true that you will see bright angels when you go home to heaven."

"I wish I could go now!" said little Susy. Then she kissed her dear mamma, and she and Robbie went to bed and dreamed very sweet dreams indeed. And their mother kissed them in their sleep, and prayed in her heart that they might be holy, happy children on earth, and angels in heaven when they came to die.

CHAPTER VI.

THE SIXTH BIRTHDAY.

SUSY awoke very early on the morning of her sixth birthday. It was dark and cold and still. She wanted very much to jump up and run to her mamma for her six birthday kisses, but she knew it would not do to get up before the fire was made. Nurse was just opening the shutters, and Robbie began to rub his eyes and look up to see what was going on.

"Robbie! it's my birthday," said Susy.

"Yes, I know it," said Robbie.

"I mean to get into your bed," said Susy.

"Well!" said Robbie.

So Susie got into Robbie's bed, and they began to frolic together. Susy threw the pillows at Robbie and Robbie threw them at her, till nurse said they must not do so, and then they

stopped and tried to think what they could do next.

"I'll read to you out of a Rollo book," said Susy.

"Oh, well!" said Robbie.

But just then Robbie's nurse was ready to give him his bath.

"Well, I can read to myself, then," said Susy; so she went on reading as fast as her tongue could fly. She could read very well now.

By and by it came her turn to be bathed and dressed; and while nurse curled her hair, she sat in a high chair and read aloud to Robbie, who thought her just about the dearest little sister in the world.

After breakfast and prayers, Susy went away into her mamma's little room and knelt down and asked God to forgive her for every naughty thing she had ever done in her life, and to help her to be very good all that day. When she came back to the nursery she went to the window and stood there looking out.

Her mamma thought something seemed to trouble her, and went behind her and said:

"What is my little Susy thinking about?"

"I don't know, mamma." But after a moment she said: "Will God mind it if I do not know how to pray so well as big people?"

Her mamma said: "Once a little girl did or said something naughty, and her papa punished her for it by saying he should not kiss her for two hours. She sat down, feeling very sad and sorrowful, and wishing her papa would forgive her; and at last she thought she would write him a little note, tell him how sorry she was, and ask him to forgive her. She did not know how to write very well, and her little note was full of blots and mistakes. But she ventured to carry it up to his study and put it into his hands. Now when her papa opened the little note and saw all those blots and mistakes, do you suppose he said, 'Oh, I can't forgive a child who writes so badly as that!' No, he said, 'Papa forgives his little darling gladly; he loves to forgive her!' And he took her in his arms and kissed her again and again.

"Now, when little children pray to God, I suppose their prayers do have some mistakes

and blots on them. They are poor little prayers, but they are all heard by 'gentle Jesus, meek and mild;' the same Jesus who once took children in his arms and blessed them; and he loves every little sorry heart, and will give it all it asks for."

Susy was comforted, and her mamma kissed her many times, and then told her to go out with Robbie to roll hoop.

Susy had a fine time driving her hoop. Hers was made of wood, but Robbie's was iron. While they were running up and down the sidewalk together, their papa came out and watched them a few moments, and when they came up to him he said, "Well, my darlings, have you had a nice play?"

"Oh, yes, papa!" they said.

"Well, how should you like to go and spend the day with grandmamma?"

"Oh, I should like it dearly!" said Susy.

"Shall I go, too?" asked Robbie.

"Yes, you, too," said his papa.

"Is mamma willing? Is she going too?" asked Susy.

"No, mamma can't go very well, but she wants you and Robbie to go."

"I don't want to be away from mamma on my birthday," said Susy. She ran into the house and found a woman she never had seen sitting there.

"Who is that woman?" she whispered.

"She is going to spend a few weeks with us," replied her mamma.

Susy did not like that at all; but she only said:

"And can't you go with us to grand-mamma's?"

"No, darling, not to-day. I am very sorry to disappoint you, dear Susy, on your birthday, but it cannot be helped. I think grandma will send for Frank and Charlie."

"I'm afraid they'll have to go to school."

"Oh, this is Saturday," said her mamma.

Then Susy began to think it would be very pleasant to go, even if she had to leave her dear mamma behind; so she went to the nursery, where she found Robbie all nicely dressed, and her own things all ready and waiting for her.

"We're going in the cars!" said Robbie.

"I mean to carry my doll," said Susy.

"And I shall take my blocks," said Robbie.

His nurse laughed at him, and said he would need one man to carry his blocks then, for there was a cartload of them.

"Then he'll need a horse," said Susy.

"Are you going with us, Nursey dear," said Robbie.

"Oh, yes, indeed; your papa and mamma have no idea of sending you two little monkeys off by yourselves."

By this time Susy was all dressed, and she and Robbie ran in to kiss their mamma. She kissed them many times, and then their papa said he would see them all safely in the cars. They were very happy indeed, and the cars did not go faster than their little tongues did. They reached their grandmamma's house at eleven o'clock. She was sitting by the fire, knitting, and when she saw them coming in she was delighted.

"It's my birthday, grandma!" said Susy.

"I'm six years old!"

"And I'm four," said Robbie. "I'm almost six."

Grandmamma helped take off their coats and tippets and mittens, and she said :

"I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll send right over for Frank and Charlie, and you shall all have a fine play together."

"Oh, yes, grandma, do! do!" cried Susy ;
"for since Aunt Maria moved away from New York we don't see Frank or Charlie at all. And Frank loves me."

In a few minutes Frank came running in, with his cheeks as red as roses ; and he kissed Susy and Robbie, and seemed delighted to see them.

"But where's Charlie?" said grandmamma.

"Oh, he's coming pretty soon, grandma ; he had to stop to have another sack on, and a clean ruffle ; that's all."

"Well, now, I suppose you are all hungry, and grandma doesn't know what to give you for luncheon, unless it's a piece of apple pie."

"Apple pie for luncheon ? why, grandma !" said Susy.

But grandma had already gone, and in a few minutes in came hot apple pies and a great plate of cheese.

Robbie's nurse said, if grandma pleased, she should rather he had a cracker for his lunch.

"Oh, I do want some pie!" said Robbie.

"Well, when they come to see grandma they must have something better than cracker," said grandmamma, and she began to cut the pie, while the children stood waiting about, thinking it was a very fine thing to come to see her.

"I must help Susy first," said she, "because it is her birthday."

"And Robbie next, because he's such a stranger," said Frank.

When they were all helped the cheese was offered them.

"No, I thank you, grandma," said Susy, "mamma does not allow me to eat cheese."

"She doesn't allow me to eat cheese, either," said Robbie.

He shouted this out in such a loud voice that all the children laughed. Robbie blushed, and cast down his eyes and wanted to cry, but he

was afraid grandma would not let him come there again if he cried; so he began to crowd great pieces of pie into his mouth, and pretty soon he forgot his troubles.

"Why didn't your mother come?" asked Frank.

"She couldn't very well," said Susy.

"You've learned to read, Susy, have you not?" asked grandmamma.

"Oh, yes, grandma; and mamma was going to give me a book for my birthday present, but she forgot all about it, we came away in such a hurry."

"Well, I want you to come and read me one chapter in this Bible, and then I will give it to you for your own."

Susy flew into her dear, kind grandmamma's arms and hugged and kissed her. She said, "I had rather have a Bible than anything else in the world. What chapter shall I read? May I read anywhere I choose?"

Grandma said she might; so Susy sat down and began to turn over the leaves. She wanted to find "The Lord is my shepherd."

One day she found it in the big Bible at home, and "liked it dearly," she said.

"I guess it isn't in this Bible, grandma," said she.

"Let me see, what is it you want to find, dear?"

"The Lord is my shepherd," said Susy.

"Oh, that is the Twenty-third Psalm," said grandma; "I'll find it."

So grandma quickly turned to the place, and Susy read the Psalm very well indeed, and grandma kissed her and said she hoped the Lord would indeed be her shepherd; and then she gave her the Bible; and Susy was very happy, and in her heart she hoped so too.

All this time the other children were playing about the room, and Susy went to play with them. Charlie had come, and was looking as rosy and happy as Frank, grandma said.

"I suppose Charlie can't come and speak to his old grandma!" said she.

Charlie went up to her and kissed and hugged her.

"I forgot it," said he. "I've got a new sack

on, my mother made it. She makes everything I wear but just my boots."

"And your caps," said grandma.

"Oh, she makes my caps too!" said Charlie in reply. "Doesn't she, Frank?"

"Oh, what a woman!" said grandma.

Then they all began to play again as hard as they could play at "Puss in the corner," and I don't know what not; and grandma sat and knit, and looked on, and looked as happy as they.

Every now and then Susy would leave her play and run to take a peep at her new Bible. Meanwhile time was slipping away, and the children were all astonished to hear the dinner-bell ring.

"Why, grandma!" said Susy, "is it three o'clock?"

"No, it is only two," said grandma. "I had dinner early so as to give you time to get home before dark."

So they all went to dinner, and Susy sat next to Frank, and Robbie next to grandma; and when they were still and had folded their hands, Frank asked a blessing. He always did

when his papa was not present. Now I shall not tell you whether I approve of this or not. I am only telling you what really happened.

"Now, children, I don't know how you'll like grandma's dinner," said she. "If I had known you were coming I would have had some chicken."

"What sort of meat is that?" said Susy, in a whisper to Frank.

"Why, ham," said he.

"What is it made of?" asked she.

"Of pig!" said he.

"Grandma, I like pig!" said Susy.

They all laughed because grandma laughed, and because they were so happy together.

While they were talking grandma was helping them all around, and Robbie's nurse had come in to cut up his meat for him. They enjoyed their dinner very much; grandma looked so happy and so kind; and the sun shone in so brightly, and they had had such a fine frolic. Pretty soon there came in a great dish of sweet baked apples and a pitcher of cream, and then the little folks had as many as they pleased; and,

take it altogether, I doubt if there was a happier dinner party in the world.

"Shall we have time to play any more, grandma?" asked Susy.

"Oh, yes, you'll have a good large half-hour, darling, and I think I must let you all blow bubbles." Grandma kept a number of pipes all the time for the amusement of the children when they came to visit her. She now gave them each one, and a bowl of soapsuds, and they all began to blow bubbles—oh, what bubbles! Robbie, as it happened, had never seen any bubbles before; and he danced up and down when he found he could blow one all himself.

The half-hour soon slipped away, and then the children were warmly dressed, and their grandmamma kissed them over and over, and charged nurse to be very careful of them.

"And come again soon!" said she.

Susy and Robbie talked about their visit all the way home.

"I like grandma," said Robbie.

"She gave me a Bible!" said Susy.

"I am going to see her again, pretty soon," said Robbie.

"You'll have to ask mamma, first," said Susy.

"When I'm a big man I mean to give her a shawl," said Robbie.

"Where will you get the money?" asked Susy.

"Oh, I shall have some money. Big men always have money."

"Where do they get it?" asked his nurse.

"Oh, out of their pockets," said Robbie.

His nurse laughed.

"You know a great deal, little man, don't you?" said she.

She drew him closer to her side, and threw her cloak over his feet; and Robbie looked up into her kind face with one of those bright, pleased smiles, with which he was in the habit of thanking her for loving him.

"Are you cold, dear?" said she.

"Oh, no, I'm as warm as toast," said he.

"So am I!" said Susy. "But I want to get home and show my Bible to papa and mamma."

In a little while they reached New York. It was beginning to grow dark.

"Dear me! I'm sure I'd no idea it would grow dark so fast," said the nurse.

The lamps in Broadway were all lighted as they rode through it, and the children enjoyed seeing the brilliant shop windows. They were never out so late before in their lives.

"I'm afraid mamma will be in bed and asleep," said Susy, "and then I can't show her my new Bible."

At this moment they drew near their own house. Their papa came running to the door, smiling and looking very happy.

"Where is my darling mamma?" asked Susy.

"You shall see her in a moment; let's get these things off first," said papa.

"Why, papa! are you going to take off my things?" asked Susy, laughing. "But why doesn't mamma come? I want to see mamma!"

Her papa kept hurrying off her coat and hood, and getting strings into hard knots, and Susy could not think what was the matter with him.

"Papa," said she, very gravely, "were you ever crazy?"

"No, indeed!" said her papa.

"Do you think you ever shall be, papa?"

"I hope not!" said he, laughing. "I'm only in a hurry now because I've something to show you."

He caught Susy in his arms, he was so happy, and nurse took Robbie, and away they all went as fast as they could run.

They went straight to mamma's room, which was not very light, and at first the children could see nothing distinctly. But Susy soon perceived her mamma lying in bed. She sprang from her father's arms and flew to kiss her, calling her "darling mamma! sweet mamma! precious mamma!" till all at once it struck her that her mother returned her kisses and caresses less heartily than usual.

"Don't you love me, mamma?" said she.

"Yes, darling, dearly," said her mamma; "but you haven't looked at your birthday present yet!" She opened the bed a little way, and Susy and Robbie peeping in, saw a dear little baby lying on their mamma's arm, fast asleep. They were so astonished that at first they did not say a

word; but in a few minutes they began to dance all about the bed, clapping their hands and asking all sorts of questions and saying all sorts of joyful things, they didn't know what.

"Oh, what a little dear!" said Susy. "I hope it is a boy! What is its name! When did it come? Was it while we were gone?"

"Yes, it is a boy," said their papa, "and a very fine fellow, too. And he 'came' about two hours ago!"

"Oh, mamma! wasn't God good to send you such a dear little baby?" said Susy. "Are you sure it is a boy? What is his name?"

"You shall give him a name, dear, because he was born on your birthday," said her mamma.

"Then I'll have his name Henry," said Susy. "He shall be named for papa. Mamma, you don't love anybody better than papa, do you? Shouldn't you like to call him for papa?"

The mother smiled. "No, I don't think I love anybody better than papa!" said she.

"Is he my little brother?" asked Robbie.

"Yes, indeed," said his nurse.

"Then I'll give him all my playthings!"

He was hurrying off to get them, but his papa called him back.

"Never mind to-night," said he; "baby is tired and wants to go to sleep now."

"Yes," said Susy, "he's come a long journey to-day."

"Where from?" asked Robbie.

"Why, all the way from heaven," said she.

"Oh!" said Robbie.

But now that strange woman whom Susy had seen in the morning said she thought the children had better go to bed. So they kissed their dear mamma, and she said to Susy, "I don't feel very well to-night, dear, and could not you sing to Robbie before he goes to bed?"

"Oh, I'll sing to him!" said papa.

"Oh, well! you'll find the song I had just got ready for them in my portfolio."

They all went to the nursery together, and papa sung the song mamma intended to sing. They liked it very much. I will put it in at the end of this chapter, and you can get your mother to sing it to you.

Their papa then kissed them, and nurse hastened to undress and put them to bed

"It's a nice thing to have such a dear little brother, isn't it?" said she. "You'll take a great deal of comfort with him."

"I mean to tell God I thank him very much for sending me such a present on my birthday," said Susy.

"Robbie shall, too!" said the nurse.

So they knelt down to say their evening prayer, and Robbie was delighted to be able to pray for the first time for a "brother." And Susy said, when she rose from her knees:

"Now I've got two brothers! Oh, how glad I am!"

"I've only got one brother," said Robbie, suddenly growing sorrowful.

"Oh, but you've a darling little sister, and Susy has none!" said his nurse.

This comforted Robbie; but in a moment after he said:

"Hasn't Susy got her own self for a sister?"

"Well, hasn't Robbie his own self for a brother?" said nurse. So they all began to

laugh; and Susy kissed Robbie and Robbie kissed nurse, and they all were as happy as they could be till they fell asleep.

I must now give you the German hymn Susy's papa sang to her and to Robbie, and then I must bid my dear little readers good-by.

Knowest thou how many stars
There are shining in the sky?
Knowest thou how many clouds
Every day go floating by?
God, the Lord, has counted all;
He would miss one, should it fall.

Knowest thou how many flies
Play about in the warm sun?
Or of fishes in the water?
God has counted every one.
Every one he called by name
When into the world it came.

Knowest thou how many children
Go to little beds at night?
That without a care or trouble
Wake up with the morning light?
God in heaven each name can tell;
Knows thee, too, and loves thee well!

LITTLE SUSY'S SIX TEACHERS.



SUSY'S SIX TEACHERS.

LITTLE SUSY'S SIX TEACHERS.

CHAPTER I.

PERHAPS you think you are going to hear that Little Susy went to school. But you are not. All the teachers she had lived in the house with her. And all the lessons they taught her were lessons without books. I shall not tell you even the names of half of them, lest you should get tired. I shall tell you of only six.

It is a common saying that, "Babies bring love into the world with them." If you ask your mamma whether you did, I know what she will say. She will smile kindly upon you, and say: "Yes, indeed, you little dear." So Susy brought her first teacher with her, and her name was Mrs. Love. She was just such a teacher as a baby likes. She had a gentle, sweet face, and a soft, kind voice; her cheeks

were of a beautiful rose-color, and her forehead was smooth and white. Most of the other teachers consulted her before they taught Susy any lessons; and Mr. Pain, who was one of them, often staid away weeks at a time because Mrs. Love took such good care of Susy herself. Mr. Pain was not so pleasant to look at as Mrs. Love. He looked rather pale and tired. He was grave and serious, and his forehead was wrinkled. But for all that, he taught Susy some very good lessons, and even Mrs. Love sometimes sent for him.

Did you ever see a little lamb bounding over the soft grass? Did you ever hear a bird sing to another bird away out in the woods?

If you ever did, you know how Miss Joy looked when she came dancing in to see Susy, and how her voice sounded when she taught her such pleasant lessons as she knew how to teach. She was a little bit of a creature, with waving, sunny hair, and bright eyes, sparkling with health and happiness. I believe she and Mrs. Love are sisters. At any rate they look more or less alike.

Susy's third teacher had several names. His easiest name was Mr. Ought. He did not look much like Miss Joy. Susy did not like him at first. He was so tall, and taught her such hard lessons, and when she would not listen so often called Mr. Pain to come and punish her that she wished he would go away and never come back. But the more she looked at him the more kind and dear his face appeared, and by and by she learned to love him with all her heart.

The fifth teacher was Aunt Patience. She looked as if she had seen a good deal of trouble. But you must not fancy she looked sad, or sour, or bitter, or anything bad or disagreeable. There was a serene smile on her face that made you love her at once.

Another beautiful and holy teacher lived with Susy. His name was Faith. He was not older than Susy herself, and the only reason he knew any more than she did was this. He was an Angel. He knew a good deal about heaven and about Jesus. He could tell her sweet stories from the Bible. His eyes shone just as

stars shine in the sky, and his face looked peaceful, like the face of Aunt Patience, but more radiant and cheerful. Susy liked him, and he liked her.

Have you so many teachers in your house? Perhaps you say, No. But I am sure you have, and if you read on perhaps you will see. To be sure your Mrs. Love may not be exactly like Susy's Mrs. Love. But in most things she is.

CHAPTER II.

WHEN Susy was born Mrs. Love came with her, as I have told you. She took the little baby gently in her arms, and smiled upon her tenderly. If she had left her lying there Susy would have died; and then I could not have written this book.

Then Mrs. Love dressed her in soft, warm clothes. She put on a little tiny shirt, a flannel petticoat, a white frock, and such wee morsels of socks that when Susy grew up she gave them to her doll. I don't know whether you had on any socks or not. Perhaps your Mrs. Love said your little feet ought to keep each other warm, and mustn't wear socks.

It took some time to dress Susy. She was so small and weak that she could not help dress herself, nor hold up her head. But there was one thing she knew how to do that nobody ever taught her. She knew how to double up

her little mite of a hand and suck it as hard as she could. I suppose she thought she was hungry.

Do you suppose she would be alive now if she had had nothing but her hand to eat? No, indeed! So Mrs. Love took her to her mamma, who was very glad to give her some nice, warm breakfast. If Mrs. Love had not been there I dare say her mamma would not have given her any. Very likely she would have said: "Oh! don't bring that child here! I'm tired, and want to go to sleep!" But then you know Mrs. Love was there!

Now what do you think little Susy's first lesson was? Why, she had to learn to smile!

Mrs. Love kept smiling and smiling, till at last Susy began to think to herself that perhaps she could do so too. So she really smiled. Then you should have seen and heard what went on.

"I declare! this child has just smiled," said her nurse.

"Oh! are you sure?" cried her mamma. "Bring her to me; let me see!"

"Little darling!" said Mrs. Love.

When her papa came home to dinner that day, the nurse met him in the hall, and said to him: "The baby has smiled!"

And when he went up to the nursery, Mrs. Love said: "Baby has learned to smile!"

And when he asked Susy's mamma how she did, she only said in a joyful voice: "Don't you think, our baby has smiled!"

So by that time he smiled, though he shook his head, as much as to say: "I don't believe it!"

After this Mrs. Love made everybody in the house hug and kiss Susy so much that it was a wonder how the little thing found room to grow. They did not kiss her on purpose, you know, but because they could not help it. Everything she did delighted the whole family, and one day the cook said:

"I do believe this child is going to have a dent in her chin; and if she has a dent in her chin, I shall give up!"

She meant by that that she liked dents in people's chins.

It was not long after this that Mrs. Love taught Susy to put up her little hand and pat her mamma's chin and cheek ; and then to give her sweet kisses ; and then to wind her fat, soft arms around her neck. And Miss Joy was almost always teaching her to spring and dance, and to be such a happy little baby that it was a pleasure to go into the nursery and hear her shout and laugh and clap her hands, and see her face all full of smiles.

CHAPTER III.

BUT when Susy began to run about, and could reach up to the table where her mamma's workbasket stood, somebody beside kind Mrs. Love and laughing Miss Joy had to come and teach her. For there were scissors in the basket, and pins and needles, and Susy made up her mind that she would play with them. Every day when she put up her hand to take the basket, her mamma would shake her head, and say: "No, no!" And Susy would then begin to cry, and after a minute or two would snatch the basket again. One day her mamma was talking with another lady, and she did not see Susy when she put her hand out toward her basket. So Susy took it, and sat down upon the floor to have a good time with it. She tangled all the spools of thread together, and unrolled all the tape. She threw the buttons all over

the floor. She took a piece of ribbon that her mamma had bought to tie her little shirts with and put it round her neck. She tossed the hooks and eyes into a corner, and let a ball of yarn roll under the table. For all this time she was trying to get at the needle-book, which lay at the bottom of the basket. Just as she reached it her mamma looked down and said: "No, no!" Susy knew very well what that meant, but she held on to the needle-book until all of a sudden Mr. Pain gave her such a prick that she let it drop. He had scratched her with one of the needles. Susy gave a scream, and looked very angrily at the needle-book, which she had now learned not to touch. But it was only a few days after this that she went to the fireplace and filled her clean white apron with coals and ashes. Her mamma took them away from her, and shook her head, and said: "No, no!" again and again. But as soon as Susy had another clean apron put on, she ran again to the fire and began to fill it with coals, and no matter how often her mamma said No, no! she would keep doing it over and over. Then Mrs.

Love said to her mamma: "If we let Susy do so, some day she will get burned. We ought to punish her, so that she will mind when she is spoken to."

"Yes, I think so, too," said her mamma.

So Mrs. Love called Mr. Pain and told him to slap Susy's little arms if she disobeyed again. It was not long before he had to come; and as soon as she saw him, Miss Joy, who had been frolicking with Susy a whole year, and never before had been absent from her—poor Miss Joy ran away and hid. As soon as Susy felt the slaps on her arm she let the coals drop and began to cry. She looked at her arm, which bore the red marks of Mr. Pain's hand, and pitied it very much. But the slap did her good. It taught her to obey her mamma about the fire, and saved her from being burned up, as she certainly would have been if she had kept on playing with the coals.

Mr. Pain soon went away, and he had hardly turned his back when Miss Joy peeped out of the closet where she had been hiding, and made such a funny little face that Susy could not

help laughing, and her face was both wet with tears and shining with smiles. She kissed her mamma and put her arms around her neck, and her mamma kissed her and said : "Susy won't be naughty any more."

And Susy smiled and said : "No, no !"

CHAPTER IV.

BEFORE Susy was old enough to understand what Mr. Ought said to her, he used to tell her mamma what she should do for her baby, and she would mind him directly. But as soon as Susy was able to listen herself to what he said, he came and lived in the nursery, and when she went to walk he went with her, and when she played he was near her. He never went to sleep, but was always wide awake; and you could not touch him with your little finger, no matter how softly, but he would start up to see what you meant.

One day when Susy was tired of playing with her toys she began to look about the room for something new. There was an inkstand on the table, and she thought she would stand on tiptoe and get it. But her mamma saw what she was doing, and she said: "No, Susy, no! you must not touch my inkstand."

Susy stopped a moment.

"Don't touch it," said Mr. Ought.

"I want it," said Susy. "I want it vely much." She put her hand upon it again and looked at her mamma to see what she would do. But her mamma could not do anything. She was lying sick in bed.

"Is my little Susy going to mind me?" said she.

Susy looked down and did not answer. But her little fingers were on the inkstand.

"Oh! don't be naughty, Susy," said Mr. Ought.

Then Susy looked up and smiled, and ran away from the table. She felt very happy because she had been obedient. Miss Joy took hold of her hands and began to dance, and Mrs. Love kissed her, and said : "Dear Susy ! precious little Susy!" a good many times.

Do you know who was lying in the bed with her mamma? It was Robbie, Susy's little baby brother. Two or three days after that Susy did not feel well, so she thought she should like to sit in her mamma's lap and hear

her sing. But there was Robbie lying upon it, taking up all the room. So she went up to him and pulled him by the frock, and said: "Get down, boy."

"He can't get down," said her mamma. "He is too little."

Then Susy was angry and she said to Robbie: "Go away, boy. Let Susy come up." And she lifted her hand, and was just going to strike her little brother. But just then Mr. Ought said in quite a stern voice: "*Susy!*"

Then Susy stopped and listened. Her angry, red face began to grow pleasant; she sat down on the rug at her mamma's feet, and did not say another word. She had some teeth coming, and they made her feel almost sick, and always before this if she did not feel well she could sit in her mamma's lap and find comfort.

While she was sitting on the floor her mamma felt sorry for her, and longed to take her in her arms and kiss and soothe her. But now dear, good old Aunt Patience came and sat down on the rug by Susy's side, and she took her little tired head right into her own kind bosom,

wiped away all the tears, and said: "Never mind! By and by Robbie will go to sleep, and then it will be Susy's turn."

And Susy looked up into her mamma's anxious face and said in a soft, sweet voice: "Never mind, mamma!"

CHAPTER V.

WHEN Susy went to bed at night, her mamma and Mrs. Love and the little angel, Faith, always went with her. Her mamma would kneel down with her, and Susy would fold her hands and pray to God to take care of her. And after she was in bed, and the clothes were nicely tucked about her, Mrs. Love would kiss her and then they would go downstairs, leaving her all alone with Faith. Sometimes Susy would fall asleep as soon as her head touched her pillow, and sometimes she would lie awake thinking. One night when she was about three years old, she awoke from a sound sleep and felt very lonely. The room was dark and still, and she had a great mind to begin to scream and cry. But just as she was opening her mouth Mr. Ought said to her: "I wouldn't scream if I were you. It frightens your mamma, and you know she isn't very well."

Then Susy only sat up in bed and looked about, to see if her mamma were really not there.

"What's the matter, Susy?" asked Faith, coming very near her and sitting down by her crib.

"I'm afraid of the dark," said Susy.

"Oh! I wouldn't be afraid," said Faith. "God can see right through the dark, and he can see you. He won't let anything hurt you"

"How do you know?"

"I know because you asked Him to take care of you just before you went to sleep."

"Do you think he heard me when I arksed him?"

"Oh! yes. He can hear just as easy!"

Susy lay down, and was silent a little while. But she still felt afraid. So she folded her hands together, and said softly: "Oh, God! I am afraid of the dark. Please don't let it hurt me. I arks to you to take care of me. I arks to you to keep awake and take care of me. My mamma is not better enough to keep awake. Amen." Then Faith said: "I am sure God

heard you. He will certainly take good care of you."

So Susy began to leave off feeling afraid. She put her hand under her cheek, shut her eyes, and fell into a sweet sleep. When her mamma came up to bed she stopped in the nursery to look at Susy, and she saw a sweet, peaceful smile on her face.

"I wonder what she is dreaming about?" thought she.

In the morning Robbie crept into her bed and kissed her till she awoke.

"Oh! is that you, Robbie?" said she. "Nurse! Robbie crept right over you into my crib. Isn't he a little dear? I couldn't get to sleep last night, and I couldn't, and I couldn't. And at last God came and got me to sleep."

"Oh, Susy!" said nurse.

"Well! I thinked He came," said Susy.

CHAPTER VI.

It was Christmas day, and very cold. Susy and Miss Joy ran out of doors and threw snow at each other till their cheeks were like roses. Robbie sat in his high chair at the nursery window, and Susy threw little bits of snow up to him, and he kept trying to catch them. When Susy went in, she found Mrs. Love packing up baskets of good things to be sent away. There was one, not very large, but pretty heavy, full of sugar and tea for poor old Mrs. Hadn't Any.

"Oh, mamma!" said Susy, "I can lift this basket! I can carry it four miles!"

Her mamma laughed.

"Well, I can carry it three miles," said Susy.

Her mamma only smiled, and kept on helping Mrs. Love fill the other baskets.

"I could carry it as far as across the street," said Susy.

"Yes, I suppose you could. And I do not know but I shall let you carry it," said Mrs. Love.

"All myself?"

"Yes, all yourself."

Then Susy was delighted indeed. She ran upstairs to get her coat and hood, and while nurse was putting them on, she said:

"Oh! I'm going to carry a great, big basketful of good things, to a poor woman!"

"I too!" said Robbie.

"Oh! no, Robbie! you are not old enough. When you are as old as I am, then you shall go."

"Oh! I suppose you lived in the ark," said their nurse, patting her fat cheek.

Then Susy ran downstairs, and they put the basket in her hands, and told her to go straight across the street, and round the corner, and the very first house would be Mrs. Hadn't Any's.

Susy had never been out alone in her life. She took up the basket, and marched off, while they all watched her from the basement windows. The basket was heavy, but she did not

mind that, because Miss Joy went with her and helped carry it. And then old Mrs. Hadn't Any was waiting at the door all ready to take it, for she knew it was coming, and she wished Susy a "Merry Christmas!" and said: "Now I mean to have a nice hot cup of tea for my Christmas!"

When Susy got home, Miss Joy could hardly let her stand still long enough to have her things taken off.

"Oh, mamma!" said she, "it's nice to carry baskets to poor old women. It's better than hanging up stockings!"

"Indeed it is," said her mamma. "A great deal better. And I am going to send Robbie now to Mrs. Thankful's with ever so many things."

"Robbie is too little," said Susy.

"Don't be selfish, Susy," said Mrs. Ought. Susy blushed.

"He is too little," said she. "He never walked out in his life."

"Oh! no, he isn't too little," said Mrs. Love. "He carries the Bible to his papa every morn-

ing at prayers, and he never is so happy as when he has something to give away. He is a sweet child! Just as sweet as a lamb!"

"So he is!" said Susy. "I'm glad he is going. He shall wear my mittens if he wants to. And I'll look out of the window, and see him go."

Then Mr. Ought smiled on Susy with such a smile that she really felt as if the sun had been shining down to warm her.

"I begin to like Mr. Ought," thought she. "He is very pleasant."

"On the whole, Susy, you may go with Robbie," said Mrs. Love. "You and nurse can carry the basket till you get to the house, and then you can give it to him."

So Susy and Miss Joy scampered upstairs, and they told Robbie all about it, and Robbie put his arms round Susy's neck and kissed her. And when he gave the basket to Mrs. Thankful, his face had more than a basketful of delight in it, and Susy was the very happiest little girl you ever saw.

CHAPTER VII.

You may think that after this Susy did not wait for Mr. Ought to speak twice, but would mind his softest whisper. But the very next day, as she and Robbie where playing together, and Miss Joy was helping them build a house, a very sad affair happened, about which I will tell you. Robbie was a little bit of a rogue, and he liked to tease, as most boys do. He would come behind Susy and kiss her neck, and then run off and hide behind his nurse, who sat there at work. Then Susy would pretend to be quite angry, and would throw a block after him, and make believe cry. Then Robbie would creep out softly and kiss her again, or perhaps throw the block back at Susy. Now as Susy was two years older than Robbie, she could throw the block in such a way as not to hit him; but Robbie could not throw so well, and pretty soon he threw a large block right

into her face. The moment she felt, it Susy flew into a great rage, and caught up the first thing that she could find, to throw at Robbie, who was so frightened that he could not speak or move.

"Stop! stop!" said Mr. Ought. "Don't hurt your dear little brother. He was only playing."

"I won't stop!" said Susy. "He is a naughty, wicked boy. He hurted me on purpose!"

"Do you know that God is looking right at your little, angry face?" said Mr. Ought.

"I don't care!" said Susy, and was just going to throw at Robbie a great heavy wooden ball that she had snatched up in her anger, when she felt her hand seized from behind. She looked up, and saw her mamma's grieved face.

"Go into the closet," said Mr. Ought. "Go before your mamma has to bid you. You are not fit to stay here."

Then Susy got up sorrowfully, and went into the closet and shut the door. No dear Mrs. Love, no laughing Miss Joy went with her. She felt as if her heart would break.

"Oh! what a naughty little girl you are!" said Mr. Ought. "Do you think God loved you when you were so angry? Do you think the dear, holy children up in heaven do so?"

"No!" said Susy. "I don't think God loves me. I am very naughty. I will ask him to forgive me." Then she knelt down and clasped her hands and said: "Oh, God! you are a good God. I love you, good God. I am sorry I was naughty. I hope you won't say I can't come in to heaven. I want to come in, really." Her mamma listened at the door, and heard her sobbing.

"Susy!" said she; "do you want to come out?"

"No, mamma," said Susy. "I am not better enough, yet."

Then she heard her mamma going away from the closet door, and it was very silent in the nursery, for Robbie had been carried downstairs. But Susy was not all alone. Aunt Patience was with her in the dark closet, and so was the little angel Faith.

"I am the naughtiest child in the world," said Susy.

"But God loves you and He will forgive you," said Faith.

"Are there any children in heaven who used to be as naughty as I am?"

"I don't know," said Faith. "You might ask your mother."

Then Susy burst into tears again.

"I don't believe there are!" said she.

"But God can make you good," said Faith.

"Yes, but it takes time," said Aunt Patience.

"You must keep trying and trying, and keep praying and praying, and by and by——"

"You'll be an angel," said Faith.

"Susy!" said her mamma, "are you good, now?"

"Yes, mamma, I guess I'm getting good," said Susy in a little meek voice.

Then her mamma opened the door and took her in her arms and kissed her. And Robbie came and laid his little sunny head on her lap and said, for he only knew a few words: "My Susy!"

And Susy began to cry again.

"Mamma!" said she at last, "do you think there are any children in heaven as naughty as I am?"

"Yes," said her mamma, "I think there are a great many."

"How did they get there?"

"Jesus carried them. He loves to forgive little children. And they are not naughty after they get there."

Then the little angel Faith smiled, and was pleased. And Susy said in her heart: "I will try to be good and mind God. I am sorry I was angry. I will try to be like Jesus."

By this time she looked pale and tired, and Mrs. Love pitied her. She sat rocking her in her lap till she fell asleep, and her mamma watched her and prayed for her silently in her heart. Nobody heard her but God.

She was asking him to forgive her poor little Susy, and make her gentle and mild like Jesus.

CHAPTER VIII.

ONE very cold day about two months after Christmas, Susy was playing with a little village. Her mamma noticed that ever time any of the things fell down she gave a little impatient cry.

"I'm afraid Susy isn't well," she said to herself. Toward night Susy put her hand up to her head and cried out: "Oh, my head! my head!" Her mamma took her up and felt of her hands. They were very hot. She saw that her face was quite red.

"I will put your feet in hot water," said she, "and you shall go to bed. And perhaps you will feel better by and by." So she carried Susy up into the nursery and soaked her feet, and after she had put her into her crib she said: "Now I am going to give you a ride into my room. You are going to sleep by me."

Susy tried to smile, but she felt too sick. Her

mamma felt very uneasy; but she went to the washstand and wet a cloth in water to lay on Susy's head. When Susy saw what she was going to do she said: "I wouldn't do so, dear."

She was so sick that she called her mamma "dear."

"It may make your head feel better," said her mamma.

"Well!" said Susy.

But in the morning she was a great deal sicker, and her papa went to good Dr. Merton and said to him: "My little Susy is very sick. I wish you would come and see her."

When Dr. Merton came he said to Susy:

"Where do you feel sick, Susy?"

"Everywhere," said Susy. "My head feels sick, and my arms feel sick. And I have been slapped all over." She meant that she felt sore and tired.

"I think she will have a fever," said the doctor. Then he told her mamma what to do for her and went away. After he had gone the little angel Faith went up to Susy and they whispered together some time.

The next day Susy said to her mamma: "If I get much sicker I think I shall die."

"Do you want to die, dear Susy?" said her mamma.

"My poor little head won't ache up there! My lips won't be sore up there! I shall never be naughty up there!"

"Would you go and leave poor mamma?"

It hurt Susy to turn over. She had been lying with her face to the wall, but she now turned over, stretched out her hand, and said:

"I will let you go with me, you dear little mamma!"

Then her mamma could not help crying. She said to herself: "I love my little Susy dearly. I don't know what I should do if she should die. But she would be very happy in heaven. I will ask God to do just as he thinks best."

Then she heard Susy and Faith talking to each other.

"If I go to heaven I shall see Jesus," said Susy.

"And your dear grandmamma. too."

"Yes, and my little cunning little Uncle Robbie."

"And perhaps God will let you come flying down to get the souls of little dead babies and carry them up to heaven."

"Mamma, I am vely tired," said Susy; "oh! so tired!"

Then Aunt Patience came and stood by the crib and never moved away for many weeks. She bathed Susy's hot head, she helped her bear the hard pain, she made her try to comfort her mamma.

"Mamma! don't you want to lie down? Mamma, don't I tire you?" Susy would ask many times every day. "Mamma! are you too tired to wet my lips?"

At last the doctor said one morning:

"Susy is better. She is going to get well." And as he was going downstairs he met Sarah, the cook, who looked at him as much as to say: "How is she?"

"She is better," said the doctor.

"Oh! I'm so glad!" said Sarah. "For she has been so patient! You can't think!" And

Sarah put her apron right over her head and began to cry.

The next day Robbie was allowed to come in and look at Susy. He did not know what had become of her. He stood up on tiptoe and peeped at her through the bars of her crib, and made signs to her to get up and play with him. Miss Joy had been away on a journey all the time Susy had been sick. But now she had come back, bag and baggage, with ever so many toys and books that she had been saving till Susy got well. She peeped through the bars too, and smiled, and Susy smiled and held out her hand, as much as to say :

“How do you do, Miss Joy? Where have you been?”

“Oh! I always go away when you are in trouble,” said Miss Joy.

“Then you are not so good as Mrs. Love,” said Susy; “for she never goes away or leaves me when I am sick.”

CHAPTER IX.

WHILE Susy was sick her mamma and Mrs. Love and Aunt Patience never left her. They were all the time doing something to comfort her. But now she was getting well fast, and felt very weak and tired, and Mrs. Patience often went away, and then Susy would cry and fret, and make her mamma take her up and lay her down, and carry her about all day long. She would not let her go out of her sight without crying. Now you must not blame her for this. You must remember how feeble she was, and how sick she had been; and don't you know how you behaved when you had the measles?

One morning Susy's mamma put a pillow in a low chair, and took her up and dressed her in a pink dressing-gown that she had made on purpose for her to wear when she was sick. Then she combed her hair. Most of it had been cut off when Susy was sick, and what little was left

was all matted together. Then she placed the small table that Susy had for her last birthday present in front of the chair, and on the table she put a cup and saucer, a plate, a teapot, a cream-pitcher, and a sugar-bowl. These had just been brought to Susy by a kind friend who did not know she had been sick.

Susy looked at her mamma as she moved about getting her breakfast ready, but did not say a word. She could not talk half so much now as she could before the fever left her, for she was very weak.

At last her mamma said: "Susy, why don't you ask me where this pretty teaset came from?"

"I don't know," said Susy faintly.

"Oh! you are too tired to talk, darling. Mamma did not know how weak you were. You shall have your breakfast; then you will feel better."

So some nice soft toast was brought in, and Susy ate a large slice and then another small slice, and drank two cups of milk and water. By that time she was so refreshed that she be-

gan to admire her new cups and saucers, and she wanted Robbie to come in and see them. Robbie came in with Susy's great doll in his arms. Susy seemed glad to see her doll once more, and in the course of the day she played a little with it.

So the next day her mamma said to her :

"Now, my dear little Susy, I want you to spare mamma a little while. I want to go and see Mrs. Wilson, whose baby is very sick. You can have dolly get into bed with you. I won't be gone long."

On hearing this Susy began to cry.

"Susy, dear, if you were very sick and going to die don't you think Mrs. Wilson would come to see me?"

"Would it comfort you if she came?"

"Yes, it would. And I want to go and comfort her, because pretty soon she won't have any little baby."

"Let your mamma go, Susy, like a good girl," said Mrs. Love. "I'll stay with you while she is gone."

"Yes," said Mr. Ought, "let her go."

"Do go, dear mamma," said Susy. "I know you won't be gone long from your sick child!"

Her mamma smiled, and Mr. Ought said to her: "Susy, you and I are getting to be very good friends. One of these days, if you have a little Susy of your own, I will be her friend too, and will help her to be a comfort to you."

Susy smiled and began to think so hard about having a little Susy of her own that she was surprised when her mamma came back to see her so soon.

"Did you see the little baby, mamma?"

"Yes, I saw it. It is very sick. It is going to die."

"When it is dead will they bury it in the ground?"

"Yes, darling."

"And then will they go home and leave it all alone?"

"Susy, I once read a very sweet sentence about that. I will repeat it to you. 'It is not we that go home and leave our friends behind; no, it is they that are gone to the better home

and left us behind.' That dear little baby will get home before its mamma."

"Home to heaven," said the angel Faith, drawing nigh.

"I should think it would be pretty glad when it got there," said Susy. "I suppose it would be looking round to see if Mr. Pain had got to heaven too. And when it found he hadn't it would be pretty glad."

CHAPTER X.

THOUGH Susy was now able to be dressed every day, she was still feeble, and her mamma spent most of the time in amusing her. Sometimes she held her in her arms and sang all sorts of funny things out of Mother Goose to make her laugh. Sometimes she told her stories about what she used to do when she was a little girl. And sometimes they would get to talking and laughing about Miss Joy, Mrs. Love, and Susy's other teachers.

One day Susy was more restless than usual. She did not like to lie in bed, or to sit up. She was tired of being rocked and of being drawn about the room in her little carriage.

"Mamma," said she, "don't you remember how Uncle Henny used to carry Robbie right in his hands?"

"With Robbie's head leaning against his

breast? Yes, I remember. Do you think it would rest you if I should carry you so?"

"Yes, mamma, if you feel better enough."

Then her mamma made a chair of her two hands, and Susy sat on the chair with her head leaning back. It felt very comfortable.

"I've carried you and Robbie a good many miles in this way," said her mamma.

"Both at once?"

"Oh! no; one at a time, when you were babies. And it was in the night, when other folks were asleep."

"Tell me more, dear mamma"

"Did I ever tell you about the catnip tea that I scalded my hands with? Oh! then I must tell you now. Robbie was not well. Mr. Pain was hurting him."

"Oh? did Robbie have a Mr. Pain?" said Susy.

"Yes, he had him indeed. Well, Robbie was to have some catnip tea, and I put it on the fire to warm. And while it was warming I kept rocking Robbie and singing to him, and all at once he fell asleep. Just then the catnip tea

began to boil. I looked at Robbie to see if it would do to lay him down, and found he was only half-asleep. While I waited the tea kept boiling, and I began to be afraid it would boil over and put out my fire. Then I looked at Robbie, and he began to open his eyes. I was sure he would wake up and cry, if I tried to lay him down, and I was afraid to take the cat-nip tea off the fire, because it was so hot and I had only one hand to do it with. You know Robbie lay on the other arm. But at last, just as it was going to boil over, I took hold of the cup and was lifting it gently off the fire, when Robbie woke up and gave my hand a little jerk, so that the hot tea flew all over it."

"How did it feel?"

"Not very nice. Mr. Pain made my fingers smart."

"Oh! did you have a Mr. Pain, mamma?"

"Yes, I had one. And I've a Mr. Pain now. He's pushing a pin right into my side just under your head. If you could move your head a little bit, I could get it out."

Susy moved her head, and the pin was pulled

out. By this time she felt quite rested. She had forgotten all her discomfort. It doesn't take much to amuse little folks.

"If you had a Mr. Pain, I suppose you had a Mr. Ought," said Susy. "Do you like him, mamma?"

"I don't think I liked him very well at first. But that was because I did not know him."

"I suppose you always minded him."

"No, I remember very well that I often disobeyed him. And then he used to follow me about, and would not give me any peace."

"Mamma!" cried Susy, sitting up quite straight, "don't you wish you was a little girl, like me? And then we could play together with my blocks. You could hand me the blocks, and I could build a house with them!"

"Oh! if you feel able to build a house, I can hand you the blocks. If I were a little girl, perhaps we should quarrel. Perhaps I should want you to hand me the blocks and let me build the house."

Susy smiled. She felt a great deal better. The walking and the talking had rested her.

And now it was time for her dinner, and nurse came in to bring it. Robbie came too, and while Susy was eating her chicken broth he watched her, and looked as if he wanted some too.

“Give him a little, do,” said Mrs. Love.

“It isn’t good for him,” said Susy. “I’m afraid it would hurt him.”

“Oh! let him have one taste, do.”

“It would burn his mouth.”

“You might blow it, then.”

“I don’t believe he wants any.”

All this time Susy kept eating as fast as she could, and wishing Robbie would go away, and not stand there, looking so good and lovely. But it wouldn’t do!

“There! he shall have some, little dear!” she said at last. And she held out her spoon, and Robbie opened his rosy mouth just like a young bird, while she fed him, and she felt as happy as if she were the great mother-bird and not just little Susy Miller!

CHAPTER XI.

It was cold, wintry weather when Susy was taken sick, but it was beginning to be spring when she was well enough to go out of doors. Her papa would not trust any one else to take her, the first time she rode out. He put her, on a pillow, into her little carriage, and drew her round the square. By the time they got back to the house again Susy was so tired that she wanted to go in. But the next day she rode round the square twice, and her papa carried her in his arms up and down the yard beside. As she lay with her head on his shoulder, she often said : "Do I tire you, dear papa?"

And then he would laugh and say she didn't weigh so much as a little kitten, and he could carry a big kitten all day.

"Papa !" said Susy at last, "mamma says Mr. Pain has made me a pretty long visit."

"Yes, it was pretty long."

"Don't you hope he never will come again, papa?"

"I don't know. He has taught my little Susy so many good lessons that I shall want him to come and teach me, next news."

Susy thought this very funny.

"Why, what could he teach you, papa?"
Don't you know everything?"

"Oh! he might teach me to think of other people more than of myself. If my papa were carrying me about he might put it into my head to ask him every now and then: "Don't I tire you?"

"Papa, you are a funny man," said Susy.
"You are almost as funny as mamma."

"I'm a pretty good horse, I think," said her papa. "See how I can trot."

Susy laughed, and looked up to the nursery window to see if Robbie were in sight. Yes, there was his little smiling face close to the glass.

"Oh, papa! put me down now; please, papa! And give Robbie a ride. Robbie has got four big teeth coming, and he doesn't feel nice at all."

Her papa kissed her and carried her upstairs, and she sat in Robbie's chair and looked down into the yard, and saw her papa be a horse and trot up and down with the merry little fellow on his back. She felt very happy indeed, because she had given him so much pleasure. But she was tired, and her head ached a little.

"My headache aches," said she to nurse.

"I should think it would with that thick hood on this warm day. You are nothing but a big bundle. Come! I'll take off your things, and you shall sit in my lap, and I'll—let me see; what shall I do? oh! I'll tell you about Robbie."

"What about him?" asked Susy.

"Why, how he behaved when you were sick. Don't you think he wouldn't eat anything at first. He would go and get your chair ready for you and climb up into his; and then he would sit waiting for you to come. His dinner would get as cold as a stone before he would touch it. One day he slipped into your mamma's room and tried to pull you out of your crib, and when he found you took no notice of him, he

came back and got the hearth-brush and tried to get you up by pushing it through the bars."

"I suppose he thought I was a ball," said Susy.

"I dare say he did," said nurse. "For he always gets his ball from under the sofa with the hearth-brush."

"Can't you think of something else?" asked Susy.

"Why, yes," said nurse, "I was going to ask you if you wouldn't like to come back and get your dinner and supper with him, he grieves so for you."

"On my little table?"

"Yes."

"With my new cups and saucers? He would break my new cups and saucers all to pieces."

"Well, it's no matter. I only thought as he is such a little dear, and his teeth tease him so——"

"Such a sweet little darling!" said Mrs. Love.

"That you would like to come back and eat with him," said nurse.

"Well, I will," said Susy. "I'll come back

to supper. And I'll let him pour out tea, and I'll let him sit on my cushion."

"You see he is such a little fellow," said Mrs. Love. "And so good and gentle! And he loves you so dearly!"

So Susy told her mamma she was going to eat with Robbie now, and for answer she got a sweet kiss.

It was not long before Susy became strong enough to go with her mamma into the country, where she stayed all summer, and grew quite plump and rosy. Robbie and Mrs. Love, and Miss Joy and Mr. Ought and the angel Faith went too, but they were not sure whether Mr. Pain went or not. Susy said she saw his rod in his mamma's trunk, but she might have been mistaken, you know.

CHAPTER XII.

THINGS went on, after Susy's visit to the country, pretty much as they did before. Mrs. Love had to send for Mr. Pain now and then, to come and give Susy a little slap on her arm, just to remind her that he was alive, and ready when he was wanted. You see it was Mrs. Love who was so fond of Susy, and so tender and gentle, who sent for Mr. Pain, and the reason is this. She knew that Susy could not be happy unless she was good, and that it was easier to suffer a little from Mr. Pain now, than by and by to suffer from ill-temper, disobedience, and self-will.

One day grandmamma sent for Susy and Robbie to come and spend the day with her. She lived in the country, not far from New York, and they all loved to go there. Frank and Charlie, Susy's cousins, were invited, too, and they got there first. Charlie was shy. He

was not used to playing with girls, and so he thought he did not like them. When he saw Susy coming, he put on his cap and said: "Good-by, grandma. If girls are coming, I must go. I can't stay where there are girls."

"You can't go without me," said Frank, "and I am sure I shan't go."

Charlie was obliged to content himself with hiding behind his grandma; but after awhile he began to peep out, and look at Susy, and at last concluded he would play with her, as it couldn't be helped.

"I've decided to play with her," said he to Frank. "I'm sorry she's a girl, but now I've decided I shan't change my mind." Now I ought to tell you that when this happened Charlie was between three and four years old. Susy was a little older than Charlie, but Charlie was taller and stronger, and knew more than she did.

So they all played together, and Robbie sat on his nurse's lap and watched them, for he was not big enough to be trusted long away from her. Susy's great doll had come to see

grandma, with the other children. Susy said she was sick and needed change of air. After they had played till they were tired, Frank found a book and sat down to read. Robbie went to take his nap, and Susy petted her doll, and began to make believe give it medicine. Now Charlie did not like dolls, and he tried to think of some means to get Miss Peggy out of the way.

"If she's so sick, she'll die pretty soon," said he.

"Oh! I guess she won't die!" said Susy. "She's taken twenty ten pills, and ever so much castor oil, and a dose of—a dose of—well, I don't know what it was, but something dreadful."

"Let me see her," said Charlie. "Oh! she's dead. She's all dead. We'll bury her."

"Well, so we will!" cried Susy.

So they each took a stick and began to dig a hole in the midst of grandma's garden. When they had dug a pretty large one, they squeezed Miss Peggy down into it, and covered her with leaves.

"Now she's dead and buried," said Charlie, "let's go and think about her. People always sit down and think about dead folks."

So they sat down and looked very grave for some minutes, when Susy said :

"There ! I've thoughted an hour, and now I am going to take her up."

"No, you mustn't. She's dead. And we ought to wear black. I am her father, and you are her mother."

Susy was just going to cry. "I don't want my dear dolly to be dead any longer," said she.

"If you are going to cry, I guess I'll go home," said Charlie. "I don't like girls very well."

Just then, nurse, who had heard all their little talk, came down.

"Dolly isn't dead," said she. "She's only muddy. You mustn't bury her again."

"What for mustn't I?" asked Susy.

"Because it gets her all muddy. And dollies don't like to be buried. It makes them feel quite discouraged to be buried."

"Then I won't do so again," said Susy.

CHAPTER XIII.

WHEN the children were going home grandma said she wanted them all to come again, when her fruit would be ripe. So one pleasant day in September they all met there, Susy and Robbie, Frank and Charlie, and both their mammas.

In the afternoon as they were playing under the trees Robbie picked up some plums.

"Nice pums!" said he.

"Robbie mustn't eat them," said Susy.

Robbie would mind even Susy. He had a little pocket in his apron, and so instead of eating the plums he filled his pocket. When they began to play again the plums were crushed and the juice ran all over his apron. When they went in his mamma asked Susy how it had happened. Susy did not know. She thought he had been eating the plums.

"He has been eating plums," said she. "I told him not to eat them, and he did."

"No! no! Robbie no no eat pums," said Robbie.

Susy looked at him very sorrowfully.

"Robbie has told a naughty story," said she. "And I am afraid he'll have to be tookened to that bad old place."

This was a little dark closet under the stairs, where Susy had once seen a lady shut up her son for telling an untruth. After that she always thought it had been built on purpose for boys who told falsehoods and otherwise misbehaved.

"Did you see Robbie eat the plums?" asked her mamma.

"No, mamma. He was going to eat them, and I told him not to. And then we were playing and I didn't see him any more."

"Robbie no no eat pums," said Robbie.

"He put them in his pocket; I saw him," said Charlie. "And when we rolled on the grass I guess he squeezed them up."

"Oh! yes," said Mrs. Love, "I dare say that was it. I did not believe dear little Robbie would tell a naughty story."

"I'm glad he didn't!" said Susy. "Robbie wouldn't tell a naughty story, would he?"

Robbie hadn't the least idea what a naughty story was; but when Susy kissed him and said that, he smiled and said: "No, no, Robbie not naughty 'tory."

This made them all laugh, and Susy asked her mamma if Robbie might have a plum, because he was such a good boy.

Her mamma said he might have one if grandma chose to have it picked off the tree for him. Those on the ground were not sweet like those on the tree.

Grandma said he should have a little basketful, and she went out and shook the tree, and the children filled a basket which used to hold strawberries. Then, without waiting to be told, Robbie offered some of the plums to everybody, and when his mamma, just to see what he would say, took the very last one, leaving none for him, there was not a cloud on his little, smiling face, and he went and sat down on the doorstep without saying a word.

"Oh, Susy! Robbie hasn't any plum for him-

self," said Mrs. Love. "The little darling has given everyone away. Do give him one of yours."

"I only had three," said Susy. "And one is eaten up. And the other I have bitten. And I was going to keep the other, it is such a big one."

"I think you are very selfish," said Mr. Ought.

Susy made no answer. She ate the second plum and began to play with the third by rolling it on the stone step. When it rolled down she ran after it, and Mr. Ought ran after her.

"Susy," said he, "Susy! I should think you might give it to Robbie."

"Go away!" said Susy. "I want to play."

Mr. Ought did not stir. Miss Joy, however, ran and hid. Susy felt pretty uncomfortable.

"I'm sure mamma will give him one," said she.

Mr. Ought looked grieved.

"I wish I had one," said Mrs. Love. "I would give it to the dear, little generous fellow in a minute."

"Would you?" said Susy. "I've a good mind to give him mine. It is a big one though, and mamma meant he should have a little one."

While she was waiting she saw her mamma take Robbie up and kiss him, and heard her say : "Here, Robbie, darling, is your plum. Mamma would not eat it for the world. And here is another one that grandma sent you beside."

Then Robbie smiled, and looked pleased, and Susy wished she had given him hers, and then she would have had that sweet smile, and Miss Joy wouldn't have run away, and Mr. Ought wouldn't have teased her so, but would have called her "Good Susy !"

She came and sat down by Robbie, looking very disconsolate.

Her mamma guessed her thoughts.

"Never mind, dear," said she, "Robbie has as many now as are good for him. And I know you love him, and often give him things. And next time you won't be selfish, I know."

CHAPTER XIV.

THE reason Susy's mamma said that was this. Susy was very apt to think herself worse than other children, and when she fancied herself very bad, she almost always grew bad. She would think there was no use in trying to be good, and as soon as she stopped trying, why it was very easy to be naughty.

The next day Susy was invited to spend with Charlie and Frank. It was Saturday, and Frank was to be at home from school. When she woke in the morning Mr. Ought said to her: "Now, Susy, God has taken care of you all night. Kneel down and thank him, the very first thing you do."

"I don't think God can hear me very well," said Susy. "There are a great many folks praying to him. I guess I'd better wait till by and by. He won't be so busy by and by."

"Oh! he can hear you just as well now," said the little angel Faith.

"I don't believe it," said Susy. "And I want to go down and get my breakfast."

Susy ran downstairs, and, as she had neglected her dear Father in heaven, it was not strange that she now was so careless as not to bid her grandmamma good-morning.

But her grandmamma was too much like Mrs. Love to find fault with Susy. She only said in a pleasant voice :

"Susy has forgotten her grandma, hasn't she?"

After breakfast Susy went to walk with Robbie and nurse, and on the way home they left her at her aunty's.

Frank and Charlie had been watching for her some time, and they both ran down to meet her, and Frank kissed her over and over, and kept saying he wished she was his little sister. Then they all went up into the nursery, and Charlie showed Susy all his toys and books. Susie liked to lie flat on the floor and look at books, and as soon as she found how many there

were, she threw herself down and began to look at the pictures. After awhile Charlie said: "Come, Susy, let's go out and play now."

"Oh! no, I wouldn't," said Susy.

Charlie waited, and waited. At last he got quite out of patience.

"I don't like girls," said he. "They never do anything you want them to."

Susy took no notice of what he said, but kept on turning over the books.

"You can't have my books any longer," he said at last. He began to gather them up, and to put them away in his bookcase. Susy did not care, so long as he left her the book at which she was looking; but when he tried to take that, she held on fast, and he began to pull it very hard to get it away. He was stronger than Susy, and in a minute or two he had the book in his hands. But one cover was nearly torn off.

"Now you've spoiled my book," said Frank. "You have just spoiled it."

"It was Charlie, pulling it away from me," said Susy.

"It was Susy, holding on so," said Charlie. "I did not know it was your book, though. I thought it was mine. But I don't care."

"I don't care, either," said Susy.

"I'll make you care, then," said Frank, who was by this time quite angry. And he leaned over and slapped them with the cover they had torn off. The moment he had done it he ran to his mother and told her what had happened.

"You struck your little cousin, and your little brother?" said his mother, hardly able to believe him.

"Yes, I did. And I feel better for it," said Frank.

His mother was astonished.

"Why, Frank," said she, "if any one else had told me this I would not have believed it."

"They provoked me so!" said Frank. "If they hadn't said they didn't care, I shouldn't have been so angry. But after they had torn my book they said they didn't care."

"If they had been grown up it would have been wrong for you to do as you did," said his mother. "But as they are only foolish little

children, not yet four years old, you have behaved ridiculously and done wrong beside."

Frank began to agree with his mother.

"I'll go back and make up with them," said he. "They both sit there crying on the floor. I am sorry I struck them."

"That's right!" said his mother. So Frank ran back to the nursery and told Susy he was sorry he had hurt her; and Susy said it was no matter, and Charlie said it would take more than Frank to hurt him, and so by degrees they forgave each other, and that was the end of their quarrel.

When Susy was going to bed that night she said to Mr. Ought: "I have been rather naughty to-day. But I mean to be rather good to-morrow, if you only will be kind to me, and not keep saying 'Susy' all the time."

"If you had obeyed me yesterday about the plum, all your trouble would have been over then. But you would not give Robbie one when you had three," said Mr. Ought.

"Oh! I was afraid it would hurt him," said Susy.

"No, that was not the reason."

"Yes, it was."

Mr. Ought was silent. Susy knelt down to say her prayers, but they did not comfort her. Presently Mr. Ought said: "The reason you kept all the plums was that you loved little Susy better than you loved little Robbie. And as you would not listen to me then, you found it hard to listen to me this morning. And so you were very selfish at your Aunty's, and made Frank so angry. You see how it is. If you disobey me once you will find it easy to disobey me again."

"I haven't had a very good time to-day," said Susy. "I have not seen Miss Joy once. I think I'm a pretty bad child."

"No little girl ever became good in a minute," said Aunt Patience.

"But I want to," said Susy.

"Ask God to help you," said Faith. "And then He will let me help you," said Aunt Patience.

"Well!" said Susy, "I will turn over a new leaf to-morrow."

CHAPTER XV.

LITTLE children often "turn over a new leaf." After being more or less naughty for several weeks, they will all of a sudden have a fit of goodness and be quite lovely. It was so with Susy. She woke the next day, which was Sunday, feeling very sweet and pleasant, and could not help shaking hands with Mr. Ought before she went down to breakfast.

"Mr. Ought!" said she, should you think I would be glad it is Sunday?"

"Yes, I should think you would," said Mr. Ought.

"I haven't told anybody whether I'm glad or not. It's a secret," said Susy. "But I know one thing. When Rob gets big enough to go to church, and I can feel him taking hold of my hand, and he can walk along with me and sit by me in the pew, I guess I shall like Sunday better than I do now."

"Of course," said Mrs. Love.

Susy went to church with her papa and mamma in the morning. She was generally a very good girl at church. She was even better than usual at this time, and when they got home her papa told her a beautiful story from the Bible, and he kissed her and said :

"What a comfort it is to have a child who tries to be good !"

In the afternoon nurse went to church and their mamma stayed with Robbie and Susy, and they sang hymns, and heard stories till Robbie all at once fell fast asleep in his chair.

"The little darling !" said Mrs. Love. "He was tired ; he shall go and lie on the sofa and have a nap."

While he was asleep, Susy sat in her mamma's lap, and as she was tired of hearing stories and of singing, they had a little talk together.

"Susy, you were a very good girl at church this morning."

"How could I be naughty, mamma?"

"Oh ! in a great many ways. One child could disturb fifty people."

"What could it do."

"It could keep getting up and down on its seat. It could keep asking if service was almost done. It could turn over the leaves of the hymn-book and rattle them. It could gape and yawn and fidget. It could try to make some other child laugh. Or it might turn round and look right into other people's faces in a rude way."

Susy had seen children do all these things. Mr. Ought whispered that she had done some of them herself.

"Mamma," said she, "it is hard to sit still."

"I know it is, and that is one reason why it is good for you to go to church. You know you must sit still, and you try to learn to do it. And it is well to learn to do hard things."

"What for do little children go to church?" asked Susy. "They don't know what the minister says."

"No, I know they don't understand much. But there are a good many reasons why they should go to church, even then. I can not explain them all to such a little girl as you are. But one reason is this. If they always go when

they are children, they will be likely to go when they are grown up. Beside, nobody goes there just to hear what the minister says. We go to worship God. Even little Susy can please and honor Him by just sitting still in His house, and making no noise. And some of the blessings he has for the grown-up people, he showers down on the little ones who are brought there to get it."

Susy smiled.

"I'll sit still, and maybe he'll shower some on me," said she.

"You needn't say maybe," said Faith. "You may say, He certainly will."

CHAPTER XVI.

At last Susy had a real trouble. Her Aunt Maria moved away from New York, and went to live in the country near grandmamma. Susy could not see Frank and Charlie every week, and she missed them very much indeed. She cried so much when she went to bid them good-bye that, in order to comfort her, her Aunt invited her to go with them.

"That would make too much trouble," said Susy.

"Oh ! yes, just as you are moving," said her mamma. "But if Susy is very good, and you would like a visit from her after you are nicely settled in your new house, I should like her to go." So in a few weeks Susy went. But she stayed at her grandmamma's, and slept all by herself in a little room that grandma kept on purpose for the children when they came to see

her. Then Frank and Charlie came to see Susy, or she went to see them, every day. When she had been there two weeks, her mamma and Robbie came for her. But grandmamma would not let her go.

Susy had become such a gentle, affectionate little girl that it was a pleasure to have her in the house, and then grandma was so much like Mrs. Love, that she was not very ready to see faults in any one, especially not in little folks. So they all stayed another week, and a very happy week it was.

When Susy and Robbie, and their mamma, went back to their own home, they begged Aunt Maria to come and make them a visit, with Frank and Charlie.

"I do not think I can go this fall," said she. "But in the spring perhaps I can."

"Oh! go now, Aunty, do," said Susy.

"No, dear, not now. It would not be convenient now."

Susy was just beginning to say: "Oh, Aunty! do come!" when she remembered that she had often been told that it is not proper for children

to tease their friends to do things they have just refused to do.

"How many years will it be before spring?" she asked.

Her aunty smiled. "It will only be a few months," said she. "Not more than five or six."

Susy did not know much about time. However, as there was no help for it, she had to wait, and Aunt Patience told her she would stay with her and make the time fly quite fast.

But as soon as they were all nicely settled at home, Susy began to expect her aunt and cousins. Every time the door-bell rang she would say: "Oh! there they are!" and when she found herself mistaken she would laugh and say: "Aunt Patience, how much longer shall I have to wait?"

At last Aunt Maria wrote to say that Frank and Charlie had the whooping-cough, and would not be able to come.

"Would it catch me if I went there?" asked Susy.

"You would catch it," said her nurse, smiling. So it was a whole year before Aunt Maria

found it convenient to make the promised visit, and Susy was then a little more than five and Robbie three years old. They were all very happy to meet again.

"Why, Susy! how you have grown!" said Frank.

"Yes, papa marks me on the wall, so as to make me grow," said Susy.

"Isn't she a funny little thing?" said Frank. He kept kissing her and trying to take her up and carry her. But Susy held back. She felt too big to be carried, and she felt a little shy, too, for Frank had altered a good deal since she had seen him, and then he kept looking at her so.

"Oh, mother! I wish I had a little sister," said he.

"I don't," said Charlie.

"Charlie would love her if he had one," said his mother. "But now, as he isn't used to girls, he fancies he doesn't like them."

Just then Mrs. Love whispered to Susy. She said: "I should think you would take your cousins up to see dear little Robbie."

"Oh! don't you want to go upstairs and see Robbie?" said Susy.

"I forgot all about Robbie," said Frank. "Where is he? I suppose he won't know me, but we'll soon get acquainted."

They all ran up to the nursery, where they found Robbie standing at a chair in which was a bowl of water. He was all undressed.

When he saw the three children come flying in he looked down at his two little hands that lay flat on the bottom of the bowl, and did not move or speak.

"Why, Robbie! don't you know Cousin Frank?" said Susy. "He's such a little fellow he doesn't know how to behave. He's afraid of strangers. Won't Robbie say his hymn to sister Susy?"

Robbie looked solemnly at his hands and did not speak, but he peeped out from under his great long eyelashes at Frank and Charlie.

"You ought not to come and hinder me when I am dressing Robbie," said his nurse. "I was going to dress him up before his aunty saw him."

"But I want him to say his hymn," said Susy.

"You'll have to wait till he gets acquainted," said his nurse.

"Well, we'll go down then," said Frank, and they all three ran off, while little Miss Joy flew after them, quite out of breath with delight.

"Of course they've left the door wide open," said nurse. "I never saw such children."

Nurse always said this, no matter what they did. But most people have seen just such children, and have had to shut the door after them a hundred, perhaps a thousand times.

When Robbie was dressed he was taken down to see his aunty, who had been wondering why he did not come. She had a little horse for him. Robbie was very thankful for it, and that night when he said his prayers he looked at his horse and said: "Oh, God! send grass!"

CHAPTER XVII.

FRANK and Charlie stayed several weeks, and during the whole time there was no quarreling.

Before their mother would take them from home she made them promise to try to be gentle and obedient, and to do all they could to make Susy and Robbie happy. And Mrs. Love said a good deal to Susy about forgetting herself, and trying to please her cousins. "A little girl who loves Jesus, and is like him," said Mrs. Love, "will be kind, and will not be vexed at every trifle. She never will envy others, thinking people love them better than they do her, or give them better things. She does not spend her time in pleasing herself, nor is she easily provoked. It is hard to make her believe anything evil of others, and when she sees them do wrong she never is glad.

"Am I such a little girl?" asked Susy.

"Mr. Ought can tell you," said Mrs. Love.

Mr. Ought gave his answer in a whisper. Nobody heard it but Susy.

"You can be such a little girl," said Faith.

The children could not play out of doors much of the time, for the weather was cold and damp. But they amused themselves with their toys and books, and the time flew away very fast. One afternoon two little boys, who lived near, came to stay a few hours. Their names were George and Willie. Their mamma had been dead ever since they could remember, and they were sometimes invited to come and see Susie. Frank and Charlie were a little younger than they were.

"You may play in the attic," said Susy's mamma. "I am going out with Aunt Maria, and shall feel easier to have you there than out of doors."

So they all ran up, making a great noise with their boots, at least the four boys did, and Susy said they would have a swing.

Just then Robbie's little feet were heard on the stairs, and his little pleasant voice, saying:

"My Susy! I'm toming up!"

"He'll be in our way," said George.

"Yes, he'll be in our way," said Susy. But just then Mrs. Love said to her gently: "Susy, dear, do you love these four boys better than your little brother?"

"I'll take care of him," said Susy.

"I wish you would," said nurse, "for he feels lonesome down in the nursery, when he hears you all playing up here."

Susy had to watch Robbie very carefully. He kept running before the swing, and she was afraid he would be thrown down. Do you think it was easy for her to do this, just as she was expecting to have a good play with her little friends? No, it was not easy. You should love her for it, and do as she did.

George was a selfish boy. When he saw what Susy was doing he laughed, and said he was glad he hadn't any little babies to take care of. But Frank said: "Let's play something Robbie can play. He isn't a baby. He is three years old. What can he play, Susy?"

"He can play horse," said Susy.

"Then we'll play horse with him," said Frank.

"And he shall be the driver, and we'll be the horses."

"I don't like to be a horse," said Charlie. "I'd rather be the man, and say, 'Get up.'"

"Robbie doesn't care whether he's the horse or the man," said Susy.

But Frank persuaded Charlie to let Robbie be the man, and then he and Susy and Charlie and Willie were horses, and Robbie drove them all round the attic till they were out of breath.

He was so happy that they all felt repaid for what little trouble he had made them. His nurse now came for him, and he went down with her.

"Now you shall all be robbers, and I will try to catch you and put you in jail," said George.

"That would be first-rate fun," said Frank. "We ought each to have a den to live in."

"Those big trunks would make good dens," said George.

"But they're full of things," said Susy.

"We can take them out, just while we play," said George.

"I am afraid mamma would not like it."

"She won't know it," said George. "When we've done playing we can put the things back again. She'll never know it."

Susy looked at the trunk. She thought it would be delightful to be a robber and have a big trunk for her den. But then was it right to tumble her mamma's things out on the floor without leave?

"No!" said Mr. Ought, "it is not right."

"We mustn't do it," said Susy, "without leave."

"You are afraid your mother will whip you, I suppose," said George. "But she won't know about it, so what's the use of being afraid?"

"She wouldn't whip me," said Susy. "But she would say it wasn't right. But I'll ask nurse if we may. Perhaps nurse will know."

"Oh! yes, do ask her!" said Frank. "It would be such fun!"

"She shan't go," said George. "I know that old nurse will say no, just to tease us."

"Run, Susy!" said Frank.

Susy ran, and George ran to prevent her. Her foot caught in the string with which they had been playing horse, and she fell across one of the trunks which Willie and Charlie, not noticing the dispute, had dragged from its corner.

"Oh! I'm killed! I'm dead!" cried she.

George and Willie, on hearing this, ran downstairs, and out of the house as fast as they could. Frank lifted Susy up, and kissed her, and begged her not to cry, while with his handkerchief he wiped the blood that was running down over her face. She had cut a little place in her cheek. Charlie was very sorry, and very much frightened. He did not know what to do. At last he ran down into the nursery and said in a loud voice:

"Susy's killed and dead!"

CHAPTER XVIII.

ON hearing this dreadful news, poor little Robbie's heart came near breaking in two. His nurse ran up to see what was really the matter, and Robbie threw himself down on the floor, and began to cry very softly, but very mournfully, as if he never meant to get done.

"What's the matter?" said nurse to Susy. "Charlie says you are dead!"

"No, I am only most dead," said Susy. "And one of my legs is broken all to pieces. I know it is. I can't move it a bit."

Nurse lifted her up, and carried her down.

"I'll lay you on my bed," said she, "and then we'll see how many pieces you're broken into. That leg is whole; and so is that one."

"It's my ankle," said Susy.

"Oh! I guess you have sprained it," said Frank. "I guess it's nothing but a sprain."

"You wouldn't call it nothing if you had it," said Susy.

She kept on crying, and making a great ado, till all at once Aunt Patience came and sat down on the side of the bed.

"Susy, dear," said she, "don't cry so. Try to bear the pain quietly, or it will make you sick. Come! sit in my lap, and I will rub your poor ankle, and by and by it will feel better."

"How soon?" asked Susy.

"I don't know. It is swollen a good deal. You may be lame some days. Perhaps all the time Frank and Charlie are here. But what then? Why, Mrs. Love will take good care of you, and Miss Joy will sit by you and make paper babies, and as for me, I will not leave you a minute."

Susy stopped crying. She looked up into the kind face above her, and said: "Do you like to be with sick folks, Aunt Patience?"

"Yes," said Aunt Patience, "I do."

"What can you do for them?"

"I can help them not to scream and cry and

make a great uproar. If they have sprained ankles, I help them lie still, and keep quiet till they are better."

"It seems kind of hard," said Susy, "to have to be lame when Frank and Charlie are here."

"Ah! but don't you remember that you were trying to please me, when you fell?" said Mr. Ought. "Dear Susy, don't you remember that?"

Susy's ankle ached, but her heart was full of joy and peace.

"Oh! there's darling little Robbie lying on the floor crying!" said she. "Robbie! Robbie! look here!"

"Aren't you all killed and dead?" asked Robbie, lifting up his head.

"No, indeed!" said Susy.

Then Robbie got up and wiped away his tears, and began to think what he could give her.

At last he remembered his red apple that his Uncle Thomas had sent him.

"You sall have my wed apple," said he.

"Isn't he a little dear?" said Mrs. Love. "I

declare! I don't know which of them is the best!"

"I wish mamma would come home," said Susy. "And I wonder where George and Willie have gone?"

"They've gone home," said her nurse. "I heard them come running down and go out, so I went to the window and saw them go home. Had you been vexing them?"

"They are not good boys," said Frank.

"That's because they've not been well taught," said nurse. "There's great excuse to be made for boys who have no mothers."

"I don't like boys that haven't mothers," said Charlie.

"You mean you don't like them if they're bad," said Frank.

"They ought to be good," said Charlie, "because if their mothers are in heaven they can look down and see how they behave, and it would make them feel sorry to see their boys naughty."

CHAPTER XIX.

SUSY was lame several weeks. She had to lie on the sofa almost all that time. So she lost much of the pleasure she had expected from the visit of her cousins. Frank was very kind to her, and would sit and read to her a whole hour at a time; and Charlie played about near the sofa and amused her a good deal. Miss Joy did not now run away and hide; she sat on the sofa with Susy, and kept her laughing and singing even when she was in pain. Aunt Patience and Mrs. Love were there too. Every afternoon when Susy's papa came home he would tell her such a funny story, or build such remarkable castles on the floor.

When Aunt Maria went home and told grandmamma how lame Susy was, and how pleasant and patient, you may be sure it was not two days before there came a basketful of good

things, such as nobody in the world but a grandmamma could make.

There were little apple pies baked on dolls' plates, babies that were good to eat because they were doughnuts, round cakes and square cakes, and long, narrow cakes! Oh! it was a basket indeed!

So on the whole this was a very happy time, and then when Susy got well she always had something to date by. That is, she could say, "That happened before I sprained my ankle!" or "Don't you remember, it was about the time I had the sprained ankle?"

But I must hurry on to the end of the story, or you will be tired of Mrs. Love, Miss Joy, Susy, and all of them.

The lame ankle was not the only wonderful thing that happened to Susy in her fifth year. For just before the end of it, that is, just before she became six years old, she heard that something quite as wonderful was going to happen. For Susy's teachers were to have a meeting to report what they had done for her since she became their little scholar, and hear from

her papa whether he wished them to stay six years longer. There was a deal of talk about this meeting among the teachers. Miss Joy seemed a little uneasy. She said she did not believe they would keep her.

"I never knew how I came to be called a teacher," said she. "I am only a little young thing, and I am sure there is some mistake about it. Susy's papa looks pretty grave; I don't believe he likes me. I shall be turned away, I dare say. However, I'll keep up my spirits till I am fairly out of the house. It will be time enough to cry then!" So little Miss Joy was more lively than ever, and made everybody laugh.

Mrs. Love said she did not think they could get her out of the house if they tried; and she felt pretty sure they wouldn't try, as she had been there so long.

Aunt Patience said she did not want to go at all. But she would not complain, whatever happened.

Mr. Pain would not say a word, but kept all his thought to himself. Susy said if any one

was turned away, perhaps he would be that one. But she hoped he wouldn't take that as a hint, and run away till her papa and mamma desired.

Mr. Ought said it would be a sin to send him away, or treat him coldly, but he did not believe Susy would want him to go now they were such good friends. 

The angel Faith did not say much. He had made up his mind to stay, at all events.

CHAPTER XX.

IF Mr. Pain is to be at the meeting I can't go!" said Miss Joy. She stood on tiptoe before the glass, dressing herself in her holiday clothes.

"Perhaps he would be willing to leave his rod behind him," said Mrs. Love. "I will ask him, at all events."

Mr. Pain thought he should not feel at home without his rod. He said he always liked to have it in his hand, whether he was to use it or not.

Miss Joy was full of fun and mischief about this time. So she slipped up slyly behind Mr. Pain while he was talking, and snatched away the rod before he could turn round. Mrs. Love smiled on seeing this little trick, and they all went down to the parlor and seated themselves with much gravity. Little Susy sat in the midst in her own low chair, looking wide-awake you may depend. Her papa and mamma sat

on each side like two judges. Mrs. Love rocked herself in the rocking-chair in a contented, easy way, and Aunt Patience, who liked to do such things, helped Miss Joy to find the leaves of her report, which might have been rose-leaves, they were so small.

Mr. Ought looked very good indeed, and the angel Faith shone across the room like a sun-beam.

"Susy will be six years old to-morrow," said her papa. "You have all been teaching her ever since she was born. We will now listen to your reports and hear what you have taught her, and whether you have done her any good."

They were all silent, but everybody looked at Mrs. Love as much as to say she should begin. Mrs. Love took out a little book with a sky-blue cover and began to read. She was so modest that she had not written much in it, but this is what she read :

"I have not done much for Susy, but love her dearly. And I have not taught her much but to love everybody. When she was a baby I tried to teach her to smile, but I don't think

I could have taught her if Miss Joy had not helped me. And when she was sick I was always sorry for her, and tried to comfort her."

"You have done her a great deal of good," said Susy's papa. "We will engage you to stay six years longer, should God spare her life."

Then Mr. Pain took up his book. It had a black cover, but the leaves were gilt-edged, and the cover was spangled with stars.

"I have punished Susy a great many times," said Mr. Pain. "Sometimes I slapped her with my hand. Sometimes I struck her with my rod. Sometimes I made her sick. But I never did any of these things because I was angry with her or liked to hurt her. I only came when Mrs. Love called me."

"You have taught her excellent lessons," said Susy's papa. "If it had not been for you she would be growing up disobedient and selfish. You may stay six years longer."

Then Mr. Pain made a low bow, and said he was thinking of going away, and sending his brother, Mr. Sorrow, and his sister, Mrs. Disappointment, to take his place.

"Oh, no!" cried Susy's mamma. "Not yet! not yet! Susy is still so little!"

Then Mr. Pain said he would stay without a rod, as Susy was now too old to be whipped.

Then Miss Joy took up her book with its rainbow covers, and tried to read. But she laughed so heartily all the time, and her leaves kept flying out of her hands at such a rate that it was not possible to understand what she was saying.

It was all about clapping hands, and running races, and picking flowers, and having a good time. Everybody laughed just because she laughed, and Susy's papa could hardly keep his face grave long enough to say: "You have done more good than tongue can tell. You have made her just such a merry, happy, laughing little creature as I wanted her to be. You must certainly stay six years longer."

Then Mr. Ought drew forth his book. It had silver covers, and its leaves were of the most delicate tissue.

"I have taught little Susy to be good," said he. "Never to touch what is not hers. Never

to speak a word that is not true. Never to have a thought she would not like the great and holy God to see. If I stay six years longer I can teach her a great deal more, for she begins now to understand my faintest whisper. She is such a little girl as I love to live with."

Then Susy turned rosy-red with pleasure, and her papa and mamma got up and shook hands with Mr. Ought, and begged him never, never to leave their darling child as long as she lived.

It was now the turn of Aunt Patience. Her book had covers wrought by her own hands, in grave and gay colors well mingled together.

"When I first came here," said she, "Susy used to cry a great deal whenever she was hurt or punished. When she was sick she was very hard to please. When she sat down to learn to sew and to read and to write, she would break her thread in anger, or throw her book on the floor, or declare she never could learn. But now she has left off crying when she is hurt, and tries to bear the pain quietly. When she is sick she does not fret or complain, but takes her medicine without a word. When she is

sewing she does not twitch her thread into knots, and when she is writing she writes slowly and carefully. I have rocked her to sleep a thousand times. I have been shut up in the closet with her again and again. And I hope I have done her some good and taught her some useful lessons."

"Indeed you have, Aunt Patience!" said Susy's papa. "But Susy is not yet perfect. We shall need you six years longer."

And now the little angel Faith opened his golden book and began to read.

"I have taught Susy that there is another world beside this, and have told her that is her real home, and what a beautiful and happy one it is. I have told her a great deal about Jesus and the holy angels. I do not know much myself. I am not very old. But if I stay here six years longer I shall grow wiser, and I will teach Susy all I learn, and we will pray together every morning and every night till at last she loves the Lord Jesus with all her heart and soul and mind and strength."

Then Susy's papa and mamma looked at each

other and smiled, and they both said: "Oh, beautiful Angel! never leave her!" and the angel answered: "I will stay with her as long as she lives, and will never leave her till I leave her at the very door of heaven!"

Then the teachers began to put up their books and Susy's papa and mamma kissed her and said: "We have had a great deal of comfort in our little daughter. And with God's blessing we shall see her grow up a loving, patient, and obedient child, full of joy and peace and rich in faith and good works!" So they all bade each other good-night and went thankfully to bed.

LITTLE SUSY'S LITTLE SERVANTS.



SUSY'S SIX SERVANTS.

LITTLE SUSY'S LITTLE SERVANTS.

CHAPTER I.

As Little Susy had a kind mamma to take care of her, you will, perhaps, wonder why God gave her also a great many servants of her own. He gave her so many that you might spend your whole life in reading about them. But I shall tell you of only a very few, and then you can ask your mamma to talk to you about the others. For the little servants Susy had you have, too.

At first she did not know what they were for, or where they were. They did not know, either and so they were useless. Two of them were black, and so much alike that you could not tell one from the other. Susy kept them shut up most of the time, so that nobody could see them. When her aunts and cousins came to see Susy, they would say: "I should think

she might let *us* see them!" and would go away quite disappointed. These black servants were bright little things, and they soon learned to amuse Susy a great deal. One of the first things they did for her was to let her see the fire; and that she thought very beautiful.

Susy had another pair of twins for her servants, who knew so little what they were for that they used to slap and scratch her face. Her mamma said she should have to tie them up if they did so. Indeed, many a little baby has had them all covered up with white rags, to keep them from doing mischief before they were old enough to know better. But though they did not know how to behave, they were very pretty, tiny little things, and when Susy's papa knelt down and took one of them on his hand and kissed it, and wondered at it, and said what a funny wee morsel it was, why, it looked, to be sure, like a pretty roseleaf, or anything else soft and pink you can think of.

Susy had another pair of twins that she took no notice of for some months. They did not learn how to wait upon her so soon as some of

the others did. They were restless little fat things, seldom still a moment, and about all they knew was how to kick holes in blue and white socks.

Susy had still another pair of twins, not very pretty, but very useful, for without them she never could have heard her mamma sing, or her papa whistle ; or the shovel and tongs fall down and make such a charming noise ; nor the pussy-cat say " mew !" nor the doggy say " bow-wow !"

She had one more little servant that she kept out of sight all the time. All it was good for at first was to help her get a great many breakfasts and dinners and suppers every day. But it became good for a great deal more after awhile.

But if I go on in this way I am afraid you will get puzzled, you are such a little creature. So if you will guess the names of these servants of Susy I will give you three guesses. And if you do not guess right the third time you will have to peep into the glass, when you will see most of your own ; I mean those I have been talking about.

CHAPTER II.

WELL! did you look at yourself in the glass? If you did, you saw in the middle of your face your black or blue or gray servants, your two eyes. No matter what color they are; one kind is as good as another kind.

As soon as Susy found out what hers could do she kept them very busy indeed. If she wanted to see her mamma, her eyes would not wait for her to bid them let her look at her; for they knew her thoughts as well as she knew them herself. They amused her while she lay on her mamma's lap by showing her the bright sunshine that came in at the windows, the white curtains, and the ball of gray worsted in the work basket. When she was turned over, her face downward, to have her frock tied, they showed her the carpet, so as to keep her from crying. When they were tired, Susy had a soft

coverlid with a beautiful fringe that she could draw down over them, and then they could rest all night. God made this coverlid on purpose. The finest cambric handkerchief is coarser ; God only can make a cover soft enough for the eye.

After Susy was washed and dressed in the morning and had had her breakfast her mamma would lay her down upon the bed and spread a small blanket over her. Then the busy, bright eyes would look up to the wall and look and look at a small spot of sunshine there, till at last they grew tired and the soft coverlid would begin to come drooping, drooping down, and Susy would be fast asleep. Or in the midst of the dark night, if she woke up and did not know what else to do, she could look at the night-lamp that sat on the floor in the corner, and wonder what it was and how far off.

Everything in the world was new to Susy, and as she grew older and her eyes grew stronger they kept showing her all sorts of pretty things and made the time pass away very quickly indeed. How pleased Susy was the first time they showed her the sweet smile of love with

which her mamma looked at her! She would have jumped for joy if she had been big enough.

But while her two eyes were so busy in doing all they could to amuse her, her two ears were not idle, and one day when she was yet a very little baby she heard a pleasant sound of bells ringing for church that was as sweet as music. She looked surprised, and listened and listened, and threw up her arms and smiled. After that if she cried when she was washed, somebody would rattle the tongs and shovel, or make some such queer noise, and she would stop crying to hear it. So then I suppose her ears were very glad, and now they could help her pass her time much more pleasantly than before; for they could help her hear her mamma sing, and what sort of a sound keys make when they jingle together, and all that. Susy was astonished at everything she heard, for she never had been where there were such wonderful noises before. And when Sarah put coals on the fire Susy would start and perhaps think it was an earthquake unless her mamma smiled, as much as to say: "Don't be frightened, darling!"

So what with her eyes and her ears and her soft red tongue to get dinner with, Susy was a very happy baby, growing fatter and stronger and wiser every day.

CHAPTER III.

BUT one morning when she was ten weeks old Susy began to play with a plaything. What do you think it was? Why, her own little hand! She felt of it, lifted it up and looked at it, tasted of it, and admired it very much. A grave judge, sitting on his bench and looking as wise as Solomon, could hardly look graver or wiser than Susy did when she first found out she had two little hands. How she turned them over, and tangled up the tiny fingers and twisted and doubled them! Now she thought she had found out what those little things were for, that had been doing nothing but slap and scratch and grow fat. Why, they were to play with to be sure! And she never would have to cry for them or get up to look for them, for there they were, always close by, and so nice and soft! So Susy played with her hands and

cooed to them, and told them stories in Greek, or Latin, or Dutch, nobody knows, and was quite cheery and happy.

Her mamma was very much pleased to see Susy playing with her hands, and after a time she offered her a little piece of paper. Susy looked at it and wanted to take it. But her hands did not know how; all they were good for was to play with each other. But they wanted to learn to hold things for Susy, and tried very hard every day until at last they did learn to hold her rattle for her, and then an orange, and then a bunch of keys. Nice little servants! Don't you think so? And by this time Susy made a great discovery. She found out that she had two feet of her own, and thought it would be a good plan to get one of them into her mouth. She worked very hard before she succeeded, and was such a busy little baby that she could hardly spare time to eat her breakfast. I suppose she thought all those fat little feet were made for was just for her to play with; just as she thought about her hands.

Perhaps you would like to see a letter that

Susy wrote to her little cousin about these times. I rather think she must have got her mamma or somebody to write it for her.

“MY DEAR COUSIN :

“Since I last wrote you I have grown a good deal, for I am now six months old. I cannot sit alone yet, for when I try I fall over sideways. But with a pillow behind me I can sit up very well and play with my toys. I have an old basket half-full of playthings, about which I will tell you. First I have an ivory ring, with a blue string in it; but I don't think much of that. Then I have a large glass stopper that came out of a vinegar cruet. Thirdly I have two spools tied together, and fastened to them somehow is a whole piece of tape that I snatched out of my mamma's basket and sucked till she said it was good for nothing, and I might as well keep it. Fourthly I have a cork that used to be in a bottle of something sweet, for it tastes very good; I am fond of this cork, and lie on the floor and play with it just as a cat plays with a mouse. I have also a half-dollar with a hole in it, that my grandmamma gave me; but I always cry when I play with it, for it is so hard it hurts my mouth. I have a great

many rags that my mamma has given me. When she cuts out my little frocks she gives me the pieces that are left, and some are white, some pink, and some blue. You see I am going to wear short frocks pretty soon. But my best playthings are two red sticks that were a part of an old fan your mamma left here. The other day I was lying on the floor, and I thought I would see how far I could get one of them down my throat. When I had pushed it a good way I began to cry. My mamma caught me up and pulled it out, but my throat bled and was sore, so I won't push it in so far next time.

"Sometimes I go and pay a visit to our old cat and her three kittens. I talk to them as loud as I can, but they do not seem to understand what I say. And they don't like it when I try to put them in my mouth.

"I am sorry to say that as I increase in wisdom I grow in naughtiness. I always cry all the time mamma is washing and dressing me, and am very angry with her, for I don't like to be washed. And the moment I see her take out my basket at night so as to undress me and put me to bed, I scream with all my might, and never stop till I feel something soft in my mouth. Last night as I lay on the floor playing

with my beloved cork, mamma came behind me and unfastened all my clothes, so that time I did not cry. I have two feet that I find very handy to kick with when I am angry, and two hands that pick up my toys when I want to play, and two eyes that show me pictures and other pretty things, and that never get any rest except when I am asleep. And if you ever answer this letter I have two ears with which I hear it read.

“I am a very good baby when I wake in the morning. I lie in bed a good while, playing with my feet, or anything else I can get hold of. Sometimes I untie mamma’s cap strings, and sometimes I scratch and pull her cheeks and chin. Very often I almost pull papa’s nose off his face, for I don’t know what he wants of it when he is fast asleep. Doesn’t this remind you of old times three or four years ago, when you were a baby? If you ever come here I shall not know what to do to amuse you, for I cannot talk. I should scratch your face and pull your hair, and put my fingers in your eyes; I don’t know any better, I am such a little baby. I am very tired now, and must bid you good-by; but one of these days I will write you another letter.

“Your little cousin,

“SUSY.”

CHAPTER IV.

Not long after Susy sent her letter her mamma bought some tiny little shoes and stockings for her. Susy was very much pleased indeed, and at first she would keep untying her shoes and taking them off. But one day, when she awoke from her nap, she took hold of the two sides of her cradle, and stood up straight in it. Now she had found out that feet were not made just for playthings, but to stand on. She was so glad! She kept taking hold of the chairs, and her mamma's dress, or the legs of the table, so as to pull herself up on to her feet, and pretty soon she would stand at a chair with her toys, and play by the hour, and if the chair moved a little, from her leaning against it, her feet would move too, first one, then the other, learning how to walk. How delighted everybody was when one day Susy got up in the middle of the floor and ran across the room! It would be hard to

tell which laughed most—Susy, or her papa, or her mamma.

Now Susy had learned how to use all her little servants, except her tongue. And you must know that her mamma had been giving her lessons on that subject every day. That is, she kept coaxing and begging her to say "papa;" and I don't know how many hundred times a day she cried out to Susy, "Say papa!" But Susy did not say papa, and all the private lessons were in vain. But one evening, when she had a toothache and could not sleep, she stretched forth her hand and said "book," to her mamma's great delight, who thought there was no doubt her baby was going to be very fond of books indeed. Now Susy had found out that her tongue was very useful, for her mamma gave her the book she had asked for; so she soon learned to say a great many other words.

Did you ever think before how long it takes a baby to learn how to use the little eyes and hands and feet God has been so good as to give it? If you watch your baby brother or sister,

you will see how awkward it is at first about using its hands ; and do not you remember how eager you were to hear it speak its first word, and to see it trot about on its own little feet ?

But all this time I have only spoken of Susy's hands and feet and ears and eyes and tongue as being useful to herself, and have not said a word about their doing things for other people. Now it is not likely that God meant any little child should live in this world, where there is so much to do, and do nothing for its papa and mamma, and nothing for Him who has done so much for its happiness and comfort. And He is so kind, and loves so to please those who love Him, that long before Susy was old enough to know it He taught her small baby hands to begin some of the sweetest work He made them to do. When, in the midst of a sleepless night in which Susy's mamma watched over and sang to and cared for her, she had such a reward, such precious payment for all her fatigue and labor, that a queen might have envied her. What do you think it was ? Why, it was feeling Susy's little hand pat and caress her face in

the dark night, or lie folded lovingly in her own, or clinging fast to her neck with all the strength a baby can use. Then a thrill of joy would rush through her mamma's heart, and she would forget everything the world has in it of trouble, and thank God for giving her a baby to live and to work for, and a baby to love and comfort her in return.

CHAPTER V.

So DAY after day passed, and one or another of Susy's little servants was always busy in doing something for her pleasure. Either her hands played with pretty toys, or her eyes looked at beautiful pictures and kind, loving faces of dear friends, or her ears listened to sweet music or amusing stories, or her feet carried her up and down, here and there and everywhere. If she had had no eyes she could have used her hands, but she could not have seen the toys they held. If she had had no ears she could never have heard her mamma's voice, nor ever learned to talk or sing. If she had had no hands she could have walked about and looked at pretty things, but she could have touched no toy, held no dear dolly, caressed and patted no little kitty. And if she had been without feet she might have used her eyes and her ears and

her hands and her tongue, but when other children jumped and ran and played Susy must have sat still in her little chair and felt what a long, long day that is when one cannot move.

I dare say you know some little boy who cannot hear or talk, or some pale little girl who cannot run and play. And if God has been so very good to you as to give you what He has not seen best to give them, how you ought to thank Him ! And how happy you should be if you ever can lend a book or give a flower, or do any kind act for the deaf and dumb boy who never heard his mamma call him "darling !" no matter how many times she may have said it. And if you can ever be what the Bible calls "feet to the lame;" if you run to pick up that little pale girl's ball if she drops it; if you can go upstairs to get her doll when she wants it, would not that be making your own little servants useful and very happy ? And if you ever happen to be where there is a blind child, would you not like to lend it your eyes now and then ? And as you cannot do that, you would surely love to take it by the hand and

lead it about; and when you are old enough to read, you would read pretty stories to it? There was once a dear little boy not much more than two years old who became very ill. His head ached so that he did not love to play or run about. He liked to have his papa or mamma carry him round the room, and then when his poor head did not ache too hard they would talk to him and tell him stories. One day his papa said to his mamma: "I do not believe our little Charlie will ever get well. I think that Jesus will soon take him up to heaven. And I mean to talk to him a great deal about Jesus, so that the moment he gets to heaven he will be happy to be near such a dear, kind friend." So Charlie's papa often took his poor little boy in his arms and let him lay his head on his shoulder while he walked gently up and down talking about Christ. He told him all those sweet stories from the Bible, how Jesus pitied sick people, and how he cured them, and how many lame men he made to walk, and how many blind to see. So one day, after he had been talking so, he had to give Charlie to his

nurse while he went out for a time, and Charlie lay with his head on his shoulder, just as he had done on his papa's, till all at once he lifted it up and said: "Mary, did you know that Jesus hadn't any eyes?"

"Oh! yes, Jesus had eyes," said Mary.

"He had some once, but He gave them to a poor blind man," said Charlie.

You see Charlie was such a little boy that he thought when his papa told him that Jesus gave eyes to a blind man that He had to give him His own.

Little Charlie is in heaven now and has been there a great many years. And he has long known more about the goodness of God than anybody who still lives in this world. And if he could speak to you he would tell you that it is better to be without eyes and hands and feet than not to love Him who was willing rather to die than that you should not know and love Him.

CHAPTER VI.

I HAVE spoken of some of the good things Susy's little servants could do, and I am sorry to have to say that she sometimes let them do naughty ones.

The first thing was while she was still a baby, when she raised her hand to slap her dear, kind mamma because she was going to wash her. Little babies often do so before they have been taught better. The moment Susy's hand had given the slap, she saw that her mamma's face became grave and displeased. Then Susy was sorry, and she made haste to kiss the place she had hurt, and tears rolled down her cheeks. But pretty soon, when something else vexed her, she lifted her little hand, and was going to strike with it. Her mamma caught it in hers, and looked at it gravely, and said: "Naughty little hand!" Then Susy began to cry again and she cried so much that her mam-

ma had to lend her her handkerchief to wipe away her tears. Almost every day the little hand was naughty in this way, but at last Susy's mamma cured it by always tying a red mitten on it whenever it slapped. It did not like to wear a mitten at all, because then it could not pick up its toys so well.

After Susy had learned not to strike, her little hands began to grow meddlesome, that is, to touch and take things they should not have touched. One day they tore the newspaper all to pieces. Once they cut off all her hair as far as they could reach it. One of them got into the sugar-bowl and took three lumps of sugar. And once when they were in the country, and there was a washstand in the room, Susy tried to open the drawer, and pulled the washstand over, broke the pitcher, spilled the water, and frightened everybody very much indeed.

All these things made a deal of trouble. Susy's mamma had to keep all the time teaching her that she must not do so. It took her a great while to teach Susy that there were some things she must not touch.

And when the busy little hands began to learn what they were taught, then the little feet began to get into trouble. One day before Susy was old enough to go up and down stairs by herself, her mamma had visitors, and Susy kept talking and talking at such a rate that at last nobody else could be heard. So her mamma took her into the hall and seated her on the lowest stair, where Susy was fond of sitting, and said to her: "My little Susy must sit here awhile because she does not mind mamma and stop talking." Pretty soon she heard a little voice cry out, "Mamma! aren't you afraid your little girl will fall downstairs?" and on running to see what that meant, there was Susy sitting on the top stair, smiling and looking very happy to think she had played such a trick. And not long after the two truant feet carried Susy out into the street among the carts and horses, and if God had not taken care of her she would certainly have been killed. And another time Susy climbed up and was just going to put one foot out of a window, when her mamma caught her by her dress and pulled her back.

I suppose you did just such things when you were a baby, and your mamma might amuse you by telling you about it.

Susy was not so mischievous as some children are, and when she was three years old, and had learned what she might do, and what she must not, her mamma could leave her all alone in the parlor with a few toys, and be quite sure that she would touch nothing she had been forbidden to touch, nor climb up into dangerous places, nor take any dangerous thing. The scissors might lie on the table, and the sharp knife open by her side; the good little hands would not touch them. Nor would the obedient little feet now take Susy near the fire where she could so easily have been burned. If Susy *promised* to do a thing, she always did it, and so her mamma often let her play by herself in the parlor, when up in the nursery Robbie had not yet learned not to get away all her toys.

CHAPTER VII.

WHEN Susy first learned to walk she was so pleased to find that she could run about that she liked very much to run to get things for her papa or mamma. She felt herself almost a young lady when she found she could lift one of papa's boots and carry it to him; and how pleased she was when her mamma sent her to get her workbasket! When Robbie was dressed she liked to stand by and hold the pins, and she even thought she could brush his hair and tie his frocks if they would let her try.

But as she grew older and stronger and wiser, and so better able to run for mamma, or to wait upon her papa, Susy grew selfish. If her mamma said, "Susy bring me my work," Susy would say, "In a minute, mamma!" and go on playing. Or she would ask, "Must I bring it?" or, "Mayn't I wait till I have finis'ed

my house?" And if her papa said, "Doesn't my little Susy want to rub papa's head?" she would be likely to give it one or two little rubs and then run off to play again.

A great many ways were tried to cure Susy of these faults. One of the best was never to allow her to do a little favor after she had objected to it. When her mamma asked her to run and get a book for her, if Susy looked fretful or went slowly or said, "Oh, dear!" then her papa would say, "Stop, Susy, you cannot go. Nobody shall wait on dear mamma who looks and speaks so!" and then he would go for the book himself, and Susy would feel so ashamed! And as soon as Robbie was able to use *his* feet and hands Susy learned from his behavior to try to obey quickly and cheerfully; for no matter how busy Robbie was, he always smiled when papa called him to get things for him, and if Susy did not jump the very moment she was spoken to, Robbie would get it first, and then he would have a sweet kiss and a loving smile as his reward.

But you must not think Susy did not try to

grow good, or that she never *was* good. Her papa and mamma often had a great deal of comfort in seeing how hard she tried to do kind, loving things for them. If she saw her papa look tired she would often go to him and say, "Dear papa! when I am a big girl I mean to work and let *you* sit still!" and "May I rub your head? May I get your slippers?" And when her mamma saw her feeling and behaving so sweetly she did not forget to tell her when she went to bed how much pleasure it had given her.

"My little hands have been good hands to-day," Susy said one night. "And I wish mamma would kiss them when they've been good." Her mamma smiled and kissed them, and then Susy folded them together and knelt down and prayed. And after she had got into bed she said: "My hands will never be naughty any more. Never strike Robbie, never take away his toys, never touch anybody's things."

And then her mamma told her a story about a little girl who stood by her brother's coffin, and taking up the small, cold hand, kissed it

and said: "This little hand never struck me!" Susy lay still and thought and thought a good while after hearing this story.

"Mamma!" said she at last, "I *will* try to be good. And then perhaps when I am dead you will 'member me, and you can take hold of my little hand and say, 'This little hand wasn't always a good little hand, but it *tried* to be good, and sometimes it patted and loved me.'" Then Susy put up her hand and caressed her mamma's cheek, and kept saying, "Dear mamma! kind mamma!" till she fell asleep.

CHAPTER VIII.

"MAMMA," said Susy one day as they were walking home from church, "there is a little girl in my class at Sunday-school who loves me dearly. She always hugs my hands and hugs them."

Her mamma smiled and said: "Then I hope you 'hugged' hers too."

"I was afraid to," said Susy.

"Then that little girl was disappointed, I dare say. You should have let her see that you were grateful to her for loving you."

"I turned my head away round—so—" said Susy.

"Instead of that you should have smiled, and looked kindly at her, as much as to say, I like to have you love me, and I love you, too."

Susy looked down and smiled. "I was afraid to," she said again.

They walked along together in silence for

some time. At last Susy quite forgot what they had been talking about, and began to think what a pleasant day it was, and how sweet and fresh the air felt, and how nice it was to walk with her dear papa and mamma, and while she thought thus she clasped the hand she held more firmly and lovingly. Her mamma, however, took no notice of this and turned her head away.

Susy felt hurt.

"Mamma does not love me a bit," thought she, and she was going to draw away her hand.

Her mamma looked down and smiled and said playfully: "Oh! I felt your little, loving squeeze, but I was afraid to take any notice of it."

Susy smiled too. She never forgot this little lesson, and it was useful to her as long as she lived.

Children should not only learn to observe little tokens of love, but to be grateful for them.

"Mamma, was I a good girl in church?" said Susy when they reached home.

"Yes, pretty good. But I must tell you something about a dear little boy, whose life you shall read as soon as you are old enough. When asked if there were many children at Sunday-school he said: 'I don't know, for when I am there I never dare to look round.' Now your little hands were very good in church; and so were your little feet. But I thought your eyes and ears were not so good."

"My eyes looked round a good deal," said Susy. "But my ears couldn't do anything naughty."

"Yes, they could, dear Susy, by not listening to what was said. Did they hear anything at all?"

"No, mamma. I was busy thinking. I thought about my dollies."

"But we do not go to church to think about dollies. We go to praise God and hear about Him."

"Big people don't have any dollies," said Susy.

"But they have other things that they like as well. And when they first go into church

they ask God to help them not to think about anything but Himself, and to hear what is said. For in the Bible it speaks of those who, having ears, hear not—and I do not want my little Susy to be one of those.”

Susy then went upstairs to the nursery, where she found Robbie asleep in his cradle. She went up to him, and putting her mouth close to his ear, shouted: “Robbie! Robbie!”

Robbie opened his eyes, turned over, and smiled.

“You naughty, naughty girl!” said his nurse, “to wake your brother up. I’ll tell your mamma, and she’ll punish you well.”

“I didn’t mean to wake him up,” said Susy. “I only wanted to see if he was one of those who, having ears, hear not. And I guess he isn’t—he wakes up so easy.”

“I’ll tell your mamma the very first thing. He will be just as cross as two sticks. Just as I had got him to sleep! It is too bad!”

Susy looked quite puzzled to know what she had done. She ran down to her mamma and told her all about it.

"Was I naughty, mamma?" she asked.

"Yes, I think you were. For you know how often I have told you there must be no noise when Robbie was asleep. And then it was wrong to use God's holy words to play with."

Susy sighed. "Oh, dear!" said she. "First my ears are naughty, and then my tongue. But they are sorry, mamma."

Her mamma kissed her, and told her to go upstairs and amuse Robbie, as she had made him lose his nap. So Susy went, and said in a pleasant voice to nurse:

"I've come to 'muse Robbie because I woke him up," and nurse smiled and said:

"Well you *are* a good child when you aren't naughty."

CHAPTER IX.

ONE day Susy and her mamma and Robbie were sitting alone together in the nursery. Susy was in the corner with her toys and Robbie sat on his mamma's lap. Every now and then he put up his little hand to pat her cheek or to play with her hair. His bare white foot was nestled in her hand, and more than once she leaned over and kissed it. After a time Susy got up and came and stood by them.

"You love Robbie dearly, don't you mamma?" she asked.

"Yes, darling—dearly. And I love my little Susy just as well."

"You wouldn't like to kiss my little foot," said Susy.

"I used to kiss it when it was a little baby foot, and wasn't covered up with a shoe. But it would be rather funny for me to take off its

shoe and stocking so as to kiss it when there is this nice, round cheek all handy."

Susy laughed; and kneeling down she took Robbie's foot in her hand, kissed it, laid it on her neck and cheek, and talked to it as if it were a doll.

"Somebody said Robbie's hands were whiter than mine," said she.

"That is nothing," said her mamma. "The question is not whether Susy's hands are white, but whether they do all they can for God."

"They are too little to do anything for God," said Susy in a mournful voice.

"Why no, indeed, Jesus said that whoever gave a cup of cold water in His name, that is, for His sake, should not lose his reward. And you can do as much as that, I am sure. Beside that, every time you pick up Robbie's toys for him you do something for God."

Susy looked puzzled.

"If you can't understand how this can be, just believe it because your mamma tells you so, and by and by, when you are older, you will understand it. God sees everything you do,

and when you leave your own play, and run to do a little favor for Robbie, or papa, or any of us, then He is pleased. When I was kissing Robbie's feet and hands just now, I was praying to God to keep them always pure, and to teach them very early to work for Him. And so I often did for yours when you were a baby, and do now, every day."

Susy was pleased to hear this, and she tried to think of something she could do. Her papa came in just then, feeling very tired, and hoping to find mamma at leisure to rub and comb his head.

"Isn't Robbie well?" he asked.

"Not very well," said his mamma, "and I am trying to keep him quiet, hoping he may fall asleep. But I have one hand to rub your head with, if that will do."

"Oh! let me rub papa's head," said Susy in a joyful voice. "Lie on the sofa, papa, and I'll rub it!"

So papa threw himself down, and Susy pushed a chair up to the bureau, and climbed up for the brush and comb, and though she tangled his

hair and pulled it dreadfully, papa let her work at his poor head, till Robbie fell asleep, and mamma could come to the rescue. Susy felt very happy, and she whispered to her mamma:

“I love you, dear mamma, and I like God, too.”

She felt very sweet and happy, and looking about to see if there were anything else she could do, she saw a fly on Robbie's face. She ran quickly and drove it away.

“Little fly! do you think you are going to have Robbie's face for your dinner?” said she. “No, indeed! I shall sit here, and drive you away. And you can go home and tell your mother there is a great big giant named Susy, sitting by the cradle, and that you were afraid to try to eat Robbie's face.”

The fly on hearing this flew away, and Susy sat so still that all at once she fell over fast asleep. Then her mamma came softly and tucked a pillow under her head, threw a cradle quilt over her, and left her to enjoy a sweet sleep.

CHAPTER X.

“BUT Satan finds some mischief still
For idle hands to do.”

“SUSY, dear, don't you feel well?” asked her mamma, seeing Susy sitting idly on the carpet.

“Yes, mamma, I feel well, but I don't know what to do. I wish you would tell me what to do.”

“Well, you may go down and shell peas,” said her mamma.

“I don't want to shell peas,” said Susy. “I shelled a bushel yesterday.”

“Oh ! no, not a bushel. Not much more than a cupful,” said nurse.

“Then you may hold a skein of silk for me to wind.”

“I don't want to work, I want to play,” said Susy.

Her mamma was called down to see visitors,

and Susy remained sitting on the floor, in not very good humor.

"Oh, dear! I wish I had something to do!" said she. "I wonder how Robbie would do for a doll? I guess I'll try and see."

So she crept over softly to the corner where Robbie sat playing with his blocks, and where she was out of nurse's sight, and began to unbutton his frock.

By and by, judging by the silence that something wrong was going on, nurse got up and went to look. There lay Robbie with his clothes all off, while Susy was trying to squeeze one of his arms into her doll's nightgown. The patient little fellow held a block fast in one hand as his comforter under his sorrows, for he really thought he had done something naughty and had to be put to bed.

"Pretty works, I do think!" said nurse. "Just let me call your mamma to see you, that's all."

Susy jumped up and caught nurse by her dress. "You shan't call mamma!" said she. "Robbie is my doll, and I'm putting him to bed. Aren't you, Robbie?"

Nurse only answered by snatching him up and kissing him.

"I do believe he would let you cut his head off if you wanted to," said she. "Susy is a naughty girl, and her mamma will whip her."

"Naughty dirl, mamma s'ap!" repeated Robbie, showing with his little hands how mamma would do.

"If you had gone down like a good girl and shelled peas," said nurse, "you wouldn't have got into mischief. Where is the other stocking? On your doll's arm? Bring it to me this minute. And what have you done with Robbie's shirt? He will catch his death sitting here with nothing on. Well! we'll see what his mamma will say!"

By this time Susy was convinced she had done something really dreadful. So she went softly downstairs and began to shell peas as fast as she could. Her little thoughts were very busy.

"I guess mamma won't care. I was only playing. And I will shell a lot of peas. I wish I knowed where I put Robbie's shirt. I guess I put it under the bed. But if he doesn't have

it on he'll catch cold." The busy fingers stopped, she slipped down from her chair, and away went the peas, rolling this way and that about the kitchen floor.

"I wish you'd stay upstairs, where you belong," said Sarah. "See how you've wasted the peas! If I were your mamma, I would not give you any for your dinner."

"I'll pick them up," said Susy. "And mamma said I might shell them." She seemed so sorry that Sarah said it was no matter, she guessed six peas wouldn't be much loss. So Susy went back to the nursery to see about the missing shirt.

"If there isn't Robbie's shirt hanging out of your pocket!" said nurse. "I declare! I never saw such a child. Well! you wait till your mamma hears of this!" As she spoke in an angry voice Susy saw a faint smile on the corner of her mouth that quite cheered her disconsolate little heart.

"I didn't mean to be naughty," said she. "I did not know what else to do. And I never will do so any more for a thousand years. Won't you forgive me?"

“Oh! yes, I'll forgive you. And I'll teach you a hymn beside about idle hands.”

How doth the little busy bee
Improve each shining hour;
And gather honey all the day,
From every opening flower!

How skillfully she builds her cell,
How neat she spreads the wax!
And labors hard to store it well
With the sweet food she makes.

In works of labor or of skill,
I would be busy too;
For Satan finds some mischief still,
For idle hands to do.

In books, or work, or healthful play,
Let my first years be passed;
That I may give for every day
Some good account at last.

CHAPTER XI.

"I wish I knew how to sew," Susy one day said to her nurse.

"I wish so, too," said nurse. "For then you could be always making aprons and things for your babies. And in time you could make a shirt for your papa."

Susy smiled at this pleasant prospect.

"I'll go and ask mamma to teach me," said she, jumping up. "And I'll make my dollies some frocks and some aprons and some cloaks and bonnets. And I'll make you an apron, too, Robbie."

Robbie looked as if he admired Susy very much, and began to think, as he always did when pleased, what he could give her.

In the meantime their nurse had cut out a little white petticoat and was basting it very nicely together.

"Is that for me?" cried Susy joyfully. "Oh, nurse!"

And Susy sat down, took the needle in her eager little fingers and began to sew.

"Oh! you mustn't put the needle back and forth that way!" said nurse. "See here, the point of the needle should come toward you."

"Yes, I know," said Susy, and went on sewing all sorts of ways.

"That isn't right," said nurse. "When you learn to sew you ought to learn the best way."

"This is the best way," said Susy.

"Very well. If you know so much there's no use in my teaching you," said nurse, feeling rather vexed.

"Oh! dear, here's an old, ugly old knot!" said Susy. She pulled the thread angrily and it broke.

"Fix it for me, will you nurse?"

Nurse joined the thread in silence. Susy took one more stitch and her needle unthreaded.

"I can't string my needle," said she.

"You must learn," said nurse. "See, this way. And you needn't talk about stringing it,

as if it were a bead. Ah! well. I may as well thread it this time. But my! what stitches! Why, dolly will fall through between them."

"I guess I won't learn to sew," said Susy. "It's hard. Here's the needle. I'll put it back in your cush pinion for you."

"My pin cushion, you mean. But I should be ashamed if I were you not to know how to sew. There was little Mary Jones where I used to live; she sewed like a woman. Such stitches! But then there are few children like Mary Jones."

"I thought you said she was the trial of your life," said Susy.

"Well! the child's memory!" said nurse, lifting up her hands. "You should not notice everything I say, my dear. Now I'll tell you something. You learn to sew and you shall make a little bag to give to your mamma. Just such a bag as Mary Jones made for her mamma. Only yours shall be blue and hers was pink. Come! that's a good girl! Your mamma will be so pleased!"

So Susy sat down again and took a few more stitches.

"The needle hurts me !" said she.

"That's because you've no thimble. I'll lend you my silver thimble—the one your aunt gave me."

So nurse wound a large piece of paper round and round Susy's finger and crowded the thimble over the whole. It looked like a helmet on a dwarf.

Susy took one more stitch and sighed.

"I'm tired," said she. "And the thimble is so heavy!"

"Well, put your work away then," said nurse, "and when we go out I'll buy you a dear little brass thimble. But not unless you'll promise to be patient and to try to learn."

Susy promised, but her promise cost her many tears. For her needle unthreaded, her thread broke or got into knots, her hands were awkward and did not know how to behave, and then when she cried on her work it made it hard to sew.

But every day her hands grew more skillful. Finding they really *must* learn to sew they would not dispute about such a trifle, and you

cannot think how delighted Susy was to be able one day to carry her mamma the nice bag she had made for her.

"Thank you, darling," said her mamma. "I am very glad your little hands have made this for me, and I will keep it a great while. Why, when your Aunt Laura was your age she had made a whole quilt of bits of calico not much larger than the palm of your hand. The next thing I know I suppose you will be writing me a little letter."

"Oh! I never could learn to write!" said Susy.

"Why not? Are not your hands just like mine? And they learned to write."

Susy smiled and looked at her mamma's hands and then at her own, but did not have time to talk any more just then.

CHAPTER XII.

For just at this moment a carriage drove up to the door, and Susy ran to the window to see who had come. She saw two gentlemen alight, and presently her mamma was called down.

"You may come with me, Susy," said she.

So they went down together, and Susy saw that one of the gentlemen had soft white hair flowing down to his shoulders. She looked at his mild, kind face with great interest, and when he placed his hand on her head and blessed her she felt very happy.

"Mamma, is that the Apostle John?" she whispered.

Her mamma smiled and shook her head, and Susy sat still and listened to what was said without speaking, for her little tongue had learned that it must keep still when older persons were talking.

After the visitors went away she made up for lost time by asking several questions all in one long row.

"Who was that man? What makes his hair so white? Did you see him put his hand on my head? I liked him dearly."

"That was a very good man," said her mamma, "and I hope God will hear the prayer he made for you when he put his hand on your head."

"That's the way Jesus put His hand on the heads of little children," said Susy. "I wish I had been there."

"That reminds me of a sweet little hymn that I copied from a book Mrs. Ray lent me. I must read it to you till you learn it. Come! we'll go right upstairs and you shall hear it."

So they went upstairs, and Susy heard for the first time that beautiful hymn, beginning:

"I think when I hear that sweet story of old."

Tears came into her eyes as she listened, but they were tears of pleasure; she soon had learned the first verse, and they sat singing it together

when nurse came in with Robbie, who had a small box in his hand.

"Mrs. Ray has sent Susy a box of beads," said she, "and says she must string them when she does not know what else to do."

Susy was delighted to hear this, and she flew off to find a needle and thread, so as to begin at once to string her beads. It was, however, time for their supper, and she had to wait.

She was too happy to eat much, and as soon as she could she hastened to the window, and seated herself to begin her pleasant work. She had hardly strung a dozen beads when looking down she saw that they had all fallen from the string.

"Oh, dear! that's because I didn't make a knot. Oh! how I wish I knew how to make knots! Nurse! won't you make a knot?"

"It's too dark to string beads," said nurse. "You'll hurt your eyes, Susy. Come! put away your beads and go to bed."

"It doesn't hurt my eyes," said Susy. "I can see just as easy."

Of a sudden she felt two hands over her eyes

"Oh, papa! is that you? Please don't! I want to string my beads. See, papa! all these beads. Mrs. Ray sent them."

"Mrs. Ray was very kind," said her papa. "But my little Susy is not kind at all. She has been abusing two of those servants that God gave her. Don't you know it is wrong to treat your eyes so?"

"I guess they didn't care," said Susy.

"I guess they did," said her papa. "And you must remember that eyes are very precious things, and be careful of them. If I should give you a little white-handled penknife——"

"Oh, papa! I wish you would!"

"If I gave you one, would it be right for you to cut off one of your little fingers with it?"

"Why, no, papa!"

"And is it right to injure the eyes God has been so very kind as to give you?"

"No, papa. And I won't again."

"But what are they looking so hard at my pocket for?" asked her papa, smiling.

"Why, I thought perhaps there was a little knife there," said Susy rather doubtfully.

“And so there is. It was given me to-day, and I will give it to you. Only you must promise not to open it. For you are such a little girl that I do not dare to let you use it yet.”

Susy promised, and her papa took her on one shoulder and Robbie on the other and “rided” them, as Robbie called it, three times across the room, and then they kissed each other good-night, and Susy and her box of beads and her little knife all went to bed together.

CHAPTER XIII.

ABOUT this time a lady came to visit Susy's mamma, bringing with her a little boy.

His name was Thomas. He was several years older than Susy, but as there was no one else for him to play with, he had to amuse himself with her as well as he could. Susy followed him about wherever he went, and thought everything he did very amusing, and that everything he said must be right.

One afternoon as they were playing together in his mamma's room Thomas asked Susy if she liked candy.

"Yes, I like it," said Susy. "But mamma does not let me eat it very often."

"My mother lets me eat as much as I please," said Thomas. "There is a great bundle of it in her trunk, and she lets me go and get some as often as I want it. I'll give you some if you will hold open the trunk for me."

Susy did not know that Thomas had been forbidden to open this trunk. So she stood holding the cover open while he searched for the candy. But it was heavy, and her little hands were not strong enough to hold it long.

"Make haste, Thomas," said she, "or I shall let it fall."

"I am making haste," said Thomas. "And don't you go and let it fall; you'll break my head in two if you do."

Susy tried with all her strength to hold up the heavy lid, but Thomas kept her waiting too long, and all at once down it came. Thomas tried to draw back his head, but the trunk-cover was too quick for him, and gave him a blow right across his face and eyes.

As soon as he knew enough to speak he called Susy all sorts of bad names, and struck her several times. Susy was so frightened and astonished that at first she was quite silent, but after a moment she began to cry so loudly that everybody came running in to see what was the matter.

By this time Thomas' forehead and face looked

quite bruised and swollen, and the moment his mamma saw it she flew to kiss him, and then turned to Susy and said in an angry tone :

“What did you strike him for, you naughty child?”

“I didn’t strike him,” said Susy ; “I didn’t mean to hurt him ; I could not hold up the cover, it was so heavy.”

“What cover?” asked her mamma.

“The trunk-cover,” said Susy.

“Oh ! so you were at my trunk, were you?” said the lady. “And who said you might do that?”

“Thomas told me to hold it open while he got the candy.”

“Oh ! what a story !” said Thomas. “She went and opened the trunk and was going to look for candy, and I went to make her come away and she struck me with a great big stick.”

“Is that true, Susy?” asked her mamma in a grave, sad voice. For the mere thought that Susy could do such a thing made her heart ache.

Before Susy had time to answer the lady cried out:

“Of course it is true. Don’t you see the dreadful marks on his face?”

“Answer, Susy, is it true?” repeated her mamma.

Susy tried to tell the whole story, just as it happened, but seeing her mamma look so sad, and everybody else believing Thomas, she could only cry still harder.

Then her mamma took her away to her own room and wiped away her tears and said :

“Now tell me, my dear Susy, all about it. I cannot think my precious child has done this sinful thing. But don’t be afraid to tell me the whole truth. Remember God hears every word you say. Remember, my darling ! Think before you speak.”

“Mamma, I telled the truth !” said Susy. “I telled the truth. Thomas said he would get some candy for me if I would hold up the cover. And I tried to hold it and I couldn’t. And won’t you believe me ? Oh, mamma ! won’t you believe me ?”

Then Susy's mamma said in her heart to God :

"Oh, God! teach me what to believe. Do not let me make a mistake. And oh! do not let my little Susy ever speak a word that is not true."

And after she had said that there came into her mind a way by which she could find out whether Thomas had spoken the truth.

She went right back to the lady's room, whom she found holding Thomas in her lap and feeding with candy.

"Thomas, where is the stick you said Susy struck you with?" asked she.

Thomas blushed and looked about as if in search of the stick.

"I suppose she hid it somewhere," said he.

"She could not do that, for she has been with me ever since she left the room."

"I dare say we shall find it," said the lady. "And I hope you mean to give Susy a good whipping. She needs it, I am sure. Such a blow! Why, what a naughty child she must be!"

"Susy says Thomas opened the trunk and told her to hold it open while he looked for candy. And it was heavy, and she let it fall on his head. I think she has spoken the truth. I never knew her to speak anything else. The marks on 'Thomas' face look to me just like those the heavy lid of a trunk would make."

"They look to me like the marks of a stick," said the lady. "But people see things differently. Come, Thomas! eat this nice candy. And I'll buy you something to pay for this."

Susy's mamma said no more. She felt sorry to have her dear little daughter in such trouble, but there seemed no help for it. She went back to her room, and taking Susy again in her lap talked gently to her about the dreadful sin of which Thomas had been guilty.

"I never will tell a naughty story," said Susy.

"Don't say you never will. You may be tempted some time more than you ever have been. But ask God, who is the God of truth, to keep you from doing it. How thankful you ought to be that you have been taught to pray! For the Bible says that no man can tame the

tongue. That is, no one can of himself keep from saying what he ought not to say. And his only way is to keep praying to God to bridle his tongue for him."

"My tongue isn't a good little servant then," said Susy.

"God can make it good, and teach it to bless and praise Him."

Then Susy's mamma took down her Bible and read several verses from it.

"Keep thy tongue from evil, and thy lips from speaking guile."

"The tongue of the just is as choice silver."

"Whoso keepeth his tongue, keepeth his soul from troubles."

"He that telleth lies shall not tarry in My sight."

"As soon as you learn to write, my dear Susy, I will make a little book in which you can write all that the Bible says about this. You will be astonished to find how much there is about speaking the truth, speaking kindly, and speaking wisely. And of our dear Saviour it says that when his enemies reviled him, 'as a

lamb before her shearers is dumb, so he opened not His mouth.' Now the next time you see Thomas I think it likely he will say a good many things to vex you, and I want you to remember when he does so how Jesus did, and what you should do."

"Mayn't I tell him he is a naughty boy?" asked Susy. "Mayn't I tell him he has telled a lie?"

"Would Jesus love you when you were doing so, my dear Susy? No, be careful not to say one word that you would not like Jesus to hear. And pray for that poor boy, that God would pity him for being so naughty, and forgive him and help him to grow good."

CHAPTER XIV.

EARLY the next morning Thomas' mamma began to pack her trunks in order to go away, for she felt quite vexed with Susy and with her mamma. While she was busy in this way, Thomas was quite as busy in eating some dainties that she had placed on the floor while she made room for them in the trunk. Thomas knew they were to be carried to his aunt, who was sick.

By and by his mother turned round, and seeing him eating, she said to him :

"Thomas! what are you about? I hope you have not touched any of those things I got for your aunt? Let me see, one, two, three; there ought to be four boxes of jelly. Come here and let me look at your hands. Come this minute, you naughty boy, you."

"I didn't eat a bit," said Thomas, "I only

just made a little hole in one side and ate what came out on a pin."

"Where is the box?"

"I don't know. There were only three boxes."

"Yes, there were four boxes. And you've eaten one of them. I never saw such a boy! Well, I shall not buy you the present I promised you yesterday. To think of your eating your aunt's jelly!"

"I didn't eat it," said Thomas sulkily.

"Your face is all covered with it, so don't let me hear another word. I begin now to think you told me a story yesterday. Come here!"

"What are you going to do?" cried Thomas, trying to get away.

"I'm going to see if the lid of my trunk fits to that mark on your face," said his mother. "And if it does, I shall believe Susy spoke the truth after all."

"I said she let the lid fall on me," said Thomas.

"You said no such thing. You said she struck you with a stick."

"I didn't," said Thomas.

"What a wicked, wicked boy you are!" cried his mother. "I see just what you are. If there is such a thing as a rod in this house, I'll whip you with it till you are ashamed of yourself. What do you suppose Susy's mother thought of me yesterday when I took your part? I only wish your father was here. But I'll whip you, you see if I don't."

On hearing this, Thomas ran to get away; his mother ran after him, and seeing a door half open, Thomas hoped to escape by that means. For this door led to a dark, low closet under the stairs, in which a grown person could not stand upright.

The moment Thomas crept in his mother shut and locked the door.

"There! now I've got you!" she cried, "and there you shall stay on bread and water the whole day!"

Thomas kicked against the door, and cried and begged to come out, but in vain.

His mother was as severe on one day as she was fond on another. She kept him shut up

till nearly night, when she took him out all covered with cobwebs, gave him a good shaking, and told him to ask Susy's pardon for telling a story about her.

That night when Susy was going to bed she said to her mamma:

"Thomas and his mother fought together to-day and she couldn't whip him he ran away so."

"How came you to know that, Susy?"

"The door was open and I was going by, and I heard a noise, and so I stopped."

"That was not right, my darling. You must teach your little eyes not to look at things they ought not to see. Didn't you feel all the time that it was not quite proper for you to stop and watch in that way? Always make it a rule never to look at anything, no matter what, if you have even a little bit of a feeling that you ought not. Your eyes are your own, and you must teach them."

"I will, mamma," said Susy. "And I am glad you're my mamma. I'm glad Thomas' mamma isn't mine. She didn't pray to God to make him good; she fought with him."

CHAPTER XV.

ABOUT this time Susy began to learn to read. At first, though she wanted to be able to read, she did not like the trouble, and would make all sorts of excuses when her mamma called her to come to her lesson. Sometimes she said she was too tired. Sometimes she said Robbie couldn't spare her.

Once she said her eyes ached and when her mamma still would have her read, she wanted somebody to come and hold her book for her because it was so heavy! But she was learning to read very fast and also to make letters on her slate like those in the book. She was very happy indeed when one day, after working quite hard, she was able to send her papa a little letter that she had printed with a pen. All the letter had in it was this, "I love you, dear papa!" but it gave him a great deal of pleasure,

and I dare say he has put it away among his treasures, and will keep it as long as he lives.

If you want to please your papa, you might print such a letter for him. It might tire your little hands but you would not mind that if papa should kiss you, and say you had sent him a sweet little letter; you would only be thankful you had two hands with which to do something to gratify him.

Susy's mamma was sick in bed soon after this, and I could not begin to tell you how useful this dear child now found everyone of her little servants. Before this when she went to bed she used to leave her clothes on the floor for somebody to pick up. But now she folded them neatly and put them by the side of her bed, so as to dress herself in the morning. She tried to be as still as a mouse, when in her mamma's room, and no matter in how low and feeble a voice she was asked to get something that was wanted she always heard, and always went quickly and without noise. Sometimes with her little soft hands she patted her mamma's cheek till she fell asleep. Sometimes she

sang hymns. Sometimes she would try to comfort her mamma by saying: "I guess you will get better by and by!" or, "If you do not get well, dear mamma I p'omise you I will take care of poor papa, and never will let him go anywhere alone."

She learned to give the medicine, and to shake up the pillows, and to do a great many other kind and loving things, even though she was yet so small that she had to climb into a chair to reach everything from the shelf or the bureau. And don't you suppose her mamma, lying now so helpless on her bed, felt paid for all she had done for little Susy? For all the time she had kept her awake, all the fatigue, all the trouble? Yes, indeed! And have you ever paid your mamma for all she did for you when you lay a weak, helpless baby, with hands that couldn't hold anything, and feet that couldn't walk, and a tongue that couldn't speak? If not, why, begin now. Pat your mamma's face with the little hand she has taught so much; tell her you love her, with that tongue whose first word it learned from her lips; run for her on

those little feet she has so long kept out of danger. If she has the baby in her arms, and is going to carry it about the room looking for what she wants, ask her to sit down and let you find it for her. Let your little servants know that you shan't think much of them if they do not wait upon or in some way be useful to your mamma, your papa, your brother, your sister and they shall not lose their reward!

CHAPTER XVI.

"How many miles a day do you walk?" nurse asked Robbie. "Do you know?"

Robbie smiled, and stood still for a minute to think, but soon ran away again.

"How many miles do you suppose he walks, Nursy?" asked Susy.

"I don't know. I wish I knew. And I wish I knew how many miles my hand travels in a week."

"Your hand! Why, just as many as your feet," said Susy.

"No such thing. See here, now; look at me while I sew. Do you see how my hand goes back and forth with every stitch? And when I make beds, and sweep and dust, and wash you children and dress you, and brush your hair, and pick up your toys—dear me! it's a wonder they're not used up long ago!"

Susy laughed and felt quite interested.

"Who told you anything about that?" she asked.

"Nobody," said nurse. "Don't you suppose I ever have any thoughts of my own? However, I did see something in the paper about how far a printer's hand could travel in one day, and that set me to thinking about mine."

When Susy went to her mamma she told her what she and nurse had been talking about.

"I suspect your eyes are the greatest travelers you know much about," said her mamma. "Think how far they can go, and how many times they move from one end of the page to the other when you read."

"I wish I knew how far," said Susy. "If Charlie ever comes here I mean to ask him to measure one of my books. He has got such a nice little carpenter's rule to measure with."

Perhaps the children who read this book would like to know how far the hand that printed had to travel to do it. To be sure, it was not all done by a single hand; but one of the printers has been kind enough to find out how many miles the hand moved when they

set up the types, and behold, it was nearly two hundred and thirty ! Add to this the journeys my hand has had to make back and forth, to and fro, over the paper, off to the inkstand and back again, and you will see that even our little book costs a good deal of labor, and keeps a good many hands from being idle and so getting into mischief.

While Susy and her mamma were talking together they heard a little knock at the door, and on opening it they saw Robbie standing outside with a long piece of twine in his hand.

“What does Robbie want !” asked his mamma.

“I want you to mezzor how many miles long my foots are,” said Robbie.

Susy and mamma laughed, and Robbie climbed up on the bed where his mamma still lay, though she was now getting well.

“Instead of that I will teach you a verse to say to papa at breakfast :

“ ‘Thou hast delivered my eyes from tears, my feet from falling and my soul from death.’ ”

Robbie learned his verse very quickly, and

Susy wanted now to learn hers. Her mamma gave her an easy one:

“Thy word is a lamp unto my feet, and a light unto my path;”

and Susy learned it so easily that she asked for another.

“I did not know there was anything in the Bible about feet,” said she. “Is there anything about hands?”

“Yes, indeed. Don’t you remember the story of the man with the withered hand that he could not use? Jesus must have pitied him because he had but one well hand, or he would not have healed him. In a few days I hope I shall be strong enough to have you come and read to me, and I will make a list of verses for you. For I want you to see that though your hands and feet and eyes and ears and tongue now seem small things, such as God would be likely to overlook, He has made them to do great things and useful and kind ones.”

CHAPTER XVII.

Susy and Robbie were standing at the window a few days after this, watching some boys who were playing in the snow.

"I wish we could go out and throw snow at each other," said Susy. "Can we, Nursey?"

"No, not to-day," said nurse; "for your hands would freeze for want of mittens. I am hurrying as fast as I can to get some done, but I don't know, time flies in this house."

"Where does it fly to?" asked Robbie.

Before nurse had time to answer the children were sent for by their mamma. They jumped down from the window and ran to see what was wanted.

"Grandmamma has sent a basketful of things, and I thought you would like to take them out for me," said their mamma.

"Oh! yes," said Susy, "we'll take turns.

Robbie shall take out the first thing and I'll take out the next."

So Robbie put in his hand and pulled out, with great labor, a jar of currant jelly.

"That's for mamma," said Susy. "Grandma always sends jelly to her." She put in her hand and took out a small bundle that had "Robbie" printed on it in large letters. On opening it out rolled a pair of nice warm mittens which were marked: "For the little hands that so often and so cheerfully picked up grandma's ball."

Susy blushed and the tears came into her eyes. She knew the reason there were no mittens for her. She had often looked displeased when grandma's ball had rolled under the table when she was busy reading or playing. Robbie ran and threw his arms round her neck.

"Naughty drandma!" said he.

"Oh! no, kind grandmamma, to try to make my little Susy good," said their mamma.

"Susy shall have one mitten and I'll teep one," said Robbie.

"No, Susy must wait till nurse gets hers done. But I am sure dear grandmamma has sent something for her. Try again, my darling."

And this time there came out six pairs of warm white stockings; three for Susy and three for Robbie, and on the bundle was written: "Grandmamma has not forgotten how many times those little feet went up and down stairs for her when she made her last visit; and so she has knit these warm stockings for them."

"There's something else in the basket," said Susy. "Why, it's a cart, and it's horses, and it's barrels! Oh! Robbie! Help me get them out!"

Laughing and pulling and tumbling over, they at last got the cart and horses out of the basket, and a very nice toy it was.

"I suppose it's for Robbie," said Susy.

"Aunt Maria sent it to him," said her mamma. "Don't you remember she promised she would?"

"Oh! she promised me a work basket!" cried Susy, "let me see! yes! here it is! Oh, mam-

ma ! There's a thimble and scissors, and needle ! Now I can sew with my own things. Look, Robbie."

But Robbie was too busy. One of his barrels had broken open, and a host of sugar-plums had rolled out all over the floor.

"Oh, Robbie! give me some sugar-plums, will you?" cried Susy.

"It is torn," said Robbie. "Big men don't load up with sugar-pums."

"It isn't corn," said Susy.

"Yes, it is torn. And little dirls don't eat torn."

"Little chickens eat it, at any rate, and I'm a little chicken, and I'm hungry too," said Susy.

"Well," said Robbie, "if you are a little chiten, I'll feed you," so he scattered the sugar-plums on the floor, and Susy ate them as fast as she could.

"Leave him some," said their mamma. "Don't eat them all, Susy."

Susy jumped up and began to take the rest of the things from the basket. There were stockings for papa and an apron for nurse, and

for mamma a little roasted chicken, which grandma had been so kind as to have cooked for her.

“I do believe I could eat a piece of that chicken,” said she, when Susy held it up on its little white dish. “Grandma’s things always taste so good.”

“Oh ! then you’ll get well !” cried Susy joyfully.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE little chicken, or something, did Susy's mamma so much good, that the next day she was able to sit up an hour; and she felt able to look over her Bible for the verses that she had promised to find for Susy.

Susy enjoyed reading them very much.

"Why, mamma, there are enough to fill a book!" said she. "We would put in the story of the man who had the withered hand, and then all about blind Bartimeus, and the man who was blind and dumb that Jesus made to see and speak. And then there's a story of a man who was laid at the Beautiful gate of the temple, who could not walk a step, and he was cured so that he walked and leaped."

"And praised God," said her mamma. "Don't leave that out because that is the best part of the story. I suppose he would not have been

likely to praise God for the use of his feet if he had never felt the want of them. I sometimes think that one reason why God has made so many lame and deaf and blind people, is to teach them to praise him for what mercies he has given, and to teach us who have feet and eyes and ears and hands to praise Him with our hearts and our lives for His goodness to us."

"How *can* we praise Him with our lives?" asked Susy.

"Why, by obeying Him and trying to please Him. If you had been blind all your life, and I at last gave you my eyes, what do you think would be the first use you should make of them?"

"Oh, mamma! I should want to look at you the first thing, to see how you looked. And at papa and Robbie too. And I should want to do something for you for giving me eyes. But at first I shouldn't know how."

"But when you had learned, you surely would not use the eyes I had given you to look at anything I did not want you to see? If, out of love and gratitude to me, you should always

refuse to look at things you knew were improper, that would be praising me with your life, or thanking me, which means nearly the same thing."

"I should think these lame men that Jesus healed would have followed Him everywhere he went," said Susy, "and do everything for Him. I should, I am sure."

"But you have more to be grateful for than those poor men had. For some of them had been blind or lame ever since they were born, and had suffered many years before Jesus came to heal them. And do you follow Jesus wherever he goes, thanking Him, and doing all you can for him? Look at those little hands! Have they done for Jesus all they could? And those strong, busy feet that can carry you anywhere you want to go; have they never carried you where you knew Jesus would not go? And have you never spoken any unkind words you would not have liked to speak if you saw Him standing near and listening.

"I have done a good many naughty things," said Susy. "I never thinkd how good God

was. And I've said a good many things I shouldn't think He liked to hear. I am sorry, mamma. I am sorry, really."

And Susy was sorry. After she left her mamma she went away by herself and knelt down and prayed to God. She thanked Him that she was not a little lame girl, sitting pale and sad and unable to run and play. She thanked him that she had eyes to see this beautiful world with. She thanked Him that she had ears with which to hear about Jesus and the holy angels, and the happy heaven above. And last of all, she thanked Him that she had a tongue with which to thank Him, and asked Him to keep it from speaking unkind and untruthful words. And He who loves little children heard her prayer and wrote it in His Book.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE next day was Sunday, and Susy and Robbie went to church and sat in the pew with their papa. Susy observed that a plate was handed to everyone, and that when it came to her papa he put in some money. So when they were walking home together she said :

“Papa ! who was that money for that you put into the plate at church ?”

“It was for God,” said her papa.

“How will they get it up to Him ?” asked Robbie in great surprise, and looking up to the sky.

His papa smiled, and even Susy knew better than that.

“When Jesus was here on this earth,” said their papa, “he sent good men, two and two at a time, to go about teaching people about God and about heaven. And such good men keep

going, even to this day. And that money was to help feed and clothe them while they are preaching, and so I said it was money given to God."

"I wish I had some money to give to God," said Susy. "But I haven't a bit."

"God does not expect you to give him what you have not," said her papa. "But you have other things beside money."

"I've got some dolls," said Susy.

"No, I don't mean dolls. When we get home I will read something to you which will make you see plainly what you can give to God."

So after dinner they went to the library and Susy's papa took down a large book and began to turn over the leaves as if in search of something. Before long he came to the place he was looking for, and he lifted Susy into his lap and showed her where to read.

"Read it aloud," said he, and Susy read.

"I have this day been before God, and have given myself—all that I am and have—to God; so that I am in no respect my own. I have no right to this body, or any of its members; no

right to this tongue, these hands, these feet, these eyes, these ears; I have given myself clean away.' ”

“ These are the words of a great and good man, who is now in heaven. Now you see what you have to give to God, my darling little Susy.”

Susy looked at her hands and at her feet, and was silent. At last she said, in a low voice, half to herself :

“ I don't believe God wants them.”

Her papa heard her. “ He does want them, and He is looking at you, now, to see whether you will give them to Him, or keep them for yourself. If you give them to Him you will be careful never to let them do anything naughty, and will teach them to do every good thing they can. And if you keep them for yourself, they will be likely to do wrong, and to get into mischief.”

“ Have you given yours to Him, papa ?”

“ Yes, indeed, long ago.”

“ Are you glad ?”

“ Yes, very glad.”

Susy sat still silent. She did not quite understand what it all meant.

"If you give your tongue to God," said her papa, "you never will let it speak angry, unkind words. Or tell tales. Or speak an untruth."

"I guess I'll give Him my tongue," said Susy.

"And if you give God your hands, you will watch them and keep them from touching things that do not belong to them. You will not let them be idle, but will keep them busy about something, either work or play."

"Oh! will God let them play!" cried Susy in a joyful voice. "Well! then I'll give Him my hands."

"And if you give Him your feet, you never will let them carry you where you ought not to go, but teach them to run quickly when mamma calls; and when you are old enough, they will carry you to visit and comfort poor and sick people."

"Yes, that will be nice!" said Susy. "God shall have my feet,"

"If you give Him your eyes, you will never, never let them look at anything you know He would not like to look at if He were here by your side. Not to read a book you would not read if He were looking over the page with you. And to use them wisely and with great care."

"Could I cry with them !"

"Why, certainly."

"Mamma says I cry too much."

"I did not say you might cry too much with them."

"Well!—I'll give God my eyes some of the time, and some of the time I'll keep them."

"Oh! no! God will not like that, at all."

"Well, I might want to—let me see—I might want to look at something — and I couldn't. And I should want to be naughty sometimes."

"A little girl who loves God want to be naughty !"

"I love Him, I do love Him," said Susy

"And He may have my eyes. I guess I shan't want to look at anything naughty."

"I dare say you will, Susy, but if you give your eyes to God, you know He will help them not to do wrong."

"Then I will give them to Him and welcome," said Susy.

"And as to your ears, after you have given them to God you will not let them listen to a word that you think He would not like them to hear. And you will take care to make them listen to people who try to teach you. They have behaved very well to-day, and I am sure you will give them to God."

"Yes, papa, I will."

Then they knelt down together and Susy's papa prayed to God to hear all they had been saying, and to be so good as to accept all Susy had now promised to give Him, and to keep her from ever forgetting her promise, but to make it her rule in all she said and all she did, all she saw and all she heard, to remember,

"I am not my own."

And then he taught her the lines you will

find at the end of this book. They were written nearly two hundred years ago, but are just as good now as they were then ; and may God help every child who reads about little Susy to live according to this prayer.

“ Oh! that mine eyes might closed be
To what concerns me not to see;
That deafness might possess mine ear
To what concerns me not to hear;
That truth my tongue might ever tie
From ever speaking foolishly;
That no vain thought might ever rest,
Or be conceived in my breast;
That by each word, and deed, and thought
Glory may to my God be brought!
But what are wishes! Lord, mine eye
On Thee is fixed, to Thee I cry—
Wash, Lord, and purify my heart,
And make it clean in every part;
And when 'tis done, Lord, keep it so,
For that is more than I can do!”

THE END.

ONE TRUE HEART

A PLEASANT, gentle-looking girl was seated under the shade of a great oak tree. There was a wistful look in her brown eyes, as she followed the form of a handsome, dashing-looking fellow going down the path, with a brilliant little beauty hanging on his arm.

"Oh, I wish it was time to go! I just hate picnics," she was saying to herself, when lounging, careless and free, came Tom Howard, and said:

"Everybody has paired off but you and me, Miss Grayson. Oh, I'm not going to call you so. My sisters call you Annie, and I think I might. You are tired, I see, and the day not half spent. Come! I'm going to try and make myself agreeable, and perhaps the hours may be endured until the going-home time comes. Now, Annie, I know what you were thinking about when I came up."

Annie shook her head, and said:

"Indeed you do not."

"Very well, if I'm right, you will own up?"

A smiling assent from Annie.

"You were hating picnics, because a certain handsome fellow is devoting himself to a would-be belle!"

Annie blushed so deeply that Tom said:

"That's all right. I have a knack of reading looks. I'm glad you are not an acknowledged beauty, Annie. I detest having to talk to such girls. One

has got to keep, while with them, the same look of admiration on his face, and neither see nor hear anybody else. It is really good to have a sensible girl to talk to."

"Indeed, I'd just like to be as pretty as Miss Oakley! Just see how Harry keeps beside her." Annie's lips quivered just a little then. Ah, she had let her secret slip out!

Tom felt as if he would enjoy giving Harry Cleveland a good thrashing. He felt sure he had been trifling with the gentle girl's heart. But Tom thought changing the conversation would help matters just then.

"Have you ever spent a winter in town, Annie?"

Annie never had; but said:

"I would like to, ever so much."

"Katie has mother's commands to either bring you, or the promise of your coming before Christmas," Tom said. "And, then, I'll promise you the gayest time you ever had."

On and on Tom talked, telling of the "time" they had last season, and relating anecdotes and jokes, so that, notwithstanding an occasional sigh, when Harry came in sight, Annie was surprised when some one called:

"The boat is coming!"

Tom managed to catch Harry alone on the way home, and say:

"Cleveland, since I've been visiting down here I've heard your name connected with Miss Grayson's. Now, I want to know if I will be trespassing on somebody else's ground?"

"No, indeed; not *mine*. Annie is the dearest little

friend in the world. That's all. Possibly in time there is no knowing but I might have been *rash* enough to — well — ah! — excuse me, there is Miss Oakley, beautiful and rich. Good evening. You have my best wishes."

"The consummate puppy. He is not worthy of her. Never mind. My name's not Tom Howard if I don't change his tune in less than six months."

Annie Grayson and Tom Howard's sister were schoolmates. A sweet, simple, country girl was Annie, never having been farther than the little town of P——, where the seminary was.

Harry Cleveland had been visiting an uncle in the neighborhood for a few weeks, during which time he had amused himself with the gentle little Annie.

And she, poor girl, thought her heart must break when Harry left her to follow in the train with Miss Oakley's admirers.

Annie's father was only a "well-to-do farmer." And it cost him a considerable effort to give his daughter a suitable fit-out for a winter in town; but Annie had grown so sad he was glad to let her go. Annie had not entirely cast Harry from her heart. Some little hope of seeing him and winning him back lingered still when she arrived in B——.

What Tom had been doing I cannot just tell, but somehow, to Annie's immense surprise, the evening of her arrival she found herself surrounded by a half dozen very pleasant young gentlemen, each one seeming to vie with the other in attentions to her. Engagements for the opera, concert and lectures were made for her. In a few words, in less than a week after she reached B——, Annie Grayson was an ac-

knowledge belle. No one called her a beauty. But one raved over her "bronze eyes;" another, her charming *naïveté*; a third, her sylph-like form. An artist friend of Tom's wanted to paint her picture. He, of course, knew true beauty. That was enough. It was the fashion to have De Vere paint one's portrait; and so, in a few weeks, Annie Grayson's picture was on exhibition in De Vere's studio. One would hardly have credited the change those weeks had wrought in the simple country girl, and for the better, too. She was not spoiled at all — only pleased and happy. She grew very easy and graceful in her manner. Her eyes were brighter, and laughing. She had gotten entirely over the wound made by Harry Cleveland, and was heart-whole and free for a while. Frequently she met Miss Oakley with Harry, but no longer she sighed for her beauty. Once or twice he had called, but finding Annie always with pleasant company, troubled himself no further. What it was that first drew so many admirers around Annie, Tom knew best; but no one wondered that she endeared herself to all who knew her.

Whispers were afloat that Miss Oakley's riches were in the oil regions, and after a while that no oil was there, consequently no riches for her. What it was I can't say; but Miss Oakley went home to P——, and Harry did not follow. About this time Harry's aunt came to town, bringing to Annie many little remembrances from home.

Of course Harry came with her — and somehow managed to get in the way of dropping in occasionally, much to the disgust of some of Annie's more persevering suitors. Harry never could bear opposition.

First, because he wanted to run others off; and, again, because Miss Grayson was "the fashion" then. Harry began again his lovemaking. Wooing the little rustic and wooing the calm, assured city belle were two different things.

Annie laughed at him, not believing, or feigning not to believe, a word he said. At length — in perfect desperation, Harry sought Tom, and begged his help.

"Cleveland, months ago I came to you. I would not have tried to win her from you. You told me to go ahead, I had your best wishes. I cannot understand this change—"

"Nor I, Tom. I only know I *love* her *now* — I do, upon my honor," said Harry.

"Has not the little piece of fun, the report of an uncle in India, whose heiress she is to be, had this powerful effect?" Tom asked, a contemptuous smile curling his lips.

"No, no. Of course I know better than that. You remember my aunt's intimate connection with her family. No, Tom, I *love* her — I'd marry her to-day, and work for her cheerfully all the days of my life."

"And Miss Oakley—"

"She — ah, well! I only *imagined* I was in love with her," Harry said, looking considerably embarrassed.

"Well, Cleveland, I am not one of Miss Grayson's suitors. If you can win her I shall not oppose you."

One after another of Annie's lovers had to content themselves with her friendship. Harry grew very hopeful, and Tom began to think his little game might

not end just as he wished. He could resign her to anyone sooner than to Harry Cleveland. There was one young fellow to whom Tom had confessed his joke concerning the India wealth. When he knew Annie was poorer than himself, he wooed her more earnestly. In every way he was worthy of Annie.

Possibly, for a chance to learn the true state of her heart, Tom went to plead another's cause.

"Annie, may I speak a word for Noble? Can you not learn to love him? Poor fellow! he quite worships you," Tom said, "and I wish—"

"I wish I was home again," Annie said; and, dropping her head, she sobbed like a grieved child.

"Why, Annie, how can you talk so? What has worried you? Everybody loves you. You ought to be the happiest girl in the world," Tom said, trying to soothe her.

"I don't want everybody to love me, and everybody don't love me," sobbed Annie.

"Oh, you unreasonable little girl! Six months ago I found your heart almost breaking for the love of just one. You wanted to be beautiful for his sake. And now that all you wished for is yours, you are not happy. What more can you wish?"

"I wish I'd never come to town! I wish I just *knew* I possessed the love of *one* true heart. What do I want with many?"

"Annie, I truly believe Harry loves you, if it is about him you are troubled. But I would sooner give you to Noble—"

She turned, with her eyes flashing. What she would have said was interrupted by Harry's entrance. Tom left the room. A half hour after, with a heavy

step, the young man came forth, and joining Tom on the porch, said:

"It is all over with me, Howard. I would give years of my life to recall the last six months. *Then* I might have won her, and now she is lost to me forever!"

"Whom does she care for, I'd like to know?" Tom asked.

Harry shook his head sadly, and passed out a wiser man. Later that afternoon Tom found out.

"I wish I had tried to win her myself," he said. "I shall never love another so well. I wonder if her heart is free? I've a mind to try."

Annie, Tom's sister, and a little brother sat out on the porch watching the sunset, when the loud report of a gun was heard in the house. The little boy rushed in, and a moment after came flying back, crying:

"Oh, Tom is shot! Tom is killed!"

All ran in — all but Annie. Without a word she had fallen to the ground. Ten minutes after, when they found her, she was still to all appearance lifeless.

It was so long before she opened her eyes that they had grown terribly anxious.

With a wild look at last she turned from one to the other. Then her gaze rested on one nearest to her. With a glad cry she put forth her arms.

Tom knew *all*, then, and kneeling beside her said, in a whisper low:

"My darling, my own, be *sure* of the *love* of one true heart. Are you satisfied with mine, love?"

"Are you hurt?" she asked, the warm blood returning to the pale face.

"Not the least, only upset by the shock. I would not have minded a considerable hurt for such a cure," Tom said.

And then, when they were alone, he asked again:

"Are you happy now, Annie?"

"Who would not be," she answered, "when sure of the love of one true heart?"

THE END.

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Little Susy's Six Birthdays was written by Elizabeth Prentiss, author of Stepping Heavenward, Flower of the Family, as well as many other books and stories. Mrs. Prentiss had written this story in one setting and with no corrections. She wanted the book for a few of her friends. It gave her pleasure to have people request the first book which she had written. She was too busy to write the companion story.

These stories to be very fine reading for your children. Mrs. Prentiss does not gloss over the failings of little children. She uses the characters in her stories to teach adults and children how to behave. Enjoy the humor, pathos, and love found in these delightful tales. May you be blessed by Elizabeth Prentiss work; it was her desire.

The "Little Susy" books are just wonderful; very endearing stories for children, filled with spiritual insights. I'm glad to see them back in print.

Frances A. Robinson

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