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His leg was bound up with wooden splints.

Milly.

FRONTISPIECE.

See page 14.

MILLY;

OR,

THE LITTLE GIRL WHO TRIED TO HELP OTHERS
AND TO DO THEM GOOD.

BY

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"ALLAN'S FAULT," "BROOKSIDE FARMHOUSE," &c., &c.



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MILLY.

CHAPTER I.

IT was Saturday afternoon. Milly Foster had been busy all the morning helping her grandma, and now every part of the little cottage was as neat as wax, the Sunday dinner was cooked, and all things had been made ready for the rest of the holy Sabbath.

Grandma Foster sat in her arm-chair by the window, sewing busily, and beside her stood a basket filled with clothes to be mended and stockings that needed darning.

There was a smaller basket on the table, and if you had lifted the lid and peeped inside, you would have seen three beautiful bunches of flowers laid carefully upon some thick, brown paper. Under these was spread a clean white napkin, and that covered a cup of the nicest jelly that ever you saw, and three cakes that had come that morning from the big Dutch oven in the yard, and looked so good it was almost enough to make any one feel hungry just to see them.

This was Milly's basket, and she came from the bed-room dressed in a nice clean calico frock, and with her hat in her hand.

“I am quite ready now, grand-

ma," she said, tying it on; "but I feel sorry to go and leave you sitting here all alone."

"Never mind me, dear," her grandma said. "I love to have you with me; the house always seems brighter and more cheery with my little sunbeam shining in it," and she smiled at the rosy happy face as she spoke; "but then I am glad to have her shine upon other folks too; I am glad to see my Milly trying to be like Jesus in going about doing good."

"Oh, grandma, I do so want to be like him!" said the little girl, eagerly; "It makes me so very happy to be able to do some kindness to those who love him; be-

cause he says, you know, that he will take it as done to himself; and what joy it would be to do anything for him if he were here now, as he used to be with Martha and Mary when he visited them!"

"Indeed it would!" said her grandma; "and yet he is as truly here now with us, Milly dear, as he was with them at that time."

"Yes, I know it, grandma," she said; "but it would be so sweet if I could see him, and run and wait upon him, as they did then."

"Yes, dear child, it would; and I hope that one day we shall see him face to face," said her grandma; and then she asked, "Where are you going first, Milly?"

“To see Jennie Adams, grandma, and then to poor Owen Mack’s, and after that to Mr. Horan’s, to have a nice talk with my dear, sweet Patience,” replied the little girl as she took up her basket. “Good-bye, grandma;” and she skipped down the garden path, as gay and happy as a bird.

Milly went a little way up the street and turned into a green lane. At the end of this lane there was a small brown house, that looked as if the people who lived there must be very poor; for some of the boards were torn off at the side and the end, and some of the window-panes broken, and the fence needed mending, and the

gate had lost one of its hinges. Milly had some trouble in getting it open, and a woman, in an old torn dress and dirty cap, came out to help her

“It’s too bad that Dick never finds time to mend this gate,” she said; “but there, it’s open now; so come in, my little dear. Jennie has been longing all day for a sight of your face. ‘No wonder folks called her sunbeam, mother,’ she says, for she never comes in but the room seems brighter and more cheery.”

They had gone into the house while the woman was talking. There was a bed in one corner of the room the door opened into, and

on it lay a young girl who seemed very ill. Her eyes were large and hollow, and her face very thin and very pale, except a bright red spot on each cheek. She lay propped up with pillows and breathed very hard.

“Oh, Milly, so it is you at last!” she said, stretching out her thin, white hand to her little visitor. “I am so glad to see you!”

Milly took the hand in hers and pressed it gently, while the tears came to her eyes. “Poor Jennie! how much you suffer!” she said.

“Yes, a good deal; but never mind; it will soon be over now. I shall soon, soon be with Jesus!” replied the sick girl, with a joyful

smile. "Ah, Milly, Milly, how shall I ever thank you for coming here and telling me of him and all he has done and suffered for me!"

"You are happy then, Jennie, are you?" Milly asked.

"Oh yes, yes!" she said, clasping her hands, and raising her eyes;

" 'I know I'm weak and sinful,
But Jesus will forgive.' "

He has loved me and died to save me, and I am going to live for ever with him."

"Oh, Jennie, I am so glad for you!" said Milly, wiping away the tears that would roll down her cheeks. Then she opened her

basket and took out one of her pretty nosegays, and put it into the sick girl's hand.

"Ah, how kind you are to bring me flowers so often! How sweet they are!" said Jennie, smelling them. "Please, mother, bring a tumbler of water to put them in."

"Yes, child, I will," said the woman, going to the cupboard to get one. She soon brought it and put the flowers in it, and set them on a little stand by the bed-side. "I'm much obliged to you, Milly," she said; "my poor girl loves flowers so dearly; and she can't get out now to pick them for herself."

“I am very glad I had some to bring, Mrs. Adams,” said Milly; “and here is a cake grandma baked on purpose for Jennie. I hope she will be able to eat it.”

“Oh how good you and your dear grandmother are to me!” said Jennie. “Please tell her I thank her very much.”

Milly stayed for half an hour, talking with Jennie and her mother, and reading the Bible to them; and then she bade them good-bye, promising to come again soon.

On the other side of the lane was a stile. Milly climbed over it into a meadow, and when she had crossed that and two or three fields,

she came to another lane, where there was a little log-cabin that stood all by itself, with no other house near. Some very poor people lived in it. The father was dead, and the mother went out washing to earn a living for herself and her children. Her name was Mrs. Mack. Owen, her son, a boy about ten years old, had fallen from a hay-mow the week before, and broken his leg; and Milly felt very sorry for the poor fellow, and wanted to be kind to him and to do him good; so now she was going to see him, and carrying him a cake and a bunch of flowers. She found the door of the cabin wide open, and Owen lying all

alone on his bed. His leg was bound up with wooden splints; and, that the bones might grow together again, he was forced to lie still night and day, not moving it at all. How glad he looked as he turned his head and saw Milly coming in at the door!

“Ah, Owen, how do you do to-day?” she asked, going up to the bed-side. “How is your leg?”

“I don’t know,” he said; “but the doctor says it is doing very well. But oh, Milly, I’m so tired lying here! and I have been very lonesome. I’m so glad to see you!”

“Are you, Owen? Well I hope you will be glad to see these too,”

said Milly, taking out the flowers and the cake.

The boy's eyes sparkled then, for he did not often taste anything as nice as that cake looked to be.

"Would you like a piece of it now, Owen?" asked Milly.

"Yes, very much, if you please," he said. "There are knives in that table drawer."

Milly got one out and cut him a slice of the cake, and he took it and began to eat.

"Oh, but it is good!" he said; "how kind you were to bring it to me!"

"Grandma made it on purpose for you, Owen," said Milly; "and I am glad you like it."

A cup of water stood on a chair beside the bed, and Milly asked if she should put the flowers in it.

“Yes, please,” said Owen. “Mother put it there for fear I might want a drink; but I sha’n’t before she comes. I’m obliged for those too,” he added, nodding toward the flowers; “I like ’em; they’re so pretty to look at, and smell so nice too.”

“Yes, how good God is to give us so many beautiful things, Owen!” said Milly. “Don’t you think we ought to love him and try to do his will?”

“Yes,” he said; “and I have been thinking of what you told me the last time you came. I’ve

lots of time to think, lying here all by myself, and I wish you'd tell it to me again."

"I will," said Milly, sitting down beside him. "I love dearly to tell that sweet story of old about the dear Saviour when he lived here among men."

"I wish I had seen him," said Owen. "Please begin at the very beginning, and tell it all. I want to hear again about his being born a little baby in that old stable where the cattle were."

Milly was so sorry for Owen, that she would have done anything she could to amuse him; and besides she loved that story even more than he did; so she began.

at once and told all about the infant Jesus lying in a manger, and about the shepherds and the wise men coming to visit him ; and how Joseph and Mary carried him away into Egypt because the angel warned them that Herod wanted to kill him ; and how, when he was twelve years old, he sat in the temple talking with the learned doctors. Then she told of the time when he had grown to be a man, and how he went about doing good to the souls and bodies of men ; and how some loved him, but others hated him, and took him, and beat him, and spit upon him, and mocked him, and at last nailed him to the cross ; and that

he let them do it, because that was the only way we poor sinners could be saved from going down to hell.

“Was it for me he died, Milly?” asked Owen; “are you sure it was for me?”

“Yes, Owen,” she said—“for all who will love him and believe the love he has to them. He had died for you and asks you to believe it.”

“And that is the way to go to heaven—the only way, is it?” he asked.

“Yes, Owen, the Bible says, ‘Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved,’” said Milly. “Owen, do you believe on him?”

“I don’t know. I want to,” he said.

“Do you love him?”

“Yes; but not half so much as I ought to. Oh, there’s mother!” he cried out, joyfully. “I’m so glad she has come before you were gone!”

Milly turned her head and saw that Mrs. Mack was just coming in at the door.

“Ah, Miss Milly,” she said, “how do you do? You are very kind to come to see my poor boy; and I am so glad you did, for he needs somebody to cheer him up a bit.”

“I feel very sorry for Owen, and I shall be very glad if I can do him

any good," said Milly. "That was a bad fall he got."

"That it was!" said his mother, taking off her sun-bonnet and hanging it up; "but things are never so bad but they might be worse. I tell him it is a mercy it was not his neck instead of his leg."

"Yes indeed," said Milly, "because that could not have been cured, but his leg will be quite well again in a few weeks, I hope."

"Look, mother," said Owen, pointing to the cake and the flowers; "see what she brought me. Wasn't it good of her?"

'Indeed it was.' said Mrs.

Mack. "Miss Milly, I'm afraid you rob yourself to give to us."

"No, ma'am," said Milly; "my grandma says, God has given us enough for ourselves, and a little to spare to others. But I must go now. I promised to call to see Patience Horan; and I do not like to leave grandma alone all the afternoon, either."

"I'd be glad if you could stay longer," said Mrs. Mack, "but I couldn't ask it, and I'm very thankful to you for coming at all. Poor Owen has many a lonesome hour, for I'm obliged to go out and do day's work for other folks, to earn a living for us all; and most days I have to stay pretty

late, too, but to-day is Saturday, you know, and I always come home earlier to do up my own work for Sunday."

Milly bade them good-bye, and, with her little basket on her arm, tripped away again over the fields and meadows, getting many a smile and pleasant word from the men who were busy there mowing down the grass or spreading it out to dry. They all knew her, for she had often been in their cottages to carry some little nice thing to the sick, or to amuse the little ones while their mothers were at work.

As Milly was crossing the last field she saw a boy ahead of her.

He was walking along so briskly that, though he looked like Linus Horan, the brother of her little friend Patience, she thought at first it could not be he, for he had been in the habit of moving so slowly, and stopping so often to gaze idly about him, or to talk to anybody who happened to be near, that with almost all who knew him he commonly went by the name of "Loitering Linus;" but at last she felt sure it was he, and called out to him to stop a minute. He looked round, and seeing who it was, stood still till she caught up to him.

"You don't loiter to-day, Linus," she said, smiling. "You were

walking so fast I hardly thought it could be you.”

“I’m really trying hard now to break myself of that bad habit, Milly,” he said, blushing; “and I’m asking God to help me too.”

“That is the right way,” said Milly, softly; “we can do anything with God’s help; and if we ask for it with our hearts, we are sure to get it; for the Bible tells us so.”

“I must give up loitering,” said Linus, “for you know if I had hurried home with the ice for Patience that day when mother sent me for it, and had then gone at once for her medicine, she might not have been so sick.”

“No, I suppose not,” said Milly. “Ah, Linus, God was very good not to take her away from us!”

“Yes indeed!” he said. “Are you coming to our house now? Patience is looking for you; she thought you would be there just after dinner.”

“Yes, and I would,” said Milly, “only I went to see poor Jennie Adams and Owen Mack. Jennie is very sick; I don’t think she will ever be any better in this world; and Owen, you know, fell and broke his leg last week.”

“Yes; how is he?”

“Very tired of having to lie still so long, and very lonesome when his mother and the rest are

away. Linus, why can't you run in to see him sometimes?"

"I will, if mother will let me. Perhaps I'll go this afternoon," he said.

They were soon at Mr. Horan's gate, and Linus opened it and asked Milly to walk in. A girl stood in the doorway with a baby in her arms. It was Prudence, the sister of Linus and Patience. "How do you do, Milly?" she said. "Come in. Patience will be very glad to see you. She was wishing you would come."

"Is she better to-day?" asked Milly.

"Yes, the doctor says she gets a little stronger every day, and he

thinks she will be about again in a week or two.”

Milly walked into the kitchen, which, like her grandma's at home, looked as neat as wax. All the Saturday work was done here too, and Mrs. Horan had taken her sewing and gone into the bed-room where her sick child was lying. The door of that room stood wide open, and Prudence said, “Go right in, Milly. There's no one there but mother and Patience.”

Patience was on the bed, lying back on her pillows, very pale and weak, for she had been very ill—so ill that they had feared she would never be well again. She heard her sister's voice, and looked

up with a smile as Milly came in at the door.

“Oh, Milly, I’m so glad to see you!” she said. “I hope you have come to stay all the afternoon.”

“Not quite, Patience dear, but I can stop for an hour or two,” said Milly.

“The longer the better, child,” said Mrs. Horan, looking up from her work. “I’d be glad, and so would Patience, if you could be with her all the time. How is your grandma to-day?”

“Very well, thank you, ma’am,” said Milly; and then sitting down by the bed, she opened her basket, and taking out the flowers she had

brought, put them into the hand of Patience.

“Oh, thank you!” said the little sick girl, with a glad smile; “how sweet and pretty they are!”

“Grandma has just made her currant jelly, and she sent you a cup of it,” said Milly, taking it from the basket. “We had some at dinner to-day, and found it very nice.”

“Of course you did,” said Mrs. Horan; “your grandma always makes the best jelly of anybody I know; and she’s very kind to make Patience such a present. You must thank her for us both.”

“Yes, do; I’m so much obliged to her, and to you, too, Milly,” said

Patience. "Please, mother, may I taste it now?"

"Yes, dear; I'll bring you a spoon," replied Mrs. Horan, and she was laying down her work to do so; but Milly said, "Oh let me get it, Mrs. Horan; and may I bring a tumbler of water for the flowers, too?"

"Do, that's a good child," she answered, and Milly went.

She came back again in a minute, bringing a saucer and spoon and the tumbler of water.

"Let me put the flowers in, please" said Patience; and Milly held the tumbler close to her, so that she could do it without having to raise herself up. Then she set

them on the stand beside the bed, where the little sick girl could see and smell them; and after that she put a little jelly into the saucer and handed it and the spoon to Patience.

“Ah, how very nice it is!” said Patience, tasting it. “I think I could eat one of those nice little crackers with it; those that Miss Stuart sent me the other day.”

Milly knew where the crackers were kept, and she ran and brought some on a plate, and was very glad to see her little friend eat them; for Patience had not had much appetite since her sickness, and the doctor said if she did not eat more she would not grow strong.

Patience was soon done, and Milly set the crackers away, and asked what more she could do for her.

“Only sit here beside me and tell me all about school and everything,” said Patience. “Oh do tell me about Sally Lane! Does she say good lessons now?”

“Not very,” said Milly, “but I think she is learning a little faster; she tries harder than she used to.”

“Has she began to go to Sunday-school yet?” asked Patience.

“No,” said Milly; “she still says she won’t go till she can read better and gets a new dress. I know she will soon read well enough, and grandma says we

must find some way to get the dress for her; she is sure we shall manage it some how."

Sally Lane was a poor girl who had no parents or friends to love her and provide for her; and because she had always been knocked about and abused, she was dull and stupid and cross. She did not know much, and did not care to learn; but Milly and Patience felt very sorry for her, and wanted to do her good and make her happy; and before Patience was taken sick they used to go by turns every day to the house where Sally lived, to teach her to read, and tell her about the dear Saviour and his love to her; and since Patience

had been too ill to go, Milly had done this good work all by herself.

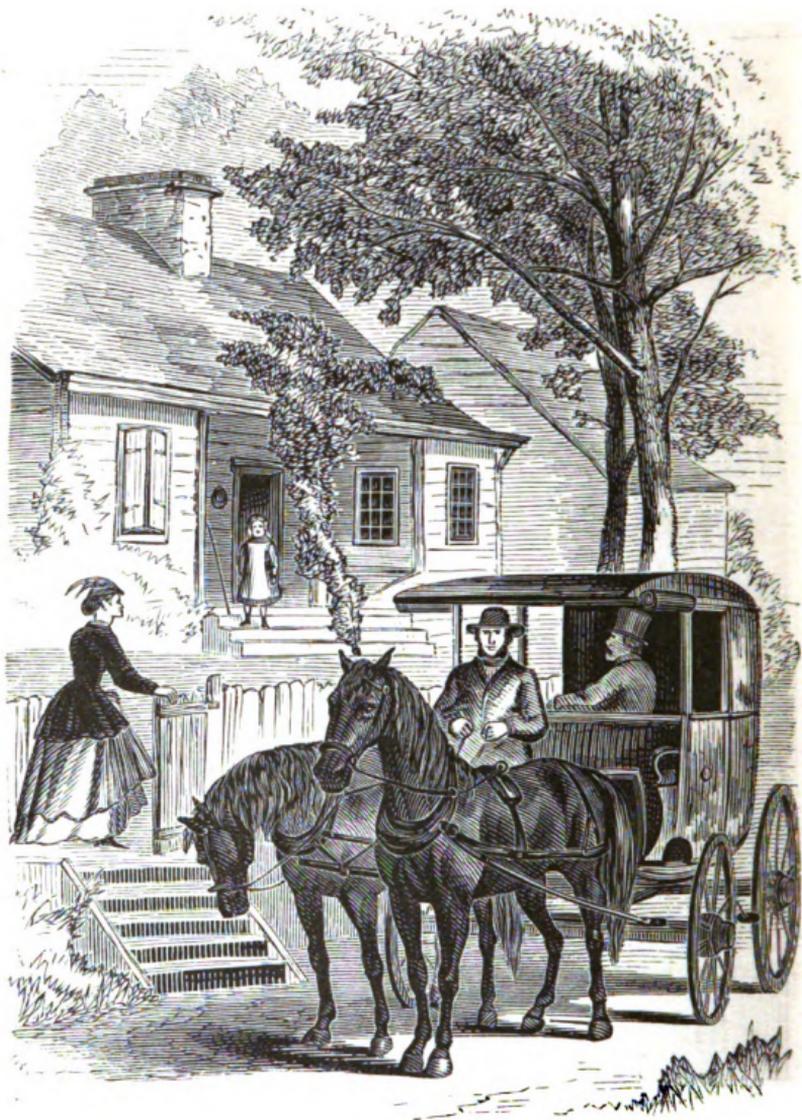
Patience had been playing a little with her doll, but she was so weak that she soon grew tired, and now it lay on the bed by her side. It had once been a very pretty doll, but Linus had dropped it into the brook one day to tease his sister, and the water had taken off so much of the paint that it was no longer handsome. But Patience knew that her father and mother had no money to spare to buy her a new one; so she did not fret about it, but played contentedly with the old faded doll, just as she had done when it was new and pretty.

CHAPTER II.

THERE was a young lady who had called to see Patience several times since she had begun to grow better. It was the Miss Stuart who had sent the crackers. She was the daughter of the richest man in the place, the owner of a large factory where nearly all the men and large boys in the town worked. Mr. Horan, the father of Patience, worked there, and so did Harry Foster, Milly's only brother.

Miss Stuart was very kind to





Milly.

A carriage drove up, and Miss Stuart got out.

Page 37.

the poor and the sick, and she had been very kind indeed to Patience, for she had not seen the child many times before she began to love her. She said to her mother one day, "Patience Horan is such a dear little thing, so like her name, that no one could help loving her;" and she never came without bringing some little gift that showed her love and her wish to make the child happy.

While Milly and Patience were talking about poor Sally Lane, a carriage drove up to the front of the house and stopped, and Miss Stuart got out of it, and opening the gate, ran quickly up the path to the front door.

The little girls heard the sound of the wheels and then Miss Stuart's step on the gravel path, and her voice asking Prudence how her sister was, and Patience was so glad that a faint tinge of color came into her pale cheeks.

“Good-afternoon, Mrs. Horan,” Miss Stuart said, coming into the room; “and my little Patience, how are you to-day? You look better, you really do, and I am so glad to see it. And this is Milly Foster, is it not? I am pleased to see you, dear.”

“And we are all very glad to see you, Miss Stuart,” said Mrs. Horan, drawing up an easy-chair for her visitor to sit in.

The coachman had fastened his horses, and was coming up the path with a large basket in his hand. Miss Stuart saw him through the window, just as she had sat down in the chair, and jumping up again, she ran to the door.

“Bring it right in here, Brown,” she said; and the man came in carrying the basket, which he set down close beside his young lady; then he bowed and went out, while Miss Stuart lifted the basket-lid and took out a little tin bucket, saying, “I have brought you some ice-cream, Patience. Milly dear, will you get some saucers and spoons? I think there is enough

for you and Mrs. Horan to have some too."

"Yes, ma'am," said Milly, running out to the kitchen after them.

"Oh I am so glad!" said Patience, and she looked glad too; "how good you are to me, Miss Stuart!"

"Do you like ice-cream?" asked the lady, smiling.

"Yes, ma'am, very much," said Patience, "but I have not tasted any for a long, long while."

Milly came back, bringing the saucers and spoons, and Miss Stuart helped each of them in turn, Mrs. Horan first and then the little girls.

“Oh how nice it is!” said Patience, tasting it; “but mayn’t I give part of mine to Prue and Teddie and the baby.”

“No, eat it all,” said Miss Stuart; “it is not too much for you; but I have more in the bucket, and the others shall have some too.”

Mrs. Horan thanked her and took the bucket out and helped the other children; while Miss Stuart sat in the easy-chair beside the bed, watching Patience and looking as if she enjoyed seeing her eat the ice-cream.

“Oh it is so good!” said Patience again; “it is the best thing I have tasted since I have been

sick; though the jelly Milly brought was almost as good."

"Ah, I am glad you enjoy it," said the lady; "you shall have it several times a week as long as you want it."

"Oh, thank you, ma'am!" cried Patience; "how kind you are to me!"

She had emptied her saucer, and Milly took it and set it on the stand along with her own.

"Do you like ice-cream too, Milly?" asked the lady.

"Yes, ma'am, very much."

Mrs. Horan now came back from the kitchen, and Patience told her of Miss Stuart's kind promise, which seemed to please her more

than if it had been a kindness done to herself.

“I think you are very good to my little sick girl, Miss Stuart,” she said, “and I hope God will bless you for it.”

Patience still had her faded doll lying by her side, and Miss Stuart, taking it up, asked, “Are you fond of her, my dear?”

“Yes, ma’am,” said Patience, but she sighed as she spoke and looked a little sadly at the doll.

“She has seen hard times, I think,” said Miss Stuart, “though I am sure you are not a careless little girl.”

“That she is not,” said the mother quickly, “or she would be

no child of mine. I've brought her up to be careful, and she takes to it well. But her brothers are fond of teasing, as boys mostly are, and one of them, one day, threw it into the creek, when of course the water took off the paint; and Patience has been so good about it, never fretting or being the least bit cross at her brother, that I've wished many a time I was able to buy her a new one."

"No doubt it would give you great pleasure to do so, Mrs. Horan," replied the young lady; "but perhaps Patience loves the old doll better than she could a new and handsomer one;" and she looked at the little girl and smiled.

Patience smiled too, saying, "I love her a good deal yet, ma'am; but I liked her better before the paint was washed off."

"Well, what do you say to this one? Could you love her?"

Miss Stuart had lifted the lid of her large basket again while Patience was speaking, and now she held up a beautiful new doll with rosy cheeks and blue eyes and curly hair. It was dressed like a little girl in a nice white frock, and wore a blue sash and blue shoes.

Patience clasped her hands in delight.

"Oh!" she cried, "I never did see such a pretty doll!"

"She is yours, Patience; and I

hope she will give you a great deal of pleasure, and help you to bear all your pain and weakness," said the lady, putting the doll into the little girl's arms and giving her a kiss.

Patience knew not how to speak her thanks, and Milly looked on with sparkling eyes, as glad as she would have been if such a doll had been given to her, for she was not a selfish child, and she loved Patience dearly.

Miss Stuart saw how glad Milly looked, and she thought to herself, "What a dear little girl she is! I wish I had brought a new doll for her too."

Patience too was wishing her

little friend had one, and felt like sharing hers with her. So when she had held it a few minutes she handed it to Milly, saying, "Now you hold her a little while, dear, and see how pretty she is. Sha'n't we have a good time playing with her when I get well?"

"Yes," said Milly, "and you must let me help you to sew for her."

But just as she spoke those words, Miss Stuart took a little box from her basket and set it down on the bed beside Patience. "See what is in this, my dear," she said. "I don't think Dolly will be apt to want any new clothes for a good while."

Then she lifted the lid, and the eyes of the little sick girl grew bright and her cheeks quite rosy as two or three pretty little dresses and skirts and night-gowns and other garments for the doll were held up to her view.

“Oh, Miss Stuart, how can you be so good to me?” she cried. “I don’t know how to thank you.”

“Your looks have thanked me enough already,” said the lady; “so never mind about words. I hope you will enjoy dressing and undressing your doll. But when you get well enough to carry her out of doors, you will want these to put on her;” and she held up before her a pretty little white dimity

cloak and a tiny white bonnet to match.

The little girls both cried out with delight, and were eager to try them on the doll; and on doing so found they fitted exactly and were very becoming.

“Have you a doll, Milly?” asked the lady.

“Oh yes, ma’am,” replied the little girl; “I have always had a doll ever since I can remember.”

“Always the same one, Milly?”

“Oh no, ma’am, but I have had this one for three or four years. Grandma gave her to me the day I was six years old, and I have kept her ever since.”

“You must be a careful child, I

think," said the lady; "and that is a good thing. A great many people would be much better off if they were not so careless and wasteful."

"That is very true, ma'am," said Mrs. Horan; "and I teach my children that it is a sin to waste even so much as a bit of bread, when there are so many hungry ones who would be glad to get it."

"Yes," said the lady, "our Saviour taught us that, when, after feeding so many thousands in the wilderness, he bade his disciples 'gather up the fragments, that nothing be lost.' If he, who could create food by a word, was so care-

ful not to waste the broken bits, I am sure we ought to be.”

“That is what my grandma says, and she never wastes a crumb,” said Milly.

“And gives away to the poor a great deal more than many a one who is twice as rich,” said Mrs. Horan.

“Grandma says that giving to those who need does not make people poor,” said Milly, “because the Bible says, ‘He that hath pity upon the poor lendeth unto the Lord; and that which he hath given will he pay him again.’”

“I heard, Milly, that you were teaching a poor girl to read, and trying to get her into the Sunday-

school," said Miss Stuart. "Why will she not go?"

"She says, 'because she is a big girl, and yet cannot read at all well, and she is sure the others will laugh at her,'" replied Milly; "and besides she has no good dress to wear. She says she will not go one step till she gets a new frock, and has learned to read pretty well."

"And does she try to learn?" asked Miss Stuart.

"Yes, ma'am, sometimes," said Milly; "but some days she feels tired, I think, and gets cross and will not try to say her lesson right."

"Well," said Miss Stuart, "tell

her I say that I will give her a new dress just as soon as she is ready to go to Sunday-school. If she will go now, she shall have the dress now; but if she chooses to wait till she has learned to read well, and will go then, she shall have the dress then."

"Oh thank you, ma'am! I am so glad; for I hope Sally will want to go soon when she hears that," said Milly; and she looked very much pleased.

Patience seemed pleased too, but she was so weak that she was growing very tired now—almost too tired to care a great deal about anything; and Miss Stuart, seeing that it was so, said good-bye and

went away, saying she thought the little sick girl needed to shut her eyes and take a nap, or else she would not feel so well next morning.

“Yes, Patience, you do need to take a rest now,” said Milly; “so I will run home and come again another day,”

“Yes, do, dear, for I am very tired,” Patience said, closing her eyes wearily; and Milly went out softly, bade good-bye to Mrs. Horan and Prudence, who were in the kitchen—for Mrs. Horan had come out to see Miss Stuart off—and went on her way to her own home. When she reached the gate she saw that the house looked all shut up. The door was locked, but she

knew where to find the key, and soon let herself in and looked about, wondering what had become of her grandma.

“I am afraid somebody is sick and has sent for her,” she said, half aloud. “Oh dear! I wish she would come back, for how lonesome it seems!”

The basket, with the week's mending in it, still stood by the arm-chair near the window, and Milly saw that her grandma had been called away before she had had time to finish her work. There lay a pair of Milly's own stockings that needed mending; but the little girl disliked that kind of work, and did not want to

do it. She said to herself that it was lonesome to sit down all alone to sew; it would be much pleasanter to read, and she would go on with a book she had begun a day or two before till her grandma came home, and then she would mend the stockings.

She did not feel quite certain she was doing right, but she set the doors and windows wide open to make the house seem more cheerful, and then sat down to her book. She thought her grandma would not be gone very long, and the story was so interesting that she quite forgot to watch either the clock or the sun to see how the time went by.

At last she heard the click of the gate-latch, then her grandma's step on the porch, and then her voice saying, "Why, Milly dear, do you know how late it is? It is long past our supper-time, and I thought my little sunbeam would certainly have the fire made and the kettle on, and perhaps the tea would be all ready."

Milly jumped up and laid away her book, looking much ashamed.

"Oh, grandma," she said, "I am sorry! I have not been doing right; I ought to have had those things all done, and my stockings mended too; but I have let myself read instead."

Her grandma did not scold her,

but only said, "I am sorry too, my child; for I wanted you to help me with some work I have to do, and which I think you would like, but now I fear you will not have time."

"What is it, grandma?" asked Milly.

"I will tell you after a while," said her grandma; "but there is not time to talk now, for we must make haste to get supper."

"Why, there is Harry! I did not think it was so late," said Milly, looking out as she heard the gate-latch again.

"Yes, it is a little later than he usually comes on Saturdays," said her grandma, "and we must make

haste to give him something to eat."

"What! is supper not ready yet?" asked Harry, coming in at the door. "Why, sunbeam, what have you been about?"

Milly hung her head and blushed, but did not speak, and her grandma said, "Never mind, Harry, you shall have it presently. I was out and Milly forgot to watch the clock; but you know she does not often neglect her work."

"No, that she does not," Harry said kindly; "and I'm not so hungry that I can't wait half an hour longer."

"Grandma and you are both very good not to scold me, Harry,"

said the little girl, brushing away a tear, "and I'll try to do better next time."

Then she made haste to set the table and bring up the bread and meat and the milk and butter from the cellar, and in a little while the supper was on the table.

Milly was so sorry and ashamed that she forgot to wonder where her grandma had been so long, and did not think of asking any questions till supper was over and the dishes were all washed and put away.

"Shall I mend my stockings now, grandma?" she asked when all that was done.

"Yes, dear, do that first," said

the old lady, "for you will want them to wear to-morrow. But you have not told me about your visits. We will both get our work, and then we can talk without wasting time, which is almost all the money we poor folks have."

"Oh yes, grandma, I have a good deal to tell you," said Milly, "and I think I can talk and work too, though I can work better while you talk."

Then she went into the bedroom and brought out her little work-basket in which were her thimble, scissors, needles and darning cotton.

Grandma Foster was not in the room when Milly came back, and

she wondered what had become of her, but in a minute she heard her step overhead and knew that she had gone up stairs.

“I hope she will come down soon,” said Milly to herself, “but I’ll begin my work without waiting, for I’ve wasted time enough already.”

She took a needle from her cushion and threaded it, pulled a stocking over her hand and began; and by that time her grandma came down.

Milly looked up and was surprised to see that she had an old calico dress in her hand. “Oh, grandma, what are you going to do with that?” she asked.

“What do you suppose?” said her grandma, smiling; “but I don’t believe you can guess, and so I will tell you what it is. I am going to make some little baby dresses.”

“Are you, grandma?” cried Milly. “Oh, whose babies are they for?”

“Mrs. Mary Day’s,” said her grandma.

“Why, grandma, I don’t think she has any,” said Milly. “I was down there a few weeks ago, when you sent me to see if she could do some spinning for Mrs. Stuart, you know, and I did’n’t see any baby there then.”

“Well, she has some now,” said

grandma, "and hardly any clothes to put on them; and I must make her some as soon as possible, for it won't do to have babies with no clothes in our neighborhood."

"Oh, grandma, were you down there this afternoon? Do tell me about it."

"Well, my child, I will," said the old lady. "Soon after you went away this afternoon, Mrs. Vance came over and told me she had heard that poor Mary Day was very sick, and asked me if I would go with her to see what we could do to help the poor thing. So I said yes, and put on my bonnet and we went; and when we got 'here we found poor Mary in bed

and two tiny babies lying beside her.”

“Two, grandma?” cried Milly, dropping her work in her surprise; “are they twins? Oh, won’t you let me go to see them? What a pretty sight it must be!”

“Yes, they are twins,” her grandma said—“two nice little girls; and it is a pretty sight, and some day soon I will take you to see them. And now do you know what work I wanted you to help me to do?”

“To make the little frocks,” said Milly. “Oh, I would like to; and I wish I was ready to begin. I wish I had done my work first, and left the book till afterward.”

“It would have been better,” said her grandma; “duty first, and pleasure after, is a good rule. But work away, dear, and you will soon be ready to help me.”

“Can I go see the babies to-night, grandma?” asked Milly.

“No, not to-night, dear, nor for some days, for poor Mary is too ill to see company; but as soon as she is well enough, no doubt she will be delighted to show you her darlings. She told me one of them was to be called Milly Foster. What do you think of that?”

“Oh, grandma, how nice!” cried Milly, looking greatly pleased. “I think it will have to be my pet, and I will make the clothes for it,

if you will show me how. But what is the name of the other baby?"

"I think it has none yet."

"Oh," cried Milly, "I wish she would name it Patience."

"Perhaps she will, if you should propose it to her," said her grandma.

"And then my Patience could take it for her pet, and we could go together to see them, and work for them when we are sitting with each other; just as we do now for our dolls," said Milly; "and how nice that would be! I think I would rather work for a live baby. But, oh grandma, I have been forgetting to tell you about my visits

this afternoon, to Patience and the others."

"Well, dear, suppose you tell me now," said her grandma.

"So I will, grandma," said the little girl, "but I won't begin at the beginning, because I'm in such a hurry to tell of Miss Stuart's visit to Patience, and what she brought her; and I can tell you about poor Jennie Adams and Owen Mack afterward."

"I shall not care at which end you begin, so that you tell me all the story," said her grandma, smiling; "and I am quite in a hurry to hear what Patience got."

"Oh such a very lovely doll, grandma!" cried the little girl,

“I think the very prettiest I ever saw.”

Then she went on to tell her grandma how the doll was dressed, and what pretty clothes there were in the little box Miss Stuart gave Patience; and about the little cloak and bonnet; and about the ice-cream too, and how much Patience had enjoyed it, and that Miss Stuart had said she should have it several times every week as long as she wanted it.

“Patience liked the jelly too, grandma; she thought it almost as good as the ice-cream,” said Milly, “and it made her hungry enough to eat two or three crackers.”

“I am very glad to hear it, dear,” said her grandma, “because if she gets an appetite she will soon grow strong. And now suppose you tell me about Jennie Adams and Owen Mack. But it is growing too dark to see; so I will light the lamp, and then we will go on with our work and our talk.”

Milly's stockings were soon done, and then she helped her grandma with one of the little frocks till it was time to go to bed. Perhaps I may some day tell you about Milly's visit to the twin babies, and all that she and her grandma did for them and their poor sick mother; but I have not room for it in this little book.

It was love to Jesus that made Grandma Foster and Milly so kind and helpful to others. The Bible says, "Bear ye one another's burdens, and so fulfill the law of Christ;" and if we love Jesus, we will be sure to obey this command, for he said, "If a man love me, he will keep my words."

THE CHRISTIAN SOLDIER.

AM I a soldier of the cross,
A follower of the Lamb?
And shall I fear to own his cause
Or blush to speak his name?

Are there no foes for me to face?
Must I not stem the flood?
Is this vile world a friend to grace,
To help me on to God?

Sure I must fight, if I would reign :
Increase my courage, Lord !
I'll bear the toil, endure the pain,
Supported by thy word.

Thy saints, in all this glorious war,
Shall conquer, though they die :
They see the triumph from afar,
And seize it with their eye.

THE END.





