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*Stupid Sally.*

Mrs. Carr's dog after the pig.  
FRONTISPIECE.

See page 8.

**STUPID SALLY,**  
  
**THE POOR-HOUSE GIRL.**

BY  
**MARTHA FARQUHARSON,** *K*  
AUTHOR OF  
"ALLAN'S FAULT," "BROOKSIDE FARMHOUSE, &c., &c."

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**PHILADELPHIA :**  
**PRESBYTERIAN PUBLICATION COMMITTEE,**  
1334 CHESTNUT STREET.  
**A. D. F. RANDOLPH, 770 BROADWAY, N. Y.**



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# STUPID SALLY.

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## CHAPTER I.

**P**OOOR SALLY LANE had no father or mother, brother or sister, nor any relation or friend at all that she knew of. She was born in the poor-house, and was only a week old when her mother died. Her father had died before that, and so there was no one left to love the poor little baby, or care whether it lived or died. An old woman, whose only home was that



same poor-house, took care of the child, because that was the work given her to do; but she was not like a mother to the little thing, for she did not love it. She washed and dressed and fed Sally while she was a baby, but began, while she was still very little, to make her take care of herself as well as she could; and was always ready to give her a harsh word or a blow if she came in her way.

And there were other people in the poor-house who knocked little Sally about, and called her stupid and troublesome; but there was nobody who spoke kindly to her or tried to make her good and happy. There was a school in the

house, and Sally was sent to it as soon as she was big enough to be taught to read. But the master said she was too stupid to learn, and did not take any pains to teach her; and so she learned very little, and could hardly read when she was twelve years old. Then she was put out to a place to earn a living for herself.

Her new home was with an old woman named Mrs. Carr, who lived in a little village not very far from the poor-house, and boarded some of the men who worked in a factory near by.

Sally thought maybe she would have better times when she went away from the poor-house; she

hoped so, for she was very tired of her hard life there. But it was just the same at the new place. Mrs. Carr was cross and hard to please, and would box her ears or shake her half a dozen times in a day, and call her lazy and stupid and sullen. She never seemed to think Sally needed any rest or play, but kept her at work from morning till night; and Sally, seeing she could never get to the end of her work, soon quit trying, and did not care how long it took her to clear the table, or wash the dishes, or clean the knives; and when Mrs. Carr would scold or beat her, she would not try to do any better, but would say to her-

self, "I don't care; if she did not beat me for that, she would for something else; and I'll not try to work fast, for the faster I work the more she gives me to do."

Poor Sally did not know that God was looking at her all the time, and that he loved her and would be pleased with her if he saw her trying to do right. Ah, no! Poor Sally thought she had not one friend—that nobody cared for her; and so she would care for nobody, and would be just as cross and sullen and lazy as people said she was.

One summer evening Sally went out to the side-gate to empty her pan of dish-water. Just as she

had thrown the water out, Nero, Mrs. Carr's big watch-dog, jumped over the fence and ran at a pig which was rooting in the grass near by, and Sallie stood still to see the pig run and Nero chase it. While she stood there, in her old, tattered, greasy frock and blowsy hair, a very neat little girl, with a bright, sunny face, came down the road, and as she passed along she gave Sally a very sweet smile and a pleasant "good-evening."

But Sally only gave her a cross look in reply, and turned about and went into the house, thinking, "She is all dressed up like a lady, on a week-day too, while I have

not a single decent gown to my name."

"What's the matter now?" asked Mrs. Carr, coming into the kitchen. "You look even crosser than common; and you have been twice as long doing up these dishes as you ought to have been; yes, and more too. You are the slowest, laziest, worst-tempered girl I ever saw. Make haste and wash out the dish-pan, and then you must pick those chickens; and mind, you will not go to bed till they're done, if it takes you till midnight."

All the time Sally was washing the pan and picking the chickens she kept thinking of that nice little

girl and her sweet smile—the sweetest she could remember ever having been given to her. People did not often smile on her, and almost the only very kind words ever spoken to her, were some she had got a few days before this from a poor, crippled old woman, who lived nearly opposite. Mrs. Kent was the woman's name, but everybody called her Aunt Susan. She could not help herself, but used to sit all day long in a chair by the window, while her husband and son were away working at the factory; and one day Mrs. Carr had sent Sally in there with a saucer of rice-pudding for Aunt Susan's dinner; and Sally was

quite surprised at the kind, pleasant words the old lady spoke to her, asking what was her name and how she did; and inviting her to come again, and to sit down and stay a while now, if she had time.

But Sally could not stay, for Mrs. Carr had ordered her to come back at once, and not waste a minute; and she took the kind words in sullen silence.

But Aunt Susan only said to herself, "Ah, well, poor thing! I dare say she is so little used to kindness that she hardly knows how to take it. I will try again if I get a chance. And I must talk again to Milly Foster about



her. I think Milly could do her some good."

Milly Foster was a little girl who lived with her grandma and brother at the other side of the village. She was so bright and sweet that everybody called her sunbeam—a pet name her grandma had given her.

Milly loved Jesus, and that made her happy, and bright, and kind, always trying to speak pleasant words and do kind deeds, like her Master, the Lord Jesus Christ, who, when in this world, went about doing good. Milly tried very hard to be like him, and so everybody loved her; and wherever she went it was as if the

place grew bright, as though a real sunbeam had come in to light it up.

Milly had been to see Aunt Susan that day after school was out, reading to her, and making her toast and tea for her supper, and washing up her dishes afterward. And Aunt Susan had told Milly about the poor, friendless girl at Mrs. Carr's, and Milly meant to try to do her some good. She felt very sorry for her, and wanted to make her better and happier; and she was the little girl who had smiled so sweetly on Sally as she passed.

Milly always knelt down to pray every night before she got into

bed; and that night she prayed for poor Sally, asking that she might learn to know and love the dear Saviour; and Milly asked God to help her to teach poor Sally about him.

But when Sally went up to bed in her little garret-room, she threw herself down on her hard pallet and went to sleep without any prayer or any thought of God; for no one had ever taught her to pray, or told her of the kind, loving Father who cares for us all and gives us everything good that we have.

## CHAPTER II.

THE next morning Sally was out in the yard feeding the chickens, when she saw Milly go by. A young man was walking with her, and he carried a flower-pot with a beautiful geranium growing in it; and Milly had a little tin bucket on her arm, and in her hands a bunch of lovely flowers, and a little basket filled with fine large red and yellow cherries that looked so good Sally could not help longing to taste them. She wondered where Milly and the young man were going,

and what they meant to do with the flowers and the cherries. She watched and saw them go into Aunt Susan's cottage; and in a few minutes the young man came out again, and walked on very fast toward the factory; and Sally noticed that he now had in his hand the little tin bucket Milly had carried before. Sally had to go in and begin her dish-washing, but she kept looking out of the window to see when Milly would come in sight again. She stayed so long that Sally grew almost tired of watching for her, but at last she came out and went on down the road; and as she passed Mrs. Carr's house she looked toward

the kitchen window and nodded and smiled at Sally. And this time Sally half smiled in return, and Milly tripped on to school, thinking joyfully that perhaps she should be able to make friends with the poor girl after a while, and do her some good.

For a minute or two Sally felt almost happy; but then Mrs. Carr came into the kitchen and began to scold her for being so slow about her work, and shook her and boxed her ears, and Sally felt again as cross and miserable as ever.

Two or three days after that Milly passed by again, and seeing Sally leaning against the fence,

she stopped and gave her a bunch of flowers.

Sally took them without speaking, and Milly said, "I am very fond of flowers; I hope you like them too."

"Yes, I do," said Sally; "but what makes you give them to me if you like them so well yourself?"

"Because I would like to make you feel so happy," said Milly.

"Won't you tell me your name?"

"Sally Lane. What's yours?"

"Milly Foster. I live with my grandmother and brother at the other end of the village. Do you live here?"

"Yes, and I wish I didn't; only the poor-house is just as bad."

“Did you come from there?” asked Milly.

“Yes; and now I reckon you’ll not want to talk to me any more. Nobody likes to be seen with poor-house folks,” said Sally, turning away with a scowling face.

“No, no, Sally; don’t go away!” said Milly. “I don’t care where you came from, if you are only good.”

“But I’m not good; I’m just as bad and cross and lazy as can be,” said Sally, still turning away; “there isn’t a day that Mrs. Carr doesn’t tell me so over and over again.”

“But don’t go away, Sally,” said Milly. “I am glad to be with you



if I can do anything to make you feel happier."

"Sally, what are you idling there for? Come right in, this minute!" called Mrs. Carr's sharp voice, from the house.

Sally slowly obeyed, and Milly opened the gate and followed her.

"Good-afternoon, Mrs. Carr," she said. "Please don't scold Sally for standing out there so long, because it was my fault. I was talking to her."

"Oh, Milly, how do you do?" said Mrs. Carr. "Come in and take a seat. I don't believe you, or any other such nice, good little girl, would want to have anything to do with Sally if you knew what

a bad girl she is, and so stupid and sullen too."

Sally looked as if she would like to knock Mrs. Carr down, if she were only big and strong enough; and Milly said, "Oh, Mrs. Carr, I think you are mistaken. I do believe if Sally had had as good a grandma as mine to bring her up, she might have been a better girl than I am. I am afraid she has never had anybody to teach her how to be good; and I want to ask if she would like to go to Sunday-school, and if you would be willing to let her go?"

"I don't care. I would like to have her go, if it would make a good girl of her," said Mrs. Carr;

“only she has nothing decent to wear. She spoils her clothes faster than I can get them made, she’s such a careless, dirty thing.”

“I sha’n’t go,” said Sally. “I don’t like schools.”

“Oh, Sally, I am sure you could not help liking our Sunday-school,” said Milly, “it is so pleasant; we learn such sweet Bible lessons, and pretty hymns that we all like to sing so much; and then we get such nice books and papers to carry home with us.”

“The books and papers wouldn’t do her much good,” said Mrs. Carr. “She can’t read much.”

“I sha’n’t go,” said Sally again, looking very cross indeed.

“Oh, why not, Sally? Won't you try it just once, to see how you like it?” asked Milly, coaxingly.

“No, I sha'n't go one step,” said Sally. “Everybody says I'm stupid and can't learn; so what's the use of my going to your school with you?”

Milly coaxed her for some time, but all in vain; she still said she would not go; and Milly went away at last, feeling almost discouraged. But when she told her grandma about it, she said, “Don't give her up, Milly; keep on trying, and I think you will get her to go after a while. And perhaps you can teach her some things yourself,

and that may make her more willing to go afterward."

"Maybe I can, grandma," said Milly, looking up with her own bright smile. "I will ask God to show me how to teach her and to do her good; and I think he will, because he says if we ask for wisdom, he will give it to us."

The next day was Saturday, and Milly went again to see if she could coax Sally to say she would go to Sunday-school if she called for her.

But Sally still shook her head and said, "No, I will not go a step."

"Why not, Sally?" Milly asked again.

“Because I’m a big girl and can’t read; and they will all laugh at me and call me stupid.”

“But, Sally, would you go if you could read?” asked Milly.

“Maybe so,” said Sally.

“Well then, suppose I teach you to read?” said Milly. “I will, if you will let me.”

“You can’t,” said Sally, “for I’ve got to work all the time.”

“Well,” said Milly, “I hope you may change your mind; and so I mean to call for you to-morrow on my way to Sunday-school.”

Mrs. Carr had gone out of the room, and the two girls were alone.

“I have something for you, Sally,” Milly said, taking a cake

from her pocket and laying it down before her. "Grandma baked it to-day, on purpose for you."

The cake looked very nice, and Sally seemed much pleased.

"What made your grandma do that?" she said. "Nobody ever baked a cake for me before."

"My grandma loves to do kind deeds," said Milly; "because she wants to be like Jesus, and he was always doing something kind."

"Who was he?" asked Sally, looking up in wonder at her little friend.

"Who was Jesus! Did you never hear of him before, Sally?" Milly asked in sorrowful surprise.

“No, never,” said Sally; “but I’d like to know him, if he’s so kind.”

“Girls,” said Mrs. Carr, coming back to the kitchen, “this will not do; my work will never get done at this rate. Come sit in the porch with me, Milly. Sally will never work when she has anybody to talk to.”

“Thank you, ma’am,” said Milly, “but I must go now, for I promised to read to Aunt Susan, and it will soon be time for me to go home again.”

Milly could hardly go to sleep that night for thinking how sad it was that poor Sally knew nothing about Jesus, the dear Friend to



whom she carried all her troubles, and whose love made her so happy.

“I wish I could have stayed to tell her about him,” she said to herself. “I must tell her to-morrow if I can. Oh I wish she would go with me to Sunday-school, because there she would learn so much about him!”

You may be sure Milly had not forgotten to pray for Sally; and Grandma Foster and Aunt Susan prayed for her too, that God would give her a new heart, and make her his own dear child; for Milly had told them both how ignorant the poor child was.

Milly rose very early on Sabbath

morning, that she might be ready for Sunday-school in time to call for Sally on her way, for she still hoped that she could coax her to go.

It was half-past eight o'clock, but Sally had only just finished washing her breakfast-dishes, when she saw Milly coming in at Mrs. Carr's gate. Sally had thought Milly looked very nice in the neat calico dresses she wore on week-days; but now, in the pretty white one which was kept for best, she seemed very fine indeed to the poor-house girl, who had seen very few well-dressed people, and could hardly take her eyes off her young visitor as she tripped up the little

path that led from the gate to the door.

“Good-morning, Sally,” said Milly without waiting to knock, for the door was wide open, and Sally stood right before it. “I’m going to Sunday-school now. Won’t you go with me? I’ll wait for you to get ready.”

“No,” said Sally; “I told you yesterday I wouldn’t go.”

“Oh, Sally, if you’d only try it once, I’m sure you would like it,” said Milly.

“No, I wouldn’t. They’d laugh at me and call me stupid.”

“I don’t think they would. I know a good many who would not,” said Milly. “If anybody did, it

would only be those who are not worth minding; and, Sally, the way to stop folks from talking so is to go to school and learn."

"Well, maybe I might, if I'd a frock like yours," said Sally, "but I've nothing decent to wear."

"No, nor you won't till you learn to work faster," said Mrs. Carr. "I can't afford to dress up such a lazy thing as you."

"Well, good-bye," said Milly. "I'm very sorry to have to go alone; but I hope that some day you will go with me."

After Sunday-school there was church, and then Milly went home with her grandma and Harry.

"Grandma," she said, as they

walked along, "what shall I do for poor Sally? I can't get her to go to Sunday-school; and oh, I do so want her to know about Jesus."

"Don't give up yet, Milly; I think she will go after a while," said Grandma Foster. "But can't you go around there this afternoon and tell her about Jesus yourself?"

"Go visiting on Sabbath-day, grandma?" said Milly; "would that be right?"

"It would be wrong to go a visiting for mere pleasure on the holy Sabbath-day, Milly," replied her grandma; "but if you go just to teach poor Sally how to love and serve God, it is quite right. You

could not be doing a better work than teaching a poor sinner the way to Jesus and to heaven."

"Then, grandma, I will go," said Milly, "for Mrs. Carr said Sally had nothing to do on Sunday afternoons; but on other days she is too busy to listen to me."

It was a very warm day, so hot in the sun that it was not pleasant to be out—not half so pleasant for Milly as to sit in the cool shady porch at home—but she was too anxious to tell Sally the sweet story of Jesus and his love to care for the heat; and after she had eaten her dinner, and helped her grandma to clear the things away, she put on her hat, and with her

little Bible in her hand, started for Mrs. Carr's. But first she went by herself, and kneeling down asked God to help her to do poor Sally some good.

She found Sally sitting in the porch doing nothing but watch the kitten at play in the grass. Mrs. Carr, who did not care much for the Sabbath, had gone to visit a neighbor, and left Sally to take care of the house. The men were all gone too, seeking their own pleasure, and so Sally was quite alone.

She was feeling dull and lonesome, and looked quite glad when she saw Milly coming in at the gate. Yet she did not speak or

move, but let her little visitor come in and help herself to a seat, for poor Sally had never been taught to be polite, or even civil to those who came to the house.

“Good-afternoon, Sally. You seem to be all alone,” said Milly, taking off her hat and sitting down on a bench.

“Yes, they are all gone off,” said Sally; “nobody ever wants to stay with me; nobody cares anything about me. I’m only stupid Sally.”

“Ah, you are quite mistaken,” said Milly. “I care about you, and so do Grandma Foster and Aunt Susan Kent. And I have come this afternoon to tell you



about Somebody else who cares a great deal more for you than we do. Yes, he loves you dearly—so dearly that he left his beautiful, happy home in heaven, and came down to this world, and suffered and bled and died on the cross, that you and all of us might be saved.”

Sally looked up in stupid wonder. She did not in the least know what Milly was talking about, for she had never heard of Jesus. She knew nothing about heaven or hell, or that she had a soul to be saved or lost.

Milly soon found this out, and then she began and told the poor girl all these things. She told her

that we are all sinners; that we are born with wicked hearts; and that God is holy and hates sin, and cannot let us go to heaven while we are so bad; and that we cannot make ourselves good; that we all deserve to be punished for our sins; and God had said we must all die; but Jesus came and died in our place, so that God can now forgive us for Jesus' sake; and that if we go to Jesus and ask him to wash us clean from our sins in his precious blood, he will do it, and that will make us fit to go to heaven. "And then we shall have the dear Saviour for our Friend always," added Milly, "and may tell him all our troubles; and he

will listen to us when we pray, and be sorry for us, and will love us very much."

"Not me," said Sally, slowly shaking her head; "nobody loves me; nobody ever did."

"Oh yes, Sally—Jesus does," said Milly; "for the Bible says he asks all to come to him and be saved. He died for you—for all that' will believe on him; and would he have done that if he had not loved you?"

"It can't be true; nobody could love poor stupid Sally like that," she said, shaking her head again. "I've always had plenty of blows and hard words, but never anybody to speak kindly to me but

you and old Aunt Susan, over yonder.”

“Yes, dear old Aunt Susan,” said Milly, looking across the road to Mrs. Kent’s cottage; “her heart is full of love to everybody, and it is just because she loves Jesus so much. He is full of love; and the more people love him, the more kind and loving they are, because they want to be like him, and they grow to be so.”

“But you said he died,” said Sally; “and if he is dead how can he help us?”

“He is not dead now,” said Milly. “He rose from the grave on the third day after they had buried him there, and afterward

he went up into heaven; and there he is now, asking God to forgive our sins, and love us for his sake, and to bring us all to live with him at last in that beautiful home above."

"Well, then, he is not dead, you say; but he is away off somewhere, and how can he hear me if I talk to him? I haven't time to go there to tell him things, and I don't know the way."

"No, Sally, we can't any of us go to heaven till he takes us," said Milly. "But we do not need to go there to speak to the Lord Jesus; for he is God, and is not only in heaven, but everywhere else besides, and can hear the

lowest whisper. Yes, if we only think a prayer in our hearts, he will hear; and he is so good and kind he will let us pray to him at any time and in any place, and will love to listen to us. Oh, Sally, his heart is full of love to us. He would not have died for us if he had not loved us very, very much."

"Not me," said Sally again—"he would not care for me."

"Yes, Sally, he would—he does care for you; and he asks you and everybody to come to him and be saved. He says, 'Come unto me, and I will give you rest.' 'Look unto me, and be ye saved, all ye ends of the earth.' That means

everybody in the world. 'Him that cometh unto me, I will in no wise cast out.' Oh, Sally, won't you come to him?"

"How can I? Which is the way?" asked Sally. "I can't see him, and don't know where to find him."

"But he is here, Sally—close beside us," said Milly.

"It is true we cannot see him, but he is here just the same as if we could; and he sees us all the time, and knows all the thoughts and feelings in our hearts."

"Then how do you come to him?" asked Sally.

"When I kneel down and talk to him, and believe that he hears

me that is coming to him," said Milly. "Sally, let us kneel down and speak to him now; and I will ask him to teach you to know and love him."

Milly knelt down as she spoke, and Sally got on her knees beside her; and Milly asked her dear Saviour to be Sally's Saviour too, to give her a new heart, to wash away all her sins in his blood, and make her to know how sweet it was to have him for her Friend. Then they rose from their knees, and Milly looked at Sally and turned away with a sigh. She had thought that Sally could not help loving Jesus, as soon as she heard of his great love to her, but



it seemed as if she did not more than half believe it; and she looked so dull and careless that it made Milly feel quite sad.

And now Mrs. Carr came home and told Sally to kindle the fire in the stove and get supper; and Milly saw that it was time for her to go home. She said good-bye, and walked slowly down the road, thinking of Sally and praying for her in her heart all the way as she went, asking God to make her believe the love he had for her, and to take away her love of sin.

When she got home she told Grandma Foster and Harry all about her talk with Sally, and asked them to pray for the poor

girl also; and they said they would, and that they believed God would hear their prayers, but that Milly must not grow discouraged, but must keep on telling Sally of Jesus' love, and praying for her too.

"Yes," said Milly, "and I will ask Patience Horan to help me. I want to teach Sally to read better, so that she can read the Bible; and I think Patience will give her a lesson sometimes when I can't go."

Patience was Milly's little friend. She loved Jesus too, and wanted to teach others to love him; so when she heard about Sally, she was very willing to help Milly in trying to do her good.

### CHAPTER III.

**M**ILLY and Patience went to the same school. They almost always walked together, going and coming. Sometimes Milly called for Patience, and sometimes Patience for Milly, for they lived very near each other.

Milly was ready first, on the morning after her visit to Sally Lane, and she called for her little friend.

Patience had only to tie on her hat and pick up her books, kiss Teddie and the baby and bid good-

bye to her mother, and off they started.

“Patience,” said Milly, “did you ever see the girl that lives at Mrs. Carr’s? Her name is Sally Lane.”

“No,” said Patience; “is she a nice girl?”

“Not very, but I think it is because she has never had anybody to teach her,” said Milly. “Only think, Patience! she says she has always had plenty of hard words, and blows too, and nobody ever spoke kindly to her but Aunt Susan Kent and me.”

“Poor thing!” said Patience. “Oh, Milly, did her father and mother abuse her too?”

“She says she never had any father, and that her mother died when she was only a week old,” said Milly; “and she was brought up in the poor-house.”

“Poor thing!” Patience said again. “I hope Mrs. Carr is kind to her. Is she, Milly?”

“Perhaps she would be if Sally was good,” said Milly; “and if we could only teach Sally to love Jesus, I think everything would come right with her.”

“But we can’t,” said Patience.

“No,” replied Milly. “I know that God only can make any one truly to love him; but we can tell her of Jesus, and he can bless our words to her.”

Then Milly told Patience how very little poor Sally knew of these things, and also all about her plan for teaching her to read; and Patience listened, and before Milly was done grew quite eager to help.

Milly told too of her wish to get Sally into the Sunday-school; and Patience said she would try to coax her to go, and would run over and ask her that very evening, if her mother gave her leave

“I think grandma will let me go,” said Milly; “and I’ll call for you, and we’ll both ask your mother; and I think she will say you may go.”

“I think she will when I tell

her what a hard time poor Sally has always had," said Patience.

"I wish she'd had as nice and clean a woman as your mother to bring her up," said Milly.

"Is she very dirty?" asked Patience.

"Yes, but I hope she will learn to be neat," said Milly; "if she only learns to love God, I am almost sure she will try to be neat and clean. My grandma says really good people are hardly ever dirty and slovenly in their habits."

When Patience went home at noon she told her mother about the poor girl at Mrs. Carr's, and Milly's wish to teach her and to get her into the Sunday-school;

and then she asked if she might go with Milly that evening to see poor Sally, and try to do her some good.

“I don’t know, Patience,” said her mother; “I don’t like to have you visit such girls as that. What if you should grow to be like her? Folks are very apt to become like the company they keep.”

“I hope I won’t, mother,” said Patience. “I don’t think I should like to be with such a girl, except that I feel sorry for her, and would like to teach her about Jesus, so that she may become good and happy.”

Mrs. Horan seemed to be thinking for a minute. Then she said,



“Well, Patience, if that is what you go for, I think she’ll not be likely to do you any harm. You may go with Milly, if you choose.”

“Oh thank you, mother!” said the little girl.

As soon as Milly had eaten her supper and helped her grandma with the evening work, she put on her hat and ran over to Mr. Horan’s. Patience was ready and waiting at the gate, and they set off at once to make their visit.

It was just a pleasant little walk, and they were soon at Mrs. Carr’s gate. But as they drew near they heard her talking in loud, angry tones, and looking that way, they saw her shaking Sally





“ There, take that, and that, you stupid, lazy, bad girl ! ”  
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very roughly and boxing her ears again and again.

“There, take that and that, you stupid, lazy, bad girl!” she cried, as she gave her blow after blow. “I’ll teach you to throw my best silver spoons out to the hogs; you spiteful, careless thing! Just let me find another spoon in the swill-bucket, and I’ll take the skin off you, and send you back to the poor-house, where you belong.”

The little girls looked at each other, and the tears came into their eyes.

“Don’t let us go in now,” whispered Milly; “they have not seen us, and Sally would not want to see us just now. Let us run over

to Aunt Susan Kent's for a little while."

"Yes, I'd like to," said Patience; "and I'm sure mother would be willing."

So they ran across the road and through the little garden up to Mr. Kent's door. He was sitting there smoking his pipe, and got up to ask them in and give them some seats, while Aunt Susan said, "Ah, my little dears, I am very glad to see you. How are you both. You have not been to see me for a very long time, Patience."

"No, ma'am," said the little girl, "I can't come so often as Milly does, because there are the

little ones—Teddie and the baby—you know, to be looked after.”

“Ah yes, and you are a good girl to help your mother,” said Aunt Susan.

Mrs. Carr was still scolding, and they could hear her voice and even some of the angry words she spoke.

“Something has gone wrong with poor Sally,” said Aunt Susan; “and I fear it is her own fault too. She gives Mrs. Carr a great deal of trouble with her careless ways. Ah, Milly, I hope you will not give up trying to be of use to her.”

“No, Aunt Susan, I hope not,” said Milly. “Patience and I were going there to-day. We were just

at the gate, but we thought Sally would not want to see us now; so we came here,"

"That was right," said the old lady. "Wait a little, and perhaps Sally may be left alone; and then a little kind talk from you may do her good."

"What shall I say to her, Aunt Susan?" asked Milly.

"Ask the Lord to teach you what to say, dear," she said. "I think it likely the poor girl may tell you it is of no use for her to try to do well, because none will notice it if she does; and would you not know what to say to that, Milly?"

"Yes, Aunt Susan," said Milly, smiling brightly. Patience was

looking at a beautiful plant that stood on the window-sill beside Mrs. Kent.

“Do you know who gave me that pretty geranium?” asked the old lady.

“Yes, ma'am,” replied Patience. “I missed it from Grandma Foster’s one day, and Milly said she had given it to you. Do you like it, auntie?”

“Yes indeed; it is a great comfort and pleasure to me,” she said, “I thank God for it every day in my heart, and I thank dear Milly too.”

Her words made Milly’s eyes sparkle, she was so very glad now that she had denied herself and



given the plant she liked so well to her poor old friend.

“You are very, very welcome, Aunt Susan,” she said.

Just then they heard Mrs. Carr’s voice again, and it sounded as if she had come out into the street.

“Now, Sally, sweep up the kitchen and porch,” she said. “I’m going over to Mrs. Smith’s, and it will be the worse for you if the work’s not done by the time I come back.”

Milly waited a little longer, and then she went to the door and looked across the street. She could see Sally sitting on the lowest step of the porch, with her arms folded in her lap, and her head bent down upon them; and

her heart quite ached for her. She was sure Sally was feeling very badly.

“I’m going over there now, Aunt Susan,” Milly said; “I’ll come in here again before I go home.”

“Yes, do, dear,” said Mrs. Kent; “and Patience will sit here with me till you call for her.”

Milly opened Mrs. Carr’s gate, and went up the path so softly that Sally did not hear her, and did not know she was near till she stood close by her side.

“Sally,” she said, in a pitying tone and touching the girl gently on the shoulder as she spoke, “what is the matter?”

“Nothing. Go away, and don’t

bother me!" replied Sally, crossly, and without lifting her head.

"I'm sure you are in trouble, Sally, and I would like to be kind to you," said Milly. "Won't you let me? Won't you tell me what ails you?"

"It's nothing but what I'm used to. I've been kicked and cuffed and knocked about all my days; and I wish I was dead, so I do!"

"Oh, Sally, poor Sally, don't say that!" said Milly. "I'm so sorry for you!" and a warm tear fell on Sally's bare arm.

She started and raised her head at that, and there was a look of wonder, and almost of joy, on her face. "What a queer girl you are,

Milly Foster!" she said. "I never thought anybody'd ever cry for me. I didn't s'pose you really cared for me like that."

"But I do," said Milly. "Oh, Sally, I'd do anything I could to make you happy!"

"What makes you care for me? I'm only stupid Sally, the poor-house girl," she said, looking down at the ground to hide the tears that would come into her eyes.

"Jesus loved you well enough to die for you, Sally, and I must love you too for his sake," said Milly.

She waited a minute for an answer, but Sally only sat twisting the corner of her greasy apron, and did not even look up.

“Won’t you tell me your trouble, Sally? Won’t you let me try to help you?” asked Milly.

“It’s nothing, only I threw out a spoon in the dish-water,” Sally burst out at last; “and I didn’t know it was there; I’d have been as sorry as could be if she hadn’t gone to scolding and shaking me like fury, and boxing my ears too. But now I don’t care a cent; and I’ll throw away another the first chance I get; and I don’t care if she does beat me and send me back to the poor-house.”

“It must be hard to be treated so, I know,” said Milly, gently; “but surely you ought to try to be careful of Mrs. Carr’s things, and

to please her by doing her work well."

"It's no use to try, and I sha'n't do it any more," said Sally in a sullen tone; "she never takes a bit of notice if I try ever so hard, but scolds and boxes all the same."

"But God notices, Sally; indeed he does," said Milly, earnestly; "and he is always pleased when he sees you trying to do right. Won't you try to please him?"

"Maybe," said Sally, at length; and then she added, "If she was like you, I'd go down on my knees for her."

"Now, let me help you with your work," said Milly. "I see you have two brooms, and I will sweep



off the porch while you do the kitchen."

She ran up on to the porch as she spoke, and took a broom and began. Sally looked at her for a minute, and then ran in and began sweeping the kitchen as fast as she could. Between them they soon had the work done; and then Milly coaxed Sally to let her give her a lesson in reading. And after that Patience came over, and they both tried to get Sally to say she would go to Sunday-school; and at last she said she would when she could read pretty well, if she had a new dress.

When Mrs. Carr came home, they asked if they might come every

day and teach Sally, and she said, "Yes; if she will be quick with her work, she shall have time for a short lesson every evening."

So they began, and there was hardly ever a day when one or the other did not come to teach Sally. But often she was cross and would not read, or seemed so dull and stupid they thought she would never learn; and sometimes all this made them feel very tired, and almost ready to give up trying to do her good. Yet they kept on, asking God to help them, and praying for Sally too, and telling her of Jesus and his love, and showing her many little acts of kindness. But one day neither of



the little teachers came; and as the sun set and it began to grow dark, Mrs. Carr said to Sally, "Ah, I knew how it would be. I told you from the first that they would grow tired of trying to do good to such a stupid, sullen thing as you. I'm sure that poor little Patience felt tried enough with you yesterday, for I could see it in her face, though she never said a cross word."

"They needn't come if they don't want to; nobody asked 'em to," muttered Sally; "and it's their own fault if they're bothered with teaching me, for they would do it."

"You are an ungrateful thing,

and don't deserve to be taught, Sally," said Mrs. Carr; "and I reckon Patience and Milly have found it out at last, and don't mean to come any more."

"I don't care if they don't," said Sally, crossly. But she did not speak the truth; for in the bottom of her heart she was wishing one of them would come, and feeling very sorry that she had given Patience so much trouble the day before.

"Don't you speak up to me now in that saucy way, unless you want a shaking," said her mistress. "I'm going over to sit a while with Aunt Susan, and you must mind the house till I come back."

She went out of the gate as she spoke, and Sally sat down on the porch-step and leaned her elbows on her knees and her head in her hands.

She felt very sad and forlorn, for she was thinking of Mrs. Carr's words, and feeling as if nobody in the wide world cared anything about her now. But presently she heard the latch of the gate lifted; then little feet came running fast up the path, and Milly's voice said, close at her side,

“ Oh, Sally, I was sorry I couldn't come this afternoon to give you your lesson; but Patience was taken very ill; she is very ill now, and I could not leave her in time.”

“What’s the matter?” asked Sally, jumping up; and though it was too dark for Milly to see the tears in her eyes, she knew by the sound of her voice that they were there. Sally was very sorry now for all the trouble she had given Patience.

“She has got a fever, and the doctor is afraid she’s going to have a very bad sickness,” said Milly; “but I hope God will make her well again. I am praying for her, and you will too, won’t you, Sally?”

“I can’t pray,” said Sally; “and God wouldn’t listen to me if I did. I’m not good enough.”

“We are none of us good enough to deserve that God should hear

us," said Milly; "it is only for Jesus' sake he hears anybody, and gives them what they want; and the Bible says we must all ask in his name, and he tells us to do it and we shall be heard. But good-bye, Sally; I must go now, for Harry is waiting for me at the gate. He came with me to-night because it was too late for me to be out alone, and I wanted so much to tell you why I was not here this afternoon, and that I mean to come to-morrow, if I can."

"Do," said Sally; "I'll try not to be so stupid and lazy as I was the last time, and—"

But Milly was gone without waiting for thanks or promises.

Milly came the next day at the usual time, and Sally said a better lesson than ever before. She asked how Patience was, and the tears came into her eyes again as Milly answered in a sorrowful tone that she was still very sick, and they feared she might not get well.

Patience did not die of her sickness, but it was many weeks before Sally saw her again. Milly was with her little sick friend a great deal, yet she found time to hear Sally's lesson almost every day.

And Patience, too, still cared for the poor girl, and, though too ill and weak to teach her, did not forget to pray that God would make her good. And at last God heard

her prayers and Milly's, and taught Sally to know and love him.

And now her face lost its cross, sullen look, and wore instead a look of love, and peace, and joy; for she was very happy in knowing that Jesus was her Friend, and that he loved her better than the tenderest mother could, and would love her to the end.

Dear little reader, Jesus loves you and wants to be your Friend. He loves you so much that he died that you might live; and he asks you to love him. Will you not begin to do it now?



**THE END.**





