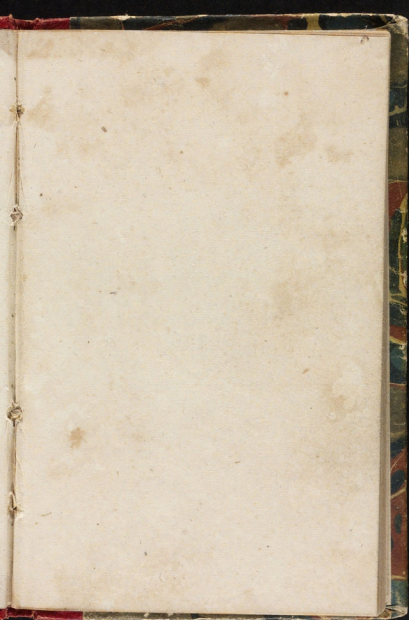
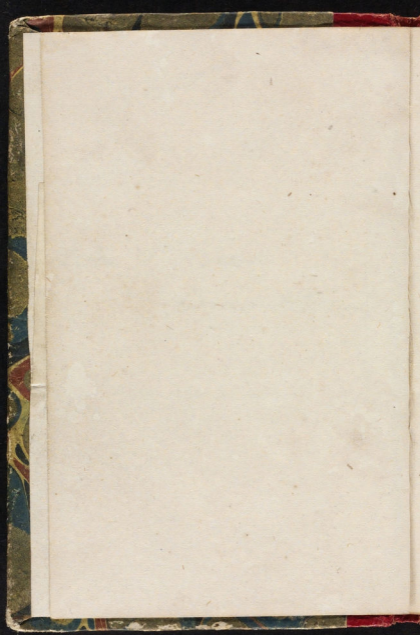


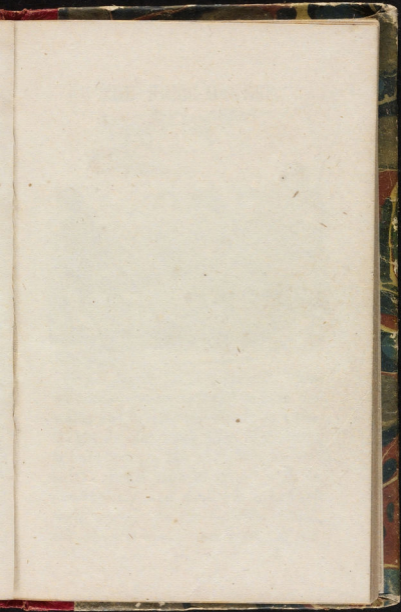
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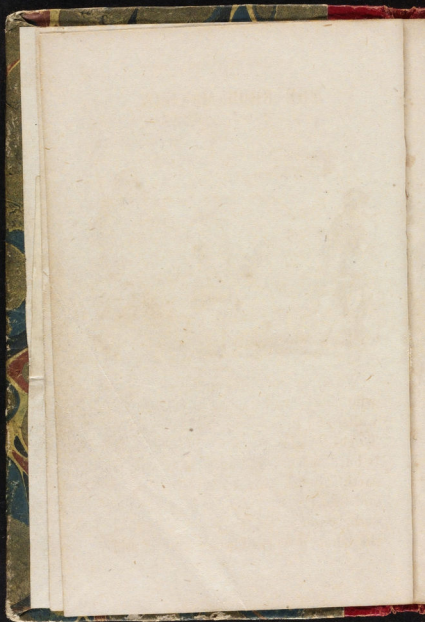
Ella V Peterson

from A F Peterson









THE BRICK-MAKERS.



Who are the brick-makers? Those who make bricks to build houses and walls, and to pave the streets in cities. To get the clay ready to make the brick is hard work. The clay is a kind of earth. Some sand is mixed with it, and the clay and sand are made soft with water. As the water is added, the whole is worked into a kind of stiff

paste. This is often done by men, and sometimes by oxen, treading it down with their feet.

When this paste is ready, it is cut off in lumps, and put into a mould of the same size and shape that the bricks are to have. The bricks taken out of this mould are just the shape that we see them in the walls of houses. They are first placed in long rows to dry, and then burned in a brick-kiln, which is a kind of large oven, and then they are fit for use. Many boys work in the brick-yards, to earn money for their own living, or for the support of their parents.

In a country very far off from this, there were once a great many brick-makers. They had to work hard, day by day, till they were very weary. Masters were set over them to make them work harder, and finish their tasks. They had to dig out the clay, and to

cut the straw to mix with the clay. It was then the custom to use straw with the clay in making brick.

These brick-makers did not belong to the country where they were at work, though for many years it was their home. The country they lived in was Egypt. It was the land of which Joseph was once the governor, where he brought his father, Jacob, to live, and all his brothers, and their wives and children. The king of the country had sent for them to come there, and he had given them a part of the land to live in, where they could have good pasture for their cattle. Jacob and his sons were shepherds: they had large flocks of cows and sheep.

Many years went by, and this king, and good old Jacob, and all his children were dead in Egypt. The king on his throne must die, as well as the poorest beggar. A long time after,

there was a new king in that country. He did not know Joseph, nor care for any of his family. Jacob's children and grand-children had now large families, and there were a great many of them in Egypt.

The king and his people began to be afraid of them. The king said, There are too many of these men. They are stronger than we are. If there is war they will join our enemies, and fight against us. Come, we must set them hard work to do. We must make them our servants.

Then they had to work in the fields, and dig clay, and make bricks. The people of Egypt wanted a great many bricks made, and they were glad to give them this hard work. If they did not make a large number of bricks in each day, their masters beat them. When they complained, they told them they were idle, and beat them the more.

All these people who belonged to the family of Jacob, were called Israelites. Israel was a name which God gave to Jacob. God kept them all alive, and when they had to suffer so much, it did not hurt them. The king saw that this was so. Then he said he would kill their little children. Every son that was born should be thrown into the river and drowned. Oh, he was a cruel king!

One of the women of Israel, who had a sweet little baby, a boy, hid it in her house. The wicked men who were trying to kill all the children, could not find it. When the baby was three months old, his mother was afraid to keep him any longer. To think that it might be torn away from her and thrown into the river, was very dreadful. So she made a basket like a little ark, so tight that the water could not get into it, and in this she laid the dear babe, and covered it over. She thought she would

trust it with God : he would take care of her baby.

The mother laid the little basket among some tall flags that grew by the side of the river. There it was found by the daughter of the cruel king. The princess came down to bathe in the river. She saw the little ark among the flags, and sent her maid to fetch it. When she opened it, she saw a lovely babe. Was it strange that the poor baby wept ?

The princess knew that it was one of the children her father had said must be drowned. But she would not have this baby thrown into the river. His young sister stood by, to watch and see what became of the child. She was sent to call a nurse for it, and she called its own mother, and it was given to her to nurse. Was not God kind to the dear child and its mother ? He never forgets any that trust in him.

The princess paid the woman her wages for taking care of the child. After a while she took him home to her own house, and brought him up as her son. She named him Moses. But Moses knew that he did not belong to the princess, only that she had been very kind to him. He knew that he was one of the children of Israel. He saw his people doing much hard work in the hot sun every day. He saw their masters putting more work on them, and then beating them cruelly if they could not get it done; and all this grieved his heart.

When Moses had grown up to be a man, God put it into his heart to try to do something for his people. God told him that he meant to bring them away from this country, and he should be their leader—that he must gather them all together and lead them out.

After many years the time came

when the people of Israel were to leave Egypt. They were to go from that country to a land which God would give them. It was the land from which Jacob and his sons came. God had promised it to them and to their children. It was called Canaan. There they were all to go and live. God would give it to them for their own land. He gave Moses to them to be their leader.

If you wish to read all the history of Moses, look for it in the Holy Bible. Some of the books of the Bible were written by Moses himself. The Holy Spirit of God taught him what to write. In the Book of Exodus, you will find the account of the bringing out of the children of Israel from Egypt.

THE LONG JOURNEY.



DID you ever go on a journey? If you did, you have perhaps gone with your father or mother in the cars, or in the steamboat, or in the stage coach! How fast you were carried along, and how soon you had passed over many miles of your journey! But it is not a journey like this, that I wish to tell you of now.

It is the long journey of the people

of Israel, when God brought them out of Egypt. The king of that country was very angry when he heard that they were to go, and so were his people. They tried in every way to keep the children of Israel from leaving them. They wanted still to make them do more work. But God brought them all away, and Moses led them out. Great wonders did God bring to pass in the land of Egypt. The wicked king and his people were punished. God always will punish the wicked, if they do not repent of their sins.

The children of Israel were many long years in making this journey. They had to travel on foot, and they moved very slowly. They went through a great wilderness, where there were no trees and no houses, and they had many troubles by the way. Moses went before them, but God showed them the way they should go.

“He led them on safely,” though the road was so long. They were going to a country a great way off, and they lived in tents, and God took care of them. They moved their tents from place to place, as they went on their journey. They had become a great people. There were very many men, as well as women and children. Sometimes they stayed a long while in one place. At other times they moved slowly forward by day, and rested at night. They were going to the land of Canaan, where Abraham and Isaac and Jacob, their fathers, had lived.

Their journey took them through many desert places, where they could buy no food. How could so many people get food to eat every day? God sent it to them. He said he would rain bread from heaven for them, and he did so. He gave them manna, and it lay upon the ground in the early morn-

ing, and the people went out and picked it up and took it to their tents to eat. It was in small white grains, and the taste of it was sweet as honey. It was bread for them. God gave them water to drink, too, when they were thirsty. When they could get no water, he made it to run even out of the hard rocks.

How kind it was in God to do so much for them! Was it because they were all good people? Oh no; but he had said he would bring them to Canaan, and God always keeps his word. So he fed them and led them all the way. God is kind to all. He is kind to us in giving us our food, for he it is that makes the grain to grow, out of which our bread is made.

I cannot tell you of the many things which God did for these people. He was their King. One day, God their King told them that he would speak to

all the people of Israel. He would speak to them in a voice from heaven.

On that day there was a great noise of thunder, and the sound of a trumpet very loud indeed. The people heard the noise in their tents, and they trembled, for they knew that God was coming to speak to them. They were near to a high mountain, and Moses told the people to come out of their tents, and stand round about the mountain, and the people came out to meet with God. They looked, and the whole mount shook greatly.

The mountain also burned with fire, and the Lord came down in the fire. The people saw the fire and the smoke, and they knew that God was there. The sound of the trumpet grew louder and louder.

At last God spoke. While God was speaking, the mountain still smoked and burned, and the people were afraid.

They moved and stood afar off. They said to Moses, Do you speak to us, and we will hear: let not God speak to us, or we shall die. After that, God told Moses what to say to the people.

Moses went up quite near to the place and listened to God's words. The people saw him go up the mountain till he was hid by the great cloud of smoke. All the time Moses was in the mountain, the fire was burning at the top, and God was there.

How dreadful is God! But though he can, and he will punish the wicked, he is very kind to them that love him. In the mountain, he talked to Moses as a man talks to his friend. Yet Moses did not see God. He heard his voice. When Moses came down from the mountain, his face shone: it was so bright, that the people could not bear to look at him. Then Moses put a vail over his face.

What did God say when he spoke from the mountain? He gave to the people ten laws or commandments. Moses wrote them down on two tables, or flat pieces of stone. We have them now in our Bibles. God has given these laws to us, and told us to obey them. But this we have never done. The sin that is in our hearts keeps us away from God, and from keeping his holy laws.

What then shall we do? God has said we must obey them. We have all disobeyed. But Jesus has obeyed God's law perfectly, and he has died for us upon the cross. We must say, "Lord have mercy upon us, and teach us to keep thy laws, because Jesus thy Son has died for us sinners."

Dear child, I hope you will soon be able to learn the ten laws or commandments of God. They are written in the 20th chapter of Exodus.

Here is what the commandments teach:—

- 1 Thou shalt have no more gods but me ;
- 2 Before no idol bow thy knee ;
- 3 Take not the name of God in vain ;
- 4 Nor dare the Sabbath-day profane ;
- 5 Give both thy parents honour due ;
- 6 Take heed that thou no murder do ;
- 7 Abstain from words and deeds unclean ;
- 8 Nor steal, though thou art poor and mean ;
- 9 Nor make a wilful lie, nor love it :
- 10 What is thy neighbour's dare not covet.

The sum or meaning of the Commandments:—

With all thy soul love God above,
And as thyself thy neighbour love.

American Sunday-School Union, 1122 Chestnut street, Philadelphia.

THE FIRST LIE;
OR,
A STORY OF MYSELF.



WHEN I was quite a little girl, I lived in a large city, where I went to school. We always had all the month of August for vacation, and

every year I was allowed to go out to my Aunt's, in the country, and spend my vacation with her. Oh how happy I was, after spending a whole summer among the heat, and dust, and bustle of the city, to get out among the green fields and shady trees, and hunt for hens' eggs in the barn; or walk with bare feet in the little brook; or find seats in the apple-trees; or watch the milking of the cows, and the making of butter. The only thing I wanted was a companion of my own age, who could go about with me and enjoy all these pleasant things.

Unfortunately for me, my aunt had a girl living with her, whom I shall call Nanny. She was a little older than I, and a very amusing companion. She was a very bright, smart girl. But I am sorry to say, she was very wicked too; though she could appear so well before my aunt, that she was completely deceived, and had no idea that she had any great faults.

Nanny was always very glad when I came out to visit my aunt: and she would hurry with her work, and very often I would work as hard as she, to help her, so that she might be done in time to go

and play with me. She soon saw that I was very yielding and ready to give up my will to others, and she took advantage of this; and I am sorry to say she could make me do almost any thing she pleased.

There was a nice little room in the garret which I had fitted up for a play-room, and here we always played when it rained so hard that we could not go out doors. One day we were playing school, up in this garret-room, and I was pretending to be the teacher; and as I was teaching Nanny to spell, she persisted in spelling one word wrong; and at last, without mean-

ing to hurt her at all, I struck her upon the head with a ruler I had in my hand. I do not think it hurt her in the least, but she was determined to try every way she could to gain a complete power over me; as I had several pretty things which she wanted to get from me.

So, as soon as I struck her, she began to scream and cry, so that I thought she would alarm the whole house.

“Very well, miss,” said she, “I don’t know what your aunt will say to this, and your uncle will be very angry too, that you come out here to abuse a poor girl so;” and

she continued to cry till I at last began to think I had really done something dreadful.

My uncle was rather a stern man, and, as I was very much afraid of making him angry, so I began to beg Nanny not to tell; but she was now delighted to torment me, and would make no promises at all. "Nanny," said I, "if you will not say any thing about it, I will give you that little silver pencil-case of mine."

Now this was the very thing Nanny wanted, as I knew by the hints she had often thrown out about it; so she wiped her eyes, and

we went down to get the pencil-case. At the foot of the stairs, we met my aunt. As soon as she looked at Nanny, she said—

‘How red your eyes look, Nanny; what have you been crying about?’

“Nothing much, madam,” said Nanny.

“What is the matter with her, Lissy?” said my aunt to me.

“Oh,” answered I, “she struck her head against a nail in the garret; that’s all.”

This was the *first lie* I had ever told in my life. My parents had brought us all up, with a very strict

regard for truth; and I had very often heard my mother say, that she had never caught one of her children in telling a falsehood in her life. The moment I had said this, I thought I would have given every thing I possessed if I had only told the truth; but now I did not dare to tell my aunt that I had told a lie; and she passed on, never dreaming that it was not as I had said.

But oh, how many years of sorrow did those few words cost me! And yet I suffered no more than I deserved, for telling a falsehood. This ill-natured girl had

now got hold of the very thing she wanted. She knew what a horror I always had of telling a lie, and how I should dread to have my aunt and uncle and my parents know that I had told one; and, as she was the only person besides myself that knew it, she now felt that she had complete power over me, and she used it, till she made me a perfect slave.

If I refused to do any thing she wished, or to give her any thing she wanted, it was enough for her to say, "Very well, Miss, *I'll tell!*" and I did it at once. I no longer looked forward with pleasure to

my visit in the country; for my dread of this girl was such, that I did not feel at ease one moment when I was with her. I often wonder at myself now, that I did not at once confess my sin to my mother and aunt, and thus destroy the power that this artful and wicked child had over me. This at last became so great that it was no longer necessary for her to say any thing; but one glance of her deep black eye was enough.

At last one summer, when my mother and myself were at my aunt's, Nanny took a fancy to a locket I had hanging about my

neck; and, at first, she began to hint about it, and then openly asked for it. Now, this locket had been given to me on New Year's day, by my dear father, and contained his, and my mother's hair; and I did not dare to give it to Nanny. I told her that I was very much attached to it, and that my father would be very angry if I gave it to her.

“And how do you think your father will feel, Miss, when he knows—you know what?” said this wicked girl.

I trembled like a leaf, but took the locket, and went out of the

room. I entered another room, and shut myself up, and sat down, and thought it all over. And, at last I came to the determination, that I would go and tell my mother all about the sin committed so long ago.

I ran down stairs for fear I should lose my courage, and went into the room, where my mother and aunt were sitting, and told them the whole story. I stated to them the reason of my telling the falsehood, and all that I had suffered since. And I told them what use Nanny had made of it, in obliging me to work for her, and in

getting all my pretty things from me. I shed many tears, and told my mother it was the only lie I had ever told, and I believed I had suffered so much that I never should tell another, no matter how long I lived.

My mother said, it pained her to think that one of her children had ever told an untruth, but, as I had suffered so much for it, she would not punish me. "But," said she, "my child, I hope you will ask forgiveness of God; for you have sinned against him, and broken his commandments." I told her I would; and oh, what a load

was taken from my heart, by this confession ; and when Nanny came into the room, soon after, and in her insolent way, said—

“Well, have you made up your mind to give me that locket?”

I said, “No, indeed, I shall not give it to you.” She was very angry, and said, “Then I will go down this moment, and tell your mother.”

“You may spare yourself that trouble, Nanny,” said I ; “I have told my mother and aunt all about it, and how you have tormented me for so long a time, and got all my pretty things away.” It was

now Nanny's time to tremble, for she knew she should lose her place. My aunt soon came up, and searched Nanny's box, and made her give back every thing she had taken from me ; and, as she found in the box several things of her own, that Nanny had stolen, she sent her out of the house that very afternoon.

I think it would be well for every boy and girl that ever tells a lie, if they could be made to suffer for it as I did ; but whether we suffer for it in this life or not, we must remember, that God hears every word we say, and keeps an account

of it in his book; and he says,
“All liars shall have their part in
the lake which burneth with fire
and brimstone.”



LAME SUSAN.



“SEE, Julia.” said little Clara Prime to her sister, as they stood looking out of the window one cold winter afternoon; “there goes little Susan Wheeler again. It seems to me she is for ever in the street.”

Julia. Yes, and how she can make up her mind to go out at all, I do not see. Why, she must be thirty years old, and yet she is not so tall as you or I.

Clara. And she is so shockingly deformed and lame too! If I looked and walked like her, I should want to stay in the house all the time, and have nobody ever come to see me. And if I had to go out to church, or anywhere, I should feel as if every one was looking at me, and I know I should have an *angry* sort of feeling towards everybody.

Julia. Well, I believe I should,

too, and I have heard it said that deformed people always are cross and ill-tempered; but Susan Wheeler does not look as if *she* was so, at all; does she?

Clara. No. She always smiles very pleasantly at us, and at every one, and always looks cheerful and happy. See, how she goes along, never seeming to think about herself, or whether any one is looking at her or not.

Julia. There, now, she has stopped that little ragged boy in the street. He cannot be more than eight or nine years old, and

yet Susan has to look up into his face when she speaks to him.

Clara. Now, she is giving him something out of that basket she always carries on her arm. I do wish I knew where she goes to so often, and what she always has that basket with her for.

Julia. It is queer; is it not? Almost every afternoon, a little after four o'clock, if I look out of the window, I see little Susan trudging along with her basket on her arm, and she almost always turns down that lane where all those poor, miserable houses are. I should not think she would know anybody there."

Clara. Well, I am sure you cannot blame her for turning down lanes. If I were she, I would keep to lanes and back streets as much as possible whenever I did go out.

Here the little girls both laughed heartily.

‘Come here, my children,’ said Mrs. Prime, who had been sitting at her work by the fire, and quietly listening to their conversation.

“Come and sit down by me, for I have something to say to you.”

The little girls started and looked frightened, for they had been so much engaged in their conversation that they had forgotten that their

mother was in the room ; but they came and seated themselves by her, and she said to them :—

“I cannot tell you, my children, how much I have been pained at hearing the foolish and wicked conversation that has been going on between you, and how you have been amusing yourselves with the deformity of another ; and if I thought what you have said had arisen from any thing but thoughtlessness, I should feel still more distressed about it. But I do not believe that either of my little girls would say any thing to wound the feelings of another intentionally.”

“Oh no, mother,” said both the little girls, “indeed we would not. We are always very particular to speak to Miss Susan Wheeler, when we meet her, just as we would to anybody else.”

“I have no doubt of it, my children, and yet how very foolishly and wickedly you have been talking about her, as I am sure you will think when you have heard me tell what I know of her history; and I think you will feel very differently the next time you see her go by, with her little basket on her arm.

“I can remember when Susan’s

parents were supposed to be very rich; and they lived in a large house, with beautiful grounds about it. And Susan was a pretty, little, healthy-looking girl, as well-formed and as light-hearted and as happy as either of you are, and as little expected to be deformed and crippled for life as you do now. Her father had a little wagon made on purpose for her to ride in, and a little boy to draw her about the grounds. But the little boy was careless, and used to run very fast with the wagon when he thought no one was looking at him. One day he was running in this way with

her, and as he turned a sharp corner, the wagon upset and Susan was thrown out. She was carried into the house, very much hurt, and for a year she suffered a great deal. Soon her mother began to see that she was growing very much out of shape. Even then, she seldom complained while she was awake; but as soon as she fell asleep, she moaned as if she was in much pain. But it was a great trial to Susan, as she herself has often told me, when she grew older, and saw all her young companions growing up with fine, graceful forms, and knew that she must

always remain the little deformed creature she was then.

“ It was not till after she became a true Christian that she felt entirely resigned to it. But now she is the most cheerful person I meet with anywhere, though one would suppose she had every thing to make her sad. Her father died, and Mrs. Wheeler found, to her great surprise, that he had left his family very poor. She has had one trouble after another, and now Susan is the only child she has left. Susan supports her mother by keeping a little school, and whenever she can do so, out of school-

hours, she sews for benevolent societies, and sells her work and brings the money to the society, and in that way she gives a great deal more, *in proportion*, than many rich men who are called very charitable; because they give away large sums of money, but do it all without denying themselves a single comfort, or luxury.

“As soon as Susan’s school is out in the afternoon, she starts with her little basket and goes to the houses of the poor. This same little basket that you were laughing about, contains some simple medicines and tracts. She goes from one

house to another, and when she can relieve the misery and suffering herself, she does so; and, sitting down by the chair of the aged and the bed-side of the sick, she reads to them from the Bible and leaves them a tract; and if their wants are beyond her means, she makes them known to some person who is able and willing to relieve them.

I have often been much obliged to little Susan for making known some case of suffering to me that I never should have heard of but for her. Susan says, that of course she must look, all her life, as she

does now, and she thinks it best to bear it with as much cheerfulness as possible, and to try to make herself and others happy, by doing all the good she can in the world.

“Now, little girls, what do you think of Susan Wheeler? Is it better to do as she does, or to feel as you said just now you yourselves should feel if you were in her place?”

The little girls blushed and looked down; and then Clara said: “Oh, mother, I am very much ashamed of myself that I could be so thoughtless. I am sure I never shall feel like laughing again when

I see any one that is deformed or lame.”

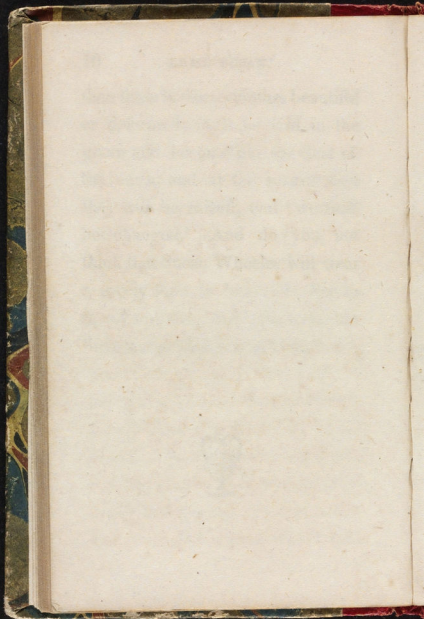
“I hope you will not, my little girl; for I have often thought, as I saw a smile on the faces of children, when in company with some such afflicted person,—‘Oh, if those children would see the bitter tears that are shed in secret, and hear the prayers that perhaps are offered for patience and submission, they would never indulge in mirth again at the expense of another.’ Remember, my children, whenever you see those upon whom the hand of God has been thus heavily laid, that they have already enough to

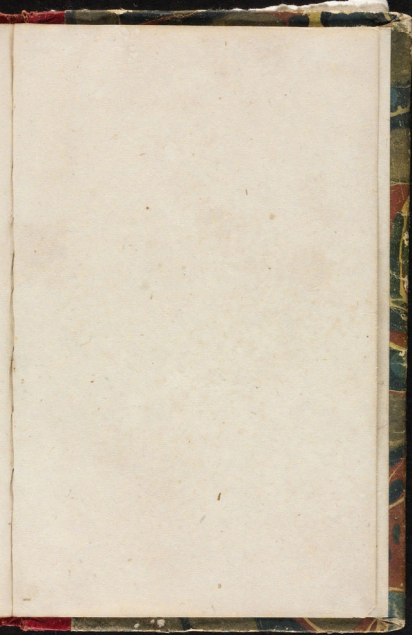
bear, and not, by your thoughtlessness, add one pang to their sufferings. Be thankful to your heavenly Father that you have not been thus afflicted; and give Him your hearts and put your whole trust in Him now, so that if He may see fit to send sickness and suffering upon you, you may bow, without complaining, under his afflicting hand.

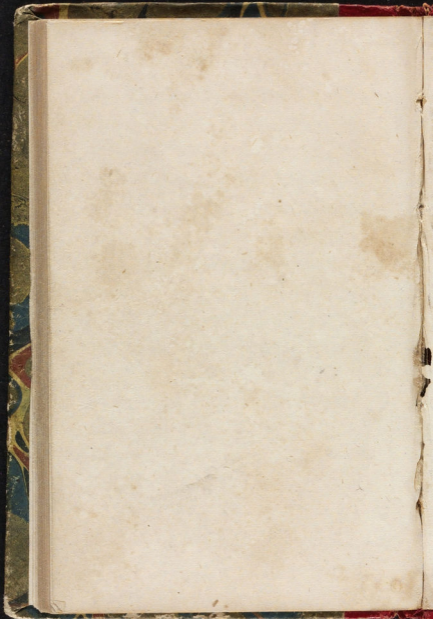
“Man looketh upon the outward appearancē, but God looketh at the heart; and, after all, what does it matter whether the outward form is fair to look upon or not, if the heart is but right in the sight of God? This life, at best, is but short, and

then these bodies, whether beautiful or deformed, must be laid in the grave and become like the dust of the earth, and at the resurrection they will be raised, and 'we shall be changed.' And do you not think that Susan Wheeler will wear a lovely form in heaven? See to it, my children, that you meet her 'here as the children of God.'









X

