Julius Deming Perkins. Sept. 1837.

VIII. SERIES. No. 803.

THE

RUSTY NEEDLE.

WRITTEN FOR THE AMERICAN S. S. UNION, AND REVISED BY THE COMMITTEE OF PUBLICATION.

AMERICAN SUNDAY SCHOOL UNION.

PHILADELPHIA:

NO. 146 CHESNUT STREET

1831.

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RUSTY NEEDLE.

WRITTEN FOR THE AMERICAN S. S. UNION, AND REVISED BY THE COMMITTEE OF PUBLICATION.

Julius Deming Perkins.
From ~~his teacher~~
~~Mrs. Amelia A. Martin.~~
Sept 30. 1837.
Aunt Aby.

AMERICAN SUNDAY SCHOOL UNION,

PHILADELPHIA:

NO. 146 CHESNUT STREET.

ENTERED according to the Act of Congress, in the year 1831, by PAUL BECK, Jr. Treasurer, in trust for the American Sunday School Union, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court, of the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.

THE

RUSTY NEEDLE.

"Lucy, sister Lucy, do look at this little fly that I have caught. It is not larger than the head of a pin. I can hardly see it." Lucy took the fly from her little brother and looked at it for a moment, saying, "It is a very little fly, I will show it to mother.

"What is that, my dear?" said her mother, who was just entering the room.

"It is the smallest fly you ever saw," said Lucy.

Her mother took it, and said that

it was indeed a very small fly; but she could soon make it look larger than other flies.

"Do," said Lucy, "for I should like to see this little fly become a large one."

"I shall not alter the size of the fly," said her mother, "but it will soon appear to you much larger than it is." She then opened her drawer, and took from it a little glass called a microscope; which makes little things look large. She put the fly in this glass, and told Lucy to shut one eye and look through the glass with the other, and see whether the fly did not seem larger than it did before.

Lucy did as her mother told her; and as soon as she saw the fly she

said, "Dear mother, how large the fly looks! and how pretty he is too! His head is like black velvet; and his wings have all sorts of colours on them,—blue, red, yellow, and purple. But what is that long thing that comes out of his mouth?"

"That, my dear child, is what the fly takes its food with. It is called a proboscis. How beautiful and smooth it is! We could not make any thing like it." Lucy said she should think a very fine needle was as smooth. "Well, child," replied her mother, I will show you that it is not. Here is one of my finest and brightest needles. Feel how smooth it is. Lucy did so; and said that she should think it was as smooth as any thing could be.

Her mother then put it in the microscope; and Lucy looked through as she did at the fly, and was surprised to see that it appeared quite rough.

"Oh," said Lucy, I shall never believe again that any thing is smooth and nice, till I have seen it through this glass."

"Well, now, my dear Lucy, when you take up your needle, remember that it is really different from what it seems to be; and that such is the case with every thing else in the world, yourself among the rest. Remember that all your faults are as plain to the eye of God, as the rust on the needle is to you, when seen through the glass; although you may think yourself very good, and may seem so to others.

For you know, when you first looked at the needle, you thought it very smooth; yet soon you found it quite rough. And remember too, that nothing that man can make is perfect; and that there are some faults in all our actions. Therefore, we must study the Holy Bible, and learn how to correct our bad habits. And we must pray that God would give us his Holy Spirit to teach us what is right, and enable us to do it. You are not old enough to read yet, but you can pray; and when you are able to read, you must try to learn what you must do, from the Holy Scriptures."

"But when shall I know how to read, mother?" "Pretty soon, my

child; you can spell a little now. And when you can spell a little better you will be able to read." "Then I will learn faster;" said the little girl; "and I will get another lesson in the evening. But until I do learn how to read for myself, I want you to read to me about Adam and Eve, and about Noah and the flood, and about Jesus Christ, who made the blind man to see, and the dumb man to speak, and the lame man to walk."

"Indeed I will," said her mother, "if you desire it, and will try to behave as the Bible says you must."

"I will try to act well," said Lucy; "and when I remember how rough the needle looked, I will think how sinful I may appear in the sight of God."

"My dear child, God puts you in mind of your wrong behaviour, and tells you to repent. If you always mind what God says, you will be his child, and go to Heaven; because Jesus Christ died, that those who obey him should not be punished as they deserve, for all the bad things that they did before and after they try to serve him."

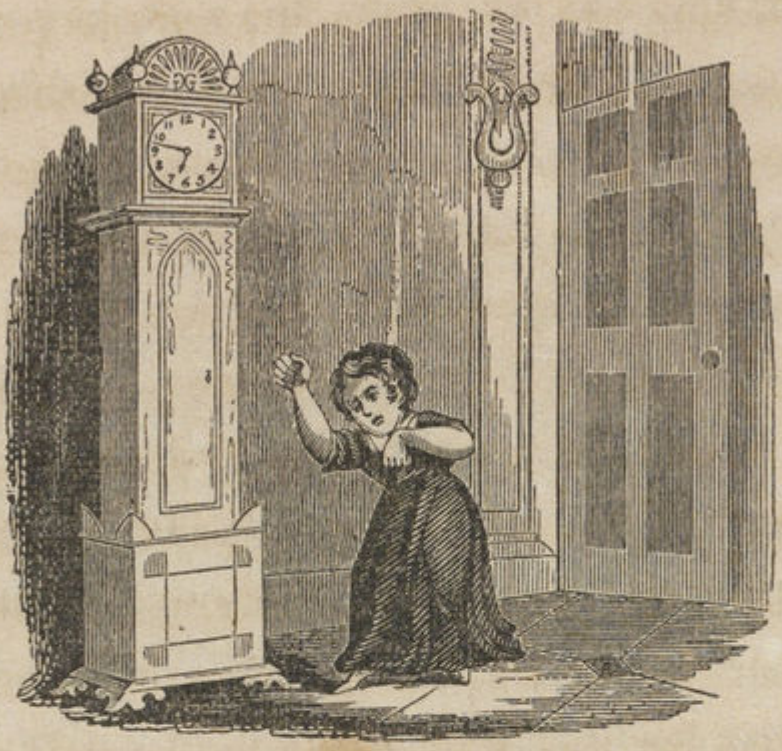
"Oh, mother," said Lucy, "I wish you to teach me God's commands, and tell me more about Jesus Christ, that I may go to Heaven."

"That is a good wish," said her mother; "I will begin to-morrow."

The next day Lucy awoke early in the morning, that she might be up in time to learn to read. But as her

mother was not awake, she was obliged to wait till seven o'clock. She wished very much that her mother would get up, and was running to the clock every minute to see if it was not seven. She thought that the hand would never get around to the place, and at last, she spoke out very pettishly,—"It will never strike, just because I want it to," and she stamped on the floor with her foot, and was going to strike the clock, when she heard her mother call her.

Mrs. Roberts had heard what Lucy said about the clock; and called her into the bed-room, to tell her how wrong her conduct was, in giving way to impatience.

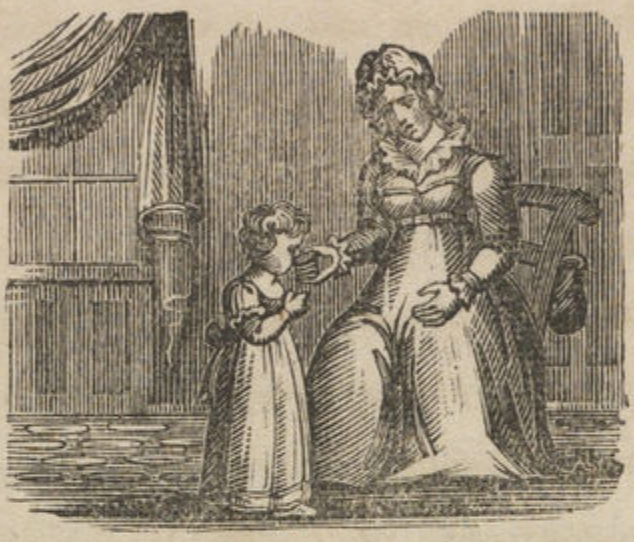


The clock was going on the way it was made to go, and her wishes or scolding could not alter it a moment. But she was angry with it because it did not exactly suit her wishes. When she became angry she was unfit to hear the Bible read; and even if she did hear it read, she could not wish

to improve by it, for we can never have any good feelings when we are angry. So if she wished to read then, it was because it was a new thing, and not because she wished to learn.

"Did you pray to God this morning?" said Mrs. Roberts. Lucy held down her head: "My dear child," said her mother, "You surely have not ventured to leave your room without asking God to take care of you. If you do not pray in the morning for the protection of God through the day, you cannot be sure that he will not punish you for the neglect before night. You cannot tell that he will keep you alive through the day. And if you do not pray for his grace and

mercy, you cannot expect that he will preserve you from sin and temptation.



"If you had done this, perhaps you would not have been so impatient about the clock. Your mind would have been more composed, and you would not now be crying. I hope, however, those tears are tears of repentance, and not of anger."

"Indeed, I am sorry mother," said Lucy. "Shall I say my prayers now?

and will God forgive me this time, if I pray to him not to let me forget them again?"

"If you are really sorry, and ask God to forgive you for the sake of Jesus Christ, I hope he will."

Lucy knelt down; and, after she had said her prayers, she lifted up her eyes in tears, and expressed, in a few simple words, the desires of her heart, that she might never forget her prayers again, and that God would forgive her this time. She then arose and brought to her mother the book from which she was going to learn her first lesson. She was very attentive for a quarter of an hour; but after that she could not sit or stand still. She said the chair was too hard, the sun was in her eyes,

and she could not see; she had a pain in her foot, and a pain in her back; in short, she was tired, and was longing to go out to walk.

After her lesson was over, Mrs. Roberts said, "Come, Lucy, let us go to breakfast; and then if you are not too ill with the pain in your foot, or your back, I will tell you a story from the Bible. But you must attend to it, and not look at every thing in the room, while I am telling you; because it is wrong to think of any thing else while you ought to be listening to the Bible; for it is a holy book.

"There was a little child, whom his mother carried, as soon as he was weaned, into the house of the Lord, to be brought up in the service of God;

and he was in the care of Eli, a minister of God. This child used to sleep in the house of the Lord, and lay down close by the ark of God. He was a very young child, and used to open the door of the house of the Lord in the morning, which was all that he could do. But it was better to be a door-keeper in the house of God with a pious mind, than to live in a palace with wicked people.

"Samuel, (for that was his name,) was a very good child; and one night, God called him by his name. But he did not then know God, and thought it was Eli that called him. So he got up and asked what he wanted; but Eli told him to lie down again, for he had

not called him. And when he had lain down, God called him a second and a third time, and every time he went to Eli and said, "Here am I, for you called me." Then Eli thought that it was God who called the child; and he told him, if he was called again, to say, Speak, Lord, for thy servant heareth.

And the Lord called Samuel the fourth time, and Samuel said as Eli had directed him to say. And God told him all that he would do to Eli and his children, because Eli did not make his sons do right, or correct them when they did wickedly. In the morning, Eli asked Samuel what God had said; and Samuel told him all the truth, and hid nothing from him. And

Eli said, "It is the Lord; let him do as seemeth him good."

"Eli felt that he deserved to suffer, because he had done wrong in not punishing his sons for their bad conduct; and he knew that it was right that God should, on this account, punish both him and his sons. So you see that God will be angry with me if I do not punish you when you do wrong. It is for this reason that I correct you for your faults. But remember that God can send a much greater punishment upon you. Pray to him then to forgive you for the sake of Jesus Christ; and try to be good as Samuel was; for as he grew up, God was with him, and he became a prophet."

"What is a prophet, mother?" said Lucy.

"A prophet is a person whom God teaches by his Holy Spirit, to know what things are going to happen; so that he can tell them before they come to pass. For instance, in the country where Samuel lived, there never was thunder and rain during the time that the people gathered their grain. But Samuel, when he wished to give the people a sign to let them know the power of God, said, there should be thunder and rain that very day; and it was so."

"But mother," said Lucy, "you said it would rain yesterday, and it did rain in the evening; are you a prophet?"

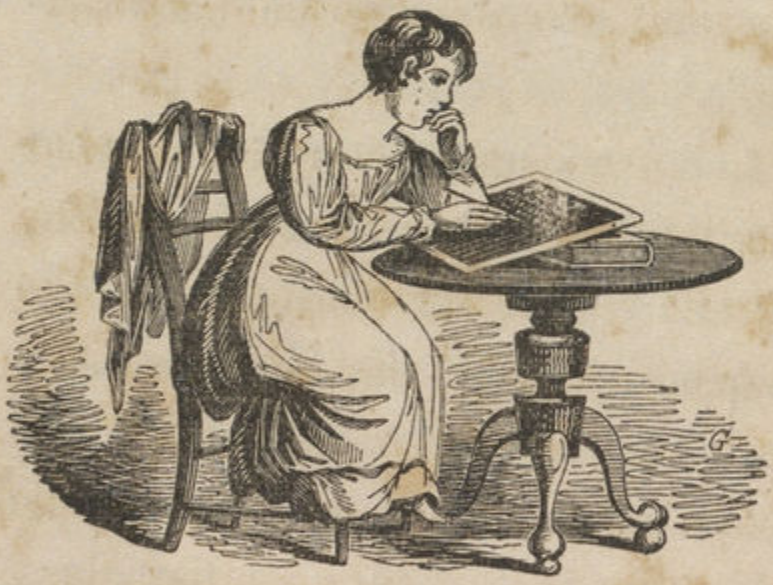
"No, my dear; I saw a dark cloud, and as it frequently rains at such times, I supposed that it would then; and that was little more than if I should say, if you run so fast you will hurt yourself. But those men whom God made prophets, were taught by God what would happen; and they believed in his promises, and felt assured that he would do at the proper time as he had said."

"We should all believe God's promises; and then we would not be so much troubled by the sorrows of this world; but would believe that God does every thing for the best, and that if we continue to love him in all our trouble, he will finally help us, and save us. And remember what a

blessed promise God has given to children. 'Suffer little children to come unto me, for of such is the kingdom of heaven;' and again, 'I love them that love me, and they that seek me early shall find me.' 'I hope my dear child, that you will believe in the promises of Christ; and come unto him and determine to be his disciple."

Lucy was much interested in what her mother had been saying. She seemed very serious all the day. She frequently thought that God saw many faults in her, even more than the rough places she saw in the needle when she looked through the glass. And from this time the thought was in her heart all the time, and though

she was young, she never forgot it. After this she took care to learn what she must do to please God. Among other things, she always remembered the text of the sermons she heard; and, when she had learned to write, she used to get a slate, and write down, as well as she could, what she heard.



And long before she could do this herself, she used to tell somebody else

the words she wished to have written for her. What she wrote was generally something like the following:

TEXT.—Psalm 34. 11. "Come, ye children, hearken unto me; I will teach you the fear of the Lord."

I. Children should read the Bible carefully, and hearken to what their ministers, parents, and teachers tell them.

II. They should fear the Lord,

1. By being sorry for their sins.

2. By trusting in Jesus Christ to save them from their sins.

3. By trying to keep all the commandments of God.

So much Lucy could recollect when she was between five and six years old; and as she grew older she could

recollect a great deal more. I hope that the little child that reads this, will do as Lucy did after returning from church, instead of going to play, or to sleep, on the Holy Sabbath.

THE END.

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