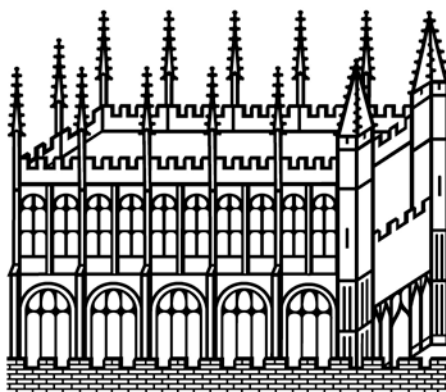




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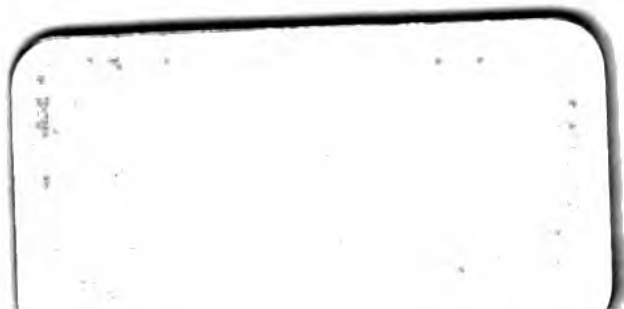


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THE STORY OF
LITTLE LOUISE
AND HER
BROTHER EUGENE
BY L. C.



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Frontispiece.



THE STORY
OF
LITTLE **L**OUISE,
AND
HER BROTHER EUGENE.

—•••••
'BY L. C.
—•••••

LONDON :
G. MORRISH, 20, PATERNOSTER SQUARE.

1489. f. 207.



The Story of Little Louise.

AND HER BROTHER EUGÈNE:



CHAPTER I.

A DAY OF ANXIETY.

IT was a fine evening in the beginning of April. A man was walking very quickly through one of the old-fashioned streets of a French town.

He soon reached his home and, before he had time to knock, the door was thrown open and a little boy and girl flung themselves into his arms, exclaiming as they did so,

“Good evening, papa, how late you are to-night; we have been waiting for you so long, where have you been?”

Their father kissed them tenderly on both cheeks, but did not answer their questions. They went into the room where supper was prepared, and while they are sitting down we will tell you the names of them all.

First there is Eugène, a merry little fellow, eight years of age, with curly hair and blue eyes, and his sister Louise, a quiet little fair-haired maiden of ten. Then Claude, the tall boy of fifteen who sits next to his mother; while on the other side sits Marguerite, ‘Little Mother,’ as she is often called, although she is only thirteen years old.

The family had lived in the town many years, and all the children had

been born in the old house, and had grown up as happily as children could, without anything serious to disturb them. They had to learn to read and write, and the girls were taught to work very beautiful embroidery.

The father was generally out all day and the mother and children engaged in various duties, so they always looked forward to supper time as being the happiest time of the whole day; for then the whole family met together, and after they had all given account of how they had spent the day, or how the spring flowers were coming up, and two dear little birds who had built a nest in one of the trees in their garden were getting so tame as to let them look at them, then the father would always have some new and interesting story to tell them,

which, while it made the little ones laugh, had always some useful lesson hidden in it. This evening he was unusually silent.

“You look tired, Jean,” said Madame Clément to her husband.

He raised his head suddenly and then, without appearing to notice her remark, said, “My children, none of you must go out unless your mother or I am with you, not even with Jeannette.”

Jeanne or Jeannette, as the children called her, was the old servant who had known and nursed them since they were babies.

“Papa, why should we have to remain all day in the house?” asked Louise in a tone of surprise.

“Ask no questions, little one,” said the father, fondly stroking her hair;

“you will know one day when you are older.”

Just then baby Léon, who had been sleeping in his cradle, awoke, and Madame Clément got up from her seat to take him. Soon after, a bell from the church close by warned the children that bedtime was near. Old Jeanne came in, and the family then sang one of the sweet Huguenot hymns, after which M. Clément in a short prayer commended them all to the care of the great God who never slumbers nor sleeps. The two little ones then kissed their parents and elder brother and sister, and went with Jeanne to be got ready for bed.

“What could papa mean by saying we must not go out?” said Louise.

“Perhaps it was because we were naughty yesterday and ran away from

Jeanne when she took us to the farm," said Eugène.

"No," replied his sister, "I am sure that is not the reason, for papa said, 'You will know when you are older;' there must be *some* reason. We will ask papa again to-morrow, for next week is mamma's birthday, and we must get her some of those pretty flowers we saw yesterday."

They laid their heads on their pillows and were soon fast asleep, little thinking, poor children, what a week would bring forth. Had they known that that dear mother's birthday was to bring them the bitterest grief their young hearts had ever known, their rest would scarcely have been so peaceful as it was that night; but their loving heavenly Father covered them with the shadow of His

wings while they enjoyed the dreamless sleep of childhood.

But I must tell you a little about the Reformation in France, and the persecutions that were connected with it, that you may better understand this strange order from the father to his children."



CHAPTER II.

THE REFORMATION IN FRANCE.

N the early part of the sixteenth century, when Henry VIII. sat upon the throne of England, and the Pope made his power felt all over Europe, France was in a most unhappy state.

We who live in these happy peaceful days have no idea what the people had to endure in those dark days of popery, when all the powers of darkness seemed loosed to persecute the people of God, until they were ready to cry out with a loud voice, "How long, O Lord, holy and true, dost thou not judge and avenge

our blood on them that dwell on the earth?"

It would be useless for us to read these stories if we did not learn some lesson from them, and I think we shall find from this story that God is above everything, and His power above all earthly power.

Martin Luther, who was born in Germany in the year 1473, was the man who first resisted the Pope's power. His influence soon spread to France.

The Reformation in France began in the city of Meaux, through the preaching of a very wise man named Jacques Lefèvre. He told the people it was of no use for them to give money to the church, for that would not save their souls, but they must give their hearts to God. Do any of you little readers re-

member a verse where God tells us to give Him our hearts?

The art of printing greatly helped the work of the Reformation. It would have been impossible to distribute the news among the people if there had not been books, although they were very different from the books we have; they had such funny heavy-looking letters, few people can read them now without difficulty.

Several books were printed before the Bible, one was a translation of the four Gospels of Matthew, Mark, Luke and John.

The Princess Marguerite, sister of the king, Francis I., was at one time one of the gayest and most fashionable ladies in France, she set all the fashions, and was always at the balls and parties given at court. Indeed, she spent her time in

pleasure, but when she learnt that all down here is vanity, she devoted her time to do what she could to spread the gospel, and wrote a book to shew people how wicked every one is by nature, and how nothing but the blood of Jesus can wash away our sins.

The Bible was first printed in France in 1535, and several other books ; but as soon as the reformers began to preach, the French king Francis I. at once gave orders to persecute the heretics, as he called them. All those who were suspected of holding the reformed views were arrested, and many were burnt at the stake rather than give up what was dearer to them than life.

Francis I. was so bitter against the reformers that he declared if one of his own children were so to defile himself by

such heresy, he would sacrifice him to God. Is it not sad and strange to see how hard and unnatural even a father's heart will become when Satan hardens the heart against God?

One of the victims was Nicholas Valentin; thinking to increase his punishment, the wood which was to burn him was to be taken from his own house. The hearts of these men seem to have been as hard as king Pharaoh's when he so cruelly persecuted the children of Israel. But the Lord's arm, which delivered the Israelites, is still strong and mighty to save.





Standing to read a Bible.

CHAPTER III.

P E R S E C U T I O N S.

N the first days of the Reformation the people were very happy and joyful, rejoicing in the beautiful and simple gospel of Christ. It was just what many had been longing for, and they listened to the tidings joyfully.

In these days of Sunday-schools, when every little one is taught to read the Bible from babyhood, it is almost impossible for us to realise the difficulties the people in the sixteenth century had to contend with. How would you like to have to walk two or three miles to find a Bible, and then have to stand all the time you read it? Why, sometimes

you find it too much trouble to walk across the room to fetch one.

In those early days the only Bibles that were to be had were in the churches, chained to the reading desk, and as very few could read, it was not so easy to learn about God as it is in these days.

How strange it is that we should so soon forget the goodness of the Lord when He gives us so many blessings, and how little we deserve them !

A preacher, named Roussel, did a great deal of good by his gentle but faithful preaching. He did not tell the people that they were wrong and he was right, he knew that would only make them angry, but he told them the simple Bible truths, and they believed.

Montmorency, the Governor of Paris, was one of the most violent against the

Huguenots ; he used to burn so many of their places of meeting that the Catholics called him " Mr. Burnbench."

It was the Reformers in France who were called Huguenots; but at this distant time no one is able to say with certainty the origin of this strange name.

Those of you who have read the History of France will remember Catherine de' Medici, a clever but cruel woman who was a great enemy to the Huguenots. She was an Italian lady, but one of the most cunning women who ever lived. It was to those that she most hated that she pretended to shew the most love.

The Calvinists, who followed the preaching of Calvin, were composed of all classes, from the greatest lords in the kingdom down to the lowest classes of the people.

The Lutherans and Calvinists were afterwards called Protestants, because they protested against the doctrines which the assembly of bishops wished them to accept. All those who refused to go to Mass were to be put in prison by the order of Francis I.

When King Henry II. mounted the throne, he began a rigid persecution against the Protestants, but instead of frightening them, it only seemed to increase their numbers, and the king soon found out, to his great vexation, that several of the principal noblemen of his court had gone over to the reformed religion. They were not afraid of confessing Christ.

Among those who had embraced the new doctrine, a niece of Francis I., Jeanne, queen of Navarre, stood as firm as a rock ; her husband and many of her

friends gave way when the tide of persecution set in, but like a brave true woman she dared the anger of those who were dearest to her rather than give up what she knew to be the truth. She helped the Prince of Condé at the siege of Rochelle, and had Bibles and other good books printed, which she gave to those people who were too poor to buy them.

Perhaps the most celebrated man who suffered martyrdom was the good Admiral Coligny. He was a very aged man, but was most cruelly murdered in his bed.

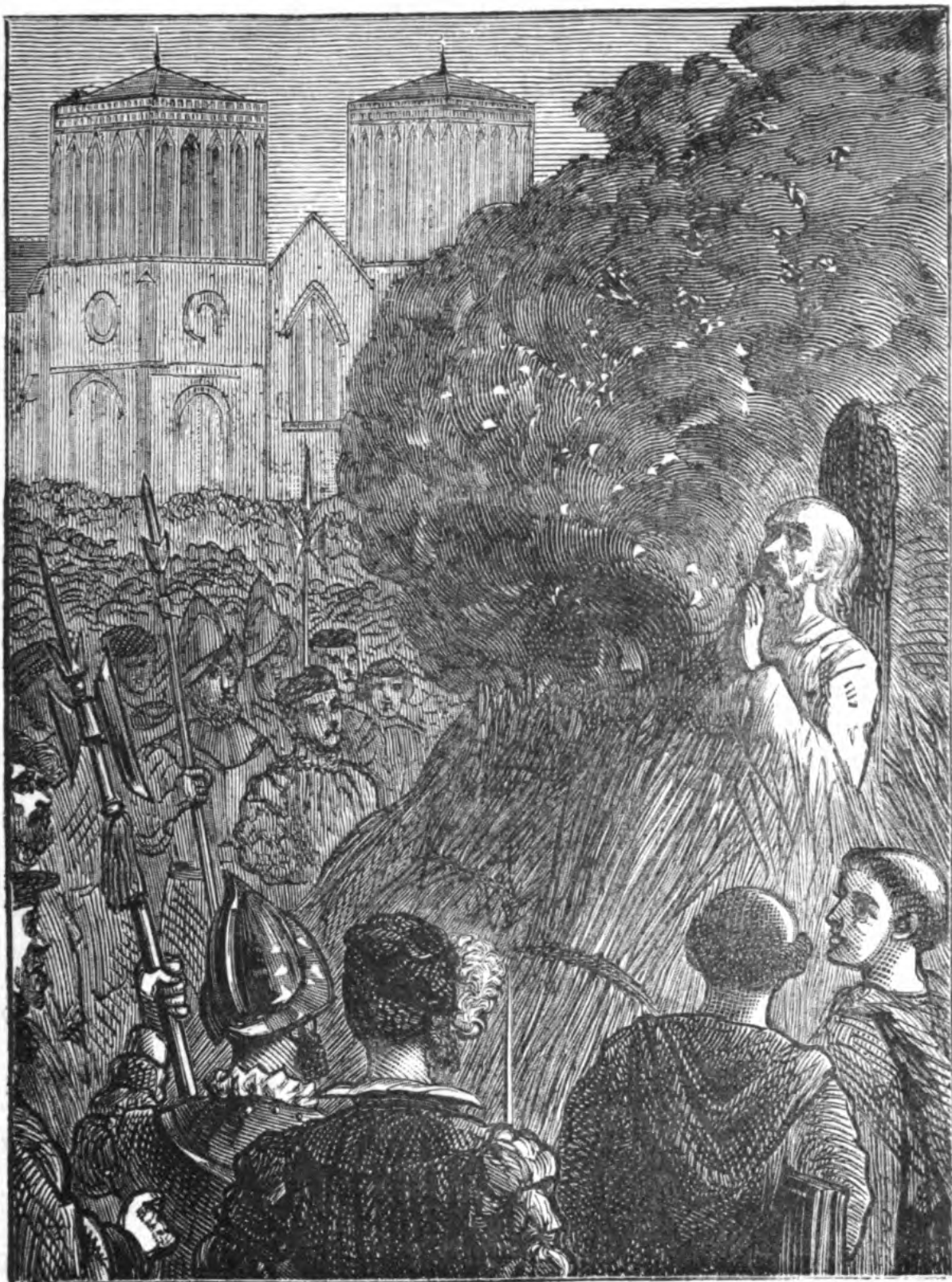
God in His love and mercy took queen Jeanne of Navarre home to Himself before the terrible massacre of St. Bartholomew took place. She escaped the suffering, though she lost the martyr's crown.

CHAPTER IV.

A NEW LAW.

HEN the rulers of France found that even after the terrible massacre of St. Bartholomew, when all the Protestants or Huguenots were murdered in one night, and the streets of Paris ran with the blood of these noble martyrs; when they found that in spite of all these cruelties this despised religion seemed to gain more followers, they formed a new plan to make the people give up their faith.

A law was passed by which any child



A Martyr's Death.

of Protestant parents might be seized and placed in a monastery or convent; it did not matter how young a child might be, if it but made the sign of the cross or said one short prayer to the Virgin it was pronounced a Roman Catholic, and the father and mother had no longer any right to keep the child.

It was this law which had so troubled M. Clément. On the day our story begins, he met a friend who had just lost his little daughter in this way.

Her nurse, who was a Roman Catholic at heart, though she pretended to follow the Huguenot teaching, had taken her into a church, and there the child had touched her forehead with the holy water in imitation of the nurse. She was at once seized and sent to a convent, where she was treated with every possible kind-

ness, and everything done to make her forget the dear mother she might never see again. . Poor little Marie! she was only nine years old.

M. and Mme. Clément sat talking a long time after the children had gone to bed. They felt they were no longer safe in their native town.

Claude and Marguerite were old enough to understand what it was to suffer for Christ who had done so much for them, they would stand firm whatever happened; but Louise and Eugène were so young and so ready to please everybody, that it would have been most dangerous to let them be seen out alone with old Jeanne, who although a staunch Protestant, was a nervous and timid old woman.

“If we could only get Louise and

Eugène away I should feel safe," said M. Clément.

"Oh, I could not bear to part with them," said their mother, "how dull the house would be without my noisy little Eugène, naughty little darling that he is."

How little do you children know how much your mother loves you, notwithstanding all the trouble you give her, and if she had to part with you she would feel just the same as poor Mme. Clément felt. For them the parting came only too soon.

Two or three days passed without anything serious happening, but they were days of terrible anxiety to M. and Mme. Clément. They were afraid to let their children go out of doors, and the children who were not used to be confined to the

house grew fretful and impatient at the restraint.

Poor little things! they could not understand why they should be kept prisoners, for their parents had not told them the reason. Young as they were, it made them sad to see the face of their mother so pale, for though she tried to appear cheerful before the children, she could not hide from them that something had happened to trouble her. Poor Jeanne too, who was so faithful and loved them all so well, had been let into the secret, and shed many tears over the trouble which had come upon them. She appeared calm enough before her mistress, but the children often surprised her when she was crying, and when they tried to comfort her they only seemed to increase her distress. So the children

felt more than ever puzzled as to the cause of the cloud which had fallen on their hitherto happy home.



CHAPTER V.

UNPLEASANT VISITORS.

T the time in which the events in our story took place, a very unpleasant law was passed, which commanded that any citizens who were suspected of being Huguenots were to give shelter and food to as many soldiers as the chief officer chose to send. Rich and poor were treated alike in this way. Gentlemen who had large castles, or *châteaux* as they are called, often had forty or fifty men with their officers billeted upon them.

Sometimes these men behaved very

badly. They would choose the best room in the house for their own use, and often compel the family to live and sleep in the servants' apartments.

But the poor suffered more than the rich, for often in a little hut containing only two rooms, several soldiers would be sent to live, and though some were kind-hearted men who had wives, and little boys and girls of their own, most of them had been trained to be rough and cruel, and they would not mind turning the children out of their poor little beds to use them for themselves.

You will remember that Madame Clément's birthday was very near at hand, and it was the custom in the family to make a little *fête* on that day.

It is usual in France to celebrate the *fête* day of the saints after whom the

children are named, but the custom was never kept up in the Clément family, or in any Huguenot household, so they kept the fête of their mother instead, that dear, dear mother whom they all loved so much.

Well, very early on the morning of this day, Jeanne, who was in the kitchen getting her bread ready to bake, was startled by a very loud knocking at the outer door.

It was so early that most of the family were still asleep, except Claude, who was working in the garden, and singing as lightly as a bird.

Jeanne waited till the knocking was repeated a second time, and then she went to the garden door, and called to the boy, "Monsieur Claude, quick, come here." Claude, alarmed at the terror in

the old servant's voice, dropped the seeds he was planting, and quickly ran to see what was the matter. Then he bravely went to the door, and opened it, but was somewhat frightened to see an officer and half a dozen men.

“Well, young man,” said the officer, “ask your father if he can find room for me and my men, for a week or so.”

Without waiting for an answer he stepped into the house. By this time M. Clément had come downstairs. When the officer saw him he made a low bow, and said in a tone of politeness, “I have the honour to announce to you, Monsieur, that Sa Majesté le Roi (the king) will require to trespass on your hospitality for a few days, and hopes you will not find it inconvenient to accommodate these men.”

He then gave a paper to M. Clément, who led the way to the large stone kitchen, where he told Jeanne to prepare breakfast for all, as soon as possible.

The officer seemed surprised at the kind way in which his message was received. He was not a bad man at heart, and it was very distasteful to him to have to execute the cruel orders of his superiors, but any laxity or disobedience on his part would have been heavily punished, either by dismissal from the king's service, or in some cases imprisonment or death.

The soldiers made themselves at home. They had been marching nearly all night, and being tired and hungry, greatly enjoyed the prospect of a good breakfast. They laughed and talked to Jeanne, who quietly went on with her work without

taking any notice of them. She had not recovered from the shock of their sudden appearance, but had presence of mind not to appear afraid. M. Clément stood for a short time in conversation with their officer, and then left them to go upstairs to his wife.



CHAPTER VI.

A PRAYER FOR GUIDANCE.

WHEN M. Clément went upstairs he found his wife rather uneasy. She had heard the noise, but did not like to go down, for fear of awakening baby Léon. The other children had all come into their mother's room.

M. Clément quietly and calmly told his wife what had happened, "And now," said he, "we must think what is to be done with Louise and Eugène, it is no longer safe for them to remain in the house."

"But where can we send them?" asked their mother.

“We must try to send them to England,” replied M. Clément, “anywhere away from this unhappy land of ours.”

He was right in calling it an unhappy land, for all children over seven years of age were allowed to give up the faith of their parents, and declare themselves Roman Catholics whether they understood or not.

M. Clément did not once murmur against the orders of the king. “Fear God, honour the king,” was their motto, and the Huguenots were so well known for their honest dealing with all men, that the words “as honest as a Huguenot” became a proverb in France.

Marguerite quietly took her baby brother from her mother’s arms, and began to dress him, while Louise and Eugène sat in a corner, wondering what had hap-

pened. When the baby was dressed, the children asked if they might go down to breakfast. "I am so hungry, surely Jeannette has forgotten us this morning," said Eugène in a piteous voice.

"Hush, Eugène," said Marguerite; "you shall have breakfast soon, dear one, have a little more patience."

"Papa, who is downstairs?" he asked.

"Only some men who want a home, my boy."

"And may we not see them, are they soldiers?" he again asked.

"Ah, here comes our good Jeannette with some breakfast," exclaimed the mother brightly. Now that her terror had passed away, she did all she could to soothe her little ones.

Clever old Jeanne had, with wonderful thought for her, brought the breakfast

up to a little room which the children used for a playroom. She coaxed her master and mistress to sit down and eat some breakfast with the children, and then went down to the men.

The soldiers sat down to the hearty meal prepared for them, and while they ate they asked Jeanne many questions about her master's family, but she answered them very cautiously, and went on so busily with her work that they left off troubling her when they found they could get no information from her.

Upstairs it was a very subdued party that sat down to breakfast. Marguerite was too thoughtful to tease her father with questions, and Claude quietly diverted the little ones by telling them a wonderful story which so interested them that they forgot all about the men down-

stairs. How proud the mother felt of her eldest son, sitting there so quietly amusing his little brother and sister so that they might eat their breakfast without being disturbed. His father felt proud of him too, when he remembered how brave and calm he had been when he opened the door to the soldiers. As for Eugène, he thought there was no one in the world like his big brother Claude.

Oh, what an earnest prayer for guidance the father sent up, as he knelt down in that little room with his family around him, and then he made them all repeat the text for the day, for each day they learnt a verse. To-day it was "Considère-le dans toutes tes voies et il dirigera tes sentiers." "In all thy ways acknowledge him, and he shall direct thy paths." (Prov. iii. 6.)

CHAPTER VII.

LEAVING HOME.

M CLÉMENT went away as usual, soon after breakfast. He had a protestant friend living in the town and he determined to go and see him before he went to his daily business, and ask his advice and counsel in the very difficult position in which he was placed.

This man, Dr. Bion, had been one of the bitterest opponents of the reformed religion, and had encouraged the persecutions as much as lay in his power, but the grace of God had the effect of turn-

ing the persecutor into a friend. The patience and endurance of the Huguenots under the cruel treatment they received had such an effect on him that he said himself that "their wounds spoke to him like so many mouths and preached such wonderful sermons, that God blest it to his eternal salvation." And he who had been their foe was now a loving pastor and teacher.

M. Clément knew he would give faithful advice, for he was a man who lived in such close communion with Christ that he seemed to reflect something of Him in all his ways. He looked grave when he heard of the trouble which had befallen them, but greatly comforted the poor father with his kind and sympathetic words.

It seemed such a long dreary day for

the little Cléments, for they had to remain indoors all day, that the soldiers might not see them. It was necessary to keep them very quiet too, so Marguerite had plenty to do to amuse them; but she managed as only a sister could by telling them stories, and inventing quiet games to keep them occupied till evening came.

Their father and mother were very much perplexed to know how to get Louise and Eugène away, for it was quite necessary for them to leave the house that night. But they were helped more quickly than they expected.

That afternoon, the woman who brought butter and vegetables from the farm came, bringing with her one of the little peasant girls who used to help on the farm.

Madame Clément spoke to her a long time, and the woman, whose name was Susette, agreed to her proposal. It was that Louise and Eugène should go back to the farm with her, and then be put on board a ship bound for England, where a cousin of Madame Clément lived.

The children were delighted, for like most children the novelty and excitement of the moment kept away all the more serious thoughts. Louise was dressed in the little peasant's large hooded cloak, which quite disguised her, for no one would notice that her face was not quite so brown as the others.

Eugène was not quite so easy to manage, he had to be rolled up in a large bundle, to look like the dirty linen Susette generally took away with her to be washed at the farm. When he was

well done up, leaving place however for him to breathe, Jeanne and Susette carried him down and laid him on the straw at the bottom of the cart. He was a big fat boy, and rather heavy to carry rolled up as he was.

A soldier who was standing by watched the two women as they carried him out to the cart. "How strong you women are!" he said, laughing; "one would think you had something heavier than linen there."

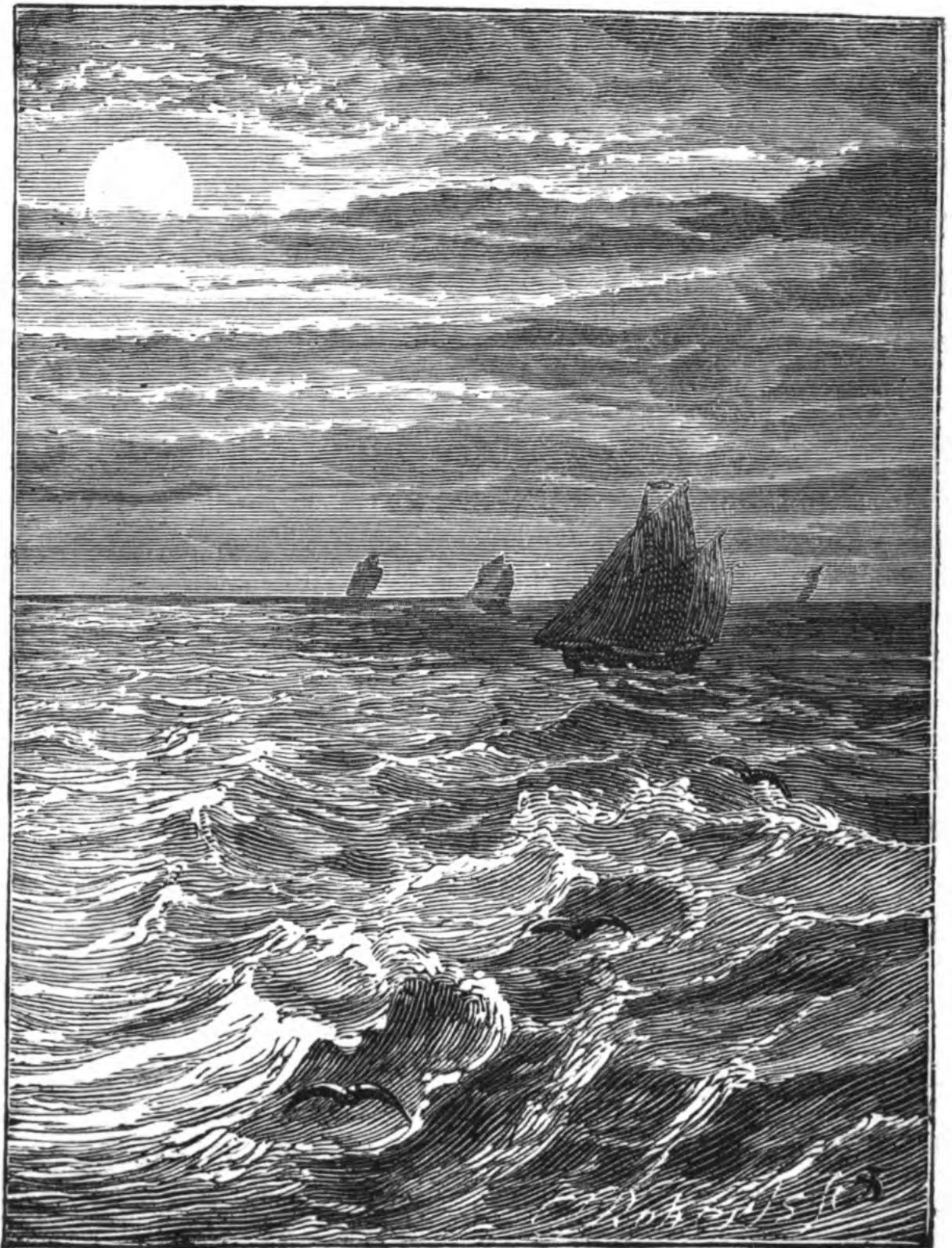
"Then why don't you come and help us?" retorted Susette.

"Bah!" said the soldier, "I might make my arms ache," and turned away with a laugh.

Louise sat down in a corner of the cart beside Susette's stool, and Susette shaking the reins, the old cart rattled and

bumped over the stones towards the farm, leaving behind a mother with a heart as heavy as lead. They reached the farm late at night and went to bed, and here we must leave them till the next chapter.





"The morning broke fine and lovely." (*See page 51.*)

CHAPTER VIII.

A VOYAGE FOR THE CHILDREN.

T was a cold rainy night, the wind was howling dismally, not a star to be seen in the sky, only heavy black clouds all around.

A lady and gentleman, wrapped in dark cloaks, were walking up and down the quay of a small seaport of France. "Is it not almost time they were here?" asked the lady, "Patience, dear," said her husband, "the ship does not sail till 11 o'clock, and the captain wished them to stay on shore till it is almost time to start."

"I feel almost afraid to let them go

alone. Suppose any harm should happen to them, what should I do?"

"Trust in the Lord with all thine heart," was the low reply. "Hark! here they are."

A man came along with two little muffled figures who were, as you will guess, our little friends Louise and Eugène. Mde. Clément sprang forward to meet them with a cry of joy, but M. Clément said they must go on the boat now, as it would be ready to start in a quarter of an hour. They met the captain at the top of the ladder, and all went on board together.

The ship did not carry passengers, and there was not a woman on board; Mde. Clément felt as if she were only letting them go out of one danger into another.

When the children had been comfort-

ably settled in their berths the father and mother came away ; they thanked the good-natured captain again and again for his kindness, for he was running a great risk, for if he were discovered he was liable to severe punishment. Many, many children were separated from their parents in this way, and sometimes it was months or even years before they met again.

The captain to whom the children were entrusted was an Englishman, who for years had travelled between England and France, carrying goods to and from the two countries. He was rather a rough man, who had braved many a storm and saved more than one man from a watery grave ; he had neither wife nor children of his own, and was more at home on the sea than on the

land. When the storm of persecution arose he shewed his true colours, and often ran a great risk for the sake of helping those who dared not remain in their native country.

When the father and mother left, the captain went down to the children, and in his kind rough way did all he could to comfort and console the little ones, for at the last they were greatly distressed at being left alone with strangers.

He would not let any of the sailors come near them, but shut them comfortably in the cabin while he went up on deck.

The boat with our little friends on board began its journey, and the dashing of the waves, the creaking of the ropes, and the shouting of the sailors frightened poor little Louise and Eugène so much

that it was a long time before they fell asleep.

The morning broke fine and lovely, and the children's spirits rose considerably when the captain took them on deck, for now that they were out in the open sea there was no more need of hiding. The wind continued fair, and in two days they could see the shores of that happy land of freedom, England.

Many hundreds of poor people, driven from their homes, found a home in this more favoured country.



CHAPTER IX.

IN DISGUISE.

 and Mde. Clément returned home the day after Eugène and Louise had left. How dreary the house seemed! In place of the merry play of the children was heard the loud laughter and coarse shouting of the soldiers. It is true they were very much better than many of the soldiers at that time, but it was very uncomfortable to have them there.

M. Clément had hoped to leave with the rest of his family, and go and live in Holland or England, but he was prevented by a law passed in 1685.



The grave of faithful old Jeanne.

This law declared all ministers of the Protestant religion were to leave the country; if they stayed, they would be put in prison, or put to death. It is also said, that all other people were forbidden to leave the country on pain of imprisonment; this was done to separate the teachers from the people.

They thought if the Huguenot churches were shut up, and the ministers sent away, that the people would forget all about the simple story of salvation by just believing in Jesus, and that they would return to the old form of worship, praying to saints, and going on long pilgrimages; for that is what the priests told them must be done if they wanted their sins forgiven.

M. Clément determined to try and get away with his wife and Claude, Mar-

guerite and baby. They had to wait many long weary months before they could do this, but one morning the following spring they left their home. Claude and his father dressed like peasants. Marguerite was dressed like a boy, her long hair was cut short, and her face stained brown. They looked like a party of gipsies searching for a place to sell some wooden toys which they took with them.

They had to sleep in the woods and often beg for bread to eat. Many people were very kind to them, and the farmers and servants in some of the large houses would give them food, and sometimes money, without taking the toys in return.

One night in a dreadful thunder-storm, a poor widow woman who lived in a

cottage in a lonely little village, took them all in, dried their clothes, and let them stay all night. Perhaps she had heard that verse, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of these my brethren ye have done it unto me."

The trials through which they passed were only equalled by the wonderful deliverances they experienced. More than once they had to retrace miles of their journey in order to escape the soldiers who were constantly on the watch for fugitives. Their friend Dr. Bion had left some weeks before and had escaped to Geneva. He afterwards became a minister in a small town in England.

The Cléments had one great sorrow in their wanderings, and yet they could but acknowledge it to be a proof of the

mercy and wisdom of Him who is over all. Good, faithful old Jeanne who had bravely clung to her master and mistress, had been called home to her longed-for rest.

She had refused to leave her friends when they left their home, and had cast in her lot with them, sharing their troubles and trials, but after a few weeks, her strength suddenly failed her, and she quietly passed away to be "for ever with the Lord." She was buried in an obscure little village, and left in a nameless grave. Faithful over the many or few things committed to her care, she had now entered into the joy of her Lord.



CHAPTER X.

UNITED ONCE MORE.

 ON a very fine September morning, a boat arrived at Plymouth with about fifty people in it. Such a weak-looking boat to cross the stormy waters, and so small, it looked as if it must sink every time a large wave came; but He who once said "Peace be still" to the sea of Galilee, had said "Peace be still" to the English Channel, and the little band of exiles had arrived in safety at the much longed-for shore. For three days and nights they had been on the sea, but now their troubles were over.

Among them are our friends the

Cléments. It is a year and a half since Louise and Eugène left them, and they had passed through many dangers and trials since they left the cottage of the poor widow. But oh, the joy of being safe and free! Kind friends are there to meet them and take them to their new home, a very humble little home, but still it is a *home*.

Waiting in that home are two little people whom we have left for a time. Oh, how excited they are!

“Louise, will they really be here to-day?” asked Eugène impatiently. “Won’t baby be pleased to see us!” “I am afraid he won’t remember us,” replied Louise; “you forget how little he was when we came away.”

It was getting quite dark, and Eugène had almost given up hope, when a little

group came in at the door. For a moment the two children stood quite still, half frightened: surely that old man and woman were not their father and mother, and that girl with her short hair and brown face could not be their own Marguerite; but it was only for a moment, and then they rushed forward with such a cry of gladness.

I cannot describe the meeting, it was too full of joy and sorrow for any pen to describe. They were never separated again, nor did they ever leave the land where they had found such a happy resting-place.

When the little Cléments grew up and had children of their own, they used to tell them the story of how they had to leave their home in France, and they would always finish with reminding them

of that beautiful verse in the wonderful words of the Lord Jesus Christ, "Verily I say unto you, there is no man that hath left house or brethren or sisters, or father or mother, or wife or children, or lands, for my sake and the gospel's, but he shall receive an hundred-fold now in this time, and in the world to come *eternal life*." (Mark x. 29, 30.)

Do you not feel thankful, dear little readers, that you did not live in the time of such dark days in France? But do not forget that there are great dangers in our day, and in this highly favoured country. The danger now is, that because we have the Bible and may read it, and go to hear the gospel preached, we should be satisfied with these things, and be Christians in name only; whereas, all are by nature *lost*, and need

Christ as a Saviour as much now as in those dark days. He lovingly says, "Him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out." (John vi.)

L. C.



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