

The image shows a close-up of a book cover with a marbled paper design. The pattern consists of irregular, dark blue and green shapes, resembling stone or organic forms, set against a lighter, yellowish-tan background. The marbling is dense and intricate. In the lower-left corner, there is a small, white, octagonal label with a black border. The label contains the text 'JH2' in a bold, black, serif font. The overall appearance is that of an antique or vintage book binding.

JH2

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**“Nor be thou such a silly fool
To mind thy book, or go to school.”**

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A

DIALOGUE

BETWEEN

CHRIST, A YOUTH, AND THE DEVIL

EMBELLISHED WITH CUTS FROM

ORIGINAL DESIGNS.

REVISED BY THE COMMITTEE OF PUBLICATION OF THE
AMERICAN SUNDAY-SCHOOL UNION.

Philadelphia:
AMERICAN SUNDAY-SCHOOL UNION,
1122 CHESTNUT ST.

Entered according to act of Congress, in the year 1846, by
the *American Sunday-school Union*, in the clerk's office of the
District Court of the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.

PREFACE.

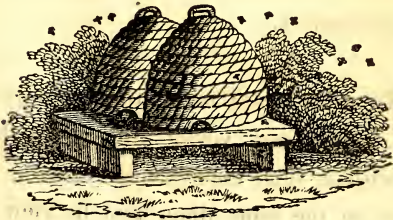
MULTITUDES of the children and youth of our country are already familiar with this dialogue ; and we have reason to believe that it has oftentimes awakened serious thoughts, and impressed on their minds sentiments of the deepest interest and solemnity.

To make it still more useful and popular among our young friends, we have published this embellished edition, and have, at the same time, kept in view the importance of a very low price, as the means of securing for it extensive circulation,—especially among the children and

2045-34

youth of the West, where we hope to scatter them by hundreds of thousands!

May it please the God of all grace to use it as the means of alarming, convincing and converting many youth from the service of sin, to the love and obedience of the truth as it is in Christ.





YOUTH.

THOSE days which God to me doth send,
In pleasure I'm resolved to spend ;
Like as the birds, in lovely spring,
Sit chirping on the boughs, and sing,—
Who, straining forth those warbling notes,
Do make sweet music in their throats,—



O I resolve in this my
prime,

In sports and plays to spend my time.
Sorrow and grief I'll put away ;
Such things agree not with my day.
From clouds my morning shall be free,
And nought on earth shall trouble me.
I will embrace each sweet delight
This earth affords me day and night ;
Though parents grieve, and me correct,
Yet I their counsel will reject.

DEVIL.

The resolution which you take,
Sweet Youth, it doth me merry make.





“ And with thy brothers wilt fall out,
And sisters, with vile language, flout.”



F thou my counsel wilt
embrace,

And shun the ways of truth and grace,
And learn to lie, to curse, and swear,
And be as proud as any are,
And with thy brothers wilt fall out,
And sisters, with vile language, flout,
Yea, fight and scratch, and also bite,
Then I, in thee, will take delight.
If thou wilt but be ruled by me,
An artist thou shalt quickly be
In all my ways, (which lovely are,)
There's few with thee who shall compare.
Thy parents always disobey ;
Nor mind at all what they do say ;



ND also proud and
sullen be,

And thou shalt be a child for me.

When others read, be thou at play ;

Think not on God ; don't mind to pray ;

Nor be thou such a silly fool

To mind thy book, or go to school,

But play the truant ; fear not, I

Will straightway help thee to a lie,

Which will excuse thee for the same,

From being whipt and from all blame.

Come, bow to me, uphold my crown,

And I'll thee raise to high renown.



YOUTH.

THESE notions I will
cleave unto,

And let all other counsels go ;
My heart against my parents now
Shall hardened be. I will not bow ;
Nor yet submit at all to them,
But all good counsels will condemn :
And what I list, that do will I,
And stubborn be continually.

CHRIST.

Wilt thou, O youth, make such a choice,
And thus obey the devil's voice ?



MUCH sinful ways wilt
 thou embrace,
 And hate the ways of truth and grace ?
 Wilt thou to me a rebel prove ?
 And from thy parents quite remove
 Thy heart also ? then shalt thou see,
 What will ere long become of thee.
 Come, think on God, who did thee make,
 And at his presence dread and quake.
 Remember him now in thy youth,
 And let thy soul take hold of truth ;
 The devil and his ways defy,
 Believe him not, he doth but lie ;
 His ways seem sweet, but youth, beware !
 He for thy soul hath laid a snare.



**“Remember Him now in thy youth,
And let thy soul take hold of truth.”**

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IS sweet will into
sour turn,

If in those ways thou still wilt run :
He will thee into pieces tear
Like lions which most hungry are.
Grant me thy heart, thy folly leave,
And from this lion I'll thee save ;
And thou shalt have sweet joy from me,
Which will endure eternally.

YOUTH.

My heart shall cheer me in my youth,
I'll have my frolics in good truth ;
Whate'er seems lovely in my view,
That will I greedily pursue.



N mine own ways I still
will walk,

And with the thoughtless laugh and talk,
To spend my days in joy and mirth :
This will I seek while I'm on earth !
Thy ways, O Christ, are not for me ;
They with my age do not agree :
If I unto thy laws should cleave,
No more good days then should I have.

CHRIST.

Wouldst thou live long, and good days see,
Refrain from all iniquity ;
True good alone from me doth flow ;
It can't be had in things oelow.



RE not my ways, O
youth, for thee ?

Then thou shalt never happy be ;
Nor ever shall thy soul obtain
True good, whilst thou dost here remain.

YOUTH.

To thee, O Christ, I'll not adhere ;
Thy promises do not appear
Lovely to me. I cannot find
'Tis good to set my heart or mind
On ways whence many sorrows spring,
And to the flesh such crosses bring.
Don't trouble me. I must fulfil
My fleshly mind, and have my will.



CHRIST.

INTO thyself, then I'll
thee leave,

That Satan may thee wholly have.

Thy heart in sin shall hardened be,

And blinded in iniquity.

And then in wrath I'll cut thee down

Like as the grass and flowers are mown .

And, to thy wo, thou shalt espy

Childhood and youth are vanity :

For all such things I'll make thee know,

To judgment thou shalt come also ,

In hell, at last, thy soul must burn,

When thou thy sinful race hast run.



CONSIDER this! think on
thy end!

Lest God do thee in pieces rend.

YOUTH.

Amaz'd, O Lord, I'll now begin ;
O help me, and I'll leave my sin .
I tremble and do greatly fear,
To think upon what I do hear.
To feel thy rod I cannot bear,
Nor to offend thee would I dare.
Lord! I thy servant now will be,
And turn from Satan unto thee.



DEVIL.

AY, foolish youth, don't
change thy mind,

Unto such thoughts be not inclined ;
Come ! cheer thy heart ; rouse up ! be glad,
There is no hell : why art thou sad ?
Eat, drink, be merry with thy friend ;
For when thou diest, that's thy end.

YOUTH.

Such thoughts as these I can't receive,
Because God's word I do believe :
None shall in this destroy my faith,
Nor do I mind what Satan saith.



“Eat, drink, be merry with thy friend;
For when thou diest, that’s thy end.”





DEVIL.

ALTHOUGH to thee
herein I yield,

Yet I ere long shall win the field.

That there's a heaven, I can't deny,

Yea, and a hell of misery ;

That heaven is a lovely place

I can't deny,—'tis a clear case,—

And easy is it to come there ;

Therefore take thou no further care.

All human laws do thou observe,

And from old customs never swerve !

Do not oppose what great men say,

And thou shalt never go astray.



HOU may'st be drunk,
and swear and curse,

And sinners think thee none the worse ;
At any time thou may'st repent,
'T will do when all thy days are spent.

CHRIST.

Beware ! or else thou art undone :
These thoughts are from the wicked one.
Narrow's the way that leads to life ;
Who walk therein do meet with strife.
Strait is the gate, as Christians know,
But sinners in a broad way go.
If righteous ones scarce saved be,
What will at last become of thee ?



H! don't neglect my
precious call,

Lest suddenly in hell thou fall :
Unless thou shalt converted be,
God's kingdom thou canst never see.

YOUTH.

Lord, I am now at a great stand.
If I should yield to thy command,
My comrades would me much deride,
And never more with me abide.
Moreover this I also know,
Thou can'st, at last, great mercy show.
When I am old and pleasure's gone,
Then, what thou sayest I'll think upon.



ILL then I'll walk in my
own ways,
Nor mind what God, my maker, says.

CHRIST.

Nay, hold, vain youth! thy time is short,
I'll have thy breath, then ends thy sport;
Thou shalt not live till thou art old,
Since thou, in sin, art grown so bold
I, in thy youth, grim death will send,
Then all thy sports will have an end.

YOUTH.

I am too young, alas, to die;
Let death some old gray-head espy.



**"I, in thy youth, grim death will send,
Then all thy sports will have an end."**

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SPARE me and I
will amend,

And with thy grace my soul befriend.

Or else I am undone, alas!

For I am in a woful case.

CHRIST.

When I did call thou would'st not hear,

But did'st to me turn a deaf ear ;

And now in thy calamity,

I will not mind nor hear thy cry ;

Thy day is past. Begone from me !

Thou who didst love iniquity

Above thy soul or Saviour dear,

Who, on the cross, great pains did bear



Y mercy thou did'st
much abuse,

And my good counsel did'st refuse ;
Justice will therefore vengeance take,
And thee a sad example make.

YOUTH.

O spare me, Lord ! Forbear thy hand !
Don't cut me off, who trembling stand,
Begging for mercy at thy door.
O, let me live but one year more !

CHRIST.

If thou some longer time should'st live,
Thou would'st again to folly cleave ;



HEREFORE, to thee I
will not give

One day on earth longer to live.

DEATH.

Youth! I am come to take thy breath,
And bear thee to the shades of death :
No pity to thee I can show,
Thou hast thy God offended so.
Thy soul and body I'll divide :
Thy body in the grave I'll hide,
Thy precious soul in hell must be,
With devils, to eternity.

Thus end the days of wicked youth,
Who will not hear nor mind the truth ;



HO neither think, nor
fear, nor pray,

But do their parents disobey.

They, in their youth, go down to hell,
Under eternal wrath to dwell.

They do not live out half their days,
For cleaving unto sinful ways.

But those who fear the Lord in youth,
Shall find the ways of peace and truth ;
They serve their Saviour here below,
And when they die to heaven they go.





**“ But those who fear the Lord in youth
Shall find the ways of peace and truth.”**

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TRIALS OF THE POOR.

WRITTEN FOR THE AMERICAN SUNDAY-SCHOOL UNION, AND
REVISED BY THE COMMITTEE OF PUBLICATION.

AMERICAN SUNDAY-SCHOOL UNION,
1122 CHESTNUT ST., PHILADELPHIA.

ENTERED according to Act of Congress, in the year 1842,
by HERMAN COPE, Treasurer, in trust for the American Sun-
day-school Union, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court
of the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.

L. JOHNSON, STEREOTYPED,
PHILADELPHIA.

TRIALS OF THE POOR.

ONE afternoon, Mr. and Mrs. Lane and their two little girls were seated around the tea table. Their meal consisted of the whitest and lightest of home-made bread, golden-looking butter, which had been that day churned, cheese, and dried beef, with an abundant supply of milk for the children. As Mr. Lane handed Lucy the bread, she said, "No, father, I do not want any:" and when her mother filled her

little china cup with milk, she said, with a dissatisfied manner, "I do not want any milk, mother, nor any thing to eat; for there is nothing I love on the table."

"Do you mean to say, Lucy, that you do not love bread and butter? Your taste must have altered greatly since yesterday, for you were then eating some, and I heard you say, 'O how delicious!'"

"Yes, mother, I did say so, for I was very hungry then, and it tasted very good; but now I feel as if I wanted sweetmeats, or cake, or something nice."

"Well, my child," said her father, "if you are not hungry, you may leave the table. I dare say, before a great while, bread and butter will taste deliciously again."

Lucy, who had been leaning back listlessly in her chair, did not expect this. She lingered half a moment, looking imploringly first at her father, and then at her mother, to see if what the former had just said was to be regarded in the light of a permission or a command, but a slight motion of her father's hand left her without doubt as to his meaning.

Lucy walked to the window, looking very sorrowful, and sat down there, but she did not pout, nor pretend she did not care. These naughty things Lucy never did, but she looked anxiously at her parents, as she occasionally raised her eyes, uncertain to what extent she had incurred their displeasure. Presently Bell said, in a loud whisper,

“Mother, may Lucy come now?”

“Just as your father says, my dear,” replied her mother.

Encouraged by her sister’s intercession, Lucy advanced to her father, and said in a low tone,

“Father, are you angry with me?”

“Not angry, Lucy,” replied her affectionate father, “but quite dissatisfied with you, for so ungratefully finding fault with the bounties which Providence bestows on you. How many children do you suppose there are in this town, who would regard as a rich feast the food of which you so unthankfully complain.”

“Will you forgive me, father!” said Lucy.

This was what this little girl, who was on the whole a good child,

never failed to do. If she did the slightest thing to displease her parents, she immediately confessed her fault, and asked their forgiveness. She was never known to be obstinate or rebellious, or sullen, and the application for the pardon of her faults was never made in vain.

After tea, Mrs. Lane told the children to put on their bonnets, and she would take them to walk. They were soon ready, and their mother gave them each a bundle to carry.

“What is in this bundle, mother?” said Bell.

“That is some clothing for a poor woman, who has a little baby, and scarcely any thing for it to wear.”

“And what is in mine, mother!”
said Lucy.

“Some rice and sugar for the sick children. I am going to take you with me to Mrs. Crofts, whom you have often seen at our house; she is very poor, and her worthless husband has gone off, and deserted his family. It is perhaps better he should go away, than to stay to treat his poor wife so unkindly, and to set so wretched an example to his children; But Mrs. Crofts could not feed and clothe them, if she was not assisted by those who know her to be a deserving woman. It is some weeks since I have seen or heard from her, till yesterday, when I was told that she is greatly in need; her children are sick with the measles and she has a babe but

a few weeks old, that wants clothing. Jesus Christ says, 'Ye have the poor with you always, and whensoever ye will, ye may do them good,' (Mark xiv. 7 ;) and we are also enjoined, as we have opportunity, 'to do good unto all.' (Gal. vi. 10.) So having this opportunity, it is my duty, as well as my happiness, to do good to this poor family. And I take you and Bell with me, that you may see how thankful you should be to a kind Providence, who has 'made you to differ' from those who suffer through poverty and sickness, and who have scarcely enough to eat or to wear, that you may learn to value the abundance which has been granted you, and to be ready to distribute, and willing to communicate to

those from whom God has withheld so large a share of his bounties. But here we are at Mrs. Croft's poor dwelling."

After knocking at the door several times, Mrs. Lane tried to open it, and found it locked. She then went to the window, and looking in at a broken pane, saw a child about five years old lying in a rocking chair, that was propped up so as to lean against the wall; she looked very sick, and made no reply to Mrs. Lane's request to open the door. On a table that stood under the window, was a bowl of water, and a cup of medicine, with a spoon laid across it. She also discovered the key of the door, which had been dropped in when the mother left the house. With this

she easily unlocked the door, and, on entering the room, found another sick child about three years old, lying in a cradle in front of the table, which had concealed it from her view, before entering the house.

The sight of these lonely, sick children so affected Mrs. Lane that she could not refrain from tears. After a few moments, she approached the cradle, and spoke in a soothing tone to the little one there, but the sight of a stranger alarmed her, and her feeble, whining cry soon brought a neighbour, who lived in the back part of the house, to inquire into the cause.

“Where is Mrs. Crofts?” asked Mrs. Lane, when the woman appeared.

“She had an opportunity, ma’am,

to do several days' work, for which she is well paid," replied the woman; "and as she does not often get such a chance, and is very much in want of money to pay her rent, I told her I would come in once in a while, to give the children their medicine, and attend to them, if they cried."

At this moment the door opened, and the mother of the sick children entered, carrying her babe in her arms, and followed by a feeble looking girl about eight years of age. On seeing their mother, both of the little ones burst into a loud cry. It seemed as if the pent up grief of the long, dreary, desolate day, had poured itself forth at the sight of her, on whose bosom they had been accustomed to lay their heads, and into whose ear they had told all

their infantile sorrows. She sank into a chair, as if completely exhausted, and laying her sleeping babe upon her knee, she covered her face with her hands, and wept till her frame shook with emotion. The child that was lying in the rocking chair slid down on the floor, and feebly walking to her mother, laid her head on her shoulder; and the little one rising in her cradle, stretched out her hands towards her mother, crying, "Take a me, take a me." Hannah, the eldest child, who returned with the mother, took the babe, unbidden, and seating herself on a low stool, held it in her arms. The vacant place on the mother's lap, was soon filled by the child from the cradle, whose wailings were hushed when she nestled in

her mother's arms, and was folded to her bosom. The new baby had for so short a time taken her place, that she still felt it was her's by right.

As soon as quiet was restored, and Mrs. Lane's feelings would allow her to speak, she said, (and for the moment she spoke reproachfully,) "how could you, *how could you*, Mrs. Crofts, leave these sick children for a whole day?"

The woman bit her lip, while her convulsed features and heaving chest told how stern was the necessity that could compel her to so unnatural a course of conduct. After a pause, she said,

"Because, ma'am, I have neither food nor clothing for them. My rent, which has been unpaid for more than two months, amounts to better

than four dollars, for I pay fifty cents a week for this room, and the landlord says he shall put my things in the street if I do not pay part of it by the end of this week. A few days ago I went to Mrs. Strong for work. Her laundress had just left her, and she said, if I would come for a week, and wash, iron and clean for her, she would pay me four shillings a day. This was such an opportunity as I seldom have. Hannah had had the measles, but as it was nearly two weeks since, I thought the little ones were not going to take the disease, so I told Mrs. Strong I would come. Well, ma'am, I took Hannah to take care of the baby, and went there last Monday morning, leaving Betsey and Ann at home. When I came home, Betsey

was crying with the headache ; she was feverish and light-headed all night, and before morning Ann was taken sick, so that I had no rest ; still I thought I must go in the morning ; so I fixed Betsey in the rocking-chair and Ann in the cradle, and kissed them, and told them to be good children, and went with a heavy heart to my work.”

Here the tears rolled down her cheeks, and she was obliged to clear her throat before she could proceed. “ Mrs. Thomas,” she continued, “ promised to come in and give them their medicine, and speak a kind word to them now and then, and Betsey said if Ann cried, she would try to sing to her. Twice, while the baby slept yesterday, I sent Hannah home to cheer them a little, and

tell them mother would come as soon as she had done her work. I found them very sick, when I came home last night, and passed another sleepless night. This morning, they both clung to me, and cried so hard that I thought I could not leave them ; but I was obliged to harden my heart, and leave them crying, for I thought of being turned into the street. So I told them if they would be good children and stop crying, and let me go to-day, I would not leave them again till they got well. So I went again, and I have brought home twelve shillings, the earnings of three sad days, to pay towards my rent. Mrs. Strong has been very kind, and has given me some clothing for the children and some provisions besides.”

“But why did you not come or send to me?” said Mrs. Lane; “you knew I would assist you.”

“O, ma’am, I was ashamed to come to you again, you have helped me so much. I expect to work, and am glad to do so, only it came hard to leave the children sick.”

“Yes, yours indeed was a sad necessity, but you must have some other way to live,” said Mrs. Lane. “Have you never learned a trade?”

“O yes, ma’am. Before I was married, I worked at straw-bonnet making, and I was a nice hand at it. I was careful of my earnings, and did not spend them for fine clothes, so that when I was married, I had enough to furnish my little house with all that I needed; but my husband”—she paused, for she could

not bear to speak of his faults, particularly before the children; “you know ma’am, the history of my troubles,” she added; “one and another of my things have gone to pay for his ruin and my wretchedness, and sometimes I feel as if I could do no more. O, were it not for the consolations of religion, I should sink, but I find in the word of God a something that heals my wounded spirit; and when I feel like repining or complaining, I draw comfort from this book, that the world knows nothing of.”

Mrs. Lane continued some time in conversation with this poor woman, in which she not only encouraged her by kind counsel, but gave her such assistance as her circumstances required, and by which she

was enabled to pay her rent, and procure some comforts, of which she and her children were in need. She also promised to assist her in procuring employment from some of the milliners. 'This benevolent object she was very successful in accomplishing; for the first milliner to whom she applied, told her she had more work than she could possibly attend to, and would be very glad to employ a good hand to alter, whiten and press hats. Mrs. Croft's work was so well done, that she soon had as much work as she could attend to, and she and her little ones began to see better days.

Lucy learned a lesson from her visit to Mrs. Crofts, which she has never forgotten; and no doubt, in consequence of it, she will not

only receive with gratitude the favours which Providence bestows on her, but will, through life, be one of those who “remember the poor.”

