




THE IDLER CURED;

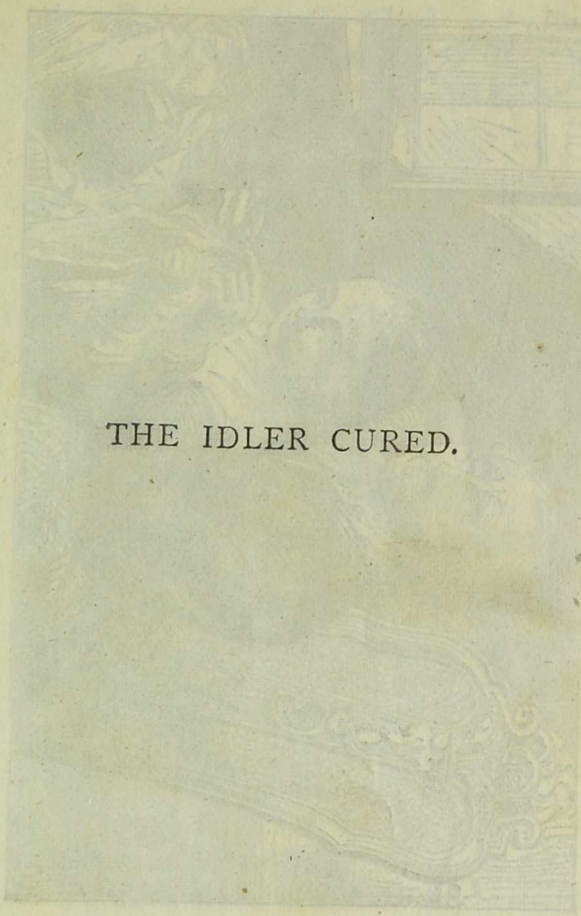
OR,

Grandmother's Lesson.



LONDON :  
RELIGIOUS TRACT SOCIETY ;  
56, PATERNOSTER ROW,  
65, ST. PAUL'S CHURCHYARD,  
AND 164, PICCADILLY.

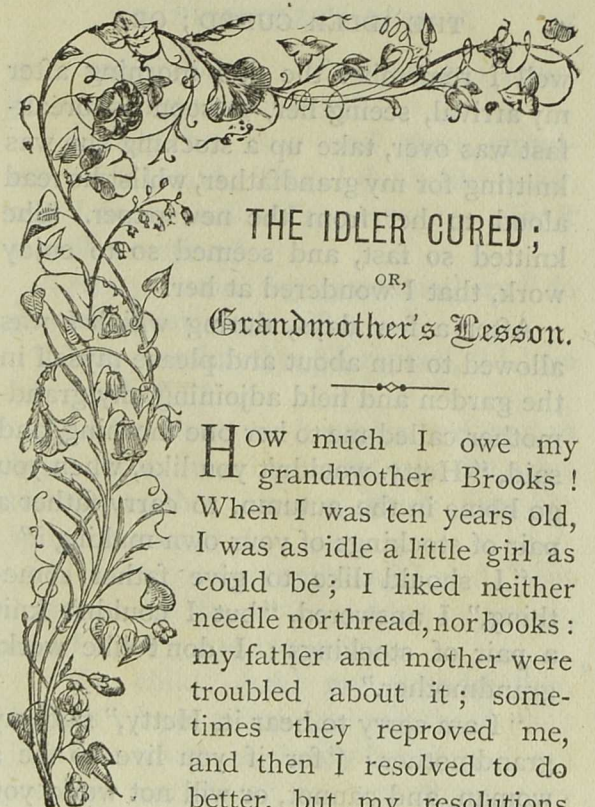


The background of the page is a light-colored, embossed illustration. It depicts a man sitting in a chair, possibly in a study or a room with a window. The man is wearing a long coat and a hat. The room has a window with a grid pattern, and there are some decorative elements on the wall. The overall style is that of a classic book cover or endpaper.

THE IDLER CURED.



GRANDMOTHER'S LESSON.



## THE IDLER CURED ;

OR,

### Grandmother's Lesson.

—◆—

How much I owe my grandmother Brooks ! When I was ten years old, I was as idle a little girl as could be ; I liked neither needle nor thread, nor books : my father and mother were troubled about it ; sometimes they reprov'd me, and then I resolv'd to do better, but my resolutions pass'd away, and I was still an idler.

One summer I went to pay a long visit to my grandmother. Dear old lady ! How

well I remember the first morning after my arrival, seeing her, as soon as breakfast was over, take up a stocking she was knitting for my grandfather, whilst he read aloud to her from the newspaper. She knitted so fast, and seemed so to enjoy work, that I wondered at her.

After a few days, during which I was allowed to run about and please myself in the garden and field adjoining, my grandmother called me to her one morning, and said, "Hetty, wouldn't you like, when you go home in the autumn, to carry father a pair of stockings of your own making?"

"I should like to give father something," I answered, "but I couldn't knit a pair of stockings; I don't like work, grandmother."

"I am sorry to hear it, Hetty," said my grandmother; "for if you live to be a woman, and cannot, or will not work, you will be of very little use in the world: even now, there are many ways in which, if you were a good worker, you might help

and benefit others. Couldn't you assist your mother sometimes?"

"I help her now and then, grandmother," I said; "but I don't like work, and I never shall. I'm sorry, too; for it troubles mother."

"Hetty," said my grandmother, "do you love your mother?"

"Yes, grandmother," I replied, "I love her dearly."

"And yet to give her pleasure, and to be of use to her, you cannot take the pains to conquer this idleness, which gives her so much anxiety."

"I have tried sometimes," I said, "but I always feel the same; I don't like work, and I can't get to like it."

"My child," said my grandmother, "when I hear a little girl say she doesn't like that which is clearly her duty, I am led to fear there is something very wrong."

I hung my head at this, and remained silent.

“Hetty,” said my grandmother, after a few minutes, “have you ever told God that you don’t like work, and asked Him, for Christ’s sake, to help you to like it?”

“No, grandmother,” I said, “I didn’t know people might tell God those things.”

“We may tell Him everything, Hetty,” answered my grandmother. “There is no child so young that God will not listen to its prayers ; and there is no want so small that He is unwilling to supply it. If you have tried to like and perform your duty without God’s help, I don’t wonder you have never succeeded. Now do you, my Hetty, go to God, and tell Him all about it, and get the help which He has promised to all who ask for it through Jesus Christ. But you must not ask to be helped only in this one thing : you must ask to be made to love God, that it may be your chief wish to please Him : you must ask for a new heart : you must ask for God’s Holy Spirit ; and when this is given, you will seek to discharge all duties faithfully ;



and even the unpleasant things will in time become pleasant, as they are cheerfully performed in obedience to His will."

I had never before thought of praying about my idleness, but I went away alone, and did as my grandmother had bidden me; and surely the help I asked was given, for from that day I ceased to be an idle child. Not that I loved work all at once, nor did I find it easy to conquer long-indulged habits; but from the time I believed that God would help me, I took courage, and became patient and hopeful.

I learned to knit, and at the end of the summer I returned home with a pair of stockings for my father, finished; and great was my delight at the looks of surprise and pleasure on the faces of my parents.

"Well, Hetty," said my father, "you *have* learned something,—learned to knit, and learned to be industrious."

Yes, surely my father was right: these

two things I had learned whilst at my grandmother's.

But, better still than either, I had learned what I have never since forgotten, that little children may go to God by Jesus Christ with their little sorrows and little wants, and that He will listen to and answer them. Ah ! my dear grandmother, she has been in heaven many years, and the grass is growing thickly on her grave ; but the truth she taught me, that God hears and answers prayer, will never die, for it is God's own promise, and "the word of the Lord endureth for ever."

To those who seek Him He is near,  
He looks upon the heart ;  
And from the humble and sincere  
He never will depart.



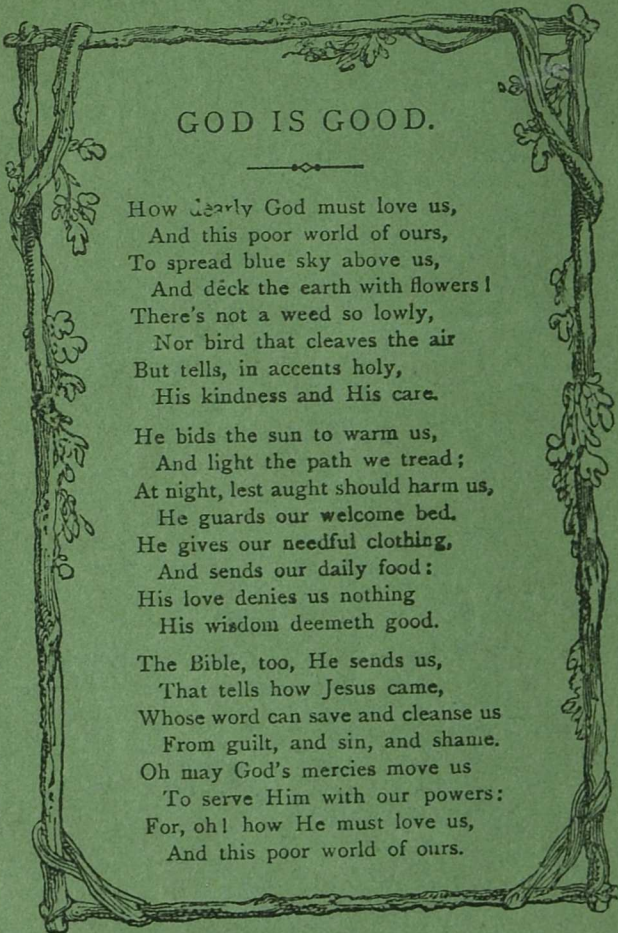
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## GOD IS GOOD.

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How dearly God must love us,  
And this poor world of ours,  
To spread blue sky above us,  
And deck the earth with flowers !  
There's not a weed so lowly,  
Nor bird that cleaves the air  
But tells, in accents holy,  
His kindness and His care.

He bids the sun to warm us,  
And light the path we tread ;  
At night, lest aught should harm us,  
He guards our welcome bed.  
He gives our needful clothing,  
And sends our daily food :  
His love denies us nothing  
His wisdom deemeth good.

The Bible, too, He sends us,  
That tells how Jesus came,  
Whose word can save and cleanse us  
From guilt, and sin, and shame.  
Oh may God's mercies move us  
To serve Him with our powers :  
For, oh ! how He must love us,  
And this poor world of ours.