

**COURAGE AND
CANDOUR. THE
GREAT PLAGUE**

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THOMAS NELSON AND SONS

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THE DISOBEDIENT BOY.

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THE CONFESSION.

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1884.

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COURAGE AND CANDOUR.

"The fear of man bringeth a snare: but whose putteth his trust
in the Lord shall be safe."—PROV. xxix. 25.



THE DEAD-CART.

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JONAS COLTER was as gallant an old seaman as ever sailed on salt water.

He was kind and generous, also, and would have shared his last shilling or his last crust with any poor creature who required it. Jonas loved his Bible and loved his church, and might have been seen regu-

larly every Sunday morning with his book under his arm stumping along with his wooden leg, on his way to the house of prayer. But Jonas had one sad failing,—rather should I call it one great sin; for *an angry man stirreth up strife, and a furious man aboundeth in transgression*. He had no sort of command over his temper, and that temper was an uncommonly bad one.

“There are many excuses to be made for him,” his sister, Mrs. Morris, would often say. “Just think what a rough life he has led, and how much he has had to suffer. If his temper rises sometimes like a gale of wind, like a gale of wind it is soon over!”

“But, like a gale of wind, it leaves its effects behind it!” observed a neighbour, when this remark was repeated to him. “I shan’t care to call often at Mrs. Morris’s house while her bear of a brother makes it his den!”

There were perhaps none on earth whom Jonas loved better than Johnny and Alie, the children of his sister; and yet none suffered

more from his fierce and ungoverned temper. They feared him more than they loved him; and notwithstanding the many little presents which he made them, and the many little kindnesses which he showed them, his absence, when he left home, was always felt as a relief. It is impossible to regard with the greatest affection one who puts you in perpetual fear, or to feel quite happy with a companion whose smile may in a moment be changed to a frown, whose pleasant talk to a passionate outburst.

Johnny, though considered a courageous boy, was afraid of rousing his uncle; and if to him Jonas was an object of fear, to Alie he was an object of terror. Alie was one of the most timid little creatures in the village. She would go a long way round to avoid passing a large dog, was uneasy at the sight of a turkey-cock, and never dared so much as raise her eyes if a stranger happened to address her. It was not only from the temper of her uncle that poor little Alie now suffered: Johnny, while himself annoyed at