

**LETTERS FROM EUROPE
TO THE CHILDREN; UNCLE
JOHN UPON HIS TRAVELS**

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Letters from Europe to the children; Uncle John upon his travels by Mrs. John A. Smith

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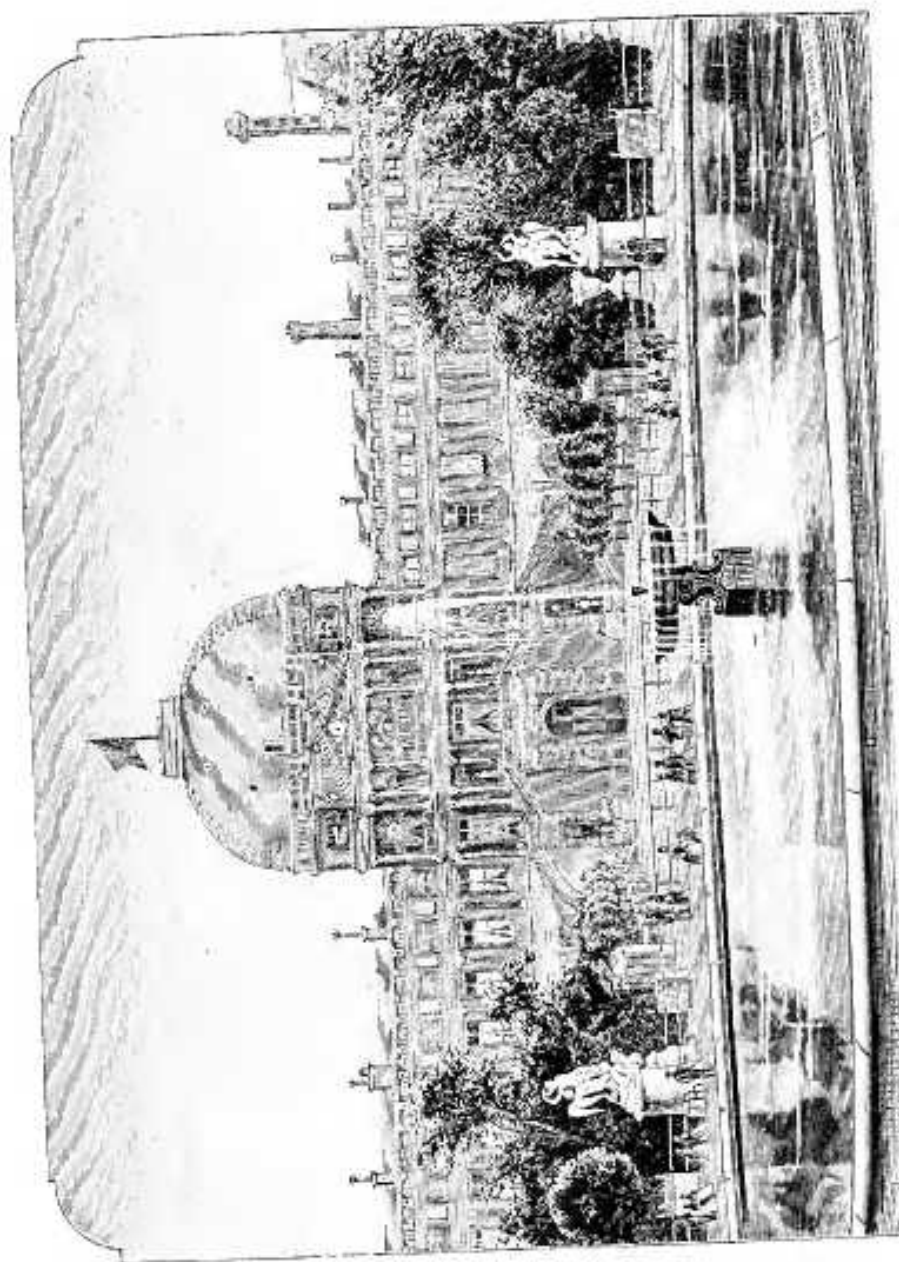
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MRS. JOHN A. SMITH

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TO THE CHILDREN; UNCLE
JOHN UPON HIS TRAVELS**



Letters from Europe to the Children.

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UNCLE JOHN
UPON HIS TRAVELS.

Compiled for Publication, with an Introduction,

BY AUNT ESTHER.

ILLUSTRATED.

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In another part of the book you will find a picture of the Palace and a portion of the Garden, in which you may perceive the place where we sat. On the right of the picture you will see a fine statue; close to this there are chairs for persons walking in the Gardens who may choose to occupy them. We took possession of two chairs close to the statue, and once more witnessed the feeding of the birds, as mentioned in the Letter. Our Heavenly Father's care of the birds encouraged us to trust him anew, for we felt sure that we were of more value to him than many sparrows.

Returning home, Uncle John was very tired, and went to rest in his accustomed place. After a little time he requested me to bolster him in the bed, and give him pencil and paper, which I did. The Letter entitled "The Birds in the Palace Garden" was the result.

"The Story of a King" comes to my mind as I gaze upon the picture of the Place de la Concorde. There are two fine fountains, each having twelve statues, every one of which holds a fish in its hands from whose mouth pours the water thrown up into the basin above. Between these fountains you will see a tall column which is called an obelisk. It was brought from Thebes, and placed where it now stands in the reign of Louis Philippe. Upon the spot where you see this obelisk stood the scaffold on

which Louis XVI. was beheaded, as described in the "Story of a King." About twenty paces from it, toward the right of the picture, and near the Tuileries gate, his beautiful queen, Marie Antoinette, suffered a like bloody death. If the men who did these cruel things had been taught from the Bible in their childhood to "fear God" and "honor the King," they would not, I am certain, have stained their hands thus with the blood of those whom they had so many reasons to love and reverence.

There is another picture which I must tell you about. In the "Story of a Castle," Little Jane, "The Young Cottager," is mentioned. She is here seen learning the verses on the tombstones. Her companions are with her, and Legh Richmond, the pastor, is instructing other children near the church. It is more than seventy years since what this picture represents took place, and this Saturday afternoon school for religious instruction, for there were no Sunday-schools then, has been heard of throughout the world by reason of the conversion of Little Jane. She died at the age of fifteen.

I must tell you the conversation with her pastor that led him to think her a child of God. She was upon a sick-bed, and had sent for him to instruct and comfort her. She had learned two lines from a tombstone near that which you see her studying. They are these —

"Hail, glorious gospel, heavenly light, whereby
We live with comfort and with comfort die."

At one time during her illness she quoted these lines to Mr. Richmond, and then said, "I wished that glorious gospel was mine, that I might live and die with comfort; and it seemed as if I thought it would be so. I never felt so happy in all my life before. The words were often in my thoughts,

'Live with comfort and with comfort die.'

"Glorious gospel, indeed, I thought."

"My dear child," said Mr. Richmond, "what is the meaning of the word gospel?"

"Good news."

"Good news for whom?"

"For wicked sinners, sir."

"Who sends this good news for wicked sinners?"

"The Lord Almighty."

"And who brings this good news?"

"Sir, *you* brought it to *me*."

"Here," says Mr. Richmond, "my soul melted in an instant, and I could not repress the tears which the emotion excited."

I heard from a lady who keeps the key of the cemetery, that travelers are often there to look upon her grave. It is like other graves of poor children, only with a beautiful white stone, always kept clean and legible by those who honor her memory. Thus