

THE  
PLATE OF CHERRIES.

RELIGIOUS TRACT SOCIETY;  
56, Paternoster-row; 164, Piccadilly,  
LONDON.





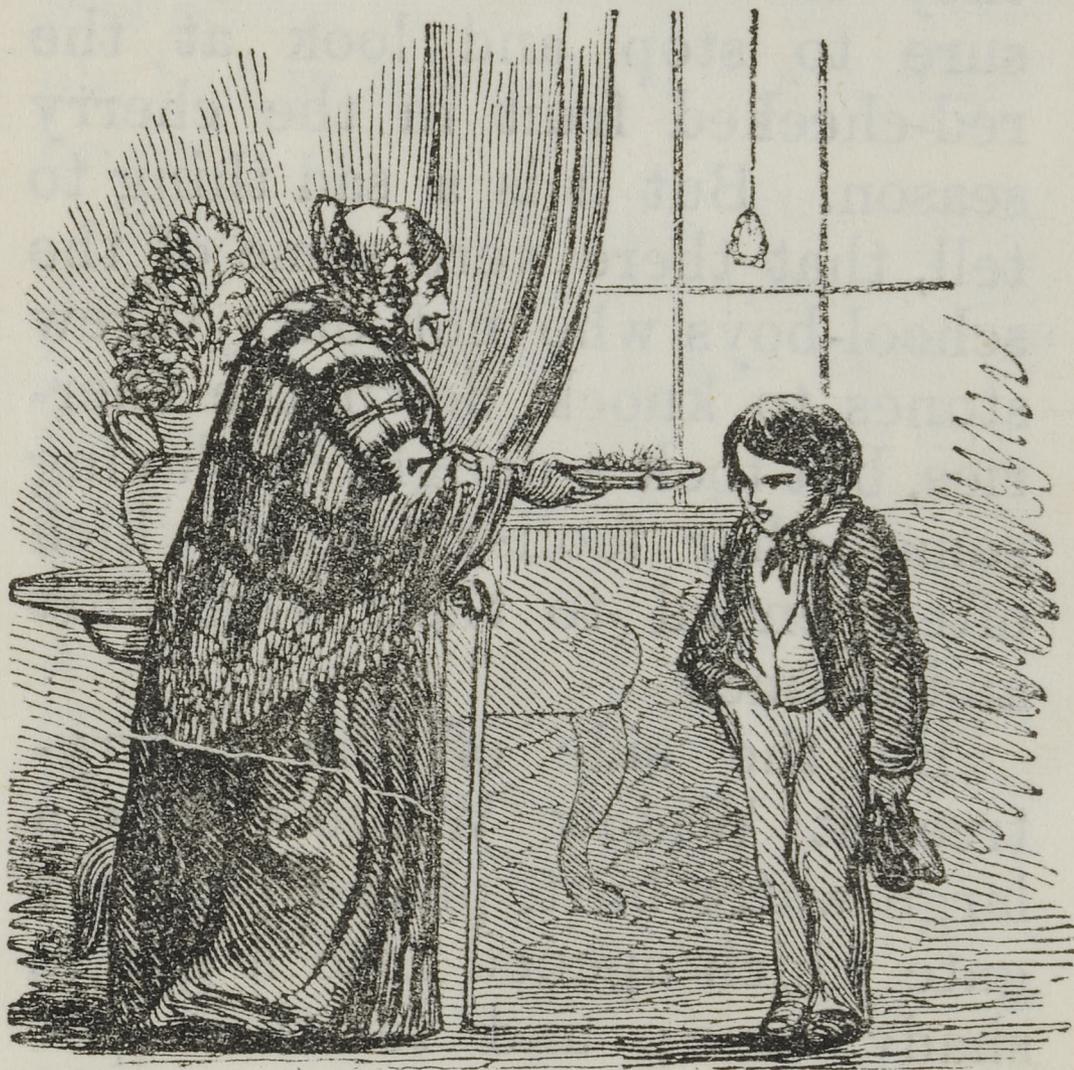
PLATE OF CHURCHES

REMARKS ON THE

CHURCHES OF THE

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## THE PLATE OF CHERRIES.



OF all the cherry-trees in our village there was not one like that which grew in Widow White's little garden The children, as

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they came out of school, were sure to stop and look at the red-cheeked fruit in the cherry season. But it is a sad thing to tell, that there were some of the school-boys who not only threw stones to knock down the cherries, but took a delight in playing some other foolish tricks, which often ended to their own hurt and shame.

By the side of the cherry-tree at Widow White's was a large water-butt, placed near the gate which opened into a green, shady lane; and to this spot some of the bad boys would often silyly creep, and then turn the tap, that the water might run to waste, while they got quickly away. This conduct

was the more shameful, as water was scarce in the village, and people had to bring it from a distant brook.

Many a time did the poor widow try to overtake the wicked boys, but they were too swift of foot for her to secure. One day, however, just after the school had broken up, three of the boys made their way to the garden-gate. They looked up and down the lane, and over the common. They saw no one at hand, so they slyly opened the gate, and set the water running all over the path. They were about to hasten away, when who should turn the corner but Widow White; and little John Turner, in his flurry, ran directly against

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her, and was caught in her arms.

John tried hard to get away, but holding him fast by the collar of his jacket, she managed to take him through her kitchen, into her little front parlour. "There now, sit down," said Mrs. White, almost out of breath: "sit there, I desire you, till I return." She then went out of the room, taking care to lock the door after her. John sat down, and was now left to his own thoughts, which were not of a very pleasant kind.

"How foolish have I been to get into such trouble!" said John. "What will my mother say to me, and what will the school-master do, when he knows what

I have done? And how the boys will laugh at me for being caught and punished!"

While John was thus speaking to himself, he heard the steps of Widow White at the door. As the lock was unturned, his eyes at once fell on the hands of the old lady, for he made sure she had gone into the garden for a stick to beat him. But what was his surprise when he saw in her hand a plate of ripe cherries!

"Do you like cherries, my little boy?" she said, in her usual kind manner. John looked at her, and did not know what to answer. "Does she mean," thought he, "to give me the cherries first, and the flogging

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afterwards?" "Come, do not be afraid: see, if you think they are ripe," she continued. John now took one. "There, don't be afraid, take a few more." Widow White then placed the whole plateful on the table, and invited him to take as many as he thought would do him good.

The boy could not make out what it all meant. But as he saw she did not look angry, he took courage, and ate nearly all the fruit. "Well, John," said she, "are they not fine cherries?" In a short time he began to think that Widow White was, indeed, a good old woman; and the more so, when she sat down by his side, and talked to him kindly of the folly and sin of playing hurtful tricks, and of

joining bad boys in their evil ways. She told him to ask God for his Holy Spirit, to give him a new heart, that he might be made sorry for his sins, and find mercy for the sake of Jesus Christ the only and ever-blessed Saviour.

After she had thus spoken to him, she said, "There, John, you may now go home, or your mother will think some harm has come to you; but before you go I wish you to tell me if you will turn the tap any more, and waste the water from the butt?" "Oh, no," cried John, as the tears came into his eyes, and his heart beat quickly, "that I never will; and if I see any other boys about to do it, I will try all I can to stop them."

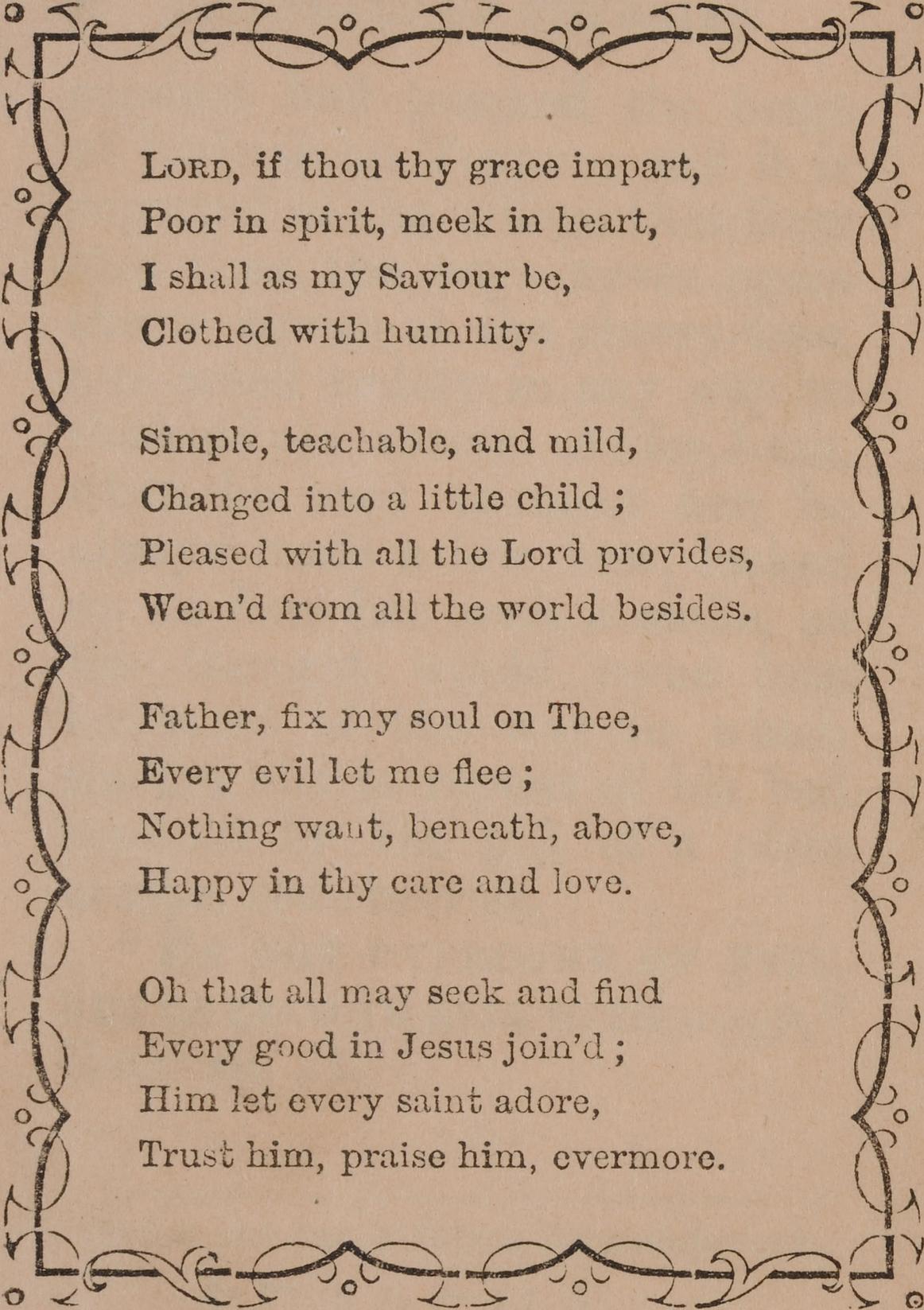
The Widow White's forgiving

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conduct had touched the heart of little John Turner; and it is reported in the village that from that time, the boys never again threw stones at the cherry-tree, nor acted rudely in any way to the kind old woman. As for John, when he used to meet her, he always made a low bow, looked up in her face with a smile, as the thought would come into his mind of the way in which she led him to repent of his bad conduct by the gift of a plate of ripe, red cherries.

“BE NOT OVERCOME OF EVIL,  
BUT OVERCOME EVIL WITH GOOD,”  
Rom. xii. 21.

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LORD, if thou thy grace impart,  
Poor in spirit, meek in heart,  
I shall as my Saviour be,  
Clothed with humility.

Simple, teachable, and mild,  
Changed into a little child ;  
Pleased with all the Lord provides,  
Wean'd from all the world besides.

Father, fix my soul on Thee,  
Every evil let me flee ;  
Nothing want, beneath, above,  
Happy in thy care and love.

Oh that all may seek and find  
Every good in Jesus join'd ;  
Him let every saint adore,  
Trust him, praise him, evermore.