



KATE  
AND HER FRIEND.



SUNDAY-SCHOOL DEPARTMENT,

805 BROADWAY, N. Y.



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KATE

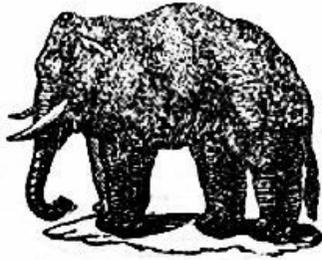
# KATE AND HER FRIEND.

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“What are your thoughts on now, Kate?”

“O Aunt Anne! is that you?” said Kate with a start. “I did not know you were there. I’ll tell you my thoughts if you will not laugh at me.”

“Why do you say that, Kate? Do I often laugh at you?”



“O dear! no. Well, it is not a thing to laugh at as I know of. I’ll tell you then what I would like to have if I could: I would like a friend, some one to live with me all the time, to go where I go and stay where I stay, to be with me all day and all night. But I don’t know who it should be if I had my choice.”

“It would not take *me* long to choose,” said Aunt Anne.

“Why, who would you choose?” said Kate.

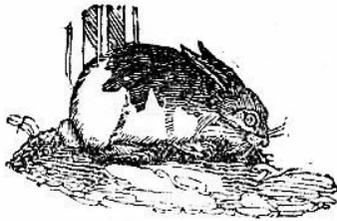


“I am afraid it is some one that would not please you,” said her aunt.

“Why, is she not good?” asked Kate.

“O yes! she is very good, and true, and kind,” was Aunt Anne’s reply.

“Why should I not like her, then?” asked Kate; and she felt a little hurt to think that her aunt should say that she would not like any one that was so good.

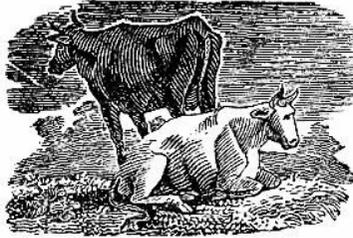


“What is her name?”

“Her name is TRUTH.”

“Truth!” said Kate, “Truth! I think I should very much love to have Truth for my friend. What made you think I would not like her, aunt?”

“One needs to be very lowly and very brave to love Truth; and you would need to love her very much if you would have her live with you all the time as a friend.”

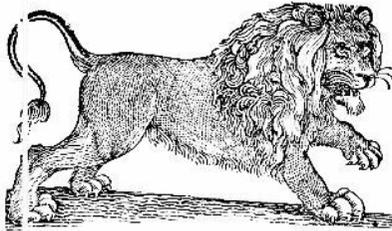


“Well, I think I would like to try it any way. I do not fear but we shall get on well with each other.”

I dare say Truth liked this very well, for she loves little girls and boys and likes to live with them. Kate and Truth were to begin their new life the next day.

When Kate awoke the next day she first thought how nice and warm her bed was, and then she thought over how many good things she had to make her happy. So she put up her hands to thank God for all the good things that he gave her. That was a good way to begin the day. And then she said, “I shall be so good to-day with dear Truth by my side.”

She lay there a good while, quite too long, with such thoughts, for it was too late for her to lie in bed in that way. So when she thought of that, she got up very quick, and made haste to dress and go down stairs, for fear she would be late.



While in all this haste, she tried to think that she had not time to kneel down and pray to God. And now it was that Truth came and spoke softly in her ear. “You should not do so,” she said. “You have time to say at least a few words.

You always find time to do what you love to do, and you ought to do this. Bless the Lord on your knees for all that he has done for you, for it is he who has given you all the good things that you enjoy.”

But Kate did not stop to listen to her dear new friend. She ran down stairs, but it was hard to get away from Truth, who ran down stairs as fast as she did. Here, in the very first case, Truth did not please her, but she did not stop to think of it.



The school to which Kate went had not been kept for some time. On this day it was to begin again at ten o'clock. Before she went to school her mamma gave her a purse, and sent her out to buy some things for her.

On her way back some of the girls came with her on their way to school, and as they all went along they met two poor little girls. The poor things were pale and thin; they had no shoes, nor shawls, nor hoods.



“How poor they are!” said Sue Green; “I wish I had some bread, or cake, or meat to give them.”

“Stop,” said Kate, “let’s speak to them.”

“Poor things!” said Mary Hart, “where do you live?”

But they did not like to be called *poor things*, and so they made her no reply.



“*I’ll* give them some money,”  
said Kate, with a grand air.

“Is it *your* money?” and Kate  
knew that it was the voice of Truth  
that spoke low in her ear.

But Kate would not stop to hear  
this. She did not like it, and she  
took the money from her mamma’s  
purse just as if it had been her own.

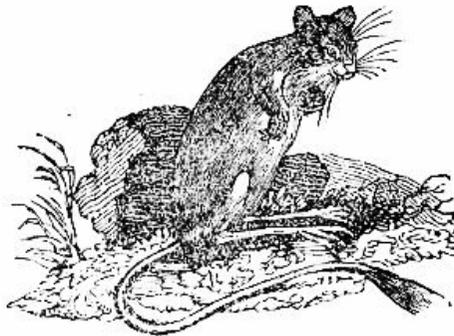
“Give them six cents to buy a  
loaf of bread,” said Sue Green.

Kate took up a dime.

“Six cents will do now, Kate,”  
said Jane Moore in a low tone, “then  
we will find out where they live  
and our friends will give them  
more.”

“No,” said Kate, “I shall give her this,” and she held up the piece so that all the girls could see it. “There, take that; it is a dime.”

“How kind!” said one of the group. “Yes, Kate, you are good to give away your own money so,” said Sue Green. Kate did not say that it was not her own money. She let them think what they pleased about it, though she knew it was not right.



At school it was all told over again, and they said it was so good and so kind of Kate to do this, and Kate only said, “O, that was not much.” But when school had begun, and they were all at their tasks, Kate began to think of Truth. “To be sure,” said she to herself, “Truth would like to have me do good to the poor,” and then she gave her a look to see what she thought of it.

Alas! Truth was very sad, and Kate, half in anger, said, “What have I done now? What have you seen in me that you do not like?”



“Love of show!” said Truth in a very low, sad voice. “Take heed that ye do not your alms before men to be seen of them.”

“Others praise me if you do not,” said Kate with some pride.

“Man looks at the deeds of the hands, but God looks at the heart,” was the firm reply.

Kate could say no more. She thought Truth was very hard on her.



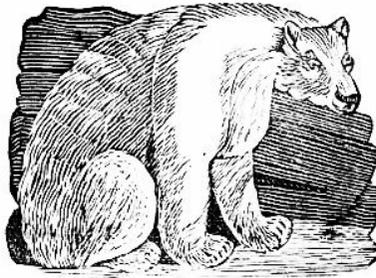
That night she thought she would like to go to a show of wild beasts that she had heard of. She had asked her mamma once, but had been put off, and now she thought to gain her wish in some other way; so she went to her Uncle George to ask him to coax her mamma for leave to go. “Mamma will let you take me,” said Kate. “You can make her do any thing you like. Tell her you know there is no harm in it, and she will think so too. Dear Uncle George, you will, will you not? I do so love you, Uncle George.”



“Yes, when you want me to do anything for you,” said Uncle George with a smile.

Then Kate caught a glance from Truth’s eye. There was no smile in that. “What now?” said she with an angry tone. “Can I not do anything to please you?”

“The Lord loves them that deal truly,” was the reply. “Why do you talk in this way to your uncle just now? Is it that you truly love him so much, or that you wish to flatter him into doing you a favor!”



Uncle George did not know why Kate left him all at once and went away, but I dare say he was glad of it.

“It is the worst day I ever had, Aunt Anne,” said Kate that night when she went to bed. “I can’t bear Truth. I *hate* her. I’ll have no more to do with her. She only finds fault with me all the time. I don’t think I have been able to please her once to-day. Other folks like me and think well of me, but *she* does not seem to like me at all.”



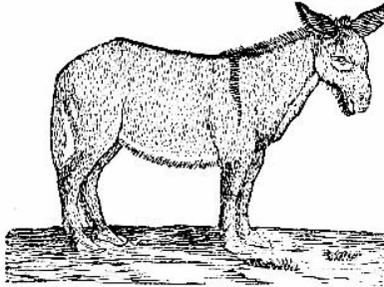
“Hush, my dear child, hush!”  
said Aunt Anne. “Do you know it  
is a sad thing not to like Truth?”

“Well, I do not like her,” said  
Kate, “and I can’t like her, and I do  
not want to like her.”

“But you said last night that you  
would like to have Truth for your  
daily friend to be with you all the  
time. Why is it that you don’t like  
her now?”

“Well, I did say so, and I thought  
so then, but I did not think she  
would be all the time finding fault  
with me.”

“Do you not want to be told when you do wrong? Is not this what Truth ought to do? If you had no friend to tell you that, would you not go on doing wrong, and so be a very bad girl? The home of Truth is in the skies, but God saw that we should need her in this world so that we might know how to do right, and he sent her down here to live with us, and teach us what to do.

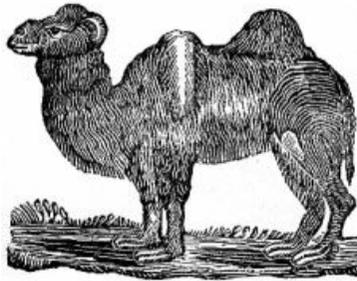


“Now, do you not see how kind it is of Truth to come and live with you, to be with you all the day, and tell you if you do anything that is wrong? Do you not see that it is very kind of the good God to send her thus to live with you, and that it is very, very wrong in you to hate her thus? I know it is hard to be found fault with, but that is not so bad as to be left to do wrong.”

“O Aunt Anne, I did not think of all this! What shall I do?”



“Ask God to forgive those bad thoughts, my child, and to let Truth stay with you. Then always mind what she says, and try to do just as she tells you in all things. By and by she will be the best friend that you have. You will love her the most, and have her all the time with you, and she will make you happy all the day long, and at night your sleep will be sweet. Truth is from God, and if you love her he will love you, and his love is worth more than all the world.”



“Thank you, dear aunt,” said Kate with a smile. “I do think I should love Truth if I could only do as she says, and I will try. Good-night, aunt”; and Kate went to bed a better and a wiser girl.

THE END.

## TRANSCRIBER NOTES

Misspelled words and printer errors have been corrected.

Inconsistencies in punctuation have been maintained.

Illustrations moved to facilitate page layout.

[The end of *Kate and Her Friend* by anonymous]