

**WAGGIE AND
WATTIE, OR
NOTHING IN VAIN**

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Waggie and Wattie, or Nothing in Vain by S. T. C.

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"Wattie's only trial to carry his little bundle of sticks upon his head, so Waggle tried it across his shoulders."—Page 18.

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NOTHING IN VAIN.

By S. T. C.

AUTHOR OF "JANET GRAY," ETC.

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CHAPTER I.

"WATTIE," cried Waggie Leeson to his little brother, "Wattie, mother did not hear us our prayers before she went out."

"No, Waggie," replied Wattie, popping his head from under the bedclothes.

"Shall we say them now?" asked Waggie, slipping out of bed as he spoke.

"Yes, Waggie dear, but it's very cold; can't I kneel in here?"

"Well, I don't know," replied Waggie, thoughtfully; "the good little boy in the picture was

kneeling by the bedside, and God loved him, and I should like God to love you and me too."

Wattie immediately jumped out of bed, and the two children, side by side, repeated their evening prayer. As the "Amen" fell from their lips, Wattie, pointing to their shadows thrown upon the white-washed wall by the light of the moon, exclaimed, "Look there, Waggie, there's you and me; look! look!" With a slight shudder Waggie glanced at his own figure reflected on the wall, and getting into bed, helped his little brother in also, and covered him up with the clothes; then sitting up in the bed he thought,— "the moon is very pretty, and Wattie is pretty, and everything is pretty but me; oh, dear! I wish I was pretty too!" and the boy again glanced timidly at his shadow on the wall. Poor Waggie knew it was not a pretty shadow, for he could see his little shoulders grown out; and he knew there was a great hump on his back, and he remembered how the naughty boys laughed and made fun of

him; and the tears rushed into his eyes as it came into his mind; "but I wouldn't care for any of it," thought Waggie again, "if I was of any use, but I am not able to help mother, or fetch or carry like other boys. I am so little and weak. Wattie is nearly as strong as I am. Oh dear! oh dear! I wish I could be of use to somebody; the clergyman said God made everything to be useful. I wonder why He made me; oh dear! oh dear!" and with a long sigh, Waggie laid his head upon the pillow beside Wattie's. "I'm so cold," murmured Wattie to his brother, drawing closer to him.

"Are you, Wattie?" answered Waggie, pulling his jacket into bed, and wrapping it round him. "Now come close up, and I'll cuddle you; you will soon get warm then;" and Wattie nestled in Waggie's arms, whilst something whispered into Waggie's ear,—“Don't despair, Waggie, see you are of use to Wattie, you make him warmer and happier. God has work for you;” and with this thought Waggie

was comforted, and soon fell asleep, still holding Wattie in his little thin arms.

When Widow Leeson returned home, and went to look at her boys, as she noticed how Waggie had wrapped his brother in his own jacket to keep him warm, and Wattie was nestling in his bosom, she said to herself,—“There never was such a good boy as my Waggie; and what would Wattie do without him? my poor Waggie! sometimes I think it would be better for you to be with father in heaven, and then I feel, what should Wattie and I do without you upon earth? Well, the Lord knows what is best, but we poor creatures can't always see it;” and Mrs. Leeson went back to the adjoining room, and sitting down by the fire, took out her work, at which occupation she remained until her last candle was burnt down into the socket of the candlestick. Then, and not till then, did she put away the check shirts upon which she was employed, and prepare to go to bed.