

The image shows a decorative book cover with a textured, woven fabric background. A central rectangular panel is framed by a double-line border. Inside this panel, the words "TEACHER'S" and "OFFERING" are printed in a bold, serif font, one above the other. The panel is adorned with four ornate floral and scrollwork designs: a large one at the top, a smaller one at the bottom, and two vertical ones on the left and right sides. The entire cover is set against a dark, textured background.

TEACHER'S  
OFFERING



CHILDREN'S BOOK  
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Children's Books



textbook

*Presented to Harriet H. B.*

**TEACHER'S  
OFFERING.**

*by her Teacher H. C. Stone*



**TEACHER'S**  
**OFFERING;**  
  
A  
**COLLECTION**  
  
OF  
**INSTRUCTIVE STORIES.**

COMPILED BY A TEACHER.

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**FITCHBURG :**

**PUBLISHED BY S. AND C. SHEPLEY.**  
**1848.**

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## LADY LUCY'S

# PERPETRATION.

“And is my dear papa shut up in this dismal place, to which you are taking me, nurse?” asked the little Lady Lucy Preston, raising her eyes fearfully to the Tower of London, as the coach in which she was seated with Amy Gradwell, her nurse, drove under the gateway. She trembled and hid her face in Amy’s cloak when they alighted, and she saw the soldiers on guard, and the sentinels with their crossed partizans before the portals of that part of the fortress where the prisoners of state are

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confined; and where her own father, Lord Preston of whom she was come to take a last farewell, was then confined, under sentence of death. "Yes, my dear child," returned Amy, sorrowfully, "my lord, your father, is indeed within these sad walls. You are now going to visit him; shall you be afraid of entering this place, my dear?"

"No," replied Lady Lucy, resolutely, "I am not afraid to go to any place where my dear papa is." Yet she clung closer to the arm of her attendant, as they were admitted within the gloomy precincts of the building, and her little heart fluttered fearfully as she glanced around her; and she whispered to her nurse—"Was it not here that the two young princes Edward the Fifth and his brother Richard, Duke of York, were murdered by their cruel uncle, Richard, Duke of Gloucester?"

"Yes, my love, it was; but do not be



alarmed on that account ; for no one will harm you," said Amy in an encouraging tone. "And was not good Henry Sixth murdered also, by the same wicked Richard?" continued the little girl whose imagination was filled with the deeds of blood that had been perpetrated in this fatally celebrated place ; many of which had been related to her by Bridget, the housekeeper, since her father had been imprisoned in the Tower, on the charge of high treason.

"But do you think they will murder papa, nurse?" pursued the child, as they began to ascend the stairs leading to the apartment in which the unfortunate nobleman was confined.

"Hush ! hush ! dear child, you must not talk of these things here," said Amy : " or they will shut us both up in a room with bolts and bars instead of admitting us to see my lord, your father."

Lady Lucy pressed closer to her nurse's side, and was silent, till they were ushered into the room where her father was confined; when forgetting everything else in the joy of seeing him again, she sprang into his arms, and almost stifled him with her kisses. Lord Preston was greatly affected at the sight of his little daughter; and overcome by her passionate demonstrations of fondness, his own anguish at the thought of his approaching separation from her, and the idea of leaving her an orphan at the tender age of nine years, he clasped her to his bosom, and bedewed her innocent face with his tears. "Why do you cry, dear papa?" asked the little child, who was herself weeping at the sight of his distress. "And will you not leave this gloomy place, and come home to your own Hall again?" "Attend to me Lucy, and I will tell you the cause of my grief," said her father seating her on his

knee. "I shall never come home again—for I have been condemned to die for high treason ; and I shall not leave this place, till they bring me forth on Tower Hill, where they will cut off my head with a sharp axe, and set it up afterwards over Temple Bar or London Bridge.

"At this terrible intelligence, Lady Lucy screamed aloud and hid her face in her father's bosom, which she wetted with her tears. "Be composed, my dear child," said Lord Preston ; "for I have much to say to you ; and we may never meet again in this world." "No, no, dear papa ! they shall not kill you ; for I will cling so fast about your neck that they cannot cut your head off ; and I will tell them all how good and kind you are ; and then they will not want to kill you." "My dearest love, all of this would be of no use," said Lord Preston.

"I have offended against the law as it is

at present established, by trying to have my old master, King James restored to the throne; and therefore I must die—Lucy do you remember that I once took you to Whitehall to see King James—and how kindly he spoke to you?”

“Oh, yes, papa—and I recollect he laid his hand on my head, and said I was like what his daughter, the Princess of Orange was, at my age,” replied Lady Lucy, with great animation. “Well, my child, very soon after you saw King James, at Whitehall, the Prince of Orange, who had married his daughter, came over to England, and drove King James out of his palace and kingdom; and the people made him and the Princess of Orange, King and Queen in his stead.”

“But was it not very wicked of the Princess to take her father's kingdom away from him? I am very sorry King James thought me like her,” said Lucy, earnestly.

"Hush! hush! my love—you must not speak thus of the Queen. Perhaps she thought she was doing right to deprive her father of his kingdom; because he had embraced the Catholic religion; and it is against the law for a King of England to be a Catholic. Yet, I confess I did not think she would consent to sign the death-warrant of so many of her father's old servants only on account of their faithful attachment to him," said Lord Preston with a sigh.

"I have heard that the Princess of Orange is of a merciful disposition," said old Amy Gradwell, advancing towards her master; "and perhaps she might be induced to spare your life, my lord, if your pardon was very earnestly entreated by some of your friends."

"Alas, my good Amy, no one will undertake the perilous office of pleading for an

attainted traitor ; lest he should be suspected of favoring King James."

"Dear papa ! let *me* go to the Queen, and beg for your pardon," cried Lady Lucy, with a crimsoned cheek, and a sparkling eye. "I will so beg, and pray her to spare your life, dear father, that she will not have the heart to deny me."

"Dear, simple child ! What would you say to the Queen that would be of any avail ?"

"God would teach me what to say," replied Lady Lucy. Her father clasped her to his bosom—"But," said he, "thou wouldst be afraid of speaking to the Queen, even should you be admitted to her presence, my child."

"Why should I be afraid of speaking to her, papa ? Should she be angry with me, and answer me harshly, I shall be thinking

too much of you to care about it ; and if she send me to the tower, and cut off my head, GOD will take care of my immortal soul."—"You are right my dear child, to fear GOD, and have no other fear," said her father. "He perhaps has put it into thy little heart to plead for thy father's life ; which if it indeed be his pleasure to grant, I shall indeed feel it a happiness that my child should be the instrument of my deliverance ; if it should be otherwise, GOD's will be done. He will not forsake my good and dutiful one, when I am laid low in the dust."

"But how will my Lady Lucy gain admittance to the Queen's presence ;" asked old Amy, who had been a weeping spectator of this interesting scene.

"I will write a letter to her godmother, the Lady Clarendon, requesting her to accomplish the matter."

He then wrote a few hasty lines, which he gave to his daughter, telling her that she was to go the next day to Hampton Court, properly attended, and to obtain a sight of Lady Clarendon, who was there in waiting upon the Queen, and deliver that letter to her with her own hand. He then kissed his child tenderly, and bade her farewell.

Though the little girl wept as she parted from him, yet she left the Tower with a far more quiet mind than she had entered it ; for she had formed her resolution, and her young heart was full of hope.

The next morning, before the lark sung her matins, Lady Lucy was up, and dressed in a suit of deep mourning, which Amy had provided as the most suitable garb for a child whose only parent was under sentence of death. As she passed through the hall, leaning on her nurse's arm, and attended by her father's confidential secretary and the



old butler, all the servants shed tears, and begged of God that he would bless and prosper her. Lady Lucy was introduced to the Countess Clarendon's apartment, before her ladyship had left her bed; and having told her artless story with great earnestness, presented her father's letter. Lady Clarendon was very kind to her little god-daughter; but she told her plainly that she did not dare to ask her father's life, because her husband was already suspected of holding secret correspondence with his brother-in-law, King James. "Oh," said Lucy, "if I could only see the Queen myself, I would not wish any one to speak for me. I would plead so earnestly that she could not refuse me, I am sure."

"Poor child! what could you say to the Queen?" asked the Countess compassionately. "God will direct me what to say," replied Lady Lucy. "Well, my love, thou

shalt have the opportunity," replied Lady Clarendon, "but much I fear thy little heart will fail when thou seest the Queen, face to face." Impressed with the piety and filial tenderness of her god-daughter, she hastened to rise and dress, that she might conduct her into the palace gallery, where the Queen usually passed an hour in walking when she returned from the Chapel. The Countess, while waiting for the arrival of her majesty, endeavored to divert the anxious impatience of her little friend, by pointing out the portraits to her notice. "I know that gentleman well," said Lucy, pointing to a noble, whole length portrait of James II.

"That is the portrait of Queen Mary's father, and a striking likeness it is," observed the Countess sighing—"But hark! Here comes the Queen and her ladies from the Chapel. Now, Lucy is the time. I will step into the recess yonder; but you must

remain alone, standing where you now are. When her majesty approaches, kneel and present your father's petition. She who walks before the other ladies is the Queen. Be of good courage."

Lady Clarendon then made a hasty retreat. Lucy's heart beat violently when she found herself alone ; but her resolution did not fail her. She stood with folded hands pale but composed, and motionless as a statue, awaiting the Queen's approach : and when her majesty drew near the spot, she advanced a step forward, knelt and presented the petition.

The extreme beauty of the child, her deep mourning, the touching sadness of her look and manner, and above all, the streaming tears which bedewed her face, excited the queen's attention and interest. She paused, spoke kindly to her, and took the offered paper ; but when she saw the name of Lord

Preston, her color rose, she frowned, cast the petition from her, and would have passed on; but Lucy, who had watched her countenance with an anxiety that amounted almost to agony, loosing all awe for royalty in her fears for her father, put forth her hand, and grasping her robe, cried in an imploring tone, "Spare my father! my dear, dear father, royal lady!"

Lucy had meant to say many persuasive things; but in her sore distress she forgot them all, and could only repeat "Save my father, gracious queen!" till her vehement emotions choked her voice and throwing her arms round the queen's knees, she leaned her head against her majesty's person, and sobbed aloud.

The intense sorrow of a child is always peculiarly touching; but the circumstances under which Lucy appeared were unusually

interesting. Queen Mary pitied the distress of her young petitioner ; but she considered the death of Lord Preston as a measure of political necessity ; she therefore told Lucy, mildly but firmly, that she could not grant her request

“But he is so good and kind to every one,” said Lucy, raising her blue eyes, which were swimming in tears, to the face of the queen. “He may be so to you, child,” returned her majesty ; “but he has broken the laws of his country ; and therefore he must die.”

“But you can pardon him,” replied Lucy ; “and I have learned that God has said “Blessed be the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy.” “It does not become a little girl like you to instruct me,” replied the queen, gravely, “I am acquainted with my duty. It is my place to administer justice impartially ; and it is not possible for

me to pardon your father, however painful it may be to deny so dutiful a child."

Lucy did not reply—She only raised her eyes with an appealing look to the queen, and then turned them expressly on the portrait of King James. The queen's curiosity was excited by the peculiarly emphatic manner of the child; and she could not refrain from asking why she gazed so earnestly upon that picture. "I was thinking," replied Lady Lucy, "how very strange it was that you should wish to kill my father only because he love yours so faithfully.

This wise and artless reproof from the lips of childish innocence went to the very heart of the queen. She raised her eyes to that once dear and honored parent, who, whatever had been his political errors, had ever been the tenderest of fathers to her, and when she thought of him, an exile in a foreign land relying upon the bounty of strangers for

his daily bread, while she was invested with the royal inheritance of which he had been deprived, the contrast between her conduct as a daughter and that of the pious child before her, smote on her heart, and she burst into tears.

“Rise, dear child,” said she—“I cannot make thee an orphan. Thou hast prevailed—Thy father shall not die. Thy filial love has saved him ”

## DISOBEDIENCE AND ITS CONSEQUENCES.

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"Advice," said Susan Hamilton to her cousin Charlotte Shirley, with a toss of the head and a curl of the lip, which always betokens a certain degree of irritation, "how I do wish Miss Allen would keep her advice till it is asked for."

"My dear Susan," said Charlotte.

"*My dear Susan,*" with that meek look—you are just fit to be led, Charlotte—now I own, I like to guide myself, and please myself, and I think I am quite old enough to do t."

"And wise enough, Susan?" asked Char-



lotte, with an arch smile playing upon her lips.

"If I am not, you will allow I suppose that it is nobody's concern but my own."

"I will allow no such thing, my dear, because it is not true," answered Charlotte, smiling. "If we get into difficulties, or make ourselves ridiculous, by our own folly or wilfulness, or imprudence it certainly is our friends' concern as well as our own."

"Well, it is not Miss Allen's at least."

"Pardon me, Susan, if I cannot agree with you. It is for Miss Allen's interest and credit that we behave well—but that is too selfish a motive to weigh much with her,—she loves us, and 'tis for our own sakes she wishes us to do right."

"May be so. I shan't stay to dispute the matter now, for I told the pedler boy to wait

outside the gate, and I am in haste to go and complete my bargain."

"Surely, dear Susan——"

"Spare your remonstrances until I have made my purchase—they will have just as much influence then as now," said Susan as she left the hall in which the dialogue had been held.

Charlotte turned mournfully about and went to join some of her companions, who were walking in the garden. In a few minutes Susan came towards them, bearing in her hand the article she had just bought.

"Look, girls," she exclaimed, as soon as she came within call, "is not this handkerchief beautiful? Even you will acknowledge now, Charlotte, that I have done better to purchase such a pretty thing, than I should have done to have followed Miss Allen's advice and let it alone."

"You bought it of the pedler, who was displaying his wares in the hall," said half a dozen voices at once, "we saw him when we passed through it to come here ; but as Miss Allen does not like to have us talk or bargain with such people, we did not stop."

"Yes, she told me so ; and she advised me particularly against getting this, because she said it was not worth half what the boy asked for it."

"Then how *could* you get it?" asked one of the young ladies, in a tone which brought the color to Susan's cheeks.

"Why I thought it pretty and cheap ; besides I have surely a right to spend my own money as I please."

"Yet it would be wise to endeavor to spend it usefully, would it not, my dear cousin?" said Charlotte.

"What a fuss about two dollars," exclaimed Susan, turning pettishly away.

“Two dollars!” said Catharine Medway, a young lady uncommonly well skilled in muslins, silks, and laces, as she raised her eyes from an earnest examination of the article in question.

“Did the honest pedler persuade you to give two dollars for this flimsy cobweb of a thing? it is not worth two shillings—it will hardly bear its own weight; and this delicate pink will look like a faded leaf in autumn, before you have worn it half a dozen times.” “It is real sewing silk, as I will prove to you,” said Susan, seizing it so eagerly that it was torn nearly across before Catharine was aware that she ought to relinquish it.

“That rent sufficiently proves it, my dear,” answered Catharine, with a good humored smile. “Come, you had better own you have been sadly cheated, and learn to take advice in future.”

Susan was too much mortified to answer, and Charlotte kindly took her arm and led her away from the circle of smiling girls.

There would be no end to the enumeration of the troubles and vexations to which Susan's high opinion of her own judgment and love of her own way continually exposed her. We shall therefore select but two or three instances, trusting they will be enough to show our readers that the young do not know how to guide themselves so well as they sometimes think they do, and that their only path of safety, as well as duty, is to yield ready and cheerful obedience to the council which their parents and guardians in wisdom and kindness give them.

Susan was walking one evening, just after sunset, by the banks of a river which wound through the village, with two or three of the younger girls belonging to the school, when they discovered a small boat drawn close to

the shore. Susan instantly proposed getting into it, and just rowing a few yards. The children with her, thoughtless of danger, as children usually are, and trusting too implicitly to one so much their elder, with noisy and joyful exclamations, agreed to the proposal. Accordingly, she loosed the boat from its fastenings, and in a few minutes they were gliding merrily over the calm clear waters. But this did not last long. Susan soon found that the management of a boat was a more difficult undertaking than she supposed, or, that her own powers were not so great as she had thought them. The boat reached the current of the stream, and began to move fast—fast—very fast—the cheeks of the young passengers grew pale, and the oar dropped from Susan's powerless hand. They sat looking at each other a few minutes in speechless terror, and then began exclamations of unavailing repentance and

regret. "Oh, what shall we do! Oh, what will become of us! Oh, how I do wish I had not come to the river! Oh, how I wish I hadn't got into the boat! Oh, what will Miss Allen say to us when she finds out we have disobeyed her?" Susan heard all this with a bitter feeling of self-reproach; she saw they looked to her for hope and comfort, but how could she speak of either; she knew they were rapidly passing the cultivated fields, and must soon be borne beyond the hope of being seen or heard by the inhabitants of the village. "Can I do nothing to stop the progress of the boat, or to turn it towards the shore?" said she to herself. As the thought passed through her mind she espied a long narrow bit of board in the bottom of the boat; she seized it with the intention of making it supply the place of the oar she had lost. But in vain she exerted all her strength to turn her little bark to

wards the land, her unskilful strokes only sent it more rapidly onward.

The distress of the young voyagers amounted almost to agony, as they saw themselves leaving the scenes with which they were familiar. One of them sprang forward with outstretched arms, exclaiming, "Pray, pray Susan, don't go any further." The light boat rocked with the incautious movement, the child tottered and fell into the water, and Susan, in reaching forward to save her, nearly overturned it. But He who always watches over us, even when we are unmindful of his care, caused the boat at that instant to touch a little island, which rose in the middle of the stream, and which in the general alarm had been unobserved. Susan succeeded in reaching the little girl's dress, she raised her in her arms, and the shivering and terrified group gladly stepped upon the land again. When they had stripped the



dripping child, and each one parted with some part of her own dress to replace the wet garments, they had leisure to think of their situation.

Clustering about poor Susan, the cause of all their troubles, Harriet Ogden inquired in a mournful tone, "Must we stay here all night, Susan?"

"I am afraid so," answered Susan with a heavy sigh.

"In this dismal place, with no food to eat, and no beds to sleep in," said Sarah Brown with tearful eyes. "Oh, Susan! how could you tempt us to the river, when you knew Miss Allen had forbidden us to go there."

Susan, who felt for the time completely humbled, did not, according to her usual custom say one word to excuse herself, but quite overwhelmed with their lonely and helpless situation, she covered her face with

her hands and burst into tears. But though wilful and conceited, she was not weak, she soon dried her eyes, and for the sake of the poor children, tried to speak cheerfully.

“Oh! Susan how dark it is,” whispered Harriet Ogden as if afraid of the sound of her own voice.

“The moon will soon be up, my dear,” answered Susan.

“Susan, I am very cold, and my feet are all wet,” said Sarah.

“How did you get them wet, my dear?”

“Why, there was water in the bottom of the boat, and I stepped into it.”

“Well, you shall put on my stockings, and then we will run about and try to get warm.”

Two hours had passed heavily away — They heard the village bell, and knew it was nine o'clock. “How many hours will it be to morning?” asked Harriet.

Susan was about to answer, when she thought she heard voices, and a minute afterwards her own name loudly pronounced at a distance ; she listened earnestly ; again she heard it, and she raised her own voice to the utmost in reply. She soon saw by the moonlight, figures moving upon the banks of the river ; " Susan Hamilton," reiterated by some one of them ; she answered—and the words " They are here," passed rapidly from mouth to mouth. The men quickly collected upon the bank opposite the island, and after a short consultation, one of them fearlessly plunged into the stream, and soon reached the boat. With an axe and bit of plank which he found in it, he made an oar, and placing the girls upon the seats, a few strokes of his nervous and practiced arm turned the light vessel in the desired direction and sent it dancing over the waters.—Susan watched for a few minutes with deep

interest the measured dash of the oar, and then raising her head, said, "It seems very easy to row and guide a boat; why could not I do it?"

"Because you didn't know how," answered the boatman bluntly; I'm used to the water and manage a boat as easily as you can a pair of scissors; but how I should look, cutting up cambric or hemming a ruffle! Take my advice, Miss, and never meddle with what you don't know any thing about, or disobey your school mistress, as I hear you have, again."

Susan dropped her head, and continued silent until she found herself in the presence of Miss Allen and the young ladies belonging to the school. Miss Allen thought the consequences of this act of disobedience were sufficient punishment; and she dismissed the girls to their rooms, with the

single request, that they would for the future believe she had sufficient reasons for whatever restrictions she laid upon them, and obey accordingly. Their sufferings were not yet ended, however; they all took cold from wet feet and long exposure to the night air, and for several days nauseous medicines, aching heads, and racking coughs constantly reminded them of their fault. Susan made many good resolutions during her illness; she often said to herself while holding her throbbing head, I will never be wilful or disobedient again. And why did she forget her good resolutions? and why did she yield to her besetting sin, so easily and so soon? My dear young friends, I will tell you. She made the resolutions in her own strength, in her own strength she determined to overcome that besetting sin. Instead of praying to our Father which art in heaven, "Father wilt Thou keep me from this great sin, int-

which I so often fall ; wilt *Thou* enable me to submit my will to the will of my superior, and always yield them cheerful obedience," she thought, " I will keep myself from it ; I will always be obedient in future."

She did not, however, go back immediately to her old habit. For several weeks, if one of the scholars said Miss Allen does not like to have us do so, she desisted. At length, however, she began to allow herself in *little* things which she knew Miss Allen and even her mother would not approve—and from *little* things, every body acquainted with human nature knows the step is easy to *great* ones. Susan at home had often indulged herself in reading in bed ; when her mother discovered the practice, she had so strongly forbidden it, that while with her, Susan durst not repeat it ; but now, notwithstanding her cousin's remonstrances, who slept in the room with her, she com-

menced the dangerous custom again. After school one day, Charlotte asked, and obtained permission to spend the night with a young friend in the village. Susan, left to herself, indulged in her favorite pleasure much longer than usual—so long, that she sunk to sleep with the open book in her hand, and the light standing beside her upon the bed. In the middle of the night, one of the girls in the adjoining room was awakened by a strong smell of smoke; she instantly aroused the young lady with her, and then proceeded to discover the cause. Upon opening Susan's door, they found her room filled with smoke, the covering of her bed, and even the pillow upon which her head rested, in flames, while she lay in a deep sleep, utterly unconscious of her fearful situation. The cries of the terrified girls broke her slumbers; in her alarm, she sprang through the flames to the floor; her night

dress took fire, and before it could be extinguished, Susan was dreadfully burned. More efficient assistance soon arrived, and the fire was subdued without doing much damage. But Susan's sufferings were long and severe. The mother she had disobeyed was sent for, and arrived the next day, and with all a mother's devoted, untiring love, watched over her suffering daughter. Charlotte too gave every moment she could spare to her poor cousin. One day, after Susan began to get better and was permitted to converse a little, she said, "Oh, mother! Oh, Charlotte! I do not deserve this kindness from you both; I do not deserve Miss Allen's kindness; I do not deserve kindness from any body. How conceited, and obstinate, and disobedient I have been. Mother, will you forgive me, do you think Miss Allen will forgive me?" Mrs. Hamilton assured her own forgiveness, and of her belief that Miss Allen would forgive her too.



"You are both so good that I felt sure you would forgive me," said Susan.

Then, after an interval of deep thought, she continued, "Mother, while I was too ill to talk, I thought a great deal. I thought how very wicked, as well as foolish I had been, to suppose I was as capable of judging for myself as you or Miss Allen were of judging for me. I was not wise enough to be sensible of my own ignorance. But I think I see it now, mother; my Father in heaven has shown it to me; He has shown me my sins, too, and I believe He has enabled me to repent of them, and has pardoned them all for his dear Son's sake; and I do trust He will keep me from falling into them again."

We cannot describe the mother's joy to hear words like these from her beloved daughter; but mothers can imagine it. Su

man at last recovered, and is what those last words of hers which we have recorded, give hope she will be, humble, pious useful and obedient. And if our young readers improve by our little tale, as we earnestly hope they may, they will become more humble, more diffident of themselves, and more obedient to their superiors.

## **IDLE ROBERT.**

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As Harry Barton was busily engaged digging in his father's garden, a little ragged, dirty boy came along and called out to him, "Come, Harry, go with me to training."

Harry, without stopping his work, or raising his head, said, "I cannot go, Robert; because my father wants all this bit of ground dug over to-day, so that he can put the seeds into it when he comes home to-night."

"Well, but he can dig it himself, can't he?" said Robert.

"I suppose he can, if he chooses; but he told me to do it, and I mean to mind him," said Harry, resolutely. "Besides, mother says little boys should be taught to work when they are young, and then they will like it when they are men."

"I don't want to hear all that now," said Robert. "I am in a hurry to get to training: the troops are all out, and the cannon, and the gingerbread pedlers will be round as thick as hops. Come, you had better go with me." But Harry, notwithstanding his tempting array of gingerbread, troops, and cannon, remained firm.

"The drum and fife, Harry! the drum and fife! O, don't you hear them?" exclaimed Robert, as Harry continued to work with all his might.

"Yes, I hear them, and can resist them too," said Harry, proudly; "so you need

not urge me any more. I had rather stay at home, than to be marching round after the trainers all day." Robert was angry, and he muttered some very wicked words to himself, as he went on with his ragged coat, collarless shirt, and dirty face, to see the training. We shall follow him, and endeavor to give a history of his unlucky adventures during the day. When he first presented himself amongst the neat, well-dressed boys that thronged the spacious green, in front of the village inn, he was greeted with loud shouts of "Here comes the rag man! Old clothes for sale, old clothes for sale." Now Robert, if he were seldom willing to work, was always ready to fight. In his rage and mortification, he struck the boy who happened to stand next him, a violent blow; the boy was larger and stouter than Robert; he returned the blow with interest, and a furious battle ensued. Our hero fought manfully, but he

was finally brought to the ground, covered with blood and bruises. His conqueror proved a generous boy; he assisted Robert to rise, and wash the blood from his face and clothes; while the laughing by-standers advised him not to be so ready to declare war for the future. Robert skulked away, and the next that was seen of him, he was standing close to the heels of a spirited horse which belonged to one of the officers.

“Take care, my lad, take care; I cannot answer for my horse,” said the gentleman. But Robert did not choose to take care; and in a few minutes, the soldiers discharged their guns; the horse reared and plunged, the little boy was thrown down, covered with dirt, and received, besides, a deep cut in the leg, from the sharp shoe of the horse. He was taken up, and placed upon his feet; and as soon as the people were satisfied that

he had received no serious injury, they advised him to go home, and learn better next time. "I will have some gingerbread," said he to himself, "before I go home;" and he sat off in search of some. In a few minutes, he reached a vender of the article; he hung round the cart, and whenever a purchaser appeared, officiously offered his assistance; and, at last, when he thought no one was looking at him, he put his hand into the box which contained the gingeabread, and pulling out a piece, tucked it under his coat, and walked away as fast as he could. But the owner had been carefully watching him all the time, and called out, "Stop the thief; stop the thief." Robert was accordingly seized, taken back, and compelled to give up his booty. He was extremely frightened, for he thought he should be sent to gaol; and he began to beg and pray the man to forgive him.

“ I never stole before, sartin, sartin, I never did ; oh ! pray forgive me this once ; only this once ; I never'll do so agin ; I never will.”

The man pitied him. “ Poor child,” said he, “ so young, and yet a thief ! You will get into the state-prison before you are a man, I fear.”

Robert gathered courage from the good old man's words and looks, and he redoubled his prayers. “ Oh ! do not send me to gaol ; oh ! do not send me to gaol,” he repeated again and again.

“ No, I will not send you to gaol for you would be likely to learn much evil from the miserable wretches confined there. I forgive you. Go home, and never again forget that God hath said, ‘ Thou shalt not steal.’ ”

Robert now felt quite ashamed, and hastened out of the crowd as fast as he could.



But he knew not where to go. If he went home, he knew he should have to tell how he got bruised and wounded, and then his father would punish him ; besides, his father had sent him to work in the morning, and told him not to leave it till he was called to dinner. Robert knew very well, therefore, that when all his offences were known, he could hope for no mercy ; so he determined to conceal himself till it should be quite dark, and then he intended to go home and steal to his little bed, unobserved by his parents. He crept under a bridge, not far from his father's house, and while he sat playing with the water, and wishing for night, he began to think it was his own misconduct which had brought all his troubles upon him.

“ If I had gone to work in the morning, as my father bid me, I shouldn't have been

thrown down by the horse, nor beat by Charles Lyman, nor I shouldn't be afraid to go home now."

The poor fellow felt very unhappy, and perhaps if he had had some kind friend to teach him what was right and what was wrong, and to encourage him to choose the right, he might have become a good boy.— But little Robert had nobody to care for him. His father was intemperate and passionate, and seldom took the trouble to administer reproof and correction, which looks to the future good of the child; though he often beat Robert unmercifully, when he had been drinking or was out of temper. And his mother loved her ease, and her cup of tea better than she loved her child; so little Robert was left to his own management.— You, my little readers, who have affectionate parents and guardians to lead you gently along in the path of duty, to watch over you

and pray for you, and if you go astray, tenderly point out your errors, and bring you back to virtue ; and who grant all your reasonable wishes and do everything in their power to make you happy ; you can know nothing of the miserable and forlorn situation of this poor boy. He was very hungry before sunset, for he had eaten nothing since morning ; as soon as it began to grow dark, he left his place of concealment and turned his steps towards home, with the prospect of going supperless to bed, much as he needed food. He had to pass the house where Harry lived ; Harry was out milking his mother's cow, and Robert stopped and begged for a little milk to drink.

“ I cannot give you any milk, Robert, because it is not mine ; but I have a nice piece of gingerbread in my pocket, that mother gave ; you may have half of that, and welcome.”

Harry divided his gingerbread, and generously gave Robert the largest share; and we are sure he felt more satisfaction in seeing the half famished boy devour it, than he would in eating it himself. But perhaps you would like to know how Harry has been employed all day. I can tell you in a few words; for the quiet and industrious, who stay at home and mind their own business, have seldom any adventures to relate. Mr. Barton gave his son his task in the morning before he went to his own work, but as he was an affectionate father, and did not wish to overwork his little boy, the task was not a hard one. Harry completed it in time to hoe out his own raspberries, and play a good game at ball with his younger brother. "And to-morrow, mother," said he, after giving her a history of his day's work, "if you and father will permit me, I will weed my strawberry bed, for it wants it sadly." His moth-

er said he might weed it ; and then he trudged off after his cow, quite as happy as if he had been with Robert to see the training. When Harry had done milking, he carried the milk to his mother, and she gave him a nice bowl of it for his supper, and he went to his own little bed, and his sleep was sweet.

When he arose next morning, his father said to him, " Harry, should you like to have a piece of ground of your own, and raise some melons ?"

" Oh ! very much, very much," said Harry.

" But you have already raspberries and strawberries to take care of ; do you think you can find time to take care of melons without neglecting my work ?"

" I think I can," said Harry, " for I have a great deal of time to play now ; and if you

will be so very good as to give me a bit of ground; and some seeds, I will take care of it in my play hours."

"You shall have a piece of ground, and some seeds, my son," said Mr. Barton, "for I can trust your promise."

Harry's father marked off a piece of ground, and put the mellow seeds into his hands that very morning; and Harry was very happy for several hours digging and planting it. Like many other little boys, he was fond of building castles in the air; sad experience had not yet taught him that they vanish at a touch. Already, in imagination, he saw his luxuriant vines covering the now naked ground, and the tempting fruit inviting him to the delicious repast,—already, he had spread the product of his labor before his smiling mother, and the pleased little ones, and drank in their thanks and praises.

Poor boy, he little thought he was toiling in vain ; he little dreamed what a disappointment awaited him.

Harry looked at his vines every day ; he saw the first bud, and watched it till it burst into flower, and he counted the tiny melons as they appeared one after another, a hundred times ; at last they began to ripen, and his happiness was almost complete.

“To-day, mother,” said Harry, as he rose from the breakfast table, “you promised to go and see my melons. Will you be so good as to go now ; I hope there are some almost ripe, but you will know best.” His mother went with him, for Harry was so good a boy that his parents always liked to gratify him.

Harry pointed out the melons which he thought ripe ; his mother told him she thought they would do to gather in two or three days ; and Harry clapped his hands,

and danced about with childish glee, as he exclaimed, "Oh how happy we shall be eating them." His mother put her hand upon his soft hair, and fondly stroking it, said, "In a few days, my little son, I hope, will reap the reward of his diligence and industry."

Harry stood counting his melons long after his mother left him; and when he turned to go away, he saw Robert not far from him, looking at them too. Robert asked him to go a fishing with him; Harry told him he could not go, and hurried away; for he did not wish to listen to Robert's endless entreaties. The next morning, Harry, as usual, went to visit his vines; and what a sight was there! They were all torn up by the roots, and the nice melons which had greeted his eyes yesterday, were broken and cut to pieces, and trampled into the ground. Harry was struck with sorrow and surprise;



but he was too manly to weep, even at the destruction of his dear and long cherished hopes; he struggled nobly with his tears, and finally conquered them. He looked about to see if he could find one melon to carry home with him; but there was not one; the destruction had been complete; so he walked sorrowfully away to tell his parents, and ask them what it was best to do. His father went immediately to the oft-visited spot, and examined it carefully. Prints of little naked feet were plainly to be seen; and Mr. Barton followed them through the soft plowed ground, towards the house where Robert lived.

Harry was much distressed when he saw this; and seizing his father's hand, he said, "Do not look any more; and do not try to find out who did the mischief. 'Tis no matter."

“Why, what does all this mean, Harry,” said his father. “A few minutes ago, you were very anxious to find out who did it.”

“I am afraid, father, it was Robert; and you know his father will whip him cruelly, if he finds it out.”

“If we find him guilty, my son, I trust he will suffer as he deserves; it would be cruelty, not kindness, Harry, to screen him from punishment.”

Mr. Barton went directly in search of Robert, and found him kicking and rolling about on the ground in his father's yard.—The guilty fellow looked much frightened when he saw Mr. Barton, and soon confessed his offence. Robert remembered how he had moved the poor gingerbread pedler on a similar occasion, and he hoped to be as successful now. But to all his prayers and promises, Mr. Barton steadily answered,

“It would be no kindness to you, Robert, to allow you to go unpunished; perhaps, if you are made to suffer for this crime, you never will be guilty of another; but if you escape punishment when you so richly deserve it, it will only encourage you to go on in wickedness.”

As soon as Mr. Barton had done speaking, the foolish boy began again, “I won’t do so agin; I won’t do so agin.”

Mr Barton replied, “Remember the gingerbread-man, Robert; how can I put any confidence in your promises?” And he took him by the hand and led him to his mother. Indifferent as she usually was to her children’s conduct, she was roused by such an act of wickedness, and punished him severely. But alas! one punishment, however severe, will not change the character. The mother who wishes to preserve

her child from vice, must watch over him constantly. She must patiently, perseveringly, and continually administer reproof, correction and advice. "Precept upon precept, line upon line; here a little and there a little," must be her motto.

It is certainly true that "Idleness is the mother of mischief." Robert was still allowed to rove about the fields, or lie basking in the sun all day long, and before he was twenty years old, he was convicted of burglary, and sentenced to the state prison.

One delightful summer evening, as Harry sat in his mother's neat little parlor, reading aloud to his sisters, a neighbor came in, and told him of poor Robert's fate.

"Poor fellow! has he come to this?" said Harry, lying down his book.

"He has, indeed," said Mr. Barton.—  
"Behold, my children, the consequences of idleness, and a neglected education."

“And behold,” said the neighbor, looking at Harry’s honest, intelligent countenance, “the consequences of industry, and a judicious education.

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## THE APPLE.

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George Sauncers was the most selfish boy I ever knew. He never seemed to think it of any sort of consequence whether his brothers, or sisters, or schoolmates were gratified or made happy in any way provided he could only do as he liked, or have what he wanted himself.

His mother came into the room one day, bringing in her hand an apple apiece for George and his little brother and sister.—George took the apple eagerly from his mother, but looking at those given to the other children, he exclaimed, “Why, mother! Jane’s is a good deal larger than mine—

you have given me the very smallest one of all "

"Well, here, George, I will change with you," said his sister mildly, as she extended her own apple and offered to take his.

"But, stop—let me see which is the best," said George, as he took a large mouthful from his own, and then tried Jane's. "Yours is the largest, but mine is the sweetest, so you must let me keep a piece of mine into the bargain."

What a mean spirit this showed. A generous, noble minded boy would not have done such a thing for all the apples in the country. But George never seemed to consider or care for the appearance of such things; if he could only get what he wanted, that was all he thought about it.

At school he showed the same disposition. He would always secure a good place in the entry for hanging up his own hat and great coat, even if he had to knock down those of some other boy for the purpose.—At recitation time, George would be seen hurrying and pushing along, so as to be sure to get the end seat by the open window.—

This seat was a very pleasant one, and all the boys liked it; but no one but George Saunders ever thought of rushing towards it to prevent any other boy from getting it.

When the weather was cold, George would be sure to be stationed at the best place he could find, by the fire, and there he would set sometimes during a whole recess, without as much as offering to make room for another boy, though he looked ever so cold.

I might go on and mention twenty ways in which George manifested that selfish disposition, for which he was so much disliked by his companions; but those I have given will answer as specimens.

Now, we would not have it understood that we are blaming George for liking to occupy a pleasant seat at recitations, or for sitting by a comfortable fire, or for placing his clothes where they would be safe from injury. The selfishness consisted in his wishing to secure these advantages to himself without thinking or caring about anybody else. It is perfectly proper for every person to have a regard for his own conven-

ience and pleasure or comfort ; but he ought to have a regard to that of other people besides.

Selfish people are always disliked by every body around them, and they are never happy themselves, or, at any rate, they never enjoy the hundredth part as much as those who take an interest in promoting the enjoyment of others. George Saunders, perhaps, scarcely ever experienced in his life a feeling of higher satisfaction and pleasure than Alfred Morton would contrive to secure for himself almost every day, by some plan or other he would devise for promoting the enjoyment of his younger brothers and sisters, or his companions at school. "Come, boys," said Alfred, as he was walking before school, one summer's morning, with a number of his classmates ; "I have a plan to propose—let each of us go to work with our jackknives and make up a lot of whistles from these willows, for those little fellows in the third class. I saw some of them trying their skill at the business yesterday ; but they didn't succeed very well. If we each make two, that will be enough for all of them."



"Agreed," said one and another of the boys, and all went to work. In less than half an hour, ten or a dozen fine musical instruments were manufactured, one for each of the little boys.

"We will keep them until recess," said Alfred, "for fear they will take the attention from the studies; and then when play time comes, what a whistling there will be."

Alfred made no parade of his own agency in the plan. "Here, boys," said he, presenting the two he had in his hand, while the others did the same, "should you like to have some whistles?" This was all he had to say about it. The little boys were delighted with being able to make so much noise as the united sound of all the instruments produced; and Alfred felt quite as happy as they.

So far from wishing to secure the best of every thing to himself, Alfred would generally save the prettiest flowers or the finest fruit he met with for his little sisters, or for one of his companions.

Who can doubt but Alfred enjoyed as much from his manner of disposing of the largest strawberries and the most beautiful roses he found, as George Saunders did in eating his sister's apple, for which he bargained so advantageously?

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