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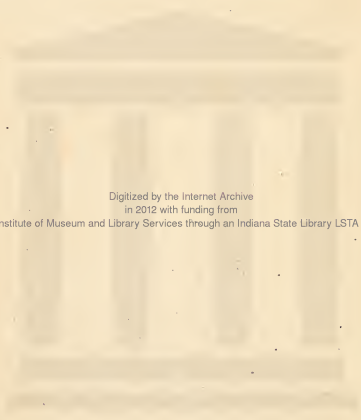
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FELTEN

TEACHERS' TOKENS



H. W. & C. 1851

Compiled by Asa Bullard

J. W. ANDREW.

TEACHER'S TOKENS.



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A TEACHER'S TRIBUTE.



“HONESTY IS THE BEST POLICY.”

THE proverb says, “Honesty is the best policy.” Strict honesty, even in little things, is the surest course to honor and prosperity :

on the other hand, dishonesty almost always leads to disgrace and ruin. This is strikingly shown, not only in the following story, but in all the stories contained in this little book.

Some years ago, there was a boy, in the village of Y—, named Frank. He was left an orphan, and without property or friends; and his attention was early turned to the means of obtaining a living. As no opening appeared for him in his native town, he went to the city, where youth from the country are so often corrupted by evil communications, and led to ruin.

The first situation he obtained was that of a waiter in a public-house, where he had many temptations. The principal business of the house was during the night.

One morning, Frank found a pocket-book, containing money to a considerable amount, which had been lost by one of the customers, who, it seems, spent the night in bad company.

On his next visit, the customer told the waiter what had happened; and he intimated, that, from the company in which he had spent the night, he had not the smallest hope of recovering the money.

Here was a very strong temptation for Frank, had he been dishonest, to have kept the money. No one would have suspected him. But, instead of that, with a smile of honest pleasure on his countenance, he suddenly pulled the lost article out of his pocket, and handed it to the owner. He eagerly took it, and found all its contents safe.

This proof of uprightness so much interested this person in behalf of the waiter, that he immediately offered to procure him a better and more agreeable situation.

As Frank wrote a good hand, and was well versed in arithmetic, his patron obtained for him a place in a respectable school. In the course of a few years, so-

briety, diligence, and talent so established his reputation, that he commenced a school of his own at R—, where he married into a respectable family, saved a handsome fortune, and lived for many years in honor and credit.

While this example illustrates the maxim, that “honesty is the best policy,” mark the sad consequences of the opposite conduct in the following case.

Many years ago, two men were executed at C— for burglary. A minister of my acquaintance, then living in that city, was moved by compassion to apply to the judge for a reprieve. He was given to understand, that, on account of the cruelty attending the robbery, capital punishment must be inflicted. The judge recommended to their humane intercessor to use the only means which could now be available to the culprits, in preparing them, by Christian instruction, for the awful change which awaited them.



In the course of his benevolent visits to their gloomy abode, he questioned the prisoners how they had been led from the path of honesty to commit such crimes.

In answer to these inquiries, one of the unhappy men declared that his *first* step to ruin was taking a half-penny out of his mother's pocket while she was asleep.

From this sin he was led, by small but fatal degrees, to the crime for which he was soon to suffer a shameful death !

How earnestly should the young daily offer up the petition, "Lead us not into temptation"! They should remember, too, that "blessed is the man that endureth temptations," or trials. "Every man is tempted when he is drawn away of his own lust, and enticed: then, when lust hath conceived, it bringeth forth sin; and sin, when it is finished, bringeth forth death."





THE STOLEN PENNY.

HENRY JONES was the son of a poor, but honest and hard-working man, who managed to earn sufficient to keep himself, his wife, and child.

Henry tended the Sabbath school; and

it was his father's custom to give him every Sabbath morning a penny to put into the missionary-box, which was placed in the centre of the schoolroom.

One Sabbath morning, Henry's father gave him a bright new penny to put into the box. He looked at it, and thought to himself, —

“How very much I wish this was mine! I wonder how many marbles this would buy me.”

He set out for school, the distance of a mile, and, on the way, made up his mind to keep the bright new penny. For a time he felt delighted at showing it to his companions and telling them it was his. He left school, and never put it into the box.

But when he returned home he was so very miserable, that he could neither eat his dinner or supper. His mother, fearing that he was ill, persuaded him to go to bed. He did so, but burst into a flood of tears.

His mother tried to comfort him; but no comfort did poor Henry find in all the kind words his mother spoke to him. He knew he had acted very wickedly, and at length told his mother all. He cried, —

“Can you ever trust me again? Can you, will you, forgive me, mother?”

His mother told him how very hateful in the sight of God his behavior must be, but said they would pray together to him to pardon his sin.

Long and earnestly did his mother pray that her child might, in future, be kept in the path of honesty and truthfulness.

She pressed many fond kisses on the cheek of her truly penitent child; and to this day, Henry has ever felt and proved that “honesty is the best policy.”

HONESTY AND DISHONESTY REWARDED.

THE Duke of Buccleuch, in one of his walks, purchased a cow, which was to be sent to him the next morning.

The duke, in his morning-dress, saw a boy ineffectually trying to drive the animal along. The boy, not knowing the duke, cried out to him, —

“Hie, mun! come here and gie’s a han’ wi’ this beast.”

The duke walked on slowly, the boy still begging his assistance, and at last, in a tone of distress, exclaiming, —

“Come here, mun, an’ help us: as sure as any thing, I’ll gie you half I get.” The duke then went and helped him.

“And now,” said the duke as they trudged along, “how much do ye think ye’ll get for the job?”

“I dinna ken,” said the boy; “but I’m

sure o' something, for the folks up at the big house are good to a' bodies."

As they approached the house, the duke disappeared from the boy, and entered a different way. Calling a servant, he put a sovereign into his hand, saying, "Give that to the boy who brought the cow."

The duke, returning to the avenue, was soon rejoined by the boy.

"Well, how much did you get?"

"A shilling," said the boy; "and there's half o' it to ye."

"But you surely got more than a shilling," said the duke.

"No," said the boy; "as sure as death, that's a' I got; and d'ye no think its plenty?"

"I do not," said the duke: "there must be some mistake; and, as I am acquainted with the duke, if you return, I think I'll get you more."

They went back: the duke rang the

bell, and ordered all the servants to be assembled.

“Now,” said he to the boy, “point me out the person who gave you the shilling.”

“It was that chap there, with the apron,” pointing to the butler. The butler confessed, fell on his knees, and attempted an apology; but the duke indignantly ordered him to give the boy the sovereign, and quit his service immediately.

“You have lost,” said the duke, “your money, your situation, and your character, by your covetousness. Learn henceforth that ‘honesty is the best policy.’”

The boy, by this time, recognized his assistant in the duke; and the duke was so delighted with the sterling worth and honesty of the boy, that he ordered him to be sent to school, kept there, and provided for at his own expense.



STEALING AND HONESTY.

WELL, my little reader, here you are again with your story-book. You look as though you were ready to say, —

“Why, this story is all about *stealing*!”
And so it is. Perhaps you also think, “If

it is about stealing, it is not for me ; for I do not steal."

Just listen to me, my child, and we will talk about this subject. Some little children would not dare to steal *big* things; and yet they often steal *little* things. I have seen a child go to a cupboard, and pop her little finger into the sugar-bowl, pull out a lump of sugar, and put it into her mouth. This little thief thought no one saw her.

I knew another child, a little boy, who often popped his fingers into a pot of jam, and thought no one saw him. But *God* saw this little thief. I have often seen little children alone in the garden.

I once saw a little girl walking by herself. She was a very *little* child, but not too little to steal. She ran to a gooseberry bush, and popped a gooseberry into her mouth; and, when she saw her mother looking at her, she was very unhappy. These

children forgot that verse which says, "The eyes of the Lord are in every place."

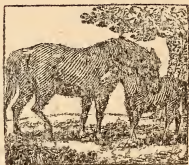
I knew another little girl, only three years old. She thought she was alone; but her mother was behind her. She went along, and saw a cherry lying under a tree: she stopped and looked, and picked up the cherry. She put it into her mouth; but, before she had time to taste of it, she spit it out in a great hurry. Her mother thought a wasp had stung her, she cried so. She ran to her mother, and said, —

"Oh, me a naughty girl; me going to eat that cherry!"

This was a little girl who wished to be an *honest* child. Little reader, do you ever steal? Do you ever take what does not belong to you? Then you are a *little* thief; and, if you go on so, you will some day be a *big* thief.

There was a little *honest* boy, only five years old. He went into a shop, one day,

with his aunt. While she was talking, he saw a sugar-plum on the floor. He wanted it, and so he went and touched it; when he thought, "God says, '*Thou shalt not steal.*'" So he put it down, and went and stood at the door until his aunt came, that he might not wish for it any more. This little boy, most likely, grew up an *honest* man.





“WHAT DO I CARE FOR RIGHT?”

EDWARD was the son of a distinguished statesman; and his schoolmate, Henry, was the child of religious parents. On their way from school one day, they met two other boys at a pump, and they stopped to

get a drink of water. As they passed on, Edward asked his companions to join him in some mischievous play. Henry immediately said, —

“That would not be right.”

Edward replied impatiently, —

“*What do I care for right?*”

These boys grew up to youth. We will pass over several years of their history, and tell you what became of them.

Henry wished to be a minister. Before he could get prepared to preach, consumption began to take his strength away. He went home from school to die. His mother was also dying with the same disease. Their rooms were not very far apart; and so they sent, daily, sweet messages to each other about God and heaven.

One morning, Henry, with a smile, “fell asleep in Jesus.” Soon as his father saw that he was gone, he entered the room of

the mother, who was waiting for her departure. She inquired,—

“How is Henry?” The father answered,—

“He is well.”

In a few moments she was with him, we doubt not, in the “happy land.” It was a beautiful and touching scene; and many tears were shed at the funeral, although the grave was bright with the hope of heaven.

Such was the death of the boy who loved to do right.

But it was not so with Edward. He left home for sea, and in early youth became very wicked. He tried to kill the captain of the ship, that he and a few companions might turn pirates. His plan was found out; and he was *hung*, and his body thrown into the ocean! Does not the awful scene make you think of his words when a school-boy, “What do I care for right?”

The Bible says, "Even a child is known by his doings, whether his work be pure, and whether it be right." Think of it; and remember, as you live now while young, you will probably be when older and when you die.





BE TRUSTY.

Two little boys were sent one day, by a gentleman, to bring a basket from a railway-station. It was given to them, and they started off to carry it back. As they walked along, Jimmy said to Harry, —

“I wonder what is inside. How I should

like to see! I think it is something alive; for I feel it moving about."

"Well," said Harry, "give me the basket, and let me look:" so he took the basket from his brother, and they both knelt down in the road to see what it contained.

Harry was in the act of lifting the lid, when Jimmy cried out, —

"Oh! Harry, we had better not look: the thing is not ours, and I think we shall get into trouble if we touch it."

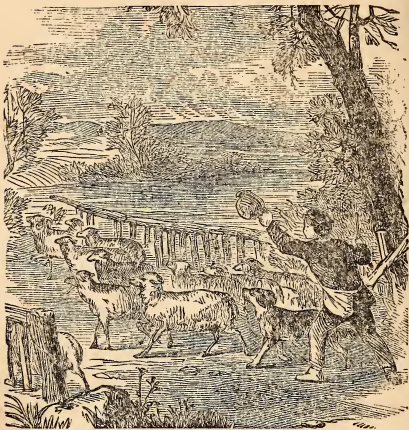
Harry's conscience had been telling him this all the time; and, as he was trying to lift the lid, his hand trembled much; for he knew he was doing wrong.

So he popped the cover down, took up the basket, and off the brothers ran as fast as they could. They soon got to the gentleman's house, who took the basket from the boys, and gave them some pence for their trouble.

While they were waiting for their money,

he cut the string which fastened the basket, and, opening the lid very carefully, took out two beautiful pigeons. Oh! how glad then were the boys that they had not opened it! Had they done so, the birds would have flown out, and they would have been severely punished for their want of trust.

Little children, let this be a caution to you. When you are sent with a message, deliver it quickly and correctly. When you are intrusted with a parcel, remember it is not yours, and you must not touch or examine it: if you do, you may damage the thing which is given into your care, you will get yourself into great trouble, and you will never be trusted again. The Bible says that "a faithful messenger refresheth the soul of his master." Try always to act behind your master as you would do before his face, and I think you will prove to be faithful little messengers.



THE HONEST SHEPHERD BOY.

It was a cold wintry morning when John Borrow left his home, as usual, to tend the sheep of Farmer Jones. In one hand he carried his frugal meal, and in the other he held a shepherd's crook. He walked

briskly along, whistling as he went; now tossing with his feet the still untrodden snow, and then occasionally running back to slide where his own feet had made the way.

Had you looked into his bright, sunny face, you would not have been surprised at his cheerful gait. His countenance bore the impress of a happy disposition, and a warm, confiding heart.

John had been carefully brought up by his only surviving parent, a poor mother. He was her only son; and though she had several little daughters to share her maternal care, still she seemed to think that her first-born, the one who was to be the stay and support of the family, needed the most of her watchful love.

Hitherto John had not disappointed her. He was beloved by all for his open, frank manners, and his generous, honest heart; and he promised fair to become all that

his mother had so earnestly prayed he might be.

But while I have been telling a little about our young friend, he, in spite of his playing a little by the way, has reached his destination. He first deposits his dinner in the trunk of an old oak, which always serves him for a closet; and then he begins to feed the poor sheep, who do not seem to enjoy the cold weather so much as himself.

John manages to spend a very happy day alone in the meadows with his sheep and dog. Sometimes he tries how Pepper likes snowballing; sometimes he runs up to the windmill, not far off, to see if he can get any other boys to come and play with him.

This morning, however, John had a little more business than usual: he had to take the sheep to another fold, where they would be more sheltered from the wind; and,

just as he is in the act of driving them along, he sees Farmer Jones coming toward him.

“John,” exclaimed the farmer as he came up, “have you seen my pocket-book about anywhere? I was round here about half an hour ago, and must have dropped it.”

“No, sir; I have not seen any thing of it: but I’ll look about, if you like.”

“That’s a man, John! be quick; for it’s got money in it, and I don’t at all wish to lose it. We will both hunt for it.”

Whereupon they separated; one going one way, and the other another, searching for the missing treasure.

Presently John heard Mr. Jones calling him in a loud voice from the other end of the field.

John, thinking the book was found, came running with great alacrity: but, as he drew near the old oak where Farmer Jones

stood, he was taken somewhat aback to see the look of anger and suspicion depicted on his master's face; and still more was he surprised when he saw the missing book lying open by the side of his own dinner, and Mr. Jones pointing to it.

“Well, sir, what does this mean?” exclaimed the indignant farmer. “I thought you told me you did not know where it was!”

John, whose amazement at the circumstance was very great, and whose sense of honor was no less so, felt the color mount to his cheeks as he replied, —

“Yes, sir; and I spoke the truth.”

“Then how do you account for my finding it open, in the trunk of an oak, close to your dinner?”

“That I cannot say: this only I know, that I did not put it there.”

But Mr. Jones would not be convinced, the fact seemed to him so clear and so self-

evident; for John acknowledged he had not seen any one else about there this



morning: so, after severely reprimanding the poor boy, he dismissed him on the spot from his employment.

It is easier to imagine than describe the feelings of poor John as he slowly wound his way home that evening. To be deprived of the means of assisting his dear mother was bad enough; but to be suspected of lying and stealing was, to simple, honest John, almost too hard to bear. He consoled himself, however, with the thought, —

“Mother will believe me.”

Yes; and his mother did believe him, and told him not to feel angry with Farmer Jones; for appearances were certainly against him, and he did not know him as well as she did: besides, she added, truth must come out some time or other.

And so it did, though it was months afterwards; and I will tell you how it was.

John had been seeking another situation; but no one would take him, on account of the apparent blot on his character. This cost John many a tear and many a sigh:

but he trusted that God would make it right; and he was not discouraged.

One day he went to see a gentleman who had inquired for a lad to work in the garden. As usual, John told his story just as it was; and his face brightened when the gentleman said, —

“Then that must have been your dog I saw with a book in his mouth. I was riding through the field you mention, one day, some months back; and I saw a dog, with a book in his mouth, run and put his head into the trunk of an old oak.”

John clapped his hands for joy, exclaiming, —

“I knew the truth would come out! Then Pepper, poor Pepper! it was his kindness to me that caused all the trouble. He thought it was mine, and he took it to where I always keep my dinner; and then, I suppose, in dropping it into the hole, it came open.”

John lost no time in acquainting Farmer Jones with these circumstances, who was very sorry for his suspicions, and wanted to take him back; but John, who saw some chance of promotion in the gentleman's garden, declined the favor.

John remained some time with his new master as garden-boy; but he became so great a favorite, both in the family and among the servants, that he was afterwards taken into the house, where he remained in the capacity of page, footman, and finally confidential valet, or waiting-servant, to his kind master, until his death.

He never married, in order that he might be the better able to support his widowed mother and his four sisters.

So we see how true it is that "all things work together for good to them that love God."



HONEST ENGLISH BOY.

AN English lady went on board a man-of-war; and, among the five hundred men who were about to sail, she found two honest men who had denied themselves warm clothing to protect them from the severe

cold, rather than run in debt. The ship was about to sail; and the lady hastened on shore to buy each of them a jacket.

The shop-keeper had no one to spare to take the parcel to the ship. The night was bitterly cold, and not a moment to be lost. What was to be done?

Near by stood a group of boys. One of them appeared to be the sort of messenger she desired. She told him the story, and said, —

“Now, my boy, we are strangers; and I do not want to know your name, or where you live, nor any clew to either. You might take these jackets, and make twenty shillings upon them, or give them away to your father and brothers, if you choose: I should never send a police after you. But my confidence in the honor of English boys, which stands so high now, would be broken down; and those two nobly honest men would suffer, and might

take cold, and go into a consumption, and die, and their wives and children break their hearts about them."

The boy's eyes flashed; and, snatching the parcel, he said, "Trust me: I am the boy for it."

"Eighteen pence was all I happened to have after paying for the jackets. I told him I was sorry it wasn't more; but that it would pay his boat each way, and he would have six pence and a happy heart to lie down with at night."

"It's a plenty. Father's a waterman: I shall get his boat for nothing. All's right;" and off he ran.

"A note had been enclosed in the parcel to one of the officers with whom I had some conversation, requesting him to send me one line by post, that night or next morning, to say that the parcel had reached its destined owners.

"The next day passed, and the next; but

no letter came from the ship. The papers stated that the ship sailed on Thursday. The day-posts of Saturday brought no news of the parcel.

“My trust failed. ‘My boy is dishonest,’ I said; ‘and my confidence in human honor can never be the same again.’

“But by the last post of Saturday evening came a note from the officer, saying that, about seven o'clock on Wednesday evening, a boy brought a parcel on board, and requested permission to deliver it to two men in the presence of the captain of the ship, the chief officer of the corps, and the medical officer.

“Having discharged his duty, the last sound heard amidst the splashing of his oars, as he left the ship's side, was the shout, —

“‘Tell that ere lady I kept my word, and the jackets was in time.’

“All honor to the English boy who sus-

tained my right to trust my brothers, young and old! The world is not so wide but we shall meet again, I hope; and, meet when we may, the trusty and the trusting will be friends."

Let every reader of this book lay up this story in the heart, and learn to be trusty and honest in all things.



HONESTY AT SCHOOL.

EVERY boy and girl should strive to be honest in all their conduct at school. You should be honest and truthful in all your excuses for absence or tardiness, or imperfect lessons, or any mistakes in recitation. You should be honest in the manner in which you get your lessons.

Use no unfairness towards your school-mates, and no deception to your teachers; for the sake of securing a higher rank than the others.

But every scholar knows there is often great dishonesty and unfairness at school.

Here is a boy that has learned his lesson by means of some improper help, — from some printed answers, key, or translation, or from some older scholar.

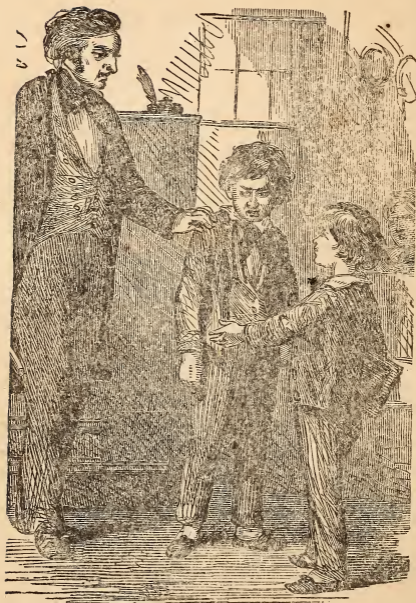
Here is a girl, who, on examination-day, has *written answers* in her book, which she looks at just before she recites.

Scholars sometimes communicate with each other, and slyly prompt each other in recitation, and thus obtain better marks than they merit.

Here is a scholar, because he is too indolent to write his composition; copies or *steals* one from a book, or gets some friend to write it for him, and so obtains credit he does not deserve. Now, all this is dishonest.

And, besides, it is unfair towards classmates. A poor, dull, or indolent scholar, in this way, may obtain a higher rank than even the best and most diligent one in the class. This is very dishonest; yes, it is very *mean*.

Again: some scholars, by their improper conduct, do much to disturb the quiet and peace of the school, and thus *cheat* others out of much of the benefit they might otherwise derive from it. They whisper, and contrive, by their sly tricks, to turn off at-



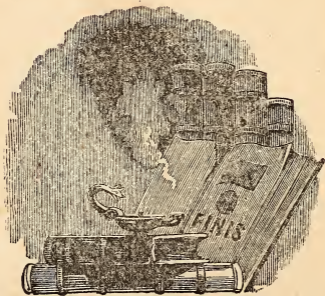
tention from *study*, which is the true object of going to school.

Some boys, like the one in this picture, are mean enough to break the rules of school ; and then, rather than confess their faults, allow the innocent to be punished in their place. No one, with a spark of nobleness in him, would stand there with that ugly-looking boy, and see an innocent little fellow punished in his stead. Shame on him !

There are some boys, too, that have so little sense of what is noble and right, that they take pleasure in leading others, by their enticements or ridicule, into quarrels, or to do other things which they well know are wrong.

We trust the readers of this little book will watch over their conduct at school, so as never to be enticed themselves, or to entice others, in any thing that is dishonorable or in any way wrong. Let your whole be-

havior be such, that your schoolmates may say of you, as it was said by her playmates of a little girl now in heaven, "It is *easier to be good* when she is with us." How many children make it very *hard*, for any who are with them, to be good, even if they wish to!











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