

TELLER'S

TALES

TALES.

FOR ALL SEASONS:

OR

STORIES AND DIALOGUES.

EDITED BY THOMAS TELLER.

Embellished



with new and

BEAUTIFUL ENGRAVINGS

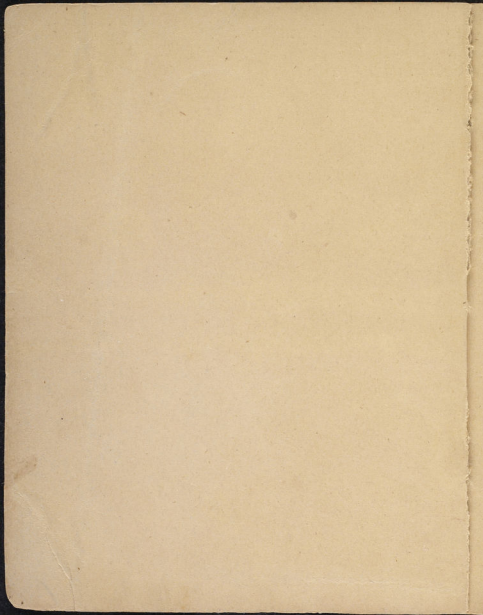
NEW HAVEN.

PUBLISHED BY S. BABCOCK.

CHAPEL STREET.

NEW SERIES.

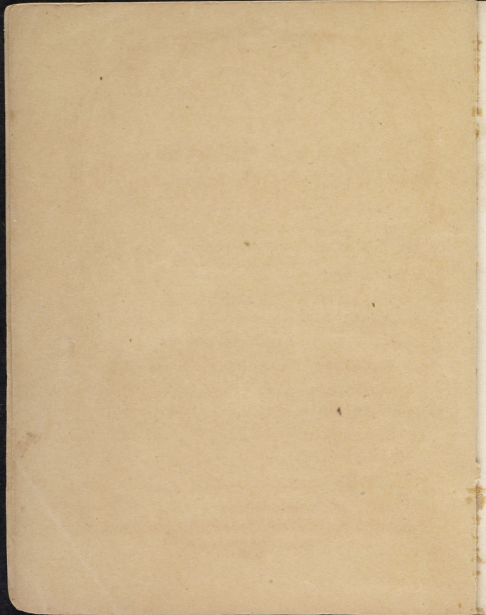
NUMBER FIVE.



Inscribed  
copy

Master Henry Maxwell  
from his Aunt Frances

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TALES  
FOR ALL SEASONS,  
OR  
STORIES AND DIALOGUES  
For Little Folks.

BY THOMAS TELLER.



NEW HAVEN.  
PUBLISHED BY S. BABCOCK.

TO  
MARY, ELIZABETH, SUSAN, AND ANN,—  
CHARLES, WILLIAM, HENRY, JOHN, AND JAMES,  
AND  
ALL MY OTHER LITTLE READERS,  
THESE  
STORIES AND DIALOGUES FOR LITTLE FOLKS,  
WRITTEN FOR THEIR AMUSEMENT AND INSTRUCTION,  
WITH THE EARNEST HOPE THAT THEY MAY SUCCEED IN BOTH,  
ARE AFFECTIONATELY DEDICATED, BY THEIR

Old friend and well-wisher,

THOMAS TELLER.

*Roseville Hall, 1844.*

TALES FOR ALL SEASONS,  
OR  
STORIES AND DIALOGUES.



PRESENCE OF MIND.

“MAMMA, what is presence of mind? I heard you and papa speaking of presence of mind, saying some person had showed great presence of mind, and I don’t know what it is, mamma. And I have been trying to find out what it is by thinking about it, that I might not plague you with foolish questions; but though I think and think, I don’t know it, mamma, and I hope it is not a foolish question.”

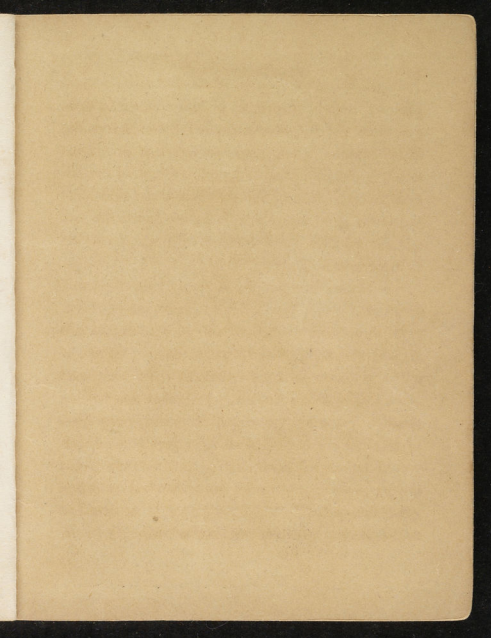
“Oh no, my little one, it is a very sensible question. Presence of mind, my dear, means that a

person, though surprised, or alarmed, or in danger, does not forget what it is right to say or do. Many people, when they are startled or frightened, grow quite confused, and say and do the silliest things. And in that way many sad evils have happened, and many people have caused the loss of their own lives and the lives of others, by losing their presence of mind."

"And can not people learn to have presence of mind?"

"Oh yes, my dear, surely they can; for people are not alarmed, so as to forget what they ought to do, when accidents happen in their own line of business or profession. A sailor knows instantly what to do when accidents occur in a boat or a ship; but in the same situation a landsman would be at his wits end. And firemen—that means those people who are employed to extinguish fires—don't lose their presence of mind in the most horrible dangers, while exerting them-







selves to save the lives of others. So that it is evident that one of the most needful requisites for acquiring presence of mind is knowledge; and the more people accustom themselves to observe attentively what is passing around them, both what they see, and what they hear or read of, as to the best remedy for accidents of different kinds, the less likely it is that they will be startled into stupidity when any sudden alarm occurs in their presence, even though they might never have seen the like before."

"And can little children have presence of mind, mamma?"

"It is not expected that little children should have much presence of mind, my dear; yet I have known instances of it in very young children."

"Have you, mamma? oh do tell me what they were; do, dear mamma!"

"The most remarkable that I recollect at present, occurred at the house of a friend of ours. It

was in winter, and a young lady went with all her family to visit at her father's house, where there were also some young children, the aunts and uncles of their little visitors. They were all in the play-room, romping and amusing themselves; and the servants were also amusing themselves, instead of noticing what the children were about. Presently some of the little things lighted a stick in the fire, and ere long a shriek rose among the happy group, for the clothes of one of the girls was in flames. Instantly the house was in an uproar—the servants ran here and there, crying and screaming, but not one attempted to go near the poor child, or to do any thing for her preservation, so that the flames rose over her, and scorched her beautiful neck and head,—and she would certainly have been burned quite dead, had not one of her little uncles, a boy little more than ten years old, snatched up a large worsted shawl, and running to her with all his speed, flung it over her, and

smothered the flames, by squeezing her in his little arms !”

“ Ah, mamma, what a dear clever good boy ! I love him much, mamma ! And was the poor little girl burnt very sore ?”

“ Oh yes, my love, she was sadly scorched ; her pretty neck was badly burnt, and she in sad torture, and though these sore, sore places were healed, there were scars left on her neck, and on one side of her lovely face, so that she always had to wear a cap.”

“ Ah, mamma,—poor little girl ! and is not burning very, very sore, mamma ? I remember when I lifted a hot pin that Jane had been trimming the lamp with, it stuck to my fingers and made me cry very much, and was sore for a great many days.”

“ Oh yes, my love ; I suppose there are no bodily torments so dreadful as those of burning ; and many dismal and cruel accidents and deaths

are caused by the great carelessness of servants carrying fire and lighted candles about a house."

"Was this the reason, mamma, why you turned off Sarah, the chamber-maid, who *would* carry burning coals, with the tongs or a little shovel, into the rooms?"

"Yes, it was just for that; and do you know that foolish obstinate woman, who laughed at those who were careful about fire, set fire to her clothes, while carrying coals in the tongs through her master's house; and having no presence of mind, instead of trying to extinguish it by rolling herself on the ground, or wrapping herself in a rug or carpet, she flew from room to room, shrieking, and finally rushed down stairs, and through the halls, where the wind blew the flame so much, that she died soon after, poor miserable creature!"

"Oh, that was terrible, mamma! But how did the wind make the flames more? I thought wind would blow out the fire; it blows out a candle or a lamp."

“ Oh, my little love, it is a little, little flame that wind blows out! And have you forgotten that it is by blowing with a pair of bellows we make a fire burn ?”

“ Oh yes, mamma ; I was very foolish to forget that !”

“ Yes, but by and bye, when you are older, you will understand that it is the air that makes fire burn, and that fire will not burn without it.”

“ And are air and wind the same, mamma ?”

“ Yes, my dear.”

“ Then, mamma, I think air can be wind only when it is in a terrible hurry.”

“ It is indeed sometimes in a terrible hurry, my sweet one.”

“ And do you know any other story of presence of mind, mamma ?”

“ Yes, I remember one, and it is of presence of mind in a dog.”

“ A dog ! oh dear mamma, pray tell it to me.”

“ There was a gentleman and lady who had one dear little baby, and their nursery was on the upper floor of the house ; and one evening, when they were out, the nursery maid, after putting the little infant into its cradle, walked off to the kitchen to have a chat with the cook, leaving a candle burning near the cradle. Probably a spark from the candle set fire to the clothes in the cradle ; at any rate, they were on fire, and the little innocent would certainly have been destroyed, but a dog, lying on the hearth, the instant he saw the flames, flew barking down to the kitchen, which was three stories below, and seizing the nursery-maid by the clothes, hauled her towards the stairs, and then flew up again. The woman had the good sense to follow him, and was just in time to snatch the little sleeping darling from the burning cradle before the fire had reached her.”

“ Oh, mamma, that dear, good dog ! I do love him, mamma. What a dear worthy dog !



Oh, mamma, is there no happy world where such good loving dogs are taken when they die? I hope there is, mamma!"

"My little grateful dear, I hope so;—we are not told that there is,—but we are all quite sure that our heavenly Father, who watches over all his creatures, and cares for the happiness of all, cares even for the beauty of the flowers, and will certainly leave no good or kind action without its reward, either in this world or another."



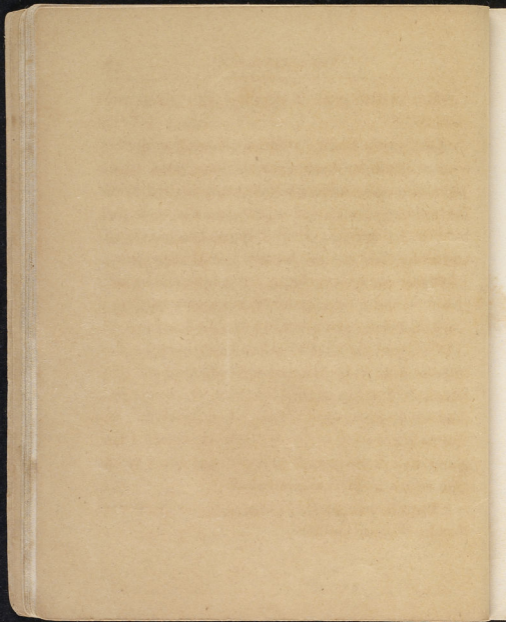
## THE GLEANERS.

“Papa, I went with little little Fanny Clark to-day to see the reapers cut down the wheat with their sharp sickles, and there were three or four poor women there, picking up the scattered heads of wheat that were left by the reapers. The men called these poor women ‘gleaners.’”

“Well, my love, did you glean any?”

“Oh, yes, papa, I gathered my apron quite full, but I gave almost all of it to Fanny, because, you know, her father is poor, and my father is not. The rest I gave to a poor woman who brought her little baby along with her because she had no one at home to take care of it; and she spread her shawl upon the ground, under a shady tree, and put the child upon it, while she went to glean a few handfulls of wheat. So I sat down by the baby and played with it, and picked flowers for it, to keep it from crying while its mother was gone.”





“But where was Fanny all this time, my child?”

“Oh, papa, Fanny went a gleaning with the poor woman, and was gone a long, long time. Then she came back, quite warm and tired, with her apron quite full of wheat; so she took the baby in her arms to keep it quiet, and sat down under the tree to rest herself. And then, papa, I left them and went out into the field, among the gleaners, and I soon gathered my apron full.”

“And did not you get warm and tired, my love?”

“Oh, yes, papa; and when I got back to the tree the poor baby was crying for its mother. So I took it, and Fanny ran and called its mother. And oh, papa, the poor baby’s frock was so old, and so patched, I felt quite sorry for it, and I am going to ask mamma if she will buy some cloth and let me make it a new one.”

“But do you think, Maria, that the mother is worthy of your kindness?”

“Oh yes, papa; Fanny Clark says that she has six little children, and that she has to work very hard to provide them with food and clothing; and besides that, papa, she is a *widow!*”

“Well, my child, you shall have the cloth, and you may make the frock for this poor child as soon as you please.”

“Oh! thank you, dear papa, you are very kind; I will run and tell mamma how happy you have made me.”



## THE ANGRY CHILD.

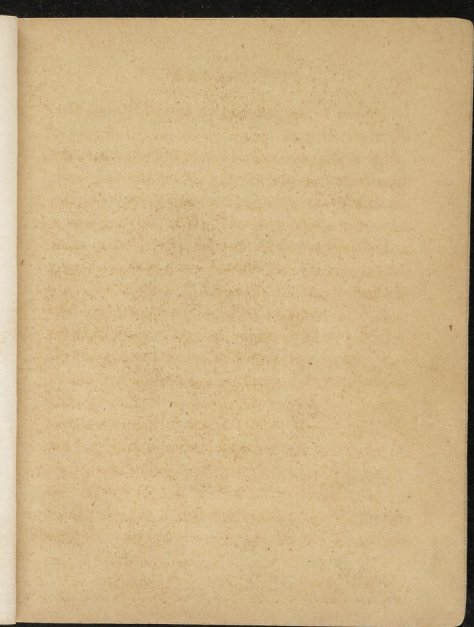
LITTLE Harriet M. was between four and five years old ; she was in many respects a very good little girl. She was obedient, very affectionate to her friends, and very obliging and kind ; but she had a violent temper. When any thing teased or provoked her, she would get into a perfect transport of fury, and tear and strike whatever was in her way. One day her mamma was passing the kitchen door, and she heard a great noise within, and her little Harriet's voice speaking in a tone that made her sure she was bad ; so she opened the door, and there she saw Harriet, with her little face swelled and distorted with rage, her curly hair all torn into disorder, while with feet and hands she was kicking and striking with all her force at one of the servants, and crying out, "I don't love you, Mary, I don't love you, I *hate* you." She stopped when she saw her mamma.

“What is the meaning of all this?” said Mrs. M. to the servant.

“It is just this, ma’am,” said the servant, “that Miss Harriet kept throwing water about the room, out of her little new jug: when I forbade her, she threw the water that was in the jug in my face, and when I attempted to take hold of her to carry her to you, as you desired when she did wrong, she flew at me and struck me as you have seen.”

Mrs. M. looked very grave, and lifting the sobbing Harriet in her arms, carried her into her own room. She sat down with her on her lap, and remained quite silent till the angry sobs had almost ceased. She then placed her on her knees, and in a very solemn voice told her to repeat after her the following words: “Oh, my heavenly Father, look down in mercy, with *pardon*ing mercy, on my poor little silly wicked heart, throbbing with such dreadfully bad feelings as only the spirit of all evil could put into it; oh, my heavenly Father,







heavenly Father, drive away this bad spirit, help me with thy good Spirit, and pardon the evil I have done this day, for Thy Son Jesus Christ's sake.—Amen.”

Harriet trembled exceedingly, but she repeated these words after her mother, and, as she did so, in her heart she wished that God might hear them and forgive her great wickedness.

Harriet's mamma then undressed her, and put her into bed,—although it was not near night,—telling her that passionate little children, like herself, must not only be punished for giving way to their violent tempers, but kept where they can injure no one in their fits of rage. She then asked her if her anger was entirely gone.

Harriet answered in a soft voice, “I am afraid it is not quite, mamma, but it will soon be; it's a great deal better.”

“Very well,” said her mother, “while you are getting rid of it, I will sit down by the bed-side

and tell you a story that I was told when I was young, and I hope it will make as deep an impression on your mind, my poor child, as it did on mine, and tend as effectually to make you try *yourself* to check and overcome your bad and furious temper.

“ A gentleman and lady, who were very great and rich people, had only one child, and it was a daughter. They were very, very fond of this child, and she was in truth a very fine little creature, very lively and merry and affectionate, and exceedingly beautiful; but like you, Harriet, she had a bad, bad temper; like you, she got into transports of rage, when any thing vexed her, and like you, would turn at, or strike, whoever provoked her; like you, after every fit of rage she was grieved and ashamed of herself, and resolved never to be so bad again, but the next temptation all that was forgotten, and she was as angry as ever.

“When she was just your age, her mamma had a little son—a sweet, sweet little tender baby. Her papa and mamma were glad, glad—and little Eveline would have been glad too, but a servant very foolishly and wickedly teased and irritated her, by telling her, that papa and mamma would not care for her now; all their love and pleasure would be this little brother, and they never would mind her: poor Eveline burst into a passion of tears, and cried bitterly,—

“You are a wicked woman to say so; mamma will always love me, I know she will, and I’ll go this very moment and ask her, I will;” and she darted out of the nursery, and flew to her mamma’s room, the servant in the nursery calling after her,—

“Come, come, miss, you needn’t go to your mamma’s room, she won’t see you now.”

Eveline burst open the door of her mamma’s room, but was instantly caught hold of by a stran-

ger woman she had never seen before. "My dear," said this person, you can not be allowed to see your mamma just now ;" she would have said more ; she would have told Eveline that the reason she could not see her mamma then, was because her mamma was very sick, and must not be disturbed ; but Eveline was too angry to listen ; she screamed and kicked at the woman, who, finding her so unreasonable, lifted her by force out of the room, and carrying her into the nursery, put her down, and said to the servant there, as she was going away, that she " must prevent miss coming to her mamma's room." Eveline heard this, and it added to her rage ; and then this wicked servant burst out a laughing, and said,—

" I told you *that*, miss ; you see that mamma doesn't love you now !" The poor child became mad with fury—she darted at the cradle where lay the poor little innocent new-born baby. The maid, whose duty it was to watch over it, was

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lying asleep upon her chair ; and oh, Harriet, Harriet ! as you did to Mary just now, she struck it with all her force—struck it on its little tender head—it gave one feeble struggling cry, and breathed no more.”

“ Why, mamma, mamma,” cried Harriet, bursting into tears, “ why did it breathe no more ?”

“ It was dead—killed by its own sister.”

“ Oh mamma, mamma, what a dreadful, what a wicked little girl ; oh mamma, I am not so wicked as her ; *I* never killed a little baby,” sobbed Harriet as she hid her face in the pillow, in an agony of remorse.

“ My dear child,” said Mrs. M. solemnly, “ how dare you say *you* are not so wicked as Eveline ?—you *are more* wicked ; and, but for the goodness of God to you, might have been at this moment as miserable. Were you not in as great a rage when I came to the kitchen, as *she* was ? were you not striking Mary with all your force, not *one blow*,

but repeated blows ? and had Mary been, like the object of Eveline's rage, a little baby, you *would* have killed her. It was only because she was bigger and stronger than yourself that you did not actually do so ; and only think for a moment on the difference between the provocation poor Eveline received, and that which you *supposed* Mary gave you : indeed, Mary gave you *none*—you were wrong, and she was right ; whereas no one can wonder Eveline was made angry by her wicked maid. Yet you may observe that had she not got into such an ungovernable rage as not to listen when she was spoken to by the person she saw in her mamma's room, she would then have heard, that it was from no change in her mamma's love that she had not seen her for several days, but because she was confined to her bed."

" And, mamma, what did Eveline's poor mamma say to her for killing the baby ?"

“Eveline never again saw her dear and beautiful young mamma; she died that night of grief and horror on hearing that her sweet and lovely infant was murdered—and by whom.”

“Oh dear, O dear, mamma,—was Eveline sorry?”

“My child, what a question to ask!”

“I mean, mamma, *how* sorry was she? What way was she sorry enough?”

“Indeed, Harriet, it is not easy to know or to tell how *she* could be sorry enough. All I know is, that she lived to be a big lady—she lived to be herself a mother—and in her whole life no one ever saw her smile.”

“And, mamma, was it a quite true story?—it is so dreadful, mamma.”

“Yes, my child, it is a quite true story; that unfortunate child was the great-grandmother of an English nobleman now living.”

“My dearest mamma,” said Harriet, once more bursting into tears, “let me go upon my knees again, and pray to God to take away my bad temper, lest I too become so miserable.”

“Yes, my love, pray to Him for that, and He will hear and bless you ; but also thank Him for preserving you hitherto from the endless and incalculable wretchedness so often produced by one fit of sinful rage.”



## THE BROKEN GLASS.

“LET us dress Pompey in jacket and trowsers, and put my cap on his head, and do you, Clara, tie your sash around his neck, and we'll make him carry papa's cane in his mouth. Now be quiet, Pompey, and hold up your head; don't you know how grand you will look when you are dressed? Now give me one of your paws, Pompey, and Clara, do you take hold of the other, and we will make him walk across the room. Hush! Pompey, you must not cry and bite our hands in this manner,—you must look at yourself in the glass; let us take him to the looking-glass, Clara, that he may see himself at full length.”

“Oh, brother, I am sure he is angry; only hear how he growls. Let us take him away.”

“No, no; he does not know himself yet, in this fine dress, and with your long blue sash tied in those graceful knots.”

“Oh! do let us take him away, brother; I am sure he will break the glass—he will never know himself in this dress. There! he HAS broken the glass, and now what shall we do! Hark! I hear some one coming up the stairs,—I believe it is mamma.”

“Well, Clara, we must tell the truth,—that will be the best.”

“Oh! but if we do, mamma will punish us.”

“I do not fear that, Clara, I am only sorry that we have been so foolish. But here is mamma.”

“Children, what is the meaning of all this? Pompey dressed in jacket and trowsers, and the looking-glass broken! What am I to think of these things?”

“Oh! dear mamma, we have been very foolish, and are almost afraid you will not forgive us; but if you will, mamma, I will give you all the money I have saved in my box, and I am sure Clara will do the same. Do forgive us, mamma; pun-

ish us in any way you think proper, mamma, but do forgive us."

"I am pleased, my children, that you are not afraid to tell the truth, and to hear you own that you have done wrong. If you feel truly sorry, and promise to be more careful in future, I will forgive you."

"Oh! thank you, thank you, mamma; we will indeed be more thoughtful for the future, that we may no more grieve you, dear mamma."



## SUSAN'S WHITE RABBIT.

“Oh! Mary, I have got the sweetest little white rabbit you ever saw. I do believe it is the prettiest rabbit in the world; for I have only had it given to me this morning, and yet it will eat clover from my hand, and let me stroke it, or do any thing I please. Pray come with me, you and George, and I will show it to you.”

“Oh! Susan, this is indeed a sweet little fellow. Who gave it to you?”

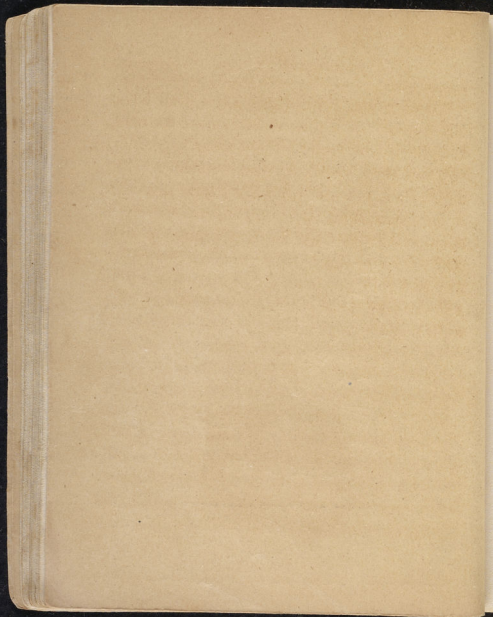
“My aunt Mary; she had two of them, just alike; the other one she gave to cousin Maria.”

“Indeed, Susan, he is a handsome little fellow, and I do not wonder that you and Mary are so delighted with him. How tame and gentle he is. He does not seem at all afraid of us.”

“Oh, no, he is not afraid of any one; see how he lets me take hold of his long soft ears.”







“Well, Susan, if I had such a dear little pet as this, I would tie a pink ribbon around its neck, and take it with me wherever I went.”

“No, Mary, the little beauty would not like that. Papa says he will make a little house for it, and Thomas may paint it; and mamma says I am to call my rabbit Snowdrop, because it is as white as snow,—and that its eyes are like rubies. Just look into his beautiful pink eyes, Mary! Oh, I am glad I have got such a dear little rabbit for a pet; and he is all my own!”



## THE DISCONTENTED BOY.

“MAMMA,” said a little boy, as he one day sat by her side, “I wish I had a little garden of my own ; for often when I want a flower I am afraid to take one of yours, lest you should be angry with me ; may I have a garden, mamma ?”

So his mamma said, “Yes, my dear, you shall have a little garden.”

Well, his mamma had a little garden made for him, and the little boy was much pleased with it for a few days ; and then he began to wish for something else. And so he said to his mamma, “I wish I had some rabbits ; I want something to amuse me.”

Then his mamma bought him three pretty little rabbits, and had a nice house made for him to keep them in. Now, for two weeks the boy thought he loved his rabbits very much ; he fed them with nice bran, clover, and turnips, and took

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all his young playmates to see and admire them. But at the end of that time, he was quite tired of them, and wished he had never seen them, for they were a trouble to him. And so he said,

“Mamma, I wish you would let me have a dog; for you know, though my rabbits are pretty creatures, yet they can not go out with me, when I take a walk, nor seem fond of me, and glad to see me, as a dog would be.”

Then his mamma gave him a pretty dog, with fine long hair, of a jet black, and soft and glossy as silk; and its eyes, oh! they were so black and sparkling! When the little boy saw this fine dog, he was so much pleased that he thought he surely never could tire of it. For many weeks the little boy took the dog wherever he went, and played with him whenever he had a spare moment. And the dog became very fond of him, and often fawned upon him, and even if his paws were not clean when he jumped upon him, the boy never

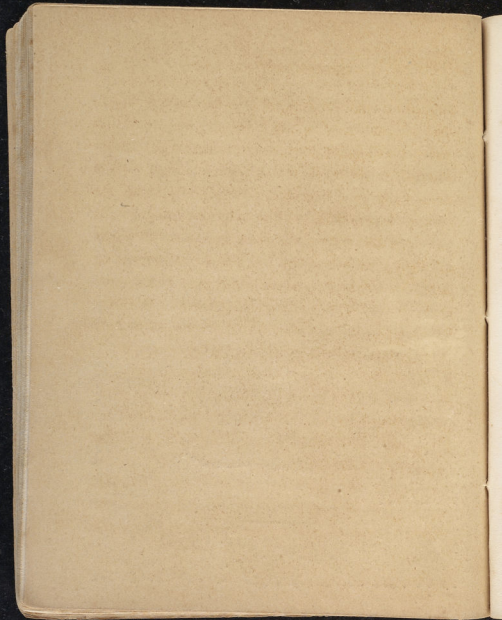
thought it any trouble to brush the dust off from his clothes.

But, after a time, he began to tire of his dog, and to be very cross with him; and now, if the dog fawned upon him when his feet were not clean, the boy would kick him away, and call him a dirty thing. But the dog was not so unkind as his master, for when beaten and scolded, he only licked the hand which gave the blow, and sighed because a change had come over the heart that once loved him.

One day, the boy said to his mamma, "I wish I had a pony,—I am tired of my dog: may I have a pony, mamma?"

"No, my dear," replied his mamma, "I do not intend to give you any thing more until you have learned to love the things you now possess. I gave you a garden full of flowers, and it is now overgrown with weeds; I also gave you those pretty rabbits, which you have not looked at for







the last seven weeks. Then, last of all, I gave you a fine dog, of which I thought you could not grow tired, he is such a gentle and affectionate creature, always ready to do your bidding and to submit to your caprices. But, poor Nero! he has a hard young master, who returns little of the love and affection which he is ever ready to show. I am grieved to see, that of late you tease and beat the faithful animal in a most cruel manner; therefore, my dear, you need not ask me to give you any thing else, for I shall not do it until I see you have become a wiser and a better child."

Then the boy went away much ashamed and troubled. The words of his mamma sank deep in his heart, and he sat down by himself to reflect upon his conduct; after thinking awhile, he began to weed his garden, and once more went to look at his rabbits. His mamma had the pleasure of seeing that he became an altered child from that time. His garden was nicely weeded, his rabbits

daily fed, and he and his dog became more fond of each other than they had ever been. And so, when his mamma was quite sure that he had become a better boy, and was careful to treat all his pets with kindness and attention, she bought him a pretty spotted pony, of which he was very fond, and of which he never grew tired.

And now, the earnest wish of the boy's heart was, that he might be contented and obedient in all things, and thankful for the many blessings he enjoyed ; but, above all, that he might grow in grace, and in the knowledge and love of God.



## THE PET ROBIN.

My brother Frederick has a robin, and he calls him a dear little pet, he sings so sweetly. Oh! you can not think how well he knows Freddy. You should see him early in the morning, when first we come down stairs, or at any time when we come in from a walk, how he runs to one corner of his cage to look at us; and when Fred whistles and says, "My beauty! my fine fellow!" he stands up so straight, to listen to his kind little master's voice, and then begins jumping and hopping from one end of the cage to the other, just as I have seen happy little children jump and hop about in their sports.

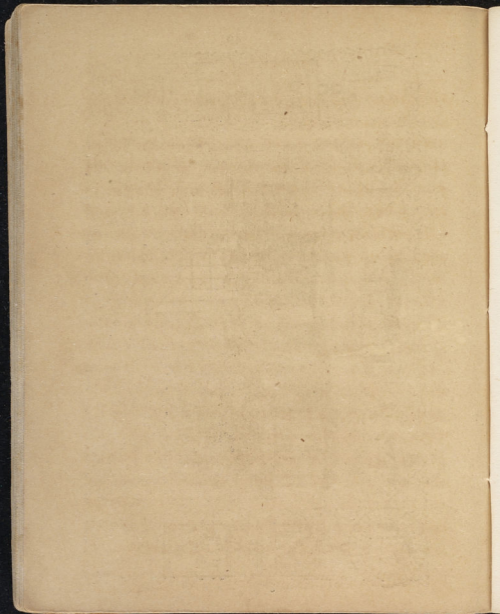
Sometime ago he was ill and we were sadly afraid he would die; he used to sit from day to day, with ruffled feathers and drooping wings; his food was left untasted, and his pleasant voice was seldom heard; but in two or three weeks he

began to grow better, to eat his food as usual, and to peck amongst the green grass of the little sod we had placed in his cage. Oh, how happy we all were then, especially Frederick, who took the whole care of him, and watched over him every day with the greatest love and tenderness. Indeed he was well repaid for all his care and anxiety, when his little pet once more began to jump about as blithely as ever.

And now, you see, he is quite well, and we all treasure his little songs much more than ever we did before, for we never knew how sweet they were until, by his sickness, we were deprived of them.

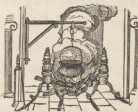
And thus it is, dear children, with many blessings we possess; they become so common to us, that we cease to be thankful for them, and know not their value until they are taken away. We forget who is the Author and Giver of all good; we forget that it is through the mercy and loving





kindness of God that we receive food and clothing, and all that we possess.

Oh, why should we thankless creatures forget Him who never, for one moment, forgetteth us? Let us begin this very moment to be grateful to God for His great goodness to us, and love and serve Him with all our hearts and with all our strength, to the very end of our lives.



## KINDNESS REWARDED.

A CERTAIN little boy whose parents were very poor, often thought how much he should like to have a little dog of his own ; for he had no brother, nor sister, nor any thing to love besides his parents. “ Oh ! ” he used to say to himself, “ if I might but have a little dog, I think I should be quite happy ; but still I know that my parents can not afford to keep one, therefore I must try to be contented.” When going on errands, if he chanced to meet with a dog, he would always stop to pat it, and watch it as far as he could see it.

Once, as he was on his way home from a rich lady’s house, where he had had a large cake given him, just as he was going to eat his cake, there came a little dog fawning upon him and licking his hands. And so the poor child gave it all his cake—every bit,—so pleased was he to feed the poor dog, which seemed very hungry. When he drew near home, the dog was still by his side,



and his heart began to beat as he thought of having to drive the dog away, for he felt as if he could not bear to part with any thing that loved him.

Now, behind his father's cottage was a little wood-house; and as there were no windows behind the cottage, the boy thought this would be a nice place to keep the dog in, and he was sure he could spare it a portion of his own food, and so he put it into the wood-house, and shut the door upon it; and whenever he went on errands, he kept asking if any one had lost a little dog like the one he had found. But no one owned the dog, and the boy became so fond of it, that he dreamed about it all night long, and peeped at it twenty times in a day. But at the end of three days, his mother said to him,—

“My dear child, you have brought home a little dog, and we really can not afford to keep it; you must give it away to some one.” Then the boy rose up with a swelling heart to obey his mother, for he knew that she was right. And so he opened

the door of the wood-house, and calling the dog, he went slowly along the lane, not knowing what to do with himself. The little creature, seeing that he was in trouble, leaped upon him, whined, and licked his hands. Oh! the boy could not bear it,—it was too much for his tender heart; he sank down upon a bank, and taking the dog in his arms, he said, “My beauty, my beauty, we must part, you must be mine no longer.”

At that moment there came up to him a very kind looking person, who asked him the cause of his grief, and, after many sighs and tears, the boy told him that his parents were so poor he was obliged to part with his dog. Then this kind person bade him weep no more, saying that he would give him a shilling a week to buy food for his dog. And then he went with the little boy to his mother’s cottage, and talked with her for some time, and he gave her a card with his name written upon it, and told her to send the little boy every week for the shilling.

And so, the pretty little dog was no more shut up in the wood-house, but was brought to live in the cottage with his young master, who thought himself as rich as a prince. Now, the dog's food only cost fourpence a week, so that the boy had eight-pence left out of the shilling; this eight pence he always laid by, in a corner of the box wherein he kept his clothes, meaning to save it for a year, and at the end of that time to buy something with it for his mother. Well, this eight-pence a week, came to two shillings and eight-pence a month;—how much would that amount to in twelve months?—Why, twelve twos are twenty-four, that is twenty-four shillings, you know, and twelve eights are ninety-six, that is ninety-six pence, which makes eight shillings. Well then, twenty-four and eight are thirty-two, so that at the end of the year the little boy had saved thirty-two shillings from the sum which was given him to buy food for his dog. Besides this, he had also laid by six more shillings, which he

had earned by weeding the flower beds in a gentleman's garden. These six shillings, added to the thirty-two, making thirty-eight in all, seemed to the poor little fellow a greater treasure than thousands of dollars seem to a rich man.

He meant to buy, with this money, a gown and a shawl for his mother, without letting her know it; and so one fine morning, when going on an errand, he put the money into his pocket, thinking to spend it before he came back. On the way, he saw two boys driving a little mule, and beating it in a most cruel manner. The little boy could not bear to see any creature ill-used, and he said to the boys, "Do not beat the poor mule in that manner." But they said that he was stupid, and that they must drive him onward, for he was going to be sold. The little boy knew his father had often wished he could afford to buy a mule to carry his plants and fruits to markets; and he thought, that if he had money enough to purchase this mule, he should, perhaps, be doing more real good

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than by buying a gown and shawl for his mother ; for his father was an old man, and very ill-able to carry his goods to market himself.

So he asked the boys how much the mule would be sold for ? They said they could not tell, but that their father would overtake them in a minute, and he would tell him ; then one of them sat down on a bank to take care of the mule, while the other one ran away in pursuit of a butterfly.

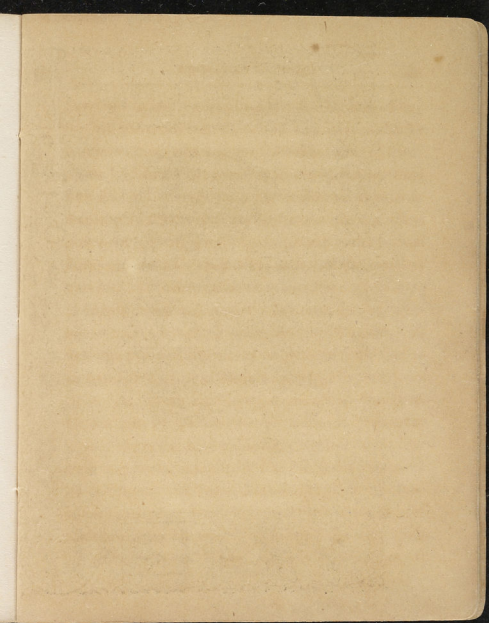
Meantime, the good little boy patted the beaten sides of the pretty grey mule, and hoped in his mind that the price of it would not be more than thirty-eight shillings ; so that he might be able to buy it.

At last the man came up, and scolding the boys for not making more haste, began beating the mule with a big stick he held in his hand. Then, the little boy gently caught him by the arm, and said he had been told he wished to sell the mule, and asked him what was the lowest price he would take for it. "Forty shillings," said the man.

“Is that quite the lowest price?” asked the boy; “for,” said he, “I have only got thirty-eight.”

“Yes, it is, indeed,” replied the man; “and if you can not pay it, some one else shall.”

And so he passed on, grumbling to himself, and beating, every now and then, the poor mule, which trotted along by his side. And the boy heaved a deep sigh, and wished that all people were as good as his parents were. Evening came, and the boy went up again into the village, for the thought of the mule, and of how pleased his old father would be with it, gave him no rest. He sat down on the road side, and began counting how many weeks he should be saving the other two shillings. “In three weeks,” said he to himself, “I might have had the mule, but the man would not wait.” And then he fancied he saw his father building a little stable in the yard, for the mule, and himself feeding it with hay, and his mother sitting by the door with her knitting, looking up now and then to smile upon them. Just at that moment, he







heard some one whistling in the field behind him, and turning his head, he saw the very man of whom he had been thinking. "Oh! oh! my little fellow," said he, "are not you the same boy that asked about my mule this morning?"

"The very same, sir," replied the boy.

"Ah! well," said the man, "give me your thirty-eight shillings, and you may take poor Jem away, for I could not sell him this morning."

Quickly, and quite joyfully, the boy counted the money into the man's hand, and walked, or rather ran along by his side, till they came to a little field into which poor Jem had just been turned. The man then tied a cord about his neck, and gave it into the hand of the boy, who led him in triumph through the village. But when he came to his own cottage door, neither his father nor his mother could think what was the matter, and the boy could not tell them, for his heart was full of tears, which were coming up fast to his eyes, and he could not say, "Father, I have bought you a mule

with my savings ;” but he sat down on the door-step, and fancied how his poor old father would look when first he took his grey mule with him to market, and would no longer be faint and weary from carrying heavy loads. And then he laughed, and then he cried ; but his father saw, at length, what it all meant ; and laying his hand on the boy’s head, he blessed him with a fervent blessing. And when these happy parents went to rest, they thanked the Lord for giving them so good a son.



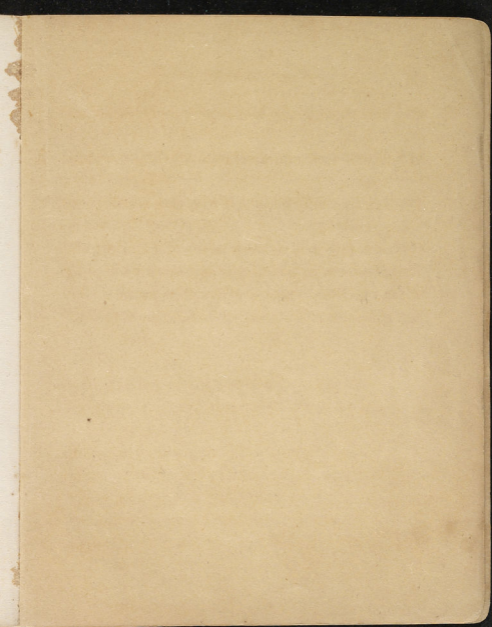
## MONKEYS WITHOUT TAILS.

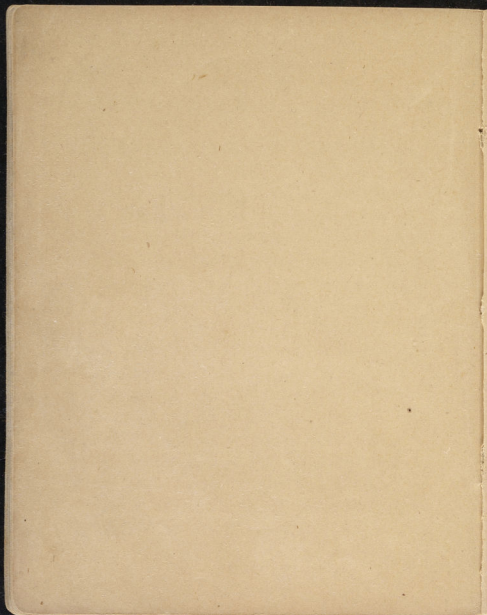
THERE were two little Monkeys, who lived up on  
high ;  
They loved into crannies and corners to pry ;  
Whene'er Goody Keeper was turning her back,  
They sought all about for a hole or a crack.  
They had heads full of mischief, and meddlesome  
paws,  
And both of them chattered like magpies and  
daws.

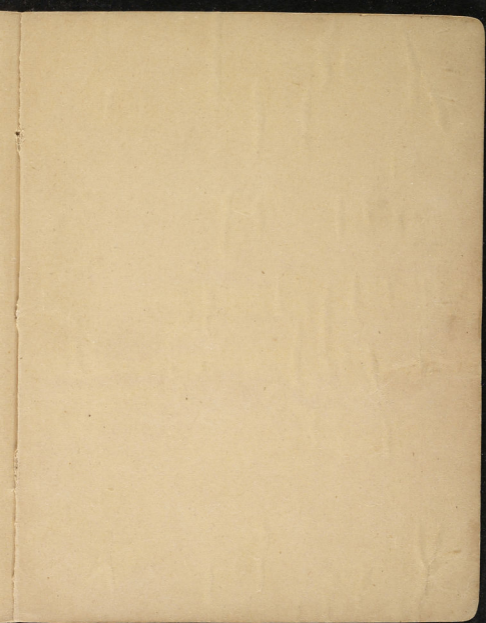
Now, having discovered a hole in the floor,  
So deep that what entered there ne'er was seen  
more,  
These animals thought it a very fine joke  
Their playthings right down this dark crevice to  
poke,  
As well as a pencil-case, ivory letters,  
And sundry fine things that belonged to their bet-  
ters.

Oh, how these young Monkeys would chuckle and  
grin,  
When thimbles, and pennies, and shillings rolled  
in!  
Their tails, with delight, I am sure would have  
curled;  
But then they had never a tail in the world.  
The Monkeys of whom this odd story I tell,  
Were two little children my readers know well.









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